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The sunny side of life is in dispute only because the sunny side is not well made.

Put a White Feather in Respectability's Cap

THERE are many gentlemen of undoubted respectability who resent the action of the House yesterday in rejecting local option. But these same gentlemen last fall swelled the liquor slush fund by contributions of their own and in November marched to the polls and voted a straight ticket. They want good government, but they always vote against it.

Let not some poor Hicksittles, kicked into office by the Organization, be blamed too much for doing what their patrons had agreed they should do. Many of them were elected by the nod of "leaders." They feel that they represent these "leaders," not the people. They are our American serfs, acting as serfs always act, pitiable pawns, banking for a moment in local publicity and soon passing into oblivion. What do they know of statesmanship, or public duty, or anything except orders?

But let the industrial leaders, the social leaders, the religious leaders of Pennsylvania shiver under the lash of their own consciences. They are the ones who defeated local option. On their shoulders rests the blame for the completion of the contract entered into by Republican leaders last fall. They knew all about the conspiracy then. They knew that the Legislature had been sold for a slush fund. They were fully acquainted with the nefarious agreement. Yet they marched to the polls and voted for the guilty man. What did they expect? Virtue from rapacity? Truth from the deceitful? Honest service from those who boasted of dishonesty?

We may pity even the "leaders," those men of stunted conscience, trained in a disreputable school, enamored of vicious procedure by long acquaintance with it, practical politicians skilled in the tricks of the trade, adept in padding voting lists, "slick" in promoting irregular registrations, fat and pudgy from long feeding at the public trough, veterans from old campaigns of pillage and plunder, trade and counter-trade, citizens of the Catalinian type, ready at any time to drive a dagger deep into American institutions for an office or a share in the spoils. Aye, they are deserving of pity, for they, perhaps, are unable longer to differentiate between good and bad.

But for gentlemen untaunted, of moral training, with apt ethical perceptions, there is no excuse. Bad government is their child just as certainly as if they had legally adopted it. They are our civic mollycoddlers, sweet talkers, perfumed knights of decency, ready enough to fight when there is no fight, champions of righteousness in the off season, who never hesitate to lock the stable after the horse is gone.

They had the chance of a lifetime last year. Boldly Doctor Brumbaugh refused to be a beneficiary of the slush fund. Courageously he backed local option. Had gentlemen proved their Republicanism and respectability by standing squarely for him and just as squarely against other leading candidates who were wanton conspirators, they would have put such power in the Governor's hands that nothing could have prevented local option. But they did not. They supported Brumbaugh, but they supported the conspirators, too. By so doing they shackled him and set him to a Herculean task with his hands tied. They invited the debacle of yesterday, made it a moral certainty, and all the yelling and howling they may now do will not lift from their shoulders one scruple of responsibility.

It is clear that the liquor interests have made a fatal blunder. They have nourished the fanaticism which they should have sought to avoid. Particularly have the brewers erred in tying up their interests to those of the distillers. Beer, as a unit, could never be driven out of Pennsylvania; strong drink is becoming more and more generally regarded as a common enemy.

Yet the shams of yesterday, which was not the defeat of local option but the method of its defeat, may be the beginning of a new era in this State, even of a new leadership in the Republican party. It may be doubted if men with large interests at stake will be willing longer to have the great economic policies of government confused and impeded by conspiracies of this sort. They must see the utter folly of such procedure, and then intelligent direction of the party is necessary, and a leadership that jeopardizes its prospects is disastrous. The recentment

which is sure to follow yesterday's affair may teach them the peril of their late adventure and open their eyes. If it does, so much the better for Pennsylvania. The State has been too long the prey of apathetic citizenry.

But let these honorable gentlemen remember that they got yesterday what they lusted for. The fault is theirs. They voted their party into the mire and sunk it there so deep that not even the brilliancy, the resourcefulness, the earnestness and the statesmanship of the Governor could extricate it. It was a great day for "practical politicians."

The Way of the Boss

COLONEL ROOSEVELT told the jury in Syracuse that after he was elected Governor of New York, Senator Platt, the State Republican boss, called on him at Oyster Bay and told him that if he wanted the Legislature to pass any bill to which the State Organization objected he would be disappointed, for the Organization controlled the Legislature.

This cleared the ground most completely and let the Colonel understand that he was to be merely a figurehead in Albany, while the Organization worked its will. But the Colonel had ideas of his own, and made himself so troublesome that the Organization unloaded him on the National Republican Convention to get rid of him.

And the rest is history, of which the Colonel might say, with Virgil's hero, "Pars magna fui!" The bosses have a way of telling Governors what they may and may not do. Now and then there is a Governor who has a way of doing what he pleases, bosses or no bosses. And when the bosses try to kick him downstairs things happen. The point of the remark lies in the application thereof.

A Two-edged Rebuke

THE firmness and dignity with which President rebukes Germany, through Ambassador Bernstorff, for her latest note on the shipment of arms are worthy of the best traditions of American diplomacy. Indeed, the diplomacy of no great Power ever produced a more skillfully worded note. It covers every point with thoroughness and leaves neither Ambassador Bernstorff nor Germany, nor any of the Allies in doubt as to the position of the United States. It is a rebuke which cannot be misunderstood.

The Biddle Wedding Invitations

WHAT is a postoffice for, if not to deliver wedding invitations? This is not a flippant question, but one which deserves serious consideration by those who occupy the seats of the mighty. A wedding invitation is not a mere commercial note dealing with the transfer of cold cash or so many boxes of cotton or so many pounds of codfish. It is a formal notice of membership in a certain social circle or a recognition of the established. When, therefore, those persons entitled by all social usage to receive invitations to a large wedding fail to receive them through the negligence of the postoffice an affront has been offered. The fact that the affront was not intended does not mitigate the slight. The family of the bride is charged with all sorts of social offenses because of it, and the Postmaster General himself could not exonerate them, though possibly the President might be able to.

Real Heroes Are Heroines

WOMAN is neither an idler nor a parasite. She works side by side with her husband and her sons, and when they are called away she does the work which they have left behind. The truth of this fact was illustrated yesterday in New Hampshire, where the women went out with the men to fight forest fires to save their homes. And it has been illustrated in Europe ever since the war began. Although women work in the fields there more than in the United States, and do what we regard as men's work in mines and mills, women not accustomed to manual labor are now engaged in it. If they do not take up the work of the man in the armies their families will have to go without the necessities of life. The photographs of women laborers which appeared in the illustrated section of the EVENING LEDGER last night show some of the occupations in which they are now employed.

Woman is really man's partner, his industrial as well as his social partner. Her interests are wrapped up in his and his interests cannot be considered apart from hers. They build the home together and rear the children together, and when the woman has foresight and economy and thrift they acquire a competency together. No man familiar with what women are doing in thousands of homes will ever make the mistake of calling them members of the weaker sex. There are women in this town at the present moment doing work enough every day to break down two men. The heroes of the battle of life are heroines after all.

The Colonel has not had such a bully time since he charged up San Juan Hill.

General Joffre is descended from a cooper, but he has not yet succeeded in barreling up the Germans.

Whoever thinks that the ladies do not know how to play politics ought to read the reports of a D. A. R. convention.

As the same suffragists read the arguments offered in support of votes for women by some of its advocates they may well pray to be delivered from their fool friends.

The British laureate, who has joined the Volunteer Training Corps for Home Defense, would soon be a captain if he could transfer to military affairs his skill in making words march to time.

Four thousand hogs are to be killed in South Philadelphia by order of the Live Stock Sanitary Board, but unfortunately the board does not have jurisdiction over all the hogs in the city.

Tea dealers, in view of the decreased consumption of alcoholic drinks brought about by war decrees, are planning to kill the tea market so that the cup which cheers may soon cost more than usual. But it will never cost so much as a glass of beer, however high they push the price.

While the Russians are pounding on the German east from the French and English are sending troops to the Dardanelles to assist in taking Constantinople for the benefit of Russia. It is fortunate for the Allies that this is not happening in the United States, for some one would surely bring suit to dissolve the alliance on the ground that it is a conspiracy in restraint of German trade.

NEUTRAL MEXICANS WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The "New Serfdom" for Refugees. European War Regarded as Delightfully Glorious Compared With the Anarchy in Mexico.

[This is the second of two editorial articles written by an Evening Ledger staff correspondent who was sent to the Mexican border to study conditions.]

THERE is no place in Mexico today for the intelligent neutral Mexican with constructive ideas. The peace-loving, fair-minded Mexicans have been driven into exile, in hundreds of cases separated from their families and compelled to haunt the border, hoping against hope that their wives and children have fallen into the hands of at least some semi-civilized bandit leader. They are a pitiable lot, these neutral exiles, and it is no wonder that when you meet them they wring their hands and pray for the time when some strong hand will intervene and save their people from the ever-increasing devastation and desolation.

Nor is it any wonder that so many of them comment so bitterly upon the "cowardice" and "selfish aloofness" of the American people. During the last year or two the idea has prevailed all Mexico that this Government has kept out of Mexico chiefly through fear. The attitude of all the revolutionary bands has become distinctly an attitude of sneering insolence, and it has been a simple matter for the leaders in all the innumerable separate little achievements of piracy and pillage that have been dignified with the name of warfare to imbue the bulk of the population with the notion that we have kept out of Mexico more through fear of the Mexicans than for any other cause.

"Pusillanimous Retirement"

The episode at Vera Cruz did not in the least tend to dispel this carefully nurtured popular viewpoint. The withdrawal of our troops was proclaimed in every province as a "pusillanimous retirement of lily-livered gringos." This impression has been strengthened every time the warring tribes of revolutionists have met upon our border and carried on their opera bouffe warfare within view of American troops, who scarcely more than raised their hands in protest when fusillades of bullets crossed the Rio Grande River and wounded American citizens.

Interview our regular troops on the subject and you will see some fine examples of "taking impotence." Very naturally army men are not in sympathy with grapevine policies or with the "pantaloette efficiency" of our Navy Department. When officers and agents of the various parties in temporary power cross over the line and deride them because of their inability to interfere this does not tend to put them in any better humor.

Our border patrols have seen the situation grow from bad to worse; they have seen the ceaseless tide of refugees flow over the line and vanish into the vastness of the Texas lowlands to seek shelter and food as they can—often, when they come into the hands of unscrupulous employers, selling themselves into a new condition of peonage. There is not so much of "new serfdom" under our flag for the Mexican refugees as many are led to believe, for the people of South Texas have learned within the last few years to value the cheap labor of the exiled peasantry of Mexico for what it is worth in a raw land that has been held back from the development of immense resources simply because of the high cost of labor. In the vast majority of cases they are treated humanely and as generously as the law of supply and demand dictates.

The Submerged Eight-tenths

The crime of non-intervention seems greater to our border people when they see how little restraint it is necessary to impose upon the "submerged 80 per cent." of Mexicans, to maintain them prosperously in simple acts of husbandry. They have given every possible evidence that they do not require quite a ruthless hand to control them, and it is no wonder that the idea has become so prevalent that our Administration in Washington could if it would establish a bloodless protectorate in Mexico that would give reign to swift processes of reconstruction.

The task, of course, will seem insuperable so long as we accept the exaggerated view of certain crafty Mexican politicians that to intervene we must give battle to armed hosts greater than our own regular forces. But these armed hosts are showing every day more and more of their hopeless inefficiency. There is no longer anything that resembles a cause to weld them together. The preliminaries to a battle are harder upon the officers of these so-called revolutionary armies than the actual battle itself, for the reason that they never know how many of their troops will desert to the other side, or else take it into their heads to branch out for themselves into separate marauding forces. Just one battle recently resulted in the breaking up of the forces of one side into five distinct bands that vanished somewhere in the mesquite to carry on independent robberies and outrages.

It has been patent for a long while that the only inducements that will now serve to hold any of these groups of "little bad men" together are the same inducements that prevailed when the Goths and Huns swept away the beginnings of civilization in Europe. The difference in Mexico is that they are sweeping away the remnants of a beginning civilization in a country that is unbelievably rich in natural resources. It is because of the wealth

NOISE INCREASES THE SICK RATE

A FEW years ago in a gathering at Philadelphia a number of women tollers from neighboring tenements were asked what they considered the greatest evil of their lives. Their answer was not liquor, or unsuitable dwellings, or any of the other numerous burdens attendant on poverty, but noise. "Noise," said one of the women acting as spokesman, "is killing us. It never stops. No one can sleep until midnight, and the noise begins again at 5."

A writer in the National Municipal Review maintains that the view of the women of the slums is based on the soundest scientific grounds, and that the health of the nation is being seriously undermined by constant and ever-increasing city noise. There can be no doubt of the direct effect of noise on health. Dr. Clarence Blake, of Boston, an eminent aurist, says that diseases of the ear are increasing with the increase of noise and that if the noise is to continue we shall be a deaf race. He holds that the ear needs periods of absolute rest to insure its healthfulness, just as the eye needs periods of darkness. The Journal of Pediatrics, as long ago as 1907, suggested that much of the startling increase

"NOT THAT I LOVED CAESAR LESS, BUT RUM MORE!"



of these resources that a condition of chaos and anarchy may endure indefinitely for a decade or more unless some stronger civilization interferes definitely and firmly. The attempt of Carranza to lay tribute upon the great sial industry of Yucatan is just one indication of how the warring factions will continue to wear down and drain every last drop of sustenance the country contains.

Great hopes had been built upon the efforts of the A. R. C. mediators, but this effort of constructive get-together intervention proved as abortive as every other phase of the watchful waiting policy. It did not leave behind it a shred of fabric to tie to, and while there may be some endless, dreary report of the comments and findings of the mediators tucked away in our national archives, the incident itself has vanished into an enveloping dimness, like some long-forgotten episode in the decline and fall of Rome.

Europe a Pleasure Resort

The present enduring facts, however, present themselves on every side to the investigator in Mexico and they present as appalling a condition to shock the imagination as almost anything you will find in Belgium or Poland. To many Mexicans the situation seems even more hopeless than in the war-stricken regions of Europe. When the war ends in Europe there will be strong governments to manage the reconstruction, there will be a social scheme of things based upon rigid laws; rights in property and possessions at least will be maintained.

But in Mexico there is not even this to look forward to. The comic opera combination of Napoleon and Garibaldi—Villia—is down today, but he may be on top tomorrow. The Huertista agency may manage some shifty little coup while the Carranzistas are holding festival to celebrate their victory. General Obregon is likely to suffer an attack of megalomania and hitch his destiny to some privately conducted little comet. Mexico City is at last considered so unsafe that Washington reports the organization of a special train to carry out American refugees.

Fattening the Buzzards

The Mexican cattle industry has been all but completely demolished. The remnant herds that remain in the northern provinces are regarded as the free-for-all spoils of any little group of armed adventurers who care to drive them to the border for sale, or slaughter for their own provender, leaving the hastily carved carcase on the trail for the buzzards. As the herds of cattle have diminished the swarms of carrion-devouring birds have increased. Always plentiful, they have grown to great swarms, and they follow all the divers and various little "armies" and detached "squadrons" of robbers with unflinching loyalty. The buzzards alone of all creatures in Mexico are fattening upon the watchful waiting policy, and to innumerable forlorn Mexicans have become emblematic of that policy.

Mightier world problems may have come to vex our diplomats and smother for the time the Mexican situation, but this cannot long continue as an excuse for seemingly neglecting a patent obligation to a distressed and anarchy-ridden people who are our next door neighbors. The best intelligence in Mexico, as well as the best intelligence you may find among exiled Mexicans, is now fairly yearning for some sort of American intervention. Will their appeal go unheeded, to find no listening ear or sympathy in Washington, and must they wait so long that they will be compelled to direct this appeal to some other Power more vigorous in its policy or more cunning in its designs upon the tremendous resources of Mexico?

STRING BEANS AND SOCIAL CULTURE

Farms and Suburban Gardens Are Different and the Discovery of Neighbors Does Not Always Follow the Same Course, but the Only True Community Is a Neighborhood.

By ROBERT HILDRETH

AGAIN and again, lately, I have come across that magic word—culture. The quarrel over the right and righteous definition of Kultur, between Germans and Allies, already seems foolish and far away. I am planting a garden. This is what I find in the books and catalogs I am reading now:

CULTURE—Beans are somewhat tender, but it often pays to take some risks. Plant in warm, loamy soil at the beginning of settled warm weather in spring, and at intervals for succession until August. Rows may be made 2 feet apart, and the beans planted a few inches apart in drills, or 3 or 4 beans in hills 6 to 8 inches apart. Cultivate and hoe frequently—always, however, when the vines are perfectly dry. In hoeing draw the soil up toward the rows or plants. For string beans gather the pods clean as soon as fit for use. The plants will remain all the longer in bearing.

This is but one brief excerpt from the literature of culture. It contains, in a few sentences, much knowledge. But knowledge is not culture. Neither is hoeing—or other hard work. Nor is culture confined to gardens. Sometimes it goes a-fishing, sometimes it goes a-voting.

Neighbors Discovered

Gardening is both a utilitarian and an aesthetic occupation—according to a man's spiritual make-up and his economic needs. Whichever aspect of its character is paramount in any instance, it usually presupposes a respectable amount of knowledge. And often just supposes! I have gained part of what I know about the science and art of gardening from books and catalogs—did you ever discover the fact that a catalog can be very interesting reading?—and part from my neighbors. The important thing is that I have become acquainted with my neighbors—and by way of my garden.

My agricultural erudition is still comparatively slight. I say "comparatively" because, ever since I saw that the neighbors had "got the jump on me" in the matter of backyard industry and enjoyment, I have given my days and nights to the study of gardens. There is, indeed, a great deal to consider—climate, soil, fertilizers, and so forth and so on. Some seeds should go in drills, some in hills and some should be sowed broadcast. Some should be covered with the thinnest sprinkling of earth, while others should be buried several inches underground. Some, I have discovered with regret at this late date, should be planted in hotbeds in January or February. One kind requires a light sandy soil and another will thrive only in rich humus. But all these, I am quite aware, are elementary considerations. There are greater and more numerous problems with which gardeners and farmers have to deal.

The amateur suburban gardener ought to have some appreciation of the vast amount of knowledge accumulated in a farming community. Professor Carver, director of the Rural Organization Service, tells us that the agricultural lore handed down in the country places is vastly underrated. "Urban commentators are apt to label it 'tradition,' and not a few misguided critics go so far as to call it 'superstition.'" They deplore it as the chief obstacle in the way of scientific agriculture. They are partly right, but mostly wrong. This wonderful lore of the farmer is something which he values highly because it has proved workable. He is not a whit fonder of doing things without return of profit than anybody else, and when he sees a chance of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before he is glad enough to do it. He is more willing to see than many of his critics believe.

Rural Progressivism

Progressivism is present in the country. It welcomes college extension and establishes farmers' institutes. In the State which is sometimes called the most thoroughly rural State in the Union every county is well organized for the promotion of agriculture. Nearly every county has a paid agent who consults with and advises the farmers concerning crops and other farm problems. There are more automobiles per inhabitant in that State than in any one of 46 other Commonwealths, and this in spite of the fact that more people, in proportion to total population, own their homes, free of encumbrance, than anywhere else in New England. The Legislature has made its statute books notable for their reflection of the modern social spirit. No other State in

America has so large a proportion of its children in school, and the educational facilities of the Commonwealth have been ranked by the Russell Sage Foundation as excellent those of three-fourths of the American States.

If the country places are so progressive, why the "rural exodus" of which we hear so much? The truth is that the menace of the rural exodus has been greatly exaggerated. In volume it is decreasing. More than that, its results have been by no means wholly harmful. The shiftless, the restless, the unfit, these have gone to the cities because they could not make farming pay. It's a very good thing for the country places. Others have gone—the youth who were not farm-minded. The best thing that can happen to rural America is to man it with a rural population, a population rurally fit, rurally minded and rurally idealistic.

Renascence Follows Humanism

The adjustment is in rapid progress. With it the rural renascence grows in force and effect. The renascence does not depend so much on emigration and immigration as on certain qualities of country life. It is founded on humanism. Country life is naturally cooperative and neighborly in a thousand different ways. A farmhouse burns and the neighbors help rebuild it. A rain threatens and the neighbors get in the hay. In a rural community everybody knows everybody else. The people participate in a common life. They are as close to humanity as they are to the soil. The welfare of the individual cannot be a matter of indifference to the rest. The development of community spirit and community consciousness is the real aim of the country-life movement.

The country-life movement rises from the ideals and aspirations of the country people themselves. They are making the new rural civilization. It is simply because they are human. The numerous community organizations of Vermont, formed in the last ten years and bound together in a State association, are the direct outcome of the rediscovery of neighbors by neighbors. The celebrations of the 100th and 150th anniversaries of the founding of towns had much to do with it. The people got together, held pageants and played. Playing together leads to working together; it is an excellent preparation. Acquaintance and neighborliness can do wonders for community welfare.

It's a long, long way from farms to suburban gardens, or the other way round, but either place will teach something concerning neighborliness, and neighborliness is the driving force of social culture—if, indeed, it is not culture itself.

THE NEEDED REVIVAL

We need a revival of the individual. The question is not, What are they doing?—but, What am I doing? Not, Why do you do this that or the other?—But, Why am I doing this that or the other?—Jenken Lloyd Jones.

LEGEND OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

When bedtime came, the ancient dame Feroak her spinning wheel And said: "Now, hear, my children dear, All that I would reveal, I know you that I, in years gone by, Made the first clothes you wore? A shirt I've spun for each new son Born in a mile or more.

"By candlelight have changed to white These cheeks, once, oh, so red. That the young bride I might provide With fine white for her bed, I never go to church, you know, Yet much I pray alone, As here, within, my shirts I spin, For those who else had none.

"On Sundays, too, my work I do, Yet fear I not God's wrath. He knows, at least, 'tis for the Priest I make that tabiceth! But, ere long, I must look to die, And so must soon prepare My winding sheet—as is most meet, Of linen, white and fair."

That very night, ere morning light, Snapped was the flaxen thread, As pale and wan she lay dead, Alike she who her whole life through Clad others with her spinning. Into the clay was thrust away Without a shred of linen. The callous clown that nailed her down In coffin of thin deal, In burial just upon her breast Placed her loved spinning wheel. Now, if you mark when it is dark, You hear a whirr, a hiss! 'Tis the poor soul in shame and dole, Making a winding sheet. Theodore Wores, a "best of British," in "The Weekly."