

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. LINDGREN, Vice President; JOHN C. MARTIN, Secretary and Treasurer; PHILIP B. COITTE, JOHN B. WHITMAN, Directors.

move over to Fifteenth street, a single city block. How would such a paltry advance compare with the territory in the city still to be captured, not to mention an area outside corresponding to northern France?

POPULAR REVOLT AGAINST THE WAR The German Social-Democratic Demand for Peace Is the Expression of the Sentiments of the Strongest Political Party in the Empire.

By JOSEPH SHAPLEN THE demands of the Socialists of Germany for peace have raised a new hope for an early cessation of the European conflict. Those who know the strength and power of the German Social Democracy, with its 4,500,000 votes, 2,000,000 dues-paying members and 112 representatives in the Reichstag, the largest political representation in the body, base this hope on two main points: first, the power which the party wields in molding German public opinion and, second, the well-grounded assumption that the appeals for peace, as published in the Berlin Vorwaerts and in party manifestos, were published with the consent and approval of the Government.

THE Republican National Committee wants Philadelphia: every sign points to that. Philadelphia wants the convention; but, unfortunately, the public manifestation has not yet taken proper shape.

The committee needs a hall, a guarantee of suitable hotel accommodation and expense fund. But it needs an invitation far more.

What body is better situated to give the invitation than the Chamber of Commerce? The Chamber represents the business interests of Philadelphia. It has personality-power as well as money-power behind it.

The Chamber of Commerce is ready to help in the capture of foreign trade, to push the banner of Philadelphia commerce into farthest South America. Here is the chance fight at home to bring honor and advantage to the city.

It is up to the Chamber of Commerce. The People Pay the Freight NOBODY expects Interstate Commerce Commissioners and railroad presidents to agree. It is not at all astonishing, therefore, to have Mr. Underwood, of the Erie, come out for a one-cent passenger rate and an increase of 20 per cent. in freight charges within a year of the time when the Interstate Commerce Commission held down increased freight rates and suggested that the railroads take it out of the passengers.

President Underwood's proposal to subsidize the traveling classes at the expense of the whole community has ample support. Its educational aspect as a stimulus to wider travel among even the poorer classes has been developed in philosophic Utopias, where, indeed, railroad trains were sometimes as free as our sidewalks. Economically, too, any increase in the fluidity of labor is to be desired.

When one dives into the facts and figures of railroad service here and in Europe under normal conditions, the situation grows more complicated. The passenger rates on the Continent before the war were undoubtedly lower than in America. The cheapest, on the State-owned roads of Germany, ran from 2.75 cents a mile, first-class, to 1.16 cents, third class; the highest rates, in England, from 4.7 to 1.78. Congested as the population of Europe is the passenger situation is nearer to what we find in the suburban areas of our great cities, where commutation tickets often bring fares down to the neighborhood of a cent a mile. The long hauls of America are bound to produce low freight rates, because of the reduction of handling cost, and high passenger rates, because of the relatively small quantity of long-distance travel.

Undoubtedly the railroads of the United States have aggravated the condition by sinking a great deal of money in such traveling luxuries as heavily decorated passenger cars, while freight has gone through simply and cheaply in great money-breeding bulk. It is no secret that most of the roads of America, except such local services as the Long Island, make the greater part of their money from freight, some of suburban services and hardly any from the through passenger traffic. Of the gross receipts for an average year, freight produces about two-thirds, passenger business scarcely a quarter.

The Party of the People THE situation can be explained by citing two points. First, the Socialists of Germany were unable to get in touch with the Socialists of other countries at the period when the war clouds began to gather rapidly over Europe and were cut off in their anti-war propaganda by the declaration of martial law. Second, and what is, perhaps, more important, Socialism is international but not anti-national. The Social Democracy of Germany is part and parcel of the people of Germany. It is the party through which the demand for popular government finds expression.

Once the country was plunged into war and the tramp of Russian armies was already audible over the plains of East Prussia it was not for the Socialists of Germany, the representatives of the common people of Germany, to split the unity of the nation. And so the Socialists voted for the budget in the Reichstag and went forth to die for the Fatherland. In voting for the war budget the Social Democrats made a declaration of their position through their chairman, Herr Haase, which read in part:

"A most serious hour is upon us, an hour in which a matter of life and death confronts us. The results of the imperialistic policy which furnishes cause for the entire world to take up arms and permits the horrors of war to engulf us—the results of this policy, we say, have broken forth like a storm flood. The responsibility for this calamity falls upon supporters of this policy. We ourselves are not responsible. * * *

"We do not regard this support of the Government in the light of a contradiction to our duty in connection with international solidarity to which we are just as firmly bound as to Germany itself. We hope that this fatal strife will prove a lesson to the millions who will come after us, a lesson which will fill them with lasting abhorrence for all war-fare. May they be converted by this to the ideals of Social Democracy and international peace. And now, bearing these thoughts in mind, we give our sanction to the voting of these moneys." (Applause from all parties.)

Since the declaration of war, however, it has become known that, while the party as a whole demands peace without conquest, at least one-third of the membership and leaders are opposed to supporting the Government on any ground. Among the latter are Karl Liebknecht, Socialist member of the Reichstag from the Kaiser's own district of Potsdam and also member of the Prussian Diet, and Rosa Luxemburg, now serving a jail sentence for agitating against the Kaiser and the Government.

In the hands of this great party lies, in a great measure, the basis on which Germany will conclude peace. If the party should succeed in rousing public opinion in favor of immediate action without conquest and thus, through the coming peace conference, bring about that territorial readjustment in Europe upon which, in a great degree, the peace of Europe depends, it will have accomplished the greatest political service in all history and will take its place as the leading force of the new Germany, the Germany that is to be.

AUNT JEMMY'S REFLECTIONS C. Ryland, in Southern Woman's Magazine. "En ef'n you aint 'sociated you is gott'er be 'anti.' Yaw'm, you cyarn even make up yo' mind dat you don't talk a think en wouldn't jine in wid it fuh nothin in dis worl' but what you gott'er tin' right straight round en jine a sassety dais against it. Goin' en comin' dey gits you every time.

"Ef'n you aint a suffrage's en don't 'b'ieve in speakin' on a platform en don't 'b'inge to help other wimmen en chillun you is gott'er be a anti-suffrage's en stan' on a platform to say you don't 'b'ieve in nothin' uv de kind en dat you lakks men better'n' you does wimmen en chillun anyway.



THE OPPORTUNITY FOUND ITS MAN Robert Lansing's Long Years of Training Stood Him in Good Stead When the President Was in Need of an Expert. How an Emergency Disclosed Ability.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS SAT on the platform behind Robert Lansing when he received the degree of doctor of laws from Colgate University about a fortnight ago. The rear view of the man was interesting. He has a large development of what the phrenologists used to call the bump of obtuseness—by the way, what has become of the phrenological cult of the last half of the last century? When he turned his head I could see a firm jaw and a mouth that closed with confidence and certainty. And the eyes looked straight ahead with calmness and self-possession. Benjamin Id Wheeler, of the University of California, sat beside him to receive the degree of doctor of humane letters. Wheeler's head is the head of a poet and a scholar, a man who dreams and thinks high thoughts and deals with the ideal. Lansing's head is the head of a man in close touch with the real facts of life. It is the head of an executive and administrator, of a man who could say to this one, "Go!" and to that one "Come!" with confidence that he would be obeyed. Yet Wheeler has been the administrator for the last ten or fifteen years, and Lansing has been merely an arguing and advising lawyer for all the years of his mature life until he was placed in a position about fourteen months ago which gave him an opportunity to show of what sort of stuff he was made.



Blushed Like a Schoolboy The most distinct impression that Lansing leaves upon the observer is one of poise. Yet he lost his poise in a most charming way on the occasion of which I speak. As the different candidates for honorary degrees were summoned by the dean they were applauded. And Lansing was welcomed in the same way when he arose to receive his hood lined with the maroon silk of the college and trimmed with the purple velvet of the degree of doctor of laws. He is a Central New York man, born and bred in the ballwick of Colgate, but he had never been in the college town before, and he apparently assumed that he was little known to the people who crowded the church. But the applause for him did not stop. It grew in volume as he stood. An expression of surprise passed over his face. He looked out over the black-robed seniors who had just received their bachelors' degrees, and from them to the gaily-dressed ladies with their escorts, and he blushed with embarrassment, confused as any school-boy speaking his first piece. And the blush remained till he took his seat again.

This was his first appearance in any public assembly after he had been made Acting Secretary of State, and it was his first taste of popular approval away from his familiar associates. When Amherst, his own college, followed the example of Colgate the week after, and gave him the same degree he was among the men who had called him "Bob," and their applause was like that of old friends in whose faces he could look with the smile which said, "That is all right, fellows; but we know each other and I am just one of you."

The men who have known him for years are not aware of his surpassing abilities. It is not they, but the people at large, who have been surprised at his sudden rise to a conspicuous position. The country a year and a half ago did not know that such a man existed. Such fame as he had was confined to those who follow the long and un-spectacular diplomatic negotiations and arbitrations, and there are few such. They approved, however, when he was made Counselor of the Department of State in the spring of last year to succeed John Bassett Moore, who could not get along with Bryan.

Then came the war and Lansing's opportunity. As Counselor he was next in authority to Mr. Bryan in the State Department. Mr. Bryan's knowledge of international law was as complete and as sound as his knowledge of the principles of finance. The President, therefore, came to rely on Mr. Lansing for advice, and Mr. Bryan gradually but surely

end. And speaking of a counterbalance. Study the kangaroo, the no-trittler example of equilibrium in all positions. The further over he leans the more his tail comes into action of the ground. And again, in speaking of general design, wherever possible, try to work by elasticity and against rigidity. You find very little of the rigid in nature, and little trees often survive a gale by bending, where the big ones are blown down. All of which was undoubtedly very true, and made more of an impression on his hearers than some of the complicated mathematical demonstrations that followed.

"UP, DEAD, AND AT 'EM!" The Command of a Wounded Man That Saved the Day for the French

From a Paris Letter to the New York Sun. A wounded lieutenant told the following story to a representative of the Havas Agency: As I opened my eyes I saw the Boches leaping over the sandbags into the trench, about 20 of them. They had no rifles, but carried a sort of wicked-looking fall of bowyer. I looked toward my left; all our men were gone, the trench empty. The Boches were advancing; a few more steps and they would be on me. At this moment one of my men, laid out on the ground with a wound on his forehead, another on his chin, and his whole face streaming with blood, sat up, seized a sack of grenades near him and shouted:

"Up, dead, and at 'em!" He got on his knees and hurled grenades into the thick of the Boches. At his call three other wounded started up. Two of them, who had broken legs, seized rifles and began a rapid fire, every shot which struck a Boche, whose left arm hung limp, tore out his bayonet with his right. When I had recovered enough to rise, half the enemy was down, the other half in disorderly flight.

The man who had started the defense, the hero of "Up, dead, and at 'em!" was struck by a bullet in the jaw, and down he fell. The man with the bayonet, who had been crawling from body to body, jumped to his feet, when four passed the Fourth barricade, was missed by two shots from the Boche's revolver, and plunged his weapon into his enemy's throat. The position was saved.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF A SOLDIER From the World's Work.

On the eve of the battle of the Marne the French officers gathered their men about the bivouac, and in the summer night, broken by the roar of cannon, read to them the proclamation issued by Joffre. It thrilled every one with the thought that the fate of France lay in their hands.

THE NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW From our part, we are not in favor of turning Secretary of State until he has saluted the flag.—Galveston News.

Napoleon marched much farther into Russia without forcing the Czar to make peace.—Springfield Republican.

Senator Kern promises a cloture rule. Remember how mad we got with Czar Reed about cloture rules?—Augusta Chronicle.

Women should be paid at the very least a living wage. Any society that neglects so elementary a requirement invites disaster.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is when we come to see Mexico as it is today that we appreciate the best traits of Diaz as he exhibited them when in the fulness of his supremacy. Diaz was a despot perhaps, but a despot of great intelligence and broad perceptions.—Boston Transcript.

AMUSEMENTS B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS CONROY and LE MAIRE

THEODORE BENDIX and SYMPHONY PLAYERS BEN WELCH; HENRI HAVY; AVERY; MORSON; BRIGGS; ETHEL MACDONOUGH and OTHERS

WOODSIDE PARK THEATRE VAUDEVILLE

MAIDEN DAILY, 8:30 P.M. Evening, 7:45 and 9:45. ADMISSION FREE. Refreshing and Seating 50c. Tonight—CHAPLIN NIGHT—Prizes in Gold

THE MARKET ST. ABOVE 10TH ST. PICTURES

Stanley 11 BLANCHÉ SWERT in "THE CURE" SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA and SOLOISTS

THE GRAND HUGO JANSEN'S "THE FABLE OF THE BIRD" AVERY; HENRI HAVY; MORSON; BRIGGS; ETHEL MACDONOUGH and OTHERS

THE GREATEST DESIGNER From the Engineering Magazine.

There was a certain college professor of machine design who was an original in his views as he was able in his subject. One of his pet theories was the interrelation between nature and correct design. "Boys," he would say, "there has been only one designer who never made a mistake, and the more we study his work the better machine we will build. When you put legs under a machine, think of a horse or a cow, and get them as far apart as you can—don't get too much overhang at either

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915. When coward meets coward they drag about the army and navy.

Swat the "Schlag"

HOW long are the buying public, the legitimate storekeeper and the real estate owner to be duped, tricked and defrauded by the "schlag"? Every year sees more of these fly-by-night "merchants" renting vacant stores, dumping in some seasonal stock of samples or receivers' sale goods, making a quick "killing" and a quicker "get-away." And every year sees more legitimate merchants in difficulties and more stores permanently vacant.

There is nothing in the "schlag," not even for the public. Almost every "bargain" in his stores has a pull-back somewhere. The goods are old style or shoddy; of inferior workmanship; ten to one sweatshop-made; or with small blemishes that prevent their sale to the trade. There is no quality, no "last" to the "schlag's" stock.

Even when the man in the street may be saving himself money on some seasonal purchase, he is piling up trouble for legitimate dealers and higher prices for himself on the every-day, year-in and year-out necessities. The man who runs a permanent store has to meet rent charges and service charges through the whole year. He must keep a big stock on hand both of seasonal and nonseasonal goods for the convenience of the public. If he is losing sales at rush times because of unfair competition, he must sooner or later go into bankruptcy or skimp on the wages of his clerks and the quality of his goods, or raise prices.

Even the real estate man, in whose hands rest the cause and the cure, makes nothing by such penny-wise and pound-foolish methods. He may rent his store for a month at a time when it would otherwise be vacant; but he gets only a small amount for it compared to a long-term rental, and he imperils his future fortunes into the bargain. The store itself gets a black eye with the public and with possible renters, while the presence of "schlages" and their drain on legitimate business tend to drive down rents and cause more and longer vacancies.

The situation is intolerable. If the real estate man can't see it or won't see it, the city's authority should be called in. By the terms of the law the "schlag" can dodge the present mercantile tax with comparative ease. Only a rigorous act to compel the taking out of a business license can catch him.

Adding to Life and Wages

NO MORE momentous statement on the much-argued wage problem has been made in years than that of Major General William G. Gorgas, which was read into the testimony this week in the street railways arbitration hearing in Chicago.

Add to the laboring man's wages from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day and you will lengthen the average American's thread of life by 13 years at least.

In the Wake of the Jolly Junketers

NO RAILROAD fares, no street car purse, no other a nickel for a litney; no expense money, no postage stamps, no fee; no funds for the purchase of new tires or for repairs for broken down autos. Needless to say this is not the record of jolly junketers of Councils who send merrily across the continent on their Liberty Bell pass. It is only the state in which they left the police and detectives of Philadelphia when they adjourned till September.

Director Porter seems unnecessarily worried over this. What if his detectives and policemen who advanced expense money, which they can't collect until fall, are having to borrow right and left to pay the rent? How can he be so far forget the honor and dignity of Philadelphia as to put in a partial word for his own men? What if the Bureau of Police has no funds for carfare, postage, the collection of evidence, or even for ice? Are not the Pullmans of the junketers swift as justice and the winds of the Pacific refreshing as a hundred ice-filled coolers?

Let Philadelphia wait till more important matters are out of the way. Then its police may get a little attention.

Measuring Out the War Over Here

THE western area of war is living up a lull. From desultory movements more in the nature of the hundred-yard dash than the marathon, the opposing armies have turned to advances that seem almost spectacular by comparison.

To what does one of the most notable recent advances? Take the largest gain of the west week. "We advanced by stern over a front of five kilometers wide from two to three hundred metres deep." What would it make to units here at home?

Suppose the army of West Philadelphia lay stretched along Broad street, and suppose the enemy made just such an advance against them. It would mean that the battalions from Market street to the Pennsylvania Avenue in South Philadelphia would

move over to Fifteenth street, a single city block. How would such a paltry advance compare with the territory in the city still to be captured, not to mention an area outside corresponding to northern France?

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"I dunno whethur de Colonial Dame is all bleeged to use de same bran' uv cologne er not, en Ise done heah tell dat de folks what 'longs to de sassety uv Cincinnati don't all haveter live in dat 'society' yer, bet' but anybody kin see dat de Bettuh Housin' Sassyety folks lives in a heap bettuh houses den dem dey is tryin' to help; en even ef muh voice is cracked down heah on dis uth I hopes some day to meet Up Yonduh wid de othuh members uv de Sweet Singin' uv Iseal en raise muh hally-juhuh loud es any uv de res' uv em."

THE LAST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE Nay, dearest, in their quiet place The violins leave, and near his face Set roses in the gloom: That, should he breathe once in the chill (Such thing, by God's releasing will) Might hap perchance when hearts are still, His lips may breathe perfume.

And let one later o'er his sleep His trembling, tender vigil keep. Watchful and pale and clear; That, if by strange, august decree Those lids but once should lifted be, And he be glad should he awake, And know that he is here.

Nor leave unpressed the good-night kiss— Good-night to all "Good-night" is this— (The lips are cold—touch but the hair) In hope some thought's faint, hovering shade The brain's glad spasm should break, And he be glad should he awake To feel our kisses there.

He will not speak when we are near; He will not wake when we are here; Of us who live the dead have fear: Dear heart, come—come away! True love's kiss should be as sweet: His heart may rouse to visions sweet, And love us in one long, last beat, And he be hushed for aye.

—G. W. Fiske in The July Atlantic.