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the routine of these days. And when countless thousands of people turn out on a rainy evening, as they did on this occasion, it proves that, for once, they are getting what they want.

BOSTON'S POLICE INFAMY DEFINES THE GREAT ISSUE

In the Now Clean-cut Battle Between An-rant Bolshevism and Civilized Democracy No Patting is Thinkable

THE fact is hideous, but it will grow uglier and fouler if it is not instantly and fearlessly faced. Bolshevism in the United States is no longer a specter. Boston in chaos reveals its sinister substance. In their reckless defiance of the fundamentals of morality, in their bullying effort to the structure of civilization, where the police of the New England metropolis differ from the mad minority which overthrew Kerensky and ruined Russia? Only an ardent casuist, a fatuous hair splitter can proclaim a shade of contrast.

It is fatal to fool ourselves. This revolutionary walkout is positive proof that radicalism in America has lost its head and its conscience. The penalty of cooing is obvious. Idealists, the President among them, have hopefully prophesied bridging the chasm between labor and capital. It is a fair vision, prompted at bottom by humanitarian instincts and a sense of justice. Unquestionably employers have erred, are still erring. Unquestionably employees have been unreasonable and selfish. But the slate of neither side is utterly black with sin. There is distinct appeal in the supposed chance for a fusion of compensating virtues. But it can only prevail if the Boston outbreak shall be stamped out and repudiated by the people of all classes—union and non-union alike.

The Boston strike is a tragic climax. It is a revelation also since the Federation of Labor lays the cards upon the table. Unless honorable elements in it prevail and Boston's outrages are disavowed, this organization is committed to bolshevism and it is damned. Organized labor pledged to anarchy is intolerable in America. Samuel Gompers official head of the federation, must choose the path of decency or of shame. In a sense, too, the nation is on trial. Boston is a symbol. Compromising with the loathsome forces in play there will be nothing less than treason. The word conveys a shudder. It is best, however, not to misname it.

The Boston strike is treason, simply and sickeningly that. Strikes have been labor weapons, legitimate in varying degrees, productive of good at times in spite of waste and oppression of the innocent bystander. The police walkout is in no manner of this stripe. Striking seamen are mutineers—a grim term. Striking soldiers or navy men are partners in sedition. Precisely the same obliquity which attaches to them attaches to municipal guardians of law and order who have violated their oath.

A factory hand does not swear to protect the community, nor does even a quasi-public servant such as a railway employee. But a policeman pledges his word. He has no moral right to go on a strike. The police of Boston have deliberately and shamelessly banded to overthrow the government. In a way they have overthrown it for a government without police protection is impotent. The disgraceful scenes in Boston prove that. Murders have been committed. Thieves are rampant. Yeggmen, gamblers, crooks and thugs hold high carnival. Rioting imperils and befouls the city of America which most consciously prides itself upon its culture and its lofty standards of civilization.

Unless the snake is crushed at once the conceivable consequences are appalling. The despicable I. W. W. blather-skies can impudently profit by the Boston precedent if there is the least shade of victory in its outcome. Stern repression is the sole solvent for the blight. Boston bungled at the beginning. Amateur policemen and student vigilantes are not of the stuff to stamp down the outbreak, despite the worst intentions. The republic is in danger when treason against it and repudiation of its most sacred principles are abroad. Armed force is the only logical defense, just as it was when Germany challenged us.

Out of what seems to have been an unsavory local political mess, which gave broad sweep to unrestrained lawlessness, came at last a summons to the state groups. Their welcome presence clearly demonstrates, without further disguise or subterfuge, that the war for law and order is on. On the part of the champions of right it must be sharp, swift and determined battle, or else the nation is poised on the brink of an abyss. On the philosophic principle that "somehow good" may be extracted from ill, it is possible to give a courageous sigh of relief at the Boston shambles. America now knows just where it stands. It has beheld concessions and molliciousness fanned the lust for the awful tyranny of class power. It sees the Boston police force and the truculently "sympathetic" unions, which disgrace the name and principles of trade unionism, as agencies of contempt for majorities and of the entire democratic social order.

The veil of illusion is rent. Now is the moment to make that unmasking permanently profitable. No American of sane and honest instincts can withhold his support of unflinching, drastic action to save the republic. It is not hysteria to employ such terms. The fallacy lies in disregarding their applicability. Weakness in facing the issue with a full grasp of its meaning sealed for a season of dreadful martyrdom the fate of freedom in Russia. That nation was ignorant, newly released from another dark despotism. It floundered and sank. Bad as the Boston business is, it is America's

fall so low as Russia. Patriotism, pride in the proven worth of traditions of liberty, established not without travail, annihilate any such conception. And yet this must not be forgotten. A few years ago nothing was more unimaginable than wholesale treason in a civic police force. We have traveled the road of increasing insecurity. We cannot now go further and keep faith in the republic.

The turning back involves a course of unrelenting and unshakable consistency. Settlement of the Boston strike in favor of the law will be a vigorous gain. But it will be superficial unless the policy of high resolve to conquer seditious anarchy and lawlessness wherever it is manifested is pursued. Fortunately the great power of patriotism in the land will not now have to be urged.

These facts, too, are self-evident: Labor will have lost its case if its present methods are repeated. All the sound points in it—and they are many—will be hidden under the black cloak of crime and wanton outrage. The American Federation of Labor will go down in the wreck. The righteous cause of labor will be set back a generation. Not in a century will restoration of its present repute and the genuine respect it has earned be possible. Mr. Gompers will behold his efforts, so splendid in the war and at other times, mocked and traduced. The nation has chosen. If it ever was vague in its conception of the Bolshevist horror its vision is clean-cut now. So is the issue. Defiled Boston has seen to that.

A FLAW IN CUMMINS'S PLAN

A WEAK point in the Cummins Railroad bill has been sensed by the Association of Railway Executives and objected to most emphatically by Thomas De Witt Cuyler, its spokesman. That point is the provision that all surplus earnings above a "fair return" on the capital invested shall be paid over to the government within four months of the expiration of the railroad fiscal year to be used for the benefit of roads which have not earned a fair return and for the benefit of the employees. A provision similar to this was in the Plumb plan. The Association of Holders of Railway Securities also advocated a like disposition of surplus earnings of the prosperous roads for the benefit of the weak roads. Mr. Cuyler opposes it on three grounds. The first is that it is unconstitutional and the second is that it removes the incentive to economy and efficiency and the third is that it will make it difficult to attract capital to invest in railroad shares.

There is no doubt of the soundness of the second and third objections. Mr. Cuyler might have elaborated his second objection by saying that the plan not only removed the incentive to economy from the prosperous roads, but that it removed from the managers of the unprofitable roads the incentive to avoid a deficit. Regarding the constitutional question opinions differ. When Senator Cummins explained the bill on its introduction the point was raised, and he said that he had no doubt whatever that Congress had the constitutional right to dispose of all profits above a fair return on the investment. But the subcommittee which drafted the bill regards this as an academic question, for its members are persuaded that the unprofitable roads will be absorbed by the profitable roads, either voluntarily or by compulsion, very soon after the bill becomes a law. Compulsion, however, cannot be applied for several years, according to the terms of the bill.

The principle involved is of such great importance that it should be examined on all sides before Congress acts. It has been supposed in the past that private capital was protected in the constitutional right to all that could earn, and it has been supposed also that if the price of the service which it rendered was fixed by the government it was especially entitled to benefit by all the economies which its owners could effect.

A Bucharest correspondent of the Paris Temps denies that bolshevism has any foothold in the Ukraine. It is pleasant news, but not surprising. Triumphant democracy will eventually emerge from the slough of despond into which Russia is plunged. The people may lack education, but they do not lack virility. The lusty strength of them will mean their salvation. The only reason a hand could affect the contents of a barrel is that the apples have stopped growing.

Wild enthusiasts, say all reports, greet the senators who are trailing President Wilson to fight the league of nations by Mr. Wilson's own method. Wild enthusiasm is also greeting Mr. Wilson along the line of the grand tour. Now, who can say which way the nation's sympathies are actually running?

Hoker-poker, wink-wink, how do you like your treaty, don't you? Wilson sugar or Borah sum with a bunch of Lodge reservations?

In Russia, at this moment, they are waiting about the high cost of bolshevism.

People returning from Europe declare that living is cheap here compared to over there. But give us time, give us time! If strikes continue prices will do some more jumping.

Pershing is no Hobson, but the girl he kissed in New York is willing to bet he is not an amateur, either.

The Hun is still sore from the licking he got, but he permits himself a smile when he reads of the Boston riots.

With anarchy in Boston and Lodge in the Senate, poor old Massachusetts is playing in tough luck these days.

General Pershing is the only full general we have. General Strike is the only empty one.

And the wind may blow through them if the barbers' strike continues.

BUTTERWORTHS OF BOLTON

Visit of Hotelkeepers to Races at Belmont Track Suggests Interesting Stories of Harrisburg

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

THE Butterworths of the Bolton were in the city the other day. That is to say J. S. and M. S. Butterworth, of the Bolton House in Harrisburg, and one of the handsomest men of his day, lived at the Bolton.

No matter how often they may come to Philadelphia in the course of business there is one period in the year when the two brothers, leaving their hotel in the care of employees, visit the city without fail. It is during this season at Belmont track. Both are lovers of fine horses. There are few men in state politics in the last quarter of a century who do not know the Butterworths. Democrats particularly. The Bolton House, which they have controlled for the last third of a century almost, is the last survivor of the three big old-time hotels in Harrisburg. The Lochiel and the Commonwealth have disappeared before the march of progress.

For fifty years the Bolton has been the recognized rendezvous for Democratic leaders from over the state. To this day the dwindling remnant of Pennsylvania's Democracy wends its way to the Bolton. It is state headquarters whenever a Democratic convention is held in the capital city. The Lochiel under Hunter and after it the Commonwealth under Jim Russ were headquarters for the Republicans.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL, on the rare occasions when he appeared in Harrisburg stopped at the Bolton. William McAleer, when he was senator from the Second district, then composed of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Eleventh wards, met his brethren at the Bolton. Thomas Benton Schaeffer, known over the state as "Bent" and one of the handsomest men of his day, lived at the Bolton. He was senator from Fayette and Greene. George Ross, of Bucks, one of the ablest men in his party ever sent to the state Senate, lived at the Bolton.

Then there was Milt C. Henninger, from Lehigh, one of the Democratic professors of the present Republican senator, Horace W. Schantz, who is now fighting for the judgeship in Lehigh county, and the gaunt and rugged Gerard C. Brown, of York, whose democracy was as stern as his visage. These were guests of the old Bolton thirty odd years ago.

The most unusual politico-social event in the history of the Bolton occurred during the session of 1908. There had been a slight outbreak of smallpox in Harrisburg. It was not serious enough to cause alarm. One noon when senators and members retreated down for dinner, and dinner was at midday in those days, they were informed that a reception was in progress in the parlors upstairs.

Those who seek up found their friends and most of the women guests of the hotel sitting with arms bared to the shoulder. Two gentlemen, physicians, with lancet and vaccine quills, were holding the reception. Almost everybody in the house was vaccinated that day at the "reception."

THE Lochiel Hotel, owned and managed by George W. Hunter, a courteous old gentleman, was up until the Commonwealth came into existence the recognized Republican headquarters in Harrisburg. Matthew Stanley Quay, when he was state treasurer, held his most important conferences there. Senator Penrose always kept a couple of rooms for his personal use. Senator George H. Fisher, John F. Reynolds, George Handy Smith and Colonel James S. Rutan, of Allegheny, Quay's left bowler, lived at the Lochiel.

During Governor Beaver's term, Lieutenant Governor Davies, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Auditor General Kikkpatrick, Auditor General A. Vison, Norris, of Philadelphia; State Treasurer Quay and Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart lived at the old Lochiel. It was the unofficial Capitol.

GEORGE HANDY SMITH was one of the bright particular stars of the Senate in those days. He represented a part of the district now represented by Senator Vare. He was a genial fellow in spite of his devious way of politics in those days. "George Handy," as he was familiarly known, had his own peculiar and very well defined ideas on the subject of dress. He was at his best when he wore a light colored suit of cheek, a brilliant red tie and glossy patent leather shoes.

His white whiskers in his later years were parted in the center, English fashion, and, whether it was natural or acquired, there was a suggestion of the English inflection in his speech. Bloomsbury Square, London, would have received him with open arms as one of her children simply on his check suit and patent shoes.

He was one of the most loyal native-born Philadelphians I ever knew. GEORGE HANDY SMITH'S catholic taste in dress was becoming, in a way, to a man of his ample build and florid complexion. That it was not adapted to men of less generous build and quieter tastes was strikingly illustrated at the session of 1887.

If Colclazer was the representative of the Associated Press at that session, the Philadelphia office being then located on Tenth street below Market. On one particular Monday evening Colclazer dropped into the Senate, where he encountered Senator George Handy Smith in full bloom of apparel that rivaled the Rose of Sharon. His necktie had the same color when in vogue. It was brilliant vermilion in color. In a spirit of concealed railery Colclazer exclaimed: "By George, Senator, that's a handsome tie you're wearing."

"Glad you think so, Colly, my boy. I fancy it myself." The following Monday night when Colclazer blew into the Senate, before it was called to order, he met George Handy, who said: "I've got something for you."

He led Colclazer over to his desk and took from it a small package which he handed over with the remark: "You fancied that necktie I wore and I took occasion to get one like it for you when I was back home on Saturday."

It was a brilliant vermilion tie, that would have given poor Colclazer, with his somewhat pallid complexion and habitually dark clothes, an attack of angina pectoris to have worn it for five minutes on Chestnut street. He did, however, nerve himself to the ordeal of wearing it the following Monday night in the Senate, where he paraded it under the gaze of Senator Vare to the latter's evident delight. But it was the last time.

I think Colclazer hired one of the chambermaids at the hotel to either lose it or steal it. Colonel House has resumed his place as member of the American peace commission in Paris. Thus the work of snapping views and other things receives joyous impetus. No matter what he had to say, there are carrying critics ready to declare that the President was attempting to josh Billings.



THE CHAFFING DISH

On the Sightseeing Bus

A FEELING of sour depression, consequent upon mailing the third installment to Ephraim Lederer, led us to seek uplift and blithe cheer. The sightseeing bus was filled except one seat by the driver, and we hopped aboard. The car was filled with Sir Knights and their ladies, save for one staffed gentleman from South America, who strove desperately to understand what was happening to him. From some broken remarks he let fall we think he had boarded the vehicle under the impression that he was taking a taxi to a railway terminal, where he wanted to catch the train for New York. At any rate, when we approached Independence Hall he was heard to ask plaintively if this was Broad Street Station. He kept uttering this inquiry with increasing despondency throughout the voyage.

IT WAS a merry and humorous occasion. The gentleman who sits on a little campstool in the prow of the bus and emits his reports and statistics through a megaphone is a genuine wag. His information is copious and uttered with amazing fluency. But we were particularly interested in the Sir Knight who slept peacefully through most of the ride, which was a long one, as we were held up by the big industrial parade on Broad street and had to take a long detour up Thirtieth street and Ridge avenue. During a spirited wrangle between our guide and the conductor of a trolley car, who asserted that we were nesting on his rails and would not let him pass, the drowsy Knight awoke and took a keen interest in the proceedings. Otherwise he will look back on the tour in a pleasantly muddled haze of memory.

THE pathetic zeal and eagerness with which the passengers hang upon the guide's words is worthy of high praise. It is an index of our national passion for self-improvement. But after two hours of continuous exhortation we began to wonder how much of it would stick in their minds. The following, we imagine, is not an unfair representation of the jumbled way in which they will remember it:

Guide: Observation car now leaving Keith's million-dollar theatre for a systematic tour of the City of Brotherly Love. As soon as William Penn had taken possession of the land he laid plans for a large city at the junction of the Drexel and Biddeford families. On your left you see the site where Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster general, discovered the great truth that a special delivery letter does not arrive any faster than the ordinary kind. Also on your left is Black's Hotel, where Benedict Arnold was married. On your right is Independence Hall, the office of the only Democratic newspaper published in the city. Further down this street is the Delaware river, which separates the city from Camden, the home of the largest talking soap factory in the world.

WE ARE now turning north on Fifth street, approaching Market street, the city's fashionable residential thoroughfare. Directly underneath your comfortable seats in this luxurious car pass the swift conveyances of the subway, forming the cheapest entrance into the great department stores. By means of this superb subterranean passageway ocean steamers arrive and depart daily from all parts of the globe. On your right observe old Christ Church burial ground, all the occupants of which were imported from England. Under the large flat slab lies Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster general, and his wife, the beautiful Rebecca Gratz, the heroine of Walter Scott's novel, "Hugh Wynne." Now touring past the Friends and Quakers' meeting house, the birthplace of Old Glory. On your left the Betsey Ross house, occupied by 1600 poor orphan boys. Not far from here is the Black Horse Tavern, the favorite worshiping place of General George Washington.

TO MARKET STREET. Directly on Market street. Directly on Market street. Directly on Market street.

Marching With Pershing

"WHAT are the bugles blowing for?" Said Johnny-who-had-stayed. "To tell the news, to tell the news," The nurse-on-duty said. "What makes your cheeks so white, so white?" Said Johnny-who-had-stayed. "I'm fearing that I may not watch," The nurse-on-duty said. "For General Pershing's coming, he— He is marching down this way. That's why they've got the banners out. And all the streets are gay. That's why you hear such cheering. That's why they shout 'Hurray!' For they'll march with General Pershing in the morning."

"What makes my roommate breathe so hard?" Asked Johnny-who-had-stayed. "He's tearing up his fever chart," The nurse-on-duty said. "What makes that rear-row man fall down?" Asked Johnny-who-had-stayed. "He's trying to get off his cot," The nurse-on-duty said. "For they want to march with Pershing. Evered brow and broken limb. Don't seem to them to matter. If they only march with him. And they're calling to each other: 'Come on, Jack!' 'We're coming, Jim.' For they want to march with Pershing in the morning." —Julia Glasgow, in New York Times.

It's all settled now. If you didn't register you can't vote.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. How old is General Pershing?
2. Many English-words, such as "labour" or "honour," lose the "u" in the authorized American spelling. One word in that class, however, does not. What is that word?
3. What is a corcombf?
4. What English poet swam the Dardanelles?
5. In what country has the daughter of the ruler held office in the national legislature?
6. Name one American city in which trolley fares have gone up to ten cents?
7. Who wrote the poem about "The Heathen Chinese"?
8. What is its correct title?
9. What two American Presidents were the greatest travelers?
10. Where was tobacco once used as money?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. The Nonpartisan League has been most active in North Dakota.
2. Shrove Tuesday, on which day Ash Wednesday, on which day and the preceding day, or Shrove-tide, it was customary to be shroven.
3. Boston is the scene of the first police strike in the United States.
4. Presentation; statement on oath by a jury of a fact within its knowledge, portrait, statement, description, act or mode of presenting to the mind. Presentation; vague expectation or foreboding of coming event.
5. The fleet of Columbus when he discovered the new world consisted of three ships.
6. Pomace; mass of crushed apples in cider making, after the juice is pressed out; any pulp, refuse of fish, etc., after oil has been extracted, used as fertilizer.
7. Tobias Smollett wrote "Peregrine Pickle."
8. Switzerland uses the franc and centime and the cent.
9. Jugo-Slavians refused to be a part of the Austrian treaty at St. Germain.
10. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the national anthem.

Martha Complains

Independence Hall illuminated at night is a sight of rare beauty. Seen from Walnut street, the tower of the State House rises as white and lace as a frosted wedding cake behind a filigree of foliage. But Martha, the State House cat, is not so keen about it. She says that lightning has struck the trees that way keeps the birds awake all night and makes her nightly hunting far less successful.

We have been admiring those little black tarantulas hoods the Sir Knights have for their plumed hats in wet weather. It occurs to us that it would be a good thing to have a miniature hood of the same sort for our pipe during a heavy rain storm.

Unnecessary

Chairman Kahn introduced a resolution tendering the tanks of Congress to General Pershing—A Philadelphia morning paper. To which Tony remarks that they had already made him a full general.

Sympathy Refused

Our cousins in England have been much horrified by a hot spell. They have been ground down and sweated by a thermometer of 88, which has caused the Illustrated London News to recall the frightful heat wave in England in August, 1911. Of that time the News says: "The heat of the month was without precedent. Maximum temperatures well above 80 degrees were registered in Scotland and Ireland, while stations in England yielded records of 80 degrees and upward. Many night minima were above 60 degrees."

Greatly as we love the English, we are very sorry that they should appeal for sympathy on such meager grounds as the above. BOCCATAS.