

EVENING LEDGER

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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914

strike are concerned, President Wilson's personal force and influence will govern Colorado until the strike is settled. It is not settled yet, and will not be settled till reason and justice prevail. The three gives all parties time for sober second thought. It gives Colorado another opportunity to prove its capacity for self-government.

What's the Use?
THE rehabilitation of the Republican party is essential to the prosperity of the nation. It cannot be rehabilitated in one State; it must be rehabilitated in many States. It cannot be rehabilitated at all until the sore spots on it are cured. Convalescence assumes eradication of disease.

No, it is Penrose that has given the country a free-trade tariff. That tariff will be perpetuated if Mr. Penrose is endorsed in November. This is so open and obvious a proposition that politicians in Pennsylvania are the only ones who do not understand it. The way to get a protective tariff is to get a Republican President and a Republican Congress. Mr. Penrose cannot get it. His influence in Washington has dwindled to such an extent that it is scarcely known whether he is in town or out of town. Even Republicans who are close to him are careful not to let their constituents know it. What's the use of having a Senator who must be apologized for and not set an example?

Mexicans Entitled to Govern Themselves
THIS only excuse for killable American troops at Vera Cruz now would be the intention to keep them there for all time. Mexico is a quiet sea. It is likely to be for many months. There is a minimum of revolution. The Constitutional armies are simply strong enough to stamp out insurrection. The Provisional Government, when it took charge of the City of Mexico, condemned its critics by preventing all pillage and outrage. In fact, considering the peculiar circumstances under which the army was recruited and the course pursued by them in the early stages of the conflict, their restraint was remarkable. The Mexicans are entitled to another chance to prove that they can govern themselves.

Not Blue But Sane Laws
IF THOSE interested in innocent Sunday amusements for the masses will present rational arguments to the next Legislature that body may consider the repeal of antiquated blue laws. The great mass of the people, men, women and children, who have not the means to go to the shores or country in summer, should have the legal right to quiet amusements on the one day, available.

The Christian religion is the religion of uplift, of happiness in this world in preparation for the next. Let there be a sane revision of the blue laws of more than a century ago—statutes outworn, outlived and perchance outlived.

A Strong Pull Together for the Port.
THE decision of the majority in Washington to keep the "port" in the Rivers and Harbors appropriation bill and excise appropriations for such obviously necessary work as the Delaware channel improvements, the blunder of demanding too much on the National Government for assistance. Improvement of the approaches from the sea is fundamentally the business of the United States, but there is a very big opportunity for Pennsylvania and Philadelphia to co-operate on their own account in putting this port on a parity with any other in the world. Nature has been prodigal enough, although requiring a little coaxing. It is altogether probable that the next Legislature will take up the matter in earnest. Philadelphia harbor is one of the State's biggest assets. It should be treated and developed on this theory. The Delaware is the highway from Pennsylvania to the world. Both it and the harbor must be accommodated to the requirements of shipping, no matter what those requirements may be.

A Good Pilot to Drop
MAINE has issued the warning. The Republican party must clear for action, clean the debris from the decks, sweep overboard Penroseism, Barrismism, Lorisism and all the other "isms" which have fastened themselves on the waterfront. A pilot who can only run the craft into an iceberg is a very good pilot to drop.

Emergency Patriotism
THE old idea of party government has been given a severe jolt by the war. England furnishes a case in point. It is worth considering, even after the smoke of battle has cleared away and peace or armed neutrality is restored.

Readers of British political news before the war broke out remember how it was predicted daily that the Asquith Ministry was doomed. The Ulster army revolt seemed the last straw, but when war came and involved the Empire, parties were obliterated; a party Government became the National Government by unanimous consent. In fact, as well as in name, and Lord Kitchener, a through-going Tory, sits in the Liberal Cabinet and conducts its War Department.

Of course, the war presented an unusual crisis and called for emergency measures of heroic national patriotism. It is not a strain upon all the links in the chain of national integrity. One result has been to obliterate the theory of purely partisan civil government and to establish a new one which should not be an absolute necessity.

If the war shall teach Europe this lesson, it may be that the world will discover a new method in the science of efficient government. Proved by a cruel test to be necessary in war time, why should this new method be less desirable in the piping times of peace?

Belgium also is fighting for home rule. Sir Lionel Carden will soon talk himself out of the diplomatic class.

The German colors are being driven out of France, but American dry goods manufacturers can't get enough of them.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR
WHAT constitutes a successful play? Asked David Belasco in reply to a question. And then the little wizard of the American stage—the greatest producer in captivity—delivered an hour's discourse on a subject in which he is concededly a past master.

"The success of a play is due to its love story, its stage pictures and its underlying theme. Take 75 per cent. stage pictures, a plot and a good love theme and success is assured," said Belasco, and then he added: "Anybody can write some sort of a play, but it takes a genius to sell one."

SOME ten years ago last summer there came word across the wires that the General Shuman had burned in the East River and that 1000 human beings, the vast majority women and children, had lost their lives. On the staff of a Philadelphia paper was a young reporter who has given indications of ability in the line of descriptive writing, and he was rushed to New York to film a pen picture of the horror as he saw it.

At 8 o'clock that night he returned, went to the office of the managing editor and sat down and—cried. Completely unprepared, he could not write a line and so an immemorial copy reader wrote the pen picture. Since then, the former copy reporter has blossomed out until now the world of readers knows him as Reginald Wright Kniffman, whose income from the moving picture rights of "The House of Horror" runs into hundreds a week.

ONLY those familiar with newspaper work can conceive what a night like that of the Titanic disaster or the Titanic tragedy means. Real newspapermen do not get excited, no matter what the provocation. A few hurried orders to reporters and photographers—a brief wire to a correspondent—an order on the cashier for necessary funds and, apparently, the thing is done. But the collecting of a great news story—one, two or three pages—is not accomplished in an hour or a day. The foundation has been laid months and years before in the upbuilding of an organization. The managing editor, the news editor, the city editor know their men—they need simply start the machine going.

Take the Titanic disaster as an example. For fully 48 hours the newspapers had known intuitively that something was wrong with the ship—that news had been suppressed. But what?

Then came the bare outline of tragedy—hints of awful things as yet unfulfilled—whispers of appalling loss of life. The machinery was put to work—the wires clicked—the type writers buzzed—the story was printed and the world shuddered.

And yet, simple as this seems, there were stretches of 48 hours when newspapermen struck to their desks—when wearied eyes and strained nerves were on the point of capitulation. Still, it was all in the day's work and as such, done!

FRANCIS B. REEVES, of the Girard National Bank, visited Russia in days gone by, and, as a matter of course, made a flying trip to the estate of Leo Tolstoy—altruist, materialist, dreamer—the bete noir of the Russian reactionaries. The free American and the free Russian struck up a friendship and discussed those nearest their respective hearts. Then came the day of parting. Tolstoy asked the banker to defer his departure.

"In America," explained Mr. Reeves, "time is money."

"What a low value you put on your time," retorted Tolstoy.

EVEN as our own Liberty Bell is cracked, so has a similar mishap overtaken the famous Roelandt bell in Ghent, next to its prototype in the Kremlin, Moscow, the most noted of European bells. Roelandt is the oldest bell in Belgium, having been cast in 1344, and forms one of 41 chimnes. On its face it bears the following inscription in Flemish:

"My name is Roelandt; when I toll, there is a foe when I deal, there is a victory in Flanders."

When the Duc d'Alva proposed to Charles V that he should destroy the city, the sovereign took him atop the belfry and, pointing to Roelandt, asked:

"Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un Gant de cette grandeur?" (How many Spanish skins are needed to make a glove of this size?)

The phrase was a play on words, Gand being the French for Ghent and being pronounced as is gans (gloves).

APHILADELPHIAN, traveling through the South, came upon one of the largest manufacturers of smoking tobacco in the world. Impelled by curiosity he visited the place. At the railroad siding stood a freight car. Curiously gazed upward investigation. The freight car was loaded to the brim with—almonds!

seized by Lieutenant Gedney, of the United States brig Washington, and taken to New London. The Spanish Minister demanded the delivery of the slaves, so they might be taken to Cuba for trial.

President Van Buren was anxious to comply for the sake of comity, but the Anti-Slavery Society obtained counsel and the United States District Court decided that even under Spanish law slave trade was illegal and that the negroes were free men.

The Circuit Court affirmed this decision, and in March, 1841, the Supreme Court followed suit. In this tribunal, John Quincy Adams espoused the cause of the slaves without remuneration. They were sent back to Africa in an American vessel.

"The Appeal to Bate," by which a man might fight with his accuser, remained on the statute books of England until 1859.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR
 Circular Evolution

"Jim"—second boy.
 "Tom"—office boy.
 "Brown"—clerk.
 "Mr. Brown"—head clerk.
 "Brown"—junior member of the firm.
 "Jim"—son-in-law of head of firm.
 "Jim"—head of the firm and power on the street.—St. Louis Mirror.

A Fine Poem
 It's tough to duck a Congressman
 For work he hasn't done,
 It is a lie, and I oppose
 It isn't any fun.

If we taxed all our Congressmen
 For work they didn't do,
 A lot would just get into our debt.
 A million homes or two.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Persuasive
 "But how did he happen to get engaged to the girl if he doesn't love her?"
 "Why," he says he was convincing when he merely meant to be plausible.—Judge.

Superfluous
 "Will I get everything I pray for, mamma?"
 "Mother cautiously;" "Everything that's good for you, dear."
 "Mother," he inquiredly; "oh, what's the use, then; I get that, anyway."—Life.

The Minister—And Others
 "Our minister," said Mrs. Oldmixon, "appears to be a real altruist."
 "Oh, I think you must be mistaken," replied Mrs. Motter; "it seems to me by the sound of his voice that he must be a base."—Judge.

The Retort Juvenile
 Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange.
 Johnny—Yes, m.
 Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any.
 Johnny—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges.—Kansas City Times.

A Sharp Lad
 "What do you expect to be when you grow up little boy?"
 "A man."
 "Very good; very good. And what sort of a man?"
 "One that isn't always asking questions."—Detroit Free Press.

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 Somebody is with the Boston Transcript, or you will notice from the following pair of quotations:

"I've given up drinking, smoking and golf to please you, still you're not satisfied. Now what else do you want me to give up?"
 "Wife—Well, you might give up 300. I need a new gown.—Boston Transcript.

Judge—Here's a man figured out that if all the money in the world were divided equally each adult would get \$20.
 Monk—He's wrong. My wife would get \$60.—Boston Transcript.

The Sword and the Censor
 It is remarked by the Boston Transcript that the blue pencil is mightier than the pen.

A Kicking Bee
 While kicking a mule for kicking another mule, Worn Holloway was severely kicked by his father's mule, which he was correcting. Had he not kicked the mule on the rump, he doubt he would have been more severely hurt.—Prescott (Ark.) News.

At Least
 Our office mathematician has it figured out that if all the war strategists who never saw Europe, never read a book of military tactics, never even pulled a trigger, were chloroformed and laid end to end (as we often wish they might be), they would form a line long enough to girdle the earth 11 times at the Equator.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Equality of Sex
 There is a little girl in Springfield, Mass., who, like many of her sex, resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine.

"One day last mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen.
 "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "Why have you done more harm to the garden than a dozen of these would? You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never!"
 "Oh," exclaimed the child, indignantly, "I think they know as much as the roosters!"—Youth's Companion.

"The Battle of the Balloons"
 The conflict in Maine is described as follows by the New York World:

The battle in Maine appears to have been a great strategic victory. The army of the Crown Prince of the Progressives, which occupied the extreme left of the line, was forced back upon the Kossowetz fortifications, and the first, second, third, fourth and fifth armies of the old Nelson Dingley standstuffers, pivoting upon Portland in an attempt to effect a turning movement, were cut in two and put to rout. In spite of the enormity, enough is known to make it clear that the road to a Woodrow Wilson majority in the Sixty-fourth Congress is open, with nothing likely to interfere except a few stampede aeroplanes and an occasional scouting party of Bull-Moose utans.

Forgotten
 When the drums begin to rattle and the legions clash in battle and put to rout.
 Where is Wied? Where is Wied?
 When the cannon do their roaring, and the airships high are soaring,
 Where is Wied? Where is Wied?
 Does he seek an hour of quiet, free from wrangle and from riot?
 Where is Wied? Where is Wied?
 Is he somewhere idly fretting 'cause he had to stop Mr. Dingley?
 Where is Wied, Willie Wied?
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE IMPERIAL COUSINS
 Whose hand has set Europe's great vineyard aflame?
 Who was it laid fire to her tick?
 Who trampled her fields in pursuing their game?
 Why? Why? and George and Nick!
 Who changed into beasts all her peace-loving sons?
 And taught them to maim and to kill?
 Who gave them as food to the cannibal guns?
 Why? Nicky and George and Will!
 Whose pathway is strewn with dire ruin and waste?
 Who the vultures with carrion gorge?
 What vandals have Art and fair Nature defaced?
 Why? Willy and Nicky and George!

How long shall this inflated sport be endured?
 How long ere is snuffed out the wick
 Of Mankind's full torch, and our seas be gashed and sored?
 —From George and Willy and Nicky.
 —N. W. in the New York Times.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA
FEW readers were worried when they read a few weeks ago that a strange sect, holding a camp meeting in West Philadelphia, had announced that the world was coming to an end on the 29th or the 30th of the present month. No excitement followed this weird proclamation, but what a difference there was in Philadelphia, in 1844, when the Millerites were aroused by a similar belief!

It was just such strange prophecies which the educated regarded with indifference that made life worth living 70 years ago. People then were thirsting for excitement of any kind, and they welcomed Miller's prediction as a break in the monotony of life.

The story of the Millerites and their belief is that of some of those popular delusions which seem to have made their appearance in every age. The present generation does not have to be reminded of Dowie, whose ideas, while not quite so weird, still were sufficiently different to arouse general interest. In the past there was a number of delusions that took the public by storm and held them until the true character of the belief became apparent. The tulips that we can buy today for a few cents once were sold for fortunes in Holland during the rage of the tulip mania. You see, these delusions are not always of a religious character. The tulip mania was purely speculative and had been nursed to perfection by unscrupulous manipulators.

But this is wandering from my subject. I wanted to say something about William Miller and his decision that sent dozens of weak-minded persons insane, and in some localities ruined numerous persons.

Miller was born in Massachusetts, but he was a resident of Low Hampton, in the northeastern part of New York, when he announced his calculation of the date of the second coming of Christ. While a young man he had confessed himself an atheist. He had served as a captain of infantry in the United States army in the War of 1812, and it was not until long after that conflict, or in 1818, that he suddenly became religious.

Then he began to study the Bible, but he also began to calculate the time when Christ was to appear on earth again, and finally he declared that he had overcome all difficulties and had reached the conclusion that the date would be in the spring of the year 1843.

Of course, a great deal of this got into printed form, and soon he had convinced numerous persons who were willing followers. The delusion spread rapidly, but, of course, had its greatest vogue when the time Miller had set approached.

Miller's theory of the second Advent was founded upon his interpretation of the real meaning of the terms days, weeks and years in the Old Testament. I will not attempt to bore anybody by repeating his interpretations, and there would not be sufficient space here to do it. But I can assure any incredulous reader that it was much like Ignatius Donnelly's famous cryptogram in Shakespeare in one respect; you could not find the answer even after you had the rule to find it. No one ever could work out Donnelly's cryptogram, and, perhaps, as he was a very bright man, he did not intend they should.

The first date set for the second Advent by Miller was April 14, 1843. The disciples awaited the day with "deepest solicitude," but when it arrived nothing happened. But they were not discouraged. They were assured that ancient chronology was not thoroughly understood and that a few months more or less might elapse before the welcome day arrived.

In the meantime, Miller had a stone wall built on his farm and there was a good deal of talk about it. Some saying one's d-d to know what he intended to do with a stone wall if he was so soon to leave this world. It also was charged that Miller had refused to sell his farm; and the newspapers were asking him pointedly what he needed a farm for. They also took one of his disciples, J. V. Himes, of Washington, to task because he was engaged in publishing and selling "more than 5,000,000 books and papers."

They added by way of comment that "He must be engaged in a speculation," and thereupon scouted the truthfulness of the prophecy.

But, as in the case of all delusions, Miller had followers in many parts of the Eastern United States. They were pretty well represented in Philadelphia. When the first date had failed Miller promptly referred to the occasional failures of even Biblical prophets, and announced that very probably his calculations had been wrong. He then asserted that on October 22, 1844, the second Advent would occur.

This statement was made very positively, and the Adventists became very deeply interested. As the time approached some of the followers gave away their property. Storekeepers disposed of their stocks to whoever desired them for nothing. In one section of the country as many as 15 persons became insane. Some of them were not even followers of Miller, but were afraid that he might speak the truth.

When the day arrived the Philadelphia followers of Miller went to Darby, where they awaited the end of the world. There were more than a thousand of them, and they began to pray and sing.

But it rained. They were very distressed, and when they found the day was not the day, they waited till the morrow. Then there was more rain, and the majority of the Millerites plodded their weary way back to the city along the Darby road. A few were willing to give Miller another 24 hours of grace, but they, too, found his calculations were inaccurate.

a modest salary for his services. He was smoking a cigar.
 Forthwith the elder man grew angry. He did not smoke, did not sing, and he failed to understand how any one could believe in it. At his direction, a meeting of the trustees of the church was immediately called, and the organist was dismissed from its service.

Naturally, the young fellow launched into a tirade against churches and against everybody in them. Which, of course, was all wrong. But how about the self-claimed Christianity of this church leader?

Suppose he had gone to the young man in a fatherly way and put the proposition in this form: "Now, my boy, one of us is wrong about this matter of smoking. Let us talk it over and find out which of us is wrong." Perhaps no agreement would have been reached. Perhaps the young man would have left his position simply because the elder man had convinced him that his example was a good one to place before the younger boys. But the "leader" chose to perform an unchristian act; one quite incompatible with the founder's idea of putting service. He degraded the young man before the other members of the church.

Doesn't your conception of real Christian service make you believe that he degraded himself, too?

THE IDEALIST

OPOSED TO DOCTOR BRUMBAUGH
 To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
 Sir—How do you like the article in the Evening Ledger of the 15th inst. regarding the proposed amendment to the Constitution? It is not to my mind a very good article. I would like to see what you think of it. I have been very much interested in the platform that Doctor Brumbaugh has adopted in his campaign. I have been very much interested in the platform that Doctor Brumbaugh has adopted in his campaign. I have been very much interested in the platform that Doctor Brumbaugh has adopted in his campaign.

Has not Doctor Brumbaugh been the head of the Philadelphia movement for a great many years? Has any one in these many years heard of him in any way urging any of the reforms which his platform now offers to the people?

THOMAS HURLEY.
 Philadelphia, September 16, 1914.

PRaises TRANSIT EDITORIAL
 To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
 Sir—I want to take advantage of your open column for letters from the people to say a complimentary word about your editorial in tonight's issue of the transit situation. Philadelphia is a great big rich city, and any corporation or any corporation expects to keep us taxpayers from getting what we need there will be as good as dead. Thank you very much and that of the most Philadelphia's. Keep up your good work along this line.

I am glad to see a paper with two "front" pages so that one of them can be devoted to local news. Maybe that idea has been applied to newspapers before, but not to my knowledge. Anyway, it is a good one, and shows how important you consider the matters pertaining to our city.
 T. B. HILDETH.
 Philadelphia, September 16, 1914.

OBJECTS TO COMIC PICTURES
 To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
 Permit me to congratulate the Evening Ledger, not only for what it represents, but for the omission of the alleged comic pictures, which, to my mind, are an insult to the intelligence of the public.

For years we have been afflicted with the antics of impossible "kidds," with the buffoonery of still more impossible beings, apparently men. Comedians and artists have been applying suffering public atrocities of pen and ink.

And now, at last, we have a paper which appeals to the intellect rather than to the emotions. I have been reading the Evening Ledger with a sense of relief. Thank you, and for good reason, don't lapse into humorous barbarism. We are willing to stand for a reversion to type—but not comic.
 R. J. MURPHY.
 Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1914.

A WORD FOR ELLEN ADAIR
 To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
 Sir—May I add a line of appreciation for the excellent showing your paper makes during the first three days of the transit strike? I have been more than pleased with the articles of Ellen Adair. There is a tone of sincerity and truth about her writing which is frequently lacking in the contributions of other writers on a woman's page. I hope she will continue to write her experiences.
 READER.
 Philadelphia, September 16, 1914.

PRaise FROM UP-State
 To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
 Sir—I have been a reader of the PUBLIC LEADER for 29 years. You have my congratulations and best wishes for the success of the Evening Ledger. It has been particularly impressed with the high-class and wholesome humor which is found on your editorial page. One of the curses of the average evening paper is the presence of slap-stick humor. Why don't you consider the services of a good cartoonist?
 M. S. U.
 Melrose Park, Pa., September 16, 1914.

NOW EVENING LEDGER READER
 To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
 Sir—Just a good wish from an old reader of the Evening Ledger, to the effect that the standard which you have set for the past three days I am sure that the people of this city will appreciate the service you render the community.
 I.
 Norristown, Pa., September 16, 1914.

PRaise FROM UP-State
 From the Carlisle (Pa.) Evening Herald.
 The new Evening Ledger, sister publication of the PUBLIC LEADER, made its debut last evening and was cordially received. The new volume of news has been particularly interesting in the latest publication. We inspected closely both editions and each was marked by the same fresh and timely success of the new journal is assured.

How Warren Views Penrose
 From the Warren, Pa., Evening Times.
 The defeat of Senator Penrose this fall would mean a real change in the Democratic party. It would be a party that could be proud of its ability to overthrow the ignorance, political delinquency and uncleanliness that is essence are Penrosism.

Railroads and Relief
 From the Chattahoochee Times.
 The railroads have been instructed to prepare tariffs for all services they now perform without charge. The commission is also recommending consideration of the petition for advancing rates, this time it is said more understandingly, if not more sympathetically, which affords some hope that they will provide a full and complete measure of relief.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW
 When we read the statement, "Illness ADDED to have another railway," we are compelled to admit that there is a spirit of enterprise in the South American capital that we had formerly thought of as peculiar to ourselves.—New York Evening Post.

The war fills the newspapers, weeklies, and one magazine has gone so far as to print an entire issue devoted to the war and its various aspects. When history is being made children are eager to know about it, which affords some hope that they will provide a full and complete measure of relief.

Unless the Republicans want to see Taft sweep New York in a far larger margin than that of the Democrats in Maine, they will nominate a Progressive Republican State ticket, headed by Hiram.—New York Tribune.

In Maine the diversion of even 17,000 votes from the Republican candidates was sufficient to elect the Democratic candidate. It is a positive factor in American politics that the Progressive party has ceased to exist.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

In opening the sanitary conference in Saratoga, Commissioner Higgs said that the State Department of Health has adopted as its motto "Public Health is the greatest business that can be better one." Public health is, indeed, purchasable. Humanity still generally prefers to pay things of less importance, but some day we may be wiser.—New York World.