

***Looting Of Philadelphia's
Streets Is The Real Cause Of
Today's Ruin And Bloodshed***

Facts and Fancies of the Universe at the Mercy of the Wireless Telegraphy Listener---Amateur Operators.

We are so surfeited nowadays with fresh marvels of science that we often fail to notice how the nine days' wonder of the wireless telegraph has become a household fact of today. The constant quest of the telephone, for example, has gone on so quietly that it need not be mentioned here as a thing that needs to be managed without it. Nor will it be long before an aeroplane overhead will be as commonplace, if not so common, as the street car.

The wireless telegraph occupies an intermediate position. To the public at large it is still a fact of the future, but to the business man it has become a fact of the present. It has been used on many occasions when a ship is saved by its invention. One reads of course, of amateurs who interfere with Government messages, and of the wireless police, who anticipate kodaks, gaspless motors and dynamos are apt to be startled when they are used.

When we turn to the amateurs to whom wireless telegraphy has become or may become a fact as the telephone or the

In Philadelphia, for example, says the Springfield Republican, there are about one hundred of these amateurs of the young man and woman of the year class. Most of them are mechanics or persons interested in electricity, and in many cases they manufacture their own apparatus and test it twelve years before it is put into the market. In the fashion of the Marconi room on a ship-board, "parties" are the vogue of the day, and it is proposed to have a wireless station in the city for the association for the purpose of mutual help—and, it may be, of mutual regulation; it is a specialty that needs to be developed. One of the men with a wireless station in his bedroom is a citizen of the world in a sense that Goldsmith could not have dreamed of. He has been to all the continents of the universe, and his most trivial syllables echo into boundless space. Hardly worthy of such stupendous publicity, but he has been in the records recorded—here is a bit gleaned by a Philadelphia paper:

"Do you get this?"
"Yes, I do," says the boy.
"I got Brighton Beach last night."
"Say, you're getting good. How's the treat?"
"Fine. Tell M. there's something to-morrow night; there's something on."

It may be criticised like the spiritualistic utterances or the Martian revelations of Flammarion's medium. It is worthy of so amazing a transfiguration.

But if this is banal enough, there is a lack of listener's lure to captivate. The man who is not in the city, suburb or village he is in the thick of the world's traffics and discoveries. He is in the thick of the world's life in from the sea. In Springfield there are nearly thirty wireless operators. A much larger proportion than Philadelphia. They are waiting for the call to help from the Kentucky, lately foundering on our Southern shores. They are waiting for the excitement of the rescue. It is impossible to suppose that an amusement so stimulating to the imagination as this can be a waste of time. In the contrary the vogue of wireless telegraphy is likely to increase very rapidly.

[illegible]

ORIENTAL SCENTS VALENTINE COLLECTION FOR BRITISH MUSEUM

Unique Array of Love Tokens Offered to British Museum
Valentines of Every Conceivable Shape and Description

London, March 4.—A collection of valentines has been offered to the British Museum and the officials are considering whether or not to accept it. The offer is a collection believed to be the work of an Englishman and is arranged in 15 volumes which contain over 150,000 valentines representative of all the phases through which the custom has passed. It has taken fifty years to gather the collection.

The most valuable valentine in the collection cost about \$50 when it was new and it worth far more now. It is a very elaborate affair in a velvet

coverlet. It contains verses in
prose, expressing a lover's sentiments
in every mood. Printed on ivory
satin, silk and rice paper, adorned
with pinhead wreathed roses the work
of Continental nuns, quaint miniature
baskets and the earliest type of
German cupids, this wonderful valentine
is divided into ten compartments,
each of which expresses a distinct
phase of the ardent sender's passion.
The one incongruity is a delicate
inscribed wish that the fair one should
regard it as a keepsake "near
heart to lay."

THIS STRIKE BREAKING 'MORMAN' WAS SHOT AND CLUBBED BY STRIKERS AND THEIR SYMPATHIZERS. HE DIED IN A HOSPITAL WITHIN TWELVE HOURS AFTER HIS ARRIVAL.

Union of Traction Companies Denies the Right of Men to Union and Dividends on Watered Stock Make Fair Wages Hard to Pay --- The True Story of the Electric Railwaymen's Strike in the Third City of the United States.

Philadelphia, March 4.—In the streets of Philadelphia 5660 men armed with life-destroying weapons, 10,000 militiamen under first call, hundreds of men, women and little children buried and bleeding in hospitals, 10,000 men, women and children in the streets, the use of cars, on thoroughfares they own, wholesale authorized murder, class hatred flaming, terrorism—in fact civil war.


What does it mean?

It means the outbreak of the savage strike of motormen and conductors of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. lies a festering civic sore.

The strike is merely an acute manifestation of the poison in the blood of this third city of the nation, the "City of Brotherly Love," the "Cradle of Liberty."

This poison of the blood is the deadly virus of privilege. It is the lighting germ of corporate greed in the veins of government. It is the cancerous growth of the plutocracy. The contaminated blood is the national problem; the national sickness, which breaks out in civic wars at the slightest scratch.

Witness the great strikes today in Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Ohio, and the seat of national government in Washington.



GEO. W. ELKINS.

Corrupt Politicians.—Successful gangs of corrupt politicians in league with cunning business men have controlled the city government until every function of it is undermined or tainted. The city no longer serves its people. It is a city of thieves and scoundrels who boldly rob the people the year round, and on election day, coddle, or club, or deceive them into voting for their own ruin.

For 50 years Philadelphians have

stood idly blinking, whilst sharp gangsters have exploited the public ignorance and superstition.

The strike which provoked the present article and attendant misadventure, is a justifiable cause of financial juggling of that public utility.

Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. is the rottenest public service corporation in the world. Concealed behind a facade of respectability, a vicious pair of utility plunderers, the company has known no virtue, and rarely any merit.

In Philadelphia, he says, the gangster who owns public utilities and controls the city government, positively controls 45-60 per cent of the entire vote.


He says that the vote delivered by officeholders, protected liars, men, coerced aliens, purchasable negroes, and the like, is 20 per cent.

Therefore the gang needs only 20 per cent of ignorant or patrician votes to get 60-80 per cent to 20 per cent of such.

every one of the people. Today it pays stockholders approximately \$100 million a year. The company has \$54,000,000, of which \$40,000,000 is water out of the deep blue sea. The stockholders are entitled to a 6 percent guaranteed dividend which depends up to as high as 100 per cent. on the original actual investment. The stockholders are entitled to a 6 percent dividend, but if the company goes bankrupt, it pays nothing to the city. It charges 6-cent fare, with 3 cents for the transfer, and gives miserable service.

There's a large class of very rich
most of the money coming from the
wealth laden breast of the state.
They maintain an aristocratic cir-
cle, more exclusive than New York.
They hobnob with foreign nobility,
and marry into it.

Peter A. B. Widener, originally a
butcher, has probably done more
than any man to perfect gang rule
in Philadelphia. He is worth \$100



P. A. B. WIDENER.

000,000. He is living in splendor in his city home. On his breast is a cross pinned there by Emperor William. He devotes his time mainly to collecting art objects (his gallery being valued at \$8,000,000) and to a very excellent children's hospital which he founded.

Widener may or may not know that half a dozen little children have been shot or beaten in the streets by the police, protecting his trust in its strike.

TOYS AND THE GERMAN AMERICAN TARIFF PAC

What the Signing Up of the Document Means to 70,000 Inhabitants of the German Empire.

London, March 4.—The German-American tariff agreement has been a life and death matter for the 70,000 Germans who make a living out of the toy trade. America and Great Britain together take more than two-thirds of the entire toy production of the Empire, the value of which amounted last year to \$22,500,000, compared with over \$25,000,000 the previous year.

the tin toys; Sonneberg, in Saxe-Meiningen, produces immense quantities of dolls and papier mache articles, while carved wood toys are chiefly made in Saxony. The Chamber of Commerce at Sonneberg reports in its review of the toy industry for 1909 that for the first time since the American crisis of 1893 a decline has been noted in the total production and exports of toys, the chief cause of which is said to be a falling off in the demand from the United States.

Peary Pays Unstinted Tribute to Bravery and Ability of Newfoundland Sailor--- How He Coaxed the Roosevelt.

Peary's real fight with Arctic ice began even before he left the ship on which the expedition sailed north. Jamming the Roosevelt through the floes up to winter quarters was dogged, sometimes thrilling work.

"During the worst part of the journey," writes Peary in Hampton's, "Bartlett spent most of his time in the crow's nest, the barrel lookout at the top of the mainmast.

"I would climb up into the rigging just below the crow's nest, where I

could not head and talk to Bartlett, backing up his opinion with my own when necessary to relieve him in the more dangerous places of too great a weight of responsibility.

"Clinging with Bartlett high up in the unsteady rigging, peering far ahead for a streak of open water, striking the front of the floes which creased against us, I would hear him shouting to the ship below us as if she was a living thing, coaxing her, encouraging her, commanding her to hammer a way for us through the adamantine floes:

"'Rip 'em, Teddy! Bite 'em in two! Go it! That's fine, my beauty! Now

Classes in French were started. Tonight a lecture on Paris is scheduled. Friar Ryan Walker, the cartoonist, got up sketches showing the delights of the "pilgrimage" and announcements were printed and sent out to Friars that the good ship Notre Dame de Lourdes would sail with 150 or more Friars on Saturday, June 4, 1910.

Friar Frank Payne was appointed chairman of the pilgrimage committee. Mr. Payne got down to real work and soon had so many prospective book buyers in sight that he applied to the

The Friars, however, being shown men, grasped sooner than other ticket buyers that money paid for a ticket does not belong to the ticket

liver until the show has been delivered. Also Chairman Payne was born in Missouri. Day by day the Friar excursion chairman sought the offices of Corsi and Zumtag, trying to find the whereabouts of the good ship Notre Dame, "408 feet long and carrying 200 first cabin passengers. Each day both the brokers and the chairman learned less about the Blue Star Line's ships.

Not until early yesterday morning did the awful news break upon the members of the Friars' French classes assembled for an early Sunday morning

ing session after the show stops closed Saturday night that so far neither the agents selected by the "Blue Star Line" to handle the company's business, nor any one else could learn anything definite about the ships owned by the steamship line at all. Furthermore the founders of the line, Louis Duverrier, Marius Farol, announced as "secretary" of the company, and Francois Berger, could not be located.

Brokers Corsi and Zumsteg still have hopes that the three French

On some of their literature they have prints showing a one funnel vessel and on others a two funnel boat. This last doubtless is "the S. Jeanne d'Arc, 470 feet long and carrying 350 first cabin passengers." The Friars were assured that they would have first choice of the cabins. All the officers of the Notre Dame, pro-

the vessels of the Notre Dame promised to hold a reception aboard the Notre Dame for the Friars as soon as the ship made this port so that all would see and be satisfied with their quarters before sailing. This was especially satisfactory to a few Friars who are to be married between this and sailing time and have therefore been most anxious to get brides.

Raised the Price.

According to the information supplied by the Compagnie Franco-Nord-Américaine to Corsi, Zumsteg & Co.

The Blue Star Liner surely was start out from the other side on a maiden trip on February 5 last. Just before this the company told agents that it would sell 500 tickets only at \$60 for a first class round trip, good on any boat. As for the company's desire to buy the ticket at \$80, but cabled a few days later that the price would be \$85. The Friars got in—had 150 tickets reserved—when the quotation was \$80. The company's ships at that time were in course of construction, it

Early last January M. Duverrier came to New York and look around for a rentable boat and displayed a check for \$5,000, which was to be used to make a deposit if the boat was up to what a Blue Line's liner ought to be. M. Duverrier had Lloyd's cover a boat the company had in mind. Lloyd's reported that this selection

Agents Corsi and Zumsteg in meantime have been getting orders on temporary docks for the new ers when word breaks out that the steamship company has ships to bring into this port. Also the agents have gone ahead ordering coal, and warders have got to work collecting a cargo to send back on the No.

Voluntary ticket agents gathered yesterday, however, that Corsi, Ziegler & Co., are going to go a little slower from this on in getting down coal and other things for the

could not head and talk to Bartlett, backing up his opinion with my own when necessary to relieve him in the more dangerous places of too great a weight of responsibility.

"Clinging with Bartlett high up in the unsteady rigging, peering far ahead for a streak of open water, striking the front of the floes which creased against us, I would hear him shouting to the ship below us as if she was a living thing, coaxing her, encouraging her, commanding her to hammer a way for us through the adamantine floes:

"'Rip 'em, Teddy! Bite 'em in two! Go it! That's fine, my beauty! Now

"At such a time the long generation of ice and ocean fighters behind this brave indomitable young Newfoundland captain seemed to be re-living in him the strenuous days that carried the flag of England around the world.

"Often on this last expedition of the Roosevelt as on the former one have I seen a fireman come up from the bowels of the ship panting for the breath of air, take one look at the shelf of ice before us, and mutter sadly:

"By G., she's got to go through!"

"Then he would drop again into the stovehole, and a moment later an extra puff of black smoke would rise from the stack.

"It is hard for a layman to understand the character of the ice through which the Roosevelt fought her way."

"Most people imagine that the ice of the Arctic regions has been formed by direct freezing of the sea water, but in the summer time very little of the ice is of that character.

"It is composed of great sheets

broken off from the glacial fringe or North Grant Land broken up by contact with other floes and with the land and driven south under the impetus of the violent flood tides. It is not unusual to see ice here between eighty and one hundred feet thick. "As seven-eighths of these heavy floes are under water, one does not realize how thick they are, until one sees where a huge mass, by the pressure of the pack behind it, has been driven up onto the shore, and stands there high and dry eight or a hundred feet above the water. Like a silver seal

"The navigation of the narrow and ice encumbered channels between Etah and Cape Sheridan was long considered an utter impossibility, and only four ships prior to the Roosevelt have succeeded in accomplishing it. Of these four ships, one, the Polar, was lost. Three, the Alert, the Discovery and the Porteus, made the voyage up and back in safety; but one of these, the Porteus, was lost in an attempt to repeat the dash. The

"Of course the steam is up at all times, ready, like ourselves, for anything at a moment's notice. When the ice is not so heavy as to be utterly impenetrable, the ship under full steam moves back and forth continually, butting and charging the floes.

"Sometimes a charge will send the ship forward half her length, sometimes her whole length, sometimes

not an inch. When with all the steam of the boilers we can make no headway whatever, we wait for the ice to loosen up and economize our coal. We do not mind using the ship as a battering ram; that is what she was made for, but beyond Etah, coal precious and every ounce of it must yield its full return of northward steaming. The coal at present in our bunkers was all we should have upon our return the following year, why the Peary Arctic Club would send a ship to meet us at Etah.

...It must be remembered that dur-

ing all this time we were in the region of constant daylight, in the season of the midnight sun. Sometimes the weather was foggy, sometimes cloudy, sometimes sunny, but there was no darkness. The periods of day and night were measured out by our watches—not, during the passage of these channels, by our sleep and waking, for we slept only in the brief intervals when there was nothing else to do. Unresting vigilance was the price we paid for our passage.

IMITATING THE COCK IN PLAIN

London, March 4.—M. Geacks, imitator of animal cries, is by means the least important member of the company which is presenting "Chantecler" in Paris. He remains in the wings all through the play, giving the cries of the various animals as necessity arises.

Guitry, who takes the part of Chantecler, is said to be able to produce a crow which cannot be distinguished from the real thing. The

for to reduce the strident crow
the cock to vowels and consona
has met with varying results in
ferent languages. For instance
English it is "cock-a-doodle-do,"
French "cocorico," in German "Kik
iki," and in Dutch "kukeluku."

ships, at least until they get so
answer to the cables they sent
middle of last week to the officials
the "Blue Star Line" in Bordeaux
Just how many prospective touri
paid real money for tickets over

the company's counter at 21 State street cannot be learned just now. The State street office closed when the company's ticket sellers stopped coming to the office a few days ago. Doubtless it will reopen as soon as the steamship company picks up the couple of liners that look just like the pictures on the advance literature.