

EVENING LEDGER

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CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President
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Editorial Board:
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Philadelphia, Tuesday, September 15, 1914

Why the Evening Ledger Fights Penrose

THE lamentable conditions which render it impossible for a paper believing in Republican principles to support the Republican nominee for the Senate must likewise be sufficiently grave to make his defeat a public necessity.

Middle ground for a newspaper in such an exigency is cowardly. In fact, the Evening Ledger is not only confronted with a paramount duty, but with a splendid opportunity for service.

Whatever the standing of Penroseism in Pennsylvania, it is hated and detested in every other State of the Union. Nowhere else is there any attempt to defend it.

Manufacturers believe that Mr. Penrose will be able to write the next tariff bill if Republicanism is rehabilitated. That is an erroneous view. No party would dare enact a bill written by Mr. Penrose.

The Evening Ledger owes a duty to the nation. It must conscientiously work for the rehabilitation of Republicanism. That can only be brought about by the defeat of Penrose.

There is but one position for the Evening Ledger to take. It must declare, as the conditions prove, that this is a moral issue. The economic principles of Mr. Palmer it cannot indorse, but his political morality it can applaud.

The Evening Ledger bravely presses its Republicanism by its support of Mr. Brumbaugh. It demonstrates its allegiance to national Republicanism and good government by calling on the voters to prove that Penroseism is not Republicanism.

Advocates of good government can justly say: "If the Evening Ledger is not for us it is against us," but not to be against Mr. Penrose is to be for him.

The "War Horns of Reform" comes back to the city today. The Mayor is reported to be in excellent health and ready to take up the struggle in behalf of good government with renewed vigor.

Food prices in Philadelphia, aside from the important item of meat, are lower than in any other city of corresponding size in America.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

EVERY time Israel Zangwill's name appears in print, George C. Tyler, who produced "The Garden of Allah," says in a new supply of sackcloth and ashes and exclaims: "Mea culpa; mea maxima culpa!"

Mr. Penrose commands a machine quite as formidable to the success of the democratic experiment in America as militarism is to freedom and liberty in Europe.

THE people are for rapid transit. They are for it in a hurry. Moreover, they intend to get it. They are tired of the constant bickering over minor sums.

ABOUT the only thing in which James Gordon Bennett, owner and editor of the New York Herald, not to mention the Paris edition and the New York Evening Telegram, showed hesitation, was in matrimony.

THE next time some British friend reminds you that lynching takes place only in the United States, ask him or her if he or she has ever heard of an historic lynching in Edinburgh.

DURING the last strike of the cloak and suitmakers in this city, there came an influx of gunmen from New York city—real "bad men" of the "beat-em-alive" type.

ALL ye housewives who make your husbands get up early these chill mornings to light the kitchen fire, take note that the man who invented the kitchen range as constituted at present was one Benjamin Franklin.

BIG daks from their accorns grow, even to the extent of developing into a reigning house like the Hapsburgs. Away back, hidden in the mists of history, a Count Rudolf von Hapsburg was riding toward a stream at which stood a monk, unable to cross.

Give Every Child a Fighting Chance. MORE than 7,000 public school children in Philadelphia—over 10 per cent of this year's enrollment—will have to be content with half- or part-time schooling this year.

As an Ambassador, it appears A. Ruston By is an incommensurable conversationalist. It is difficult to understand how the German army can be flying from France when it has been reported that both its wings were crushed.

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DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

NOW that Baltimore has had its Star-Spangled Banner celebration, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the writing of Key's immortal song, let us glance a moment at Philadelphia's share in popularizing that anthem.

Whenever a song achieves enormous popularity there usually appears on the untroubled waters a controversy that is carried over from one generation to another.

It was in the pages of a Philadelphia magazine, the Analectic, which in its time was the foremost monthly in this country, and not surpassed by any in London, that Key's poem first received a printed form that might be called permanent.

Key wrote his poem, as is very well known, while he was on a British ship that was engaged in the bombardment of Fort Mifflin in September, 1776.

It was entitled "The Defense of Fort Mifflin," but even this rather weak title for so lusty a song could not destroy its influence. It was by all odds the best poem produced during the War of 1812, and, as usual, Key did not know that he was doing the best thing of its kind ever penned.

The poem was printed in nearly every newspaper of the time as soon as it came to the editor's hand. But when the editor of the Analectic, at that time Washington Irving, saw the poem in the newspapers, he did the best he could to bestow the wreath.

He placed it at the head of the poetry in the November number of the Analectic, 1814, and introduced it with a description of the circumstances under which it was written.

Thus it came about that the first literary recognition of the Star-Spangled Banner came from a Philadelphia magazine.

But there is another chapter to this. The first man to sing the Star-Spangled Banner also was a Philadelphian, and his descendants have aroused a great deal of controversy because of one slight remark he made about the circumstances of this first public singing of the immortal song.

To be exact, there was not one who sang the song first, but two, the brothers, Charles and Ferdinand Durang. These young men, who were the sons of a performer in the old Chestnut Street Theatre, also were connected with the theatrical profession.

A Michigan paper announces the marriage of Kathryn Cannon and William Popp. We hope that so long-up a wedding will not be followed by a state of war.

It is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never do more than they get paid for, never get paid for more than they do," but it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do, you must do more than you get paid for.

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VAST VOLCANIC CHAIN LINKED COASTS OF U. S.

Geologic Proof That in Prehistoric Times America Seethed With Active Craters from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

That the completion of the Panama Canal should be signalled by the bursting forth of a volcano—the only live one in the United States—was as startling as it was unexpected.

It is a strange story geologists tell us of the California coast—that ages ago its mountain peaks, mere reefs in a great expanse of sea, rose to such a height that Santa Barbara Channel was a vast valley, over which doubtless roamed the elephant, camel, lion, saber-toothed tiger and other animals whose fossils remains are scattered over the country and some of which are found on the islands.

And ages ago, as we have seen, the land also had its baptism of fire. Radiating from middle California in separate streams, scientists tell us, the lava flows north became a flood, burying the smaller mountains and encircling the larger, until it covered the greater portion of northern California, northwestern Nevada, nearly all of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and reached far into Montana and British Columbia.

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IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

On the Just and the Unjust. Knicker—They are looking for a war tax that will fall equally on every one.

Boozer—Then tax the rain.—New York Sun.

Morning Sun! From a short poem entitled "Daybreak," by Prof. George Herbert Clarke: "Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! . . . Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun!"

Sounds like a prejudiced newsway.

A Pulling Story. The Texan pulled the dentist's bell. The dentist pulled him in. The Texan pulled his jaws apart. And bade the Doc begin.

The dentist pulled his forceps from His case to pull the tooth. And then he pulled the wrong one out: He was a careless youth.

The Texan pulled himself upon His feet and pulled a gun; An officer then pulled them both. His name was Sergeant Dunn.

Dunn pulled a tip from each and o'er The judge's eyes pulled wool; They both pulled out without a fine. For Dunn possessed a pull.

—New York Telegraph.

A Dual Alliance. A Michigan paper announces the marriage of Kathryn Cannon and William Popp. We hope that so long-up a wedding will not be followed by a state of war.

Compensation. If it is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never do more than they get paid for, never get paid for more than they do," but it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do, you must do more than you get paid for.

A Grave Mistake. From the first chapter of the Belgian Commission's romance of German deviltry: "On August 12, after the battle of Haalen, Colonel van Damme, commander of a Belgian regiment, was lying wounded on the battlefield. . . . Several German soldiers found him, and placing their revolvers against his mouth, blew his head off." For this barbarity, at least, there is the very best of evidence.

The veracious Commissioners have an affidavit from Colonel van Damme himself.—Baltimore American.

A Question of Ownership. Alkali Ike—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh? Broncho Bill—No, he died with his boots on. That's how he came to die.—Boston Transcript.

Taking No Chances. "Bilson yonder tells me he trusts his wife implicitly and absolutely, but—" "Well?" "Well, I should notice he carries his change and his flashbacks loose in the same pocket."—Judge.

The Happy Farmer. The shades of night were falling fast. When up the fence row blithely passed. Through cressets and Paris grass. These grim trespassers on the scene: One army worm, One chinch bug, One Heenan fly, One cut worm.

Advancing each before his kind, They gave the wiggle-wag behind. And answering with buzz and whizz, Their trusty troops invaded viz: One wheat-bill, One field of cats, One cornfield, One potato peck.

The farmer slumbered in his bed While pleasant fancies roamed his head, And dreamed of setting after hit A few farm luxuries, to wit: One automobile, One lighting plant, One tractor, One silo.

But where the setting sun had shone Of splendor remained a bone. Clean-picked as frost denudes the trees, And what the farmer had were these: One sale, One trip to a new farming country, One trip back again, One start all over.

—Wall Street Journal.

The Railroads and Washington. There is no possible doubt that in many instances the tax (the proposed tax on freight traffic) collected from the shipper will reach the ultimate consumer as a double market price of the article so taxed; there is no possible doubt that in all instances it will mean final costs very much higher than they are now.—New York Press.

THE IDEALIST

Due to the grace of God most of us are whole limbed.

You know that it really means to be able to walk along with your legs doing their full duty, with full-crown and undiminished arms, swinging in harmony with your stride, with every passing thing, with every sound?

You will not know until you are deprived of one of them.

Thus of us who are whole-limbed have not lost in our children. Those who are not whole-limbed will admit that life does contain a huge degree of chance.

A crippled man—a bright, cheerful chap—once gave the reason for his extreme and continued state of happiness. His reply made rounds of his hearers.

"Because all of my friends treat me as one of themselves. They offer me no regrets, which, after all, are useless. They never refer to my misfortune. They talk freely with me as if I were as well equipped physically as any one of them."

There is the secret—One of ourselves! Think of it when rule instinct prompts you to stare at a cripple passing you on the street.

There exists among most folk who have been deprived of a partial use of their bodies a high degree of sensitiveness with respect to a discussion of their particular ailment. The slightest mention of the topic often sends the mind of such a one into a season of brooding.

Under this comes the too frequent extending of sympathy, the too much offered hand of help. Note how your unfortunate friend is proud to do things which you were not aware he could do.

Suffering humanity needs all the help you can give. But do not forget that in extending help a mental attitude must be taken into consideration, as well as a physical deficiency. Do not permit your helping efforts to emphasize the physical gulf between you and the one you help.

THE IDEALIST.

The Wastes of Peace. The war has brought into a whiter light than ever the immense waste that goes on in government in times of peace. Congress would play a high card by looking this question up in the face now, when world-wide economy is the watchword.—Minnesota Journal.

Of Course. Van Sherrill—Ah! Now confess! Wouldn't you like to be a man? Miss Swift—Of course! Wouldn't you?—Judge.