

EVENING LEDGER

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1914.

Tear Down the Black Flag

THE country will not fail to appreciate where Pennsylvania stands if Penroseism is repudiated and Doctor Brumbaugh is triumphantly elected. It will be a message to the Union that the Keystone State is permeated with devotion to Republican principles and her ideals imbedded in a morality that cannot be bought or sold.

Tragedies of the Commonplace

THE great dramatic moments of life do not ordinarily take place in earthquakes and shipwrecks. Nor are the tragedies of normal existence confined to million-dollar thefts, sudden death and bloodshed.

New Words in An Old Language

WHEN, in his study of science, a man achieves something which is new to the world, it often happens that his name is attached for all subsequent time to the discovery which he makes or the theory which he formulates.

Too Big a Price to Pay

WHEN men of the stamp of M. Kipling and D. H. Lawrence write that there was no doubt of the country's devotion to the principle of protection, the nation wags its tongue and thinks, and rightly thinks, that Penroseism is too big a price to pay for it.

To All Lovers of Fair Play

FOR a good many years Prof. Hugo Munsterberg has been a welcome journalist in this country. His interpretations of American life from the standpoint of a German and a psychologist have been most interesting and valuable.

speaking officially, but he reflected the general sentiment of the American people in favor of neutrality of thought as well as of speech and action, so far as such neutrality is consistent with a man's respect for his own intelligence.

A Professor Describes a "Machine"

Possibly Professor William Milligan Starna, in lecturing before German students at Berlin and Munich on "Party Government in the United States," had Penroseism in mind when he said: "Where the organization of party is known as the 'machine,' both place and money bribery abound, and the slims of the serpent is on every political and social institution because it is on the hearts of the men and women concerned, the people who set up and work the whole machinery of life.

Spending Money on the Wrong Things

THE Municipal Court has made one record which is not likely soon to be broken: its extravagance has become a standard of measurement. Not content with the luxurious quarters now assigned to it, it wants a building of its own.

Facts Their Best Argument

FACTS will be fighting on the side of the Eastern railroads when, next month, they go before the Interstate Commerce Commission to renew their petition for freight rate advances. If before they could make a strong showing, they now can make a brilliant one.

True to Their Conventions

THROUGH the hallowed red war-mist two facts stand out plainly: One fact is that Great Britain, with sincerity that must be conceded, carried out her written promise; her treaty-pledged word, to Belgium. She knew there would be a fearful price to pay she didn't flatter.

Generosity

Mr. McNab (to Ulrich)—What's the matter, kiddo? Ulrich—I've lost my 'appenny! Mr. McNab—Aye, dinna grieve. Here's a match to lend it.—London Opinion.

Neighbor's Children

"What is the scientific name of this small creature who is ruining your fruit this year?" asked Mrs. Dobbs. "It has no scientific name," replied Mrs. Blobs. "But it is vulgarly known as Jimmy Dobbs."—Washington Star.

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PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THE visit to this country of a special Belgian Embassy recalls the time spent in the United States by Li Hung Chang, Chinese statesman and admirer of General Grant. It was his devotion to the memory of the American General which nearly precipitated international complications between the then Celestial Empire and old Erin.

Wonder What We Meant

"The only homes I want are Paris and Heaven." "Well, you'd better make the most of Paris."

Wish We Knew a Caption Harrowing Enough

To Do Justice to This! Some parents think an heir a crying need. And that's the way he usually turns out.

From the News Columns

The fall bride is a wondrous thing Of furberlows and laces. As pretty as the new blown rose— The wedding page she graces.

Honest, This Really Happened

We walked into a barber shop to have our luxuriant curls denatured, diminished, shined, massaged and otherwise maltreated.

News Notes From The Aquarium

"Principal Fish About to Resign."—Worcester, Mass., Gazette. "Have you a consulting editor?" "No, an office boy."

The Blow-Out

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the teacher of her Brooklyn class. "It fell," cried the pupil. "And what became of Nineveh?" "It was destroyed," he said. "And what of Tyre?" "Punctured."—Exchange.

A Purist

Western Visitor (addressing citizen)—Can you tell me a good place to stop at? Citizen—Certainly! Just before the "at." Good day, sir.—Boston Transcript.

His Preparation

"Have you had any experience in the movies?" "Oh, yes, sir; I was for ten years with a furniture van."—Baltimore American.

Ideal Husband

"Yes, I may say I have an ideal husband." "An Apollo for looks, a Chesterfield for manners, a rhapsodist for a girl." "Those things don't count in husbands, my dear. Mine stays fairly sober and brings most of his salary home."—Pittsburgh Post.

Oh, Pshaw!

"K. P. Shaw, new Chinese Minister, arrives with \$250,000 and a retinue of twenty-seven."—Newspaper item. Poor Persia mourns her awful loss. The Shah no longer rules as boss. He's in this land, we read, because (And here for rhyms we're forced to pause) He represents the land of Heaven—Of family (and servants) there are 27. Hurrah for China and its Shah, Who of five children is the pa!

Pronounce to rhyme with "box."

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ing to the story, 46 footprints were visible for many years, for no grass would grow where the fratricidal blood had stained the sward.

Oxtail soup is of older origin, dating back to the Protestant refugees who fled from Nantes, in 1885. In the extremity of want they bought the tails of oxen from tanners and made soup therefrom. Accident brought the edible to the attention of an epicure, who liked the broth so well that he proclaimed its virtues until it became a fashionable dish.

The title of Prime Minister was not officially conferred, but was given in banter to Sir Robert Walpole. On February 11, 1713, he said in the House of Commons: "Having invested me with a kind of mock dignity and styled me a 'prime minister,' the Opposition imputes to me an unpardonable abuse of the chimerical authority which they only created and conferred."

Somewhere between heaven and earth is suspended Mohammed's "stepping stone," unless the Moslem legend is inaccurate. According to this source, when Mohammed mounted the beast, Al Borak, on his ascent to heaven, the angels started to follow him, whereupon the prophet laid his hand upon it and bade it stay where it was. Hence, to this day, true believers may see it suspended on high.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

The War Game

French troops check Germans. German army checks Russians. Austrians checked in Galicia. Sounds like the baggage room of a railroad station.

We'll Leave This Entirely to Our Readers

Correspondent, writing on a letterhead of the mental detention room of a local hospital, asks whether the following could be called a poem: "Give credit whom it due is— To the whisks of Ham Lewis." We would NOT call it a poem; what we really think of it shall go down into the dark and dank grave with our mortal remnants.

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DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

WHEN I read a few days ago that two lots of the Girard Estate in the vicinity of Third and Porter streets had just been sold by the city for more than \$24,000, it instantly occurred to me that that was only a little less than a third of the total value of the realty owned by Girard in old Passyunk township at the time of his death.

Girard was one of the first men here to realize the worth of realty as an investment. There had been land speculators before him in the field, of course, but he was cautious and, unlike Nicholson, who, at one time, had an ownership in about one-sixth of the State, Girard, for the great part, had his holdings in Philadelphia. His ventures outside included his coal lands in Pennsylvania, which are still very profitable, and other land in Louisiana.

He left to the city for the support of his wonderful college for orphan boys some of the most valuable land in the central part of the city. It is true that pieces of this property, owing to the changes of business centres, are not now so profitable as they once were, yet those properties in the neighborhood of the river, as Girard understood, never can cease to be of value so long as we have any commerce at all.

WHEN Girard died he was the richest man in this country. The inventory filed by his executors showed that his total property, real and personal—and he had a great deal of both—was valued, in 1832, at more than \$6,000,000.

We have become so accustomed to the millionaire in our day and, in our conversations at least, are even now flirting with billions, that we do not realize what \$6,000,000 meant in 1832.

There was no other man in the United States at that time who could hold rank anywhere near Girard in the point of wealth. The immense fortunes with which we are so familiar are of much later date; they are even of our own times, when the work of exploiting the resources of the country began.

GIRARD'S fortune was piled up laboriously and slowly. It was not speculative, in the modern sense of the word. He was a keen buyer; he knew values, whether it was of wines, which he imported by the shipload and bottled and sold, or of real estate, which he bought and rented. He was constantly importuned to take stock in the various new enterprises of his time, but where he merely desired to oblige the seller, he bought but a few shares. It is evident that he regarded these as contributions and not business.

For instance, we find his executors entering one share each in Le Courier des Etats-Unis, the French newspaper; in the Domestic Society, in the Susquehanna and Lehigh turnpike and in the Downingtown and Ephrata turnpike, but they did not place any value opposite them. These were not regarded as investments by a man like Girard, but we do find him owning 2500 shares in the Schuylkill Navigation Company, and these were valued in 1832 at \$264,000. He held nearly a million in Pennsylvania 5 per cents, and \$113,500 in City 3 per cents.

His coal lands, which consisted of nearly 30,000 acres in Schuylkill County, were valued at \$175,246 at the time of the inventory. Now they return a profit of more than that every year.

His Philadelphia holdings were listed at \$1,189,631, and no other man owned so much at that time. The Girard Estate has now three buildings worth more than that amount, to say nothing of the college itself.

ALTHOUGH Girard's holdings in the southern part of the city contained considerable acreage, and one of his parcels of land in Passyunk township contained his "plantation" or country place, they were valued at less than \$12,000. I should not like to venture upon an estimate of their value today, for on the site of part of his plantation rows of houses of the most modern character have been erected and rented. And still there is more land to be improved.

Three buildings, now covered by the Mariner and Merchant Building, at Third and Chestnut, were rented in 1832 at \$1605, \$1805 and \$1605 respectively a year. He had a dairy farm in Moyamensing district that rented for \$900 a year, and a whole row of dwellings on Fairmount avenue, then Coates street, that were rented for \$257.50 a year each.

For the old Dunlap house, at the southeast corner of Twelfth and Market streets, Girard received \$708 a year. This was regarded as a large rent for that locality in those days, but I think any person would be willing to give a good many times that amount for such a corner now.

From all his city properties Girard received only a little more than \$400,000 a year in rentals, and he was the richest man in the United States in his day.

BY that strange perversity of human nature that sometimes affects men of greatness, Girard desired to be remembered as a mariner instead of a merchant, although as the latter he is, of course, better recalled. It may not be known that Booth's greatest ambition was to be a comedian, yet it is as a tragedian that he became famous. On the other hand, his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, who was a comedian of the buffo type, believed he had failed in life because the world would not accept him as a tragedian. Napoleon at first desired to achieve fame as a novelist, but if he did not achieve that position, he succeeded in providing atmosphere for countless pieces of fiction.

I feel sure that Philadelphians are likely to forget the mariner in Girard in the greatness and far-sightedness of the man of business.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The pleasing impression comes from Washington that the "pork" hunting Senators have been repulsed, and that the \$25,000,000 river and harbor bill will be reduced, probably as much as one-half, by cutting out of it all "questionable items," both new and old. President Wilson has apparently one more proved himself a much keener politician than he has been commonly credited with being. He does not dwell in that atmosphere of academic aloofness from common things that some have harshly rebuked him to. It's "good politics," right now, to cut the padding out of all public payrolls. The people are aroused in never before to its excessive cost of a lot of what has passed for "government" in this country.—Chicago Herald.

In fighting against the rivers and harbors bill as it came to the Senate, the filibuster, although they are Republicans, have really been doing valiant service for the Democrats. Nothing would have constituted such a vulnerable point of attack against the dominant party in this fall's campaign as an obnoxious river and harbor bill.—New York Evening Post.

Senator Burton and those siding with him can defeat the river and harbor bill or force a heavy reduction of the appropriation; they will render a great service to the country and also to the Democratic party.—Indianapolis News.

If President Wilson is to become "the watchdog of the Treasury," he will have the duty of watching necessary.—Washington Star.

WAR AND THE ROYAL INVOCATION

Blame not the Christian faith for this black war! Christ never spoke a word that made it right To murder men in bitter hate And turn a sun-lit world to darkest night.

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CURIOSITY SHOP

The Field of Forty Footprints—according to the legend—was a meadow in old London, where sits the British Museum now stands. It was also known as Southampton Field. During the Monmouth rebellion two brothers espoused opposite sides and fought a duel on the meadow. Both were slain and, according to the story, 46 footprints were visible for many years, for no grass would grow where the fratricidal blood had stained the sward.

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