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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 Sloane, in lecturing before German students at Berlin and Munich on "Party Government in the United States," had Penrose in mind when he said: "Where the organization of party is known as the 'machine,' both place and money bribery abound, and the slime 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. The fountain cannot rise above its source except by artifice; there are times and places where party machinery becomes so foul that it is clogged and stopped."

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. The acquiescent Committee on Finance has provided in the loan bill the sum of \$400,000 for this purpose. It would be a fine thing for Philadelphia to have a new public building, or several of them, and when some of the constitutional restrictions of the city's borrowing capacity are removed it might be good policy to build them. But just now there are far more urgent needs for all the cash available. It is very obvious that sound business policy does not dictate in all instances the financial program of Councils.

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. Their case is substantially fortified.

Tragedies of the Commonplace

THE most 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. "The great American play must deal with problems that confront every man and woman," declared Miss Helen Ware the other day, through the columns of this newspaper. Miss Ware cited the domestic debacles which result from extravagant living as being the basis for modern tragedies of Shakespearean caliber.

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. The name of Copernicus thus becomes an adjective in reference to the Copernican theory. The name of Darwin acquires a suffix in discussions of Darwinism. The name of Pasteur is perpetuated in a verb. It is likewise in philosophy, in politics, in religion, with such terms as Hegelianism, Lincolnian statesmanship, Christianity. A man who makes a great contribution to the world's thought and the world's history represents some idea or principle or achievement which is so distinctively his own that perhaps the language appropriates his name for its special purposes.

True to Their Conventions

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

Too Big a Price to Pay

WHEN men of the stamp of McKinley and Dingley wrote tariff bills there was no doubt of the country's devotion to the principle of protection. The nation wants protection now, but thinks, and rightly thinks, that Penrose is too big a price to pay for it. Pennsylvania can purchase the party in the rest of the nation if it wishes, by electing Mr. Penrose, but nowhere else do men believe that progress can be made by back-stepping. An ambassador to Washington who represented money elements of organized corruption instead of the people of Pennsylvania might talk that, but he would talk vainly in the Capitol. There is a Chinese wall between the millions who want protection and protection itself. That wall is Penroseism, and until it is battered down the free traders will continue their experiments at Washington.

"To All Lovers of Fair Play"

FOR a good many years Prof. Hugo Muensterberg has been a welcome sojourner in this country. His interpretations of American life from the dual standpoint of a German and a psychologist have been most interesting and valuable. We know him as "Professor Muensterberg of Harvard" and with a long duration of his ambassadorship. He has just published a new book, called "America and the War," and dedicated it "to all lovers of fair play." In it he declares that the American people have formed their opinions concerning the European war with the unanimity of sheep. He says that their anti-German attitude is akin to the American penchant for lynching, and that it is the product of auto-suggestion, induced and fostered by colored news from England, France and Belgium. Popular ignorance is the cause of this hostility. Professor Muensterberg implies that sympathy with Germany is the outcome of education and culture.

Whatever may be the faults of American public opinion, this attack on it is not likely to further the purpose of the book. Moreover, it probably would surprise Professor Muensterberg to know to what extent readers of war news in this country have taken into account the sources of it. It is an American habit in forming opinions to consider where the information comes from. When President Wilson told the Belgian envoys and cabled the German Emperor that the Government in Washington would not attempt to render judgment on the questions that had been presented to him he was

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. Li arrived in New York city and, according to the by-laws of his native land, was not permitted to touch his silk-clad feet upon heathen foreign soil. So, wherever he went, regal carpets were laid, or the old gentleman was carried in Sedan chairs.

It was so when he visited Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive, New York. Stepping from his carriage, he entered a waiting Sedan chair. Four husky Irish policemen stepped forward, red of face and ill at ease. For a moment they hesitated, one or two essayed to speak, but emotion overcame them. They grasped the handles and New York witnessed the amazing sight of a Chinaman carried to anything but a patrol wagon by four Irish policemen.

THERE was yet another delegation from a foreign nation in this country, the three Boers, who sought aid in their war against Britain. No sooner had they landed than an enterprising weekly paper commiserated them and brought them into a special room in their hotel, where the sun was bright, and had a photographer take an even dozen pictures in various, more or less graceful, attitudes.

And when the twelve plates were developed, just one pair of magnificent coattails appeared to view! The plates had been light-struck, and—the delegates were on their way home!

IN THE days when Brooklyn was yet a municipal entity, David A. Boody was its Mayor. Mr. Boody is a gentleman to his finger tips, and was completely out of touch with the political gang which ruled the City of Churches. But as a Mayor he was not altogether a success, for the "gang" took great pleasure in "putting things over on him." So it was no wonder that one day the telephone in his office rang violently and an excited voice at the other end of the wire informed the Mayor that at a certain number in Raymond street there was congregated the greatest aggregation of thieves, cutthroats, burglars and criminals ever gathered under one roof. The Mayor at once passed the news to Chief of Police Campbell, who sent a wagonload of policemen to the place.

On a dead run the patrol dashed down Raymond street and draw up—before the Raymond street jail!

DURING the days preceding our own war with Spain, General Weyler was nearly lynched in a newspaper office, only he did not know it, and it is doubtful whether his ignorance has been dispelled even now. It was at the time when the chrome newspapers were out-yellowing one another to the fullest extent of their ingenuity and regardless of their financial wounds. The yellowest of them all conceived the idea that it would be a splendid thing if it could get Weyler into the hands of the Cuban insurgents, obtain his last statement, have him lynched and then photographed. Men were sent to Cuba to visit the revolutionists, and all the arrangements for the kidnapping were completed, when the proprietor of the paper in question backed water, and declined to see the "enterprise" through. When pressed for an explanation, he gave voice to the following cryptic utterance:

"I don't mind being yellow, but I'll be dashed if I want the world to think that I am purple."

STILL, being "purple" is not nearly so bad as being born to the purple without the needed financial backing, as was the case of Frederic Lemaitre, the great French actor. Lemaitre was in debt from the day of his birth to the day he died—not ordinary indebtedness, but overwhelming financial obligations. So he spent most of his waking hours evolving plans for raising money. And even now, in its spare moments, Paris remembers his vagaries.

A new play was billed. Lemaitre was the star. At 7 o'clock in the evening, an hour before the curtain was to go up, the manager received a note from a pawnbroker, informing him that Lemaitre had pawned himself for 20,000 francs and that there would be no performance unless he was redeemed. He was.

Another time Paris was amazed when it saw Lemaitre driving down the Bois in a magnificent equipage, drawn by four white horses. A friend hailed him from the sidewalk.

"You are a fool, Lemaitre, buying such an expensive carriage, when you are head over heels in debt. Why did you do it?"

"I had to," responded Lemaitre, stoking a torn shoe out of the window. "How the deuce could I afford to walk the street looking like that?"

A SIMILAR character, but American, was John Stetson, the Boston theatrical manager. One afternoon he arrived at the Tremont Street Theatre and saw a sign reading:

Matinee today 2 P. M. SHARP.

"Who in blazes is Sharp? Put Stetson there," he thundered, and no amount of explanation would induce him to change his mind. But it was when Baron de Grimm, the artist, staged Rider Haggard's "She" for Stetson, that the latter broke all grammatical records. In the play was a line:

"She, who must be obeyed," and Stetson argued for three blessed hours that it should have been "HER, who must be obeyed."

MRS. ETHEL CAUGHLIN, of Moore's Flat, Nevada, is desperately anxious to resign her office, but Uncle Sam has declined with thanks and so she is still postmistress, a mile from the nearest habitation, with her husband a hundred miles away. The Government can get no one else to take the place, which pays only \$10 a month. There must be some one in charge of the office, so the plans and walls of Mrs. Coughlin have been unavailing. Now she has induced her bondsman to withdraw their security, hoping that this move will force her out of an office that she sought the woman and, having gained her, kept her a Federal prisoner.

CURIOSITY SHOP

The Field of Forty Footsteps—according to the legend—was a meadow in old London, on whose site 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, accord-

ing to the story, 40 footsteps were visible for many years, for no grass would grow where the fratricidal blood had stained the earth.

Oxtail soup is of olden origin, dating back to the Protestant refugees who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. 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 highest Al Buraq, on his ascent to heaven, the stone 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 whippers of Ham Lewis."
We would NOT call it a poem; what we really think it shall go down into the dark and dank grave with our mortal remnants.

Wonder What Was 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
SHE
The fall bride is an odorous thing
Of furbelows and laces.
As pretty as the new blown rose—
The wedding page she graces.

HE
The bridegroom doesn't count at all;
The future, glum he faces;
An ordinary mortal he,
On checks, his name he places.

Honest, This Really Happened
We walked into a barber shop to have our luxuriant curls denatured, dimmed, shined, massaged and otherwise maltreated. The barber went to work with a will and scissors. He clipped and combed and clipped. He spoke not. Then he brushed off the expurgated hair, combed what remained, took off the towel about our swan-like neck; we paid him and walked out. Strange? Most assuredly, for he never even once, much less often, raised a mirror behind us and asked whether or no the cut suited our aesthetic ideas.

News Notes From The Aquarium
"Principal Fish About to Resign."—Worcester, Mass., Gazette.

In The Sanctum
"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."
"And what of Tyre?"
"Functured."—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," rhapsodized the 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. F. Shaw, new city controller, arrives with five children and a retinue of twenty-seven."—Newspaper item.

Poor Persia mourns her awful loss,
The Shah, her ruler, has been hoarse.
He's in the land, we read, because
(And here for rhymes we're forced to pause)
He represents the land of Heaven—
Of family (and servants) there are 27.
Hurrah for the Shah, the Shah,
Who of five children is the pat!

*Pronounce to rhyme with "hoar."

Generosity
Mr. McNab (to Urchin)—What's the matter, kiddie?
Urchin—I've lost my 'penny!
Mr. McNab—Aye, donna grieve. Here's a match to find it.—London Opinion.

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

THE OLD FLAG
By H. C. Banner

Off with your hat as the flag goes by,
And let the heart beat in his eye.
You're not enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're not enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips,
Spike the lump just then in your throat that
Rings more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shreds,
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with death has lain
These twenty years and more.
He died that the work should not be in vain
Of the man who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And raised his beard and gray;
But look at his eye fire young and bold
At the time that he hears them play.

The old tide thunders through all the air
And strikes right into the heart,
If it ever calls for you, boy, be there—
Be there and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of the sacred dead.

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