

EVENING LEDGER
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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 Penroseism 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 no places 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.

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.

Facts Their Best Argument
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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
THROUGHOUT the hideous 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-obligated 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 Penroseism is too big a price to pay for it. Penroseism is too big a price to pay for it. Penroseism is too big a price to pay for it.

"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 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 professorship.

Curiosity Shop
The Field of Party Footprints—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 Moorish rebellion two brothers expoused opposite sides and fought a duel on the meadow. Both were slain and, according to the story, 40 footprints were visible for many years, for no grass would grow where the fratricidal blood had stained the sward.

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.

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 commandeered 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.

IN THE days when Brooklyn was yet a municipal entity, David A. Boddy was its Mayor. Mr. Boddy 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 "zang" 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 warrant of policemen to the place.

ON a dead run the patrol dashed down Raymond street and drew 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 Lemaître, the great French actor. Lemaître 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 his spare moments, Paris remembers his vagaries.
A new play was billed, Lemaître 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 Lemaître 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 Lemaître driving down the Bois in a magnificent equipage, drawn by four white horses. A friend hailed him from the sidewalk. "You are a fool, Lemaître, buying such an expensive carriage, when you are head over heels in debt. Why did you do it?" "I had to," responded Lemaître, sticking 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 places is Sharp? Put Stetson there," he thundered, and so amount of explanation would induce him to change his mind. But it was when Byron 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."

THE OLD FLAG
By H. C. Bunker
Off with your hat as the flag goes by,
And let the heart have its say!
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.
You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips,
Aye, the jump just then in your throat that
You cannot suppress.
Spoken more than your parted lips,
Lift up the box on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shield.
Those stripes would be red to the sunset sky
If death could have dashed 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 best and old,
And ragged with age and care.
But look at his eye fire young and bold
At the tune that he beats them play.
The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes you in the head as if he said:
If it ever calls for you, boy, be there—
He there and ready to start.
Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
I never failed to put it on.
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 Estates in the vicinity of Third and Porter streets had just been sold by the city for more than \$34,000, 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.

The title of Prime Minister was not officially conferred, but was given in honor 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 imputed to me an unpardonable abuse of the ceremonial authority which they only created and conferred."

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 scholars of Ham Lewis."
We would NOT all it a poem; what we really think of 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
The fall bride is a wondrous thing
Of furbelows and laces.
As pretty as the new blown rose—
The wedding page girl graces.

Honest, This Really Happened
We walked into a barber shop to have our luxuriant curls denatured, dimmed, singed, 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 oftener, raised a mirror behind us and asked whether or no the cut suited our aesthetic ideas.

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," replied the teacher. "And what of Sodom?" "Punctured"—Exchange.

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."

Oh, Phaw!
"K. F. Shaw, new Chinese Minister, arrives with his wife and a retinue of twenty-seven," Newspaper item.
Poor Persia mourns her awful loss. The Shah no longer rules as boss. He's in the land of the living. (Pause for rhyme, 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 pat? —Promenade to rhyme with "Shaw."

Generosity
Mr. McNab (to another)—"What's the matter, kiddie?"
"Kiddie, I've lost my 'agency'!"
Mr. McNab—Aye, dinna grieve. Here's a match to find it.—London Opinion.

Neighbor's Children
"What is the scientific name of the small creature who is ruining your fruit this year?"
"Kiddie, I've lost my 'agency'!"
Mr. McNab—Aye, dinna grieve. Here's a match to find it.—London Opinion.

The Primaries a Vain Hope
One lamentable feature of the direct primary is that it shows an argument, if Roger C. Sullivan were the nominee of a Democratic state convention a protest would amount to the sales from Metropolitan to Hildreth against such a protest of the public people. In this case the plain people seem to have done it.—Chicago Tribune.

The Idealist
The Emperor of China assumed terrific obligations. Among them was the absolute guarantee that he would make the sun cease to shine each morning.
It is not a matter of record that the sun ever failed to put in appearance. But therein lies the reason for the immeasurable faith which the people of the land put in their ruler. To them he was an earth-God.

INTERESTS OF PEOPLE THROTTLED

WHEN Girard died he was the richest man in Philadelphia. 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 \$5,000,000.

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 Courrier 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 2200 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 8 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 \$1,189,621, 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 \$112,000. 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 Marmer and Merchant Building, at Third and Chestnut, were rented in 1832 at \$105, \$155 and \$195 respectively a year. He had a dairy farm in Moyamensing district that rented for \$99 a year, and a whole row of dwellings on Fairmount avenue, then Cogges 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 \$78 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 \$40,000 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 burlesque 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 marker in Girard in the greatness and far-sightedness of the man of business.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST NEWSPAPER
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Philadelphia is a veritable treasure city for relics of early American literature. Any one who is interested in the history of the city should visit the site of the first newspaper, Franklin's General Mercantile and Political Register, which was published in 1741. It is now in the possession of the Historical Society of Philadelphia.

FROM A JOURNALIST
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Being a former newspaperman, I feel impelled to write you my congratulations after carefully reading your issue of the 21st of these days of publication. The physical appearance of the paper commends itself, it seems to me, above anything else. The news is presented not so that the reader may read, but so that he may read.

TO CATCH the eye of the reader immediately is one thing demanded from an afternoon paper. This you have been able to do. The generous use of pictures, which seems to be in your opinion of Mr. Penrose, and I believe to most persons convey a more lasting impression than almost anything they read, and when the public see the pictures, the paper will be theirs. A FRIEND. Philadelphia, September 15, 1914.

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