

EVENING LEDGER PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. K. CURTIS, President. D. W. C. O'Connell, Secretary. John C. Martin, Treasurer. ... EDITORIAL BOARD: CURTIS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman. H. WHALEY, Executive Editor. ... PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1914.

tion in one of his poems. The fly, however, fared somewhat better in general esteem until science and education changed the attitude. Fifteen or twenty years ago children in kindergarten sang blithely of "the fly in baby's milk." Selected by Professor Quiller-Couch for "The Oxford Book of English Verse" is an excellent poem of William Oldys, beginning—

Busy, curious, thirsty fly! Drink with me and drink as I: Freely let me sip my cup, Couidst thou sip and sip it up. But the fly is now our enemy, and the rat is more knowingly dreaded than ever before. There is safety in fear.

Emeshed in a Definition THE most brazen of all the anti-morality organs in Pennsylvania said this morning: Facing defeat in their various districts, the pitiful appeal of Congressmen, "Let Us Have Pork," has changed to the insistent demand, "We Must Have Pork!" It is a tough outlook for mushroom statesmen whose only stock in trade is a faked prayer and a trunkful of broken promises.

Checkmate the Municipal Court Grab A NEW Municipal Court grab, involving eventually a million instead of half a million dollars, is in process of accomplishment. The Mayor has boldly challenged the men who propose to put this burden on the municipality at a time when common sense requires the husbanding of resources in order to make the way clear for transit. The Mayor's veto of the ordinance condemning ground as a site for the projected buildings should be sustained. His argument against it is conclusive. There can be no satisfactory answer. The city cannot be loaded down with white elephants at this time without the people understanding clearly the purpose of the program.

New Hose Must Be Got. THE fire underwriters have sustained Director Porter's charge that a large part of the hose owned by the city is unfit for use. It would be idle now to quarrel about who is responsible for the situation. The thing of importance is the fact itself. It must be remedied, not next year, but this year. There is no other matter which so urgently requires the attention of Councils.

Art "Made in America." THE European cataclysm has at least temporarily affected the buying of books and attendance at the theatre. Book publishers and play-producers are unanimous in their opinion on that point, but they predict a "boom." American novelists and dramatists will have the field to themselves.

Roll of the Thunderbolt THE history of representative government is the history of the gradual assumption of power on the part of the people. The French Revolution, which Victor Hugo called "the most profound thing in all history," would never have left its imprint upon the social and political soul of mankind had it not been for the current of life and action supplied by the people. They made real the teachings of the French materialists of the 18th century. Rousseau and Diderot and Voltaire, and the entire coterie of philosophers and thinkers of that period, would have remained dead letters had it not been for the dynamic power which the revolution supplied for the realization of their ideas. Their thoughts were but the rustling murmur of a new day. The power supplied by the people was a thunderbolt that has since rolled around the earth.

No Quarter to Political Plunderers OUT in Kansas City the friends of good government are quoting what Hugh O'Brien, a former Mayor of Boston, said in an official message after his re-election in 1886: If political parties put unscrupulous men in the front, they ought to be voted down. If political parties make combinations with men whose morality and integrity are questionable, such combinations should be discouraged and discontinued by every good citizen. If no quarter is given to men who have no moral principle behind them, who connect themselves with leading parties merely for plunder, they should be stamped out, and then the business of the country will be conducted, like any other large corporation, on business principles.

Our Enemy the Rat WAR has been declared on the rats of Philadelphia. They have not yet scourged this city with the bubonic plague, but science and education have convinced the modern age that they are menaces to the health of any community. Philadelphia will probably do at once what New Orleans did after the rats had been the means of destroying many human lives. This is a wise maxim for cities, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Regular Steamship Service from Philadelphia to the Pacific is a good sign. Shipping goods from so fine a port as this to New York to be loaded on vessels was a kind of extravagance which sound business could not long endure.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THE wonderfully blue waters of the bay of Funchal, off the coast of Madeira, glittered translucently. In small boats a party of American tourists landed from the steamship. McNab, who had a mania for collecting out-of-the-way things, announced that he would buy the finest old Madeira wine on the island and, with that, he disappeared on his hunt, while the others saw the sights.

And then the unregenerates laid a deep and wicked plot to commandeer McNab's wine. So they got back to the steamship well in advance and awaited events. Just as the whistle blew its "all aboard," McNab hove in sight in a small boat, lovingly caressing a basket. He tied it to a rope, mounted to the steamship's deck and began to hoist up his precious burden.

But the wicked ones were prepared and when the basket was passing a certain port-hole, a hand protruded and two bottles, corked and ancient looking, were lifted bodily into the inner recesses of the steamship. Whereupon the ship's surgeon brought fine cigars and the first mate nuts and biscuits. Then the purlier, after a more or less neat speech of triumph, pulled the cork and—poured out the clearest, nicest water ever seen!

McNab had paid \$5 each for the bottles, but he never knew—the unregenerates had just enough self-respect left not to tell him the awful truth.

IT HAPPENED last week, when the sun shone brightly and the peesey of autumn was in the air. I wandered far afield into the lands beyond Collingdale—over the hills and far away, until I came to a tumble-down stone building, decayed with age and redolent with historic memories. There arose visions of Washington, of Grant, the heroes of our wars. Memory painted pictures of love and intrigue and bloodshed and the pursuit of peace and then—came the most ancient inhabitant.

"Pretty old building?" ventured the writer, seeking information. "Pretty old," responded the man. "It's probably played an important part in our country's history."

HEINRICH HEINE, the German poet, lay desperately ill in Paris, an exile from his native land, shunned by members of his race because of his change of faith, disliked by those of his new religion. But though paralyzed, his mind was as clear and acute as ever and his wit as cutting. Daily he wrote for a French paper; incisive, rapier-like, cutting and sharp were his remarks. And the butt of his daily joke was one of the Rothschilds. For months this had continued, and then Rothschild could stand the jokes no longer. He sent a friend to Heine to offer him a life of ease if he would forego his satirical attacks.

"Stop!" asked Heine. "Stop the attacks on Rothschild? What other pleasure have I left in life? Tell Rothschild that all his millions could not buy health for me. Tell him that my limping pleases me more than it hurts him."

IN PARIS, Heine had married a French woman of dubious antecedents and utterly at variance with the spiritual nature of the poet. She was a good nurse, however, dividing her time between Heine and her parrot. One day she disappeared and a friend, condescending with the sick man, suggested that she had eloped.

"Is her parrot still here?" asked Heine. "Yes." "Then she'll come back." And come back she did.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

A FRIEND put into my hand the other day an old pamphlet written by John Roach, the shipbuilder of Chester, which describes rather fearfully the causes of the decline of the American merchant marine and denounces in positive terms what has been called free ships. Both these questions are uppermost in the minds of the people at the present time, and it is curious to note that they occupied a somewhat similar position 40 years ago.

Roach was an Irishman, who came to this country as a boy early in the 30s, and first went to work in a foundry for 25 cents a day. In the course of his long career as a ship and engine builder he failed four times, and, had he survived, undoubtedly would have successfully passed through his fourth failure to fortune again. He built four of the warships which were known as the White Squadron, the beginnings of our present modern navy, and it was due to his suggestion and advice that the United States ventured upon the development of its navy along modern lines.

IT WAS this venture that finally caused the death of John Roach. First he astonished the Naval Advisory Board by making his bids on four ships far below their estimated cost. When the Dolphin was completed the new Secretary of the Navy, William C. Whitney, would not accept it. Although another board conducted a stringent test and also rejected the vessel, Secretary Whitney changed his view. His action came too late. Roach, with so much of his capital tied up, stopped business for the benefit of his creditors. He declined in health from that time, and two years later, in 1857, he died, a broken-hearted man.

Roach was responsible for a large proportion of the iron steamship tonnage which carried the American flag after the Civil War. It is said that his yards built in all 114 ships of the most modern type for their day. He was naturally a stern advocate of the protection of the ship industry in this country, and one had only to mention Clyde-built ships to him to start him off on a tirade.

IN ROACH'S pamphlet which my friend handed me, I find an explanation of the disappearance of our flag from the merchant marine of the world. "When our Civil War began," the shipbuilder states, "we had a large commerce but a small navy, and the latter, to protect national life, purchased 215,978 tons of our best steam tonnage. The War Department absorbed, by charter and otherwise, 75,611 tons more. Of the remainder, to avoid war rates of insurance or destruction by Clyde-built cruisers, under the rebel flag, 89,311 tons sought refuge under the flag of England or other European bunting, while 104,656 tons were actually destroyed by the Alabama and other pirates.

"Of the ships of all sorts employed thus by our Government few were afterward of any commercial value, though resold at comparatively low rates, partly because of the alterations they had undergone in the process of adapting them to war uses, but more on account of the revolution which had taken place in commercial naval architecture and in the application of motive power."

ROACH comments upon this procedure as one of the most extravagant and ruinous methods that could have been devised for supplying the United States with a navy. But at the opening of the Civil War, as at the beginning of every other war in which this country has engaged, something like this has had to be done. We always have been unprepared. Indeed, the method appears to be the approved method of augmenting naval services all over the world. We chartered ships during the Spanish War, and England, Germany and Japan, with their subsidized lines, also have found it convenient to take over certain vessels from their merchant marine in war times.

It has been generally understood that it was during the period of our Civil War that England—and to a lesser degree Germany—took advantage of our preoccupation to snatch away from us the commerce-carrying trade of the world. From 1839 until the opening of the Civil War was fired our foreign trade increased regularly and enormously, and in 1860 it was questioned whether the United States merchant marine was not first. In any case, it was a close second to that of England.

URING that long-continued strife, however, England had her opportunity and was keen to take advantage of it. Some persons may have thought that our present concern to regain our proud position on the seas while Europe is busy is a trifle unethical, but to the persons who feel that way about it Mr. Roach 40 years ago supplied the answer.

"Listen to this: 'England saw the opportunity thus afforded her and availed herself of it to the utmost. She spent millions on millions in subsidies under various forms; she used even the agonies of our strife for her own advantage, and the Clyde builders were enriched in the construction of blockade runners, not to speak of the Alabama and other representatives of the 'British neutral service.' Unobstructed and unrivaled by the only people who had shown a capacity for competing with her upon the sea, she made the first fruits of the great naval revolution all her own.'

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Popularity Assured That proposed bus line on Broad street should become immensely popular with the young folk, for bussing has ever been a popular pastime.

A Bitter Dose Petrograd and Jaroslavl, Budapest and Czegl, Kaiser Wilhelm, General Pau—Drive me nearly crazy. But the worst is yet to come. Tasting rather pill-y. Really like these conditions all—"Take some Przymysl-y" } Choose your own "Take some Przymysl-y" } Spelling.

Two-would Be Tolerated Here From the Buenos Aires Standard. "Again I was welcomed by my cheery hostess, and once more partook of her simple yet palatable fare."

Casualties From Allied sources we learn that 4,556,711 Germans were killed, 11,699,328 were wounded and 900,467 were taken prisoners, in the last four days of fighting. From German sources we learn that the total German loss to date was 11 slightly killed, 43 seriously dead and 68 comprehensively wounded.

Fowl Play "Why have you given your hen such an outlandish name as 'Hink'?" "Because she's laying for me."

The Natural Sequence It now behooves all good exchange editors to dig up the Ingolsby Legends and reprint "The Jackdaw of Rheims."

Heartburn, Probably From the Eikon (Md.) Democrat. "Fire of an unknown origin totally destroyed the contents of Clarence H. Krauss one night last week."

Huh! Mary had a little lamb, And then I heard her boller: "What does that waiter think I am? He charged me half a dollar." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Domestic Discord "My husband went to call me his lovely lute." And new? "Now he picks on me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What's in a Name? "We're giving our pastor a new drawing room carpet on the occasion of his jubilee. Show me something that looks nice but isn't too expensive." Here is the very thing, madame—real Kidderminster.—London Punch.

VIEW OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation. To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: In reading your excellent newspaper I find an article headed, "British Diplomats Criticize Wilson on the Mexican Policy." The British Ambassador, Sir Lionel Carden, was nothing but a warm partisan of the Huerta regime. At one time I was a Huerta sympathizer until after the murder—the killing of Francisco I. Madero.

Sir Lionel Carden cannot by any means compare with the great President Wilson; the troops were sent from Vera Cruz, Why? Because the President knew that he was leaving the situation to an honorable and educated man. Sir Lionel's statement is against Senor Carranza, because he ordered that he (Sir Lionel) should leave the responsibility for being a Huerta partisan. So let me explain in a few words, that Sir Lionel contradicts himself by saying that Carranza has no sort of Government.

He must know that if Senor Carranza had no sort of government he would not have told Sir Lionel to leave the republic. J. R.—MEXICAN CITIZEN. Philadelphia, September 21, 1914.

FIGHT TO THE FINISH To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—A campaign is on in this Commonwealth which is being watched throughout the length and breadth of our land. It is a fight to a finish between the discredited old machine and the forces which must prevail if an old Keystone State is to be lifted into the place it must occupy if we as Pennsylvanians are to stand erect as men and free.

The issue is Pennrose and the embodiment of practices which longer have any proper place in our political and industrial life. These are the days for the valiant on both sides of the ocean, and the call of duty is just as clear as if it were "To arms." Instead of the ballot box. When the Evening Ledger editor in the campaign, aggressively opposing this blight on our national life, it in my judgment, performs a great public duty and makes a contribution to the cause of good government second to none. DAVID J. PEAPSALE. Mauch Chunk, Pa., September 15, 1914.

GIVE HONEST POLITICS A CHANCE To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I have read for many years and have appreciated deeply the splendid work which the PUBLIC LEDGER has done toward the purification of Pennsylvania politics. Another great opportunity has now arisen for it and the Evening Ledger to continue to do its duty in the advantage of both State and nation. I refer to the opportunity of defeating Mr. Penrose for re-election to the United States Senate.

WESTMORELAND AGAINST PENROSE To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—As an independent Republican, interested in raising my party to a higher standard of citizenship, I do not believe in the principles of Penroseism. You deserve the gratitude of the good citizens of Pennsylvania. Our county was strongly anti-Penrose at the last primary, and the sentiment against him continues to increase. E. E. ZUCK. Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 14, 1914.

PENROSEISM NOT REPUBLICANISM To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I am a reader of the EVENING LEDGER and like your paper, but I am a Republican. As I believe that is your policy, I cannot see how you can consistently support Palmer and a Republican platform at the same time. It does not stand for Republican principles and therefore, should not be supported by any Republican. JOSEPH RICHARD. Slattington, Pa., September 18, 1914.

Praise From Sir Hubert From the Boston Transcript. George W. Childs himself might have issued the order under which, at the beginning of this week, an EVENING LEDGER flashed upon the Philadelphia public—and the community at large. It was a liberal move to extend in these hours of retrenchment the expense of publication. A false idea prevails that in "war conditions" there is great profit in circulation in itself is of no value. It is only as it commands respect and thus advertising patronage that it is even self-supporting.

This expansion of the PUBLIC LEDGER at this time is surely one of the advantages of its readers, though let us hope in the long run its publishers, too, may reap their reward. The infant marches like a veteran. It is edited by a "distinct organization," which may be sure to stand for the best means of pleasure-everybody policy—"support" in the morning, "opposition" in the evening—to "catch them coming and going."

A newspaper "without a history" is as happy as the proverbial "country." For the history of the existence of the PUBLIC LEDGER has been most brief. It was conceived a thoroughbred and thoroughbred it has remained in spite of the temptations of mongrelization—by voting contests, money prizes, tango teaching, etc., etc.