

EVENING LEDGER

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1914

"They Who Offer Carrion for Meat" Penrose organ, whose moral perspective is so blunt that it might as well not exist...

Checkmate the Municipal Court Grab A new Municipal Court grab, involving approximately a million instead of half a million dollars...

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...

Art "Made in America." The European cataclysm has at least temporarily affected the buying of books and attendance at the theatre...

Men's Patience is in Their Pockets. It is a man's of Congress to play with dynamite. The American people will never be content with war taxes in time of profound peace...

League Island Gets a Chance. SHIPWAYS at League Island will enable the Philadelphia Navy Yard to demonstrate absolutely its superiority over every other yard in the country...

Open Markets Are Checks and Balances. THE open markets recently established in New York city may be made permanent, though there is some opposition from the middlemen...

No Quarter to Political Plunderers. OUT in Kansas City the friends of good government are quoting what Hugh O'Brien, former Mayor of Boston, said in an official message after his reelection in 1882...

Our Enemy the Rat. HER RAT has been declared on the rats Joseph of Philadelphia. They have not yet agreed this city with the humane plague...

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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 kindergartens sang lightheartedly 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 welcome to my cup, Couldst thou sip and slip it up.

But the fly is now our enemy, and the rat is more knowingly dreaded than ever before. There is safety in fear.

Enmeshed 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 falsetto prayer and a trifling of broken promises.

Pork or no pork was the question before the United States Senate yesterday. By some strange freak of fortune, Mr. Penrose happened to be in his seat. Putting himself in a class with "mushroom statesmen whose only stock in trade is a falsetto prayer and a trifling of broken promises," he voted for the pork.

Checkmate the Municipal Court Grab A new Municipal Court grab, involving approximately 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.

No one has ever contested the supremacy of France in the short story; yet the much-vaunted French writers, such as Flaubert and Gautier, acknowledged their indebtedness to Edgar Allan Poe. The short story has reached a more perfect form in America today than it ever has in France. We have not yet produced a Shakespeare, a Moliere or an Ibsen. Nevertheless, England, France, Germany and the other continental countries can boast of no living dramatist whom we may not hope to duplicate, if not surpass.

The adulterating imitation of Europe's middle-age art has brought about mediocrity in our own. Recently declared America's famous sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, "There is no reason why we in America should not produce an Angelo or a Da Vinci."

Let us have a declaration of independence in art.

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, former Mayor of Boston, said in an official message after his reelection in 1882:

If political parties put unscrupulous men to 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 combine themselves with leading citizens 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.

These words apply to all combinations for plunder in municipal, State or national politics. They point to the responsibility of every American citizen.

Doctor Brumbaugh is immune to epithets. A man with a feather in his cap usually has an eagle in his pocket.

Was the recent eclipse of the sun an English plot to deprive Germany of her well-known place therein?

The Mayor has done his duty in the matter of the Municipal Court grab. Councils will have another chance this afternoon.

There is no question about what Mr. Penrose stands for. The record shows that through his organization he has stood for anything.

Mr. Roosevelt says that Mr. Pinchot will not retire, but what does Mr. Roosevelt know about it? A man is not addicted to coffee if he has never been able to get a first cup.

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.

This war tax on gasoline is a direct blow at the poor, down-trodden automobile owner.

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 that 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, cobwebbed 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 purloiner, 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 poetry 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?"

"Not that I know of," responded the old man. "It's been a cow barn his all its life." Whereupon I beat a masterly retreat.

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 fibes 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 lampooning pleases me more than it hurts him."

So to the day of Heine's death, Rothschild had to endure.

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.

ROMANCE is a thing of the past. Our childhood dreams and fancies have been relegated into the scrapheap of materialism. The thrill of old is replaced by the certainty of knowledge. What is it all about? Oh, yes, Robinson Crusoe's isle has been connected with the rest of the world by wireless! Can you conceive it, Robinson signaling to Friday to come to his aid? Or some one far away punctuating the air with electric flashes to warn him that the savages were coming? Gone are the days of the buccaniers, the rovers of the sea!

Robinson Crusoe's isle has been annexed to the rest of the world!

BENEATH the great St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, which may yet be taken by the Russians, is a labyrinth of catacombs, nearly equal to that of Rome. For miles the subterranean passages twist and turn in Cimmerian darkness. When a very small boy was taken into the depths by his father, accompanied by a guide who carried a torch. Somehow or other, I went astray and wandered off. The reflected light of the torch showed skeletons of Capuchin monks, arrayed in the hooded vestments of their order, standing in silent, gruesome rows against the damp walls; horrors were multiplied in my childish brain.

"Papa!" I yelled, and the echoes sounded and resounded in quivering tones, dying away in ghostly whispers. And when I was safe with my dad, a moment later, I was the happiest youngster in all Europe.

WHEN William C. Reick was editorial manager of the New York Herald it was well-nigh impossible for any one from the outside world to see him. But Harold J. Little, an English newspaperman, accomplished the seemingly impossible, and here is told how he did it. He sent word into Mr. Reick that he had a story which he would tell only to him. Mr. Reick sent a reporter to see Little, who declined to reveal his story to any one save Mr. Reick. After a long wait he was taken into the august presence.

"Well, young man, what's your story?" asked Mr. Reick.

"It's a hard-luck story; I want a job," said Little, and then he was ushered out.

BRADFORD.

CURIOSITY SHOP It was John C. Calhoun, who in a speech delivered May 27, 1834, coined the phrase, "cohesive power of public plunder," saying:

"A power has risen up in the Government, greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks."

That other well-known phrase, "die in the last ditch," originated with William of Orange, who, on being asked by Buckingham whether he did not realize the inevitable ruin hanging over the Commonwealth, replied:

"There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin. I will die in the last ditch."

Dorr's rebellion took place in Rhode Island in 1838, the bone of contention being a de-

sired change in the old Constitution, which dated back to Charles II. Rival factions were formed—the "Suffrage" and the "Law and Order" parties. Each elected a set of State officials and each sought to gain control of the State Government. Thomas W. Dorr was chosen Governor by the Suffrage party and attempted to seize the Government, but was sentenced to imprisonment for life, being pardoned subsequently.

Cold slaw, a dish essentially American in its popularity, is said to have been invented by the early Dutch settlers, who called it kool-slaw.

John Bull's sister Peg is really Scotland—a word that is said to have originated in a quarrel in a parrot exposed to the north wind. In Arbutnot's satirical "History of Europe" she is represented as madly in love with Jack—John Calvin.

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 Jaroslaw, Rudapest and Creecy, Kaiser Wilhelm, General Pau— Drive me nearly crazy. But the worst is yet to come, Tasting rather pill-y, Reading like prescriptions all— "Take some Przymysl-y" } Choose your own "Take some Przymysl-y" } Spelling.

'Twouldn't 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 4,356,711 Germans were killed, 11,659,328 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 66 comprehensively wounded.

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

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

Heartburn, Probably From the Elkton 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 holler: "What does that waiter think I am? He charged me half a dollar!" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Domestic Discard "My husband used to call me his lovely lute. And now?" "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.

Altruism Teacher—Johnny, you have been writing your own excuses. Johnny—I know, mum; it takes all pa's time to think of his own.—New York Sun.

A Fall Time Singer Golden punkins gleamin' bright Yander in de patch. Never seed a purtier sight Laying in a batch. Trouble dia way's fraid to steer— "Come right in an' have a cheer."

Dixie Land's de land fo' me, No whar else Ise bou'. Possums roamin' roun' so free, Buff to make a darky grin. "Bring yo' folks an' coll' ag'in." —Jacksonville Times-Union.

Sign of the Times A Baptist Church in Paterson has spoken the last word in business administration of religion. "This is the sign erected in front of the edifice:

Love and Sunshine Company. Wholesale and Retail Christians; Distributors of Joy and Goodwill. In Essentials, Unity; in Non-Essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity. The Church with the Royal Welcome.

A Villainous Joke Who is the Villa of Europe? Which of the embattled emperors is the friend of the Euro-peon?

This is Too Punny We labored hard to pen a pun. An hour passed, and it was done; We nearly died of sheer surprise; We pinched ourself and rubbed our eyes; For, as we looked on it in pride— And, as we said, so nearly died. We found we'd made a double bit (Of wisdom, infamy or wit) For then we saw, and not till then, We'd penned a pun that punned a Penn.

A lot of fuss over a little thing, perhaps, but it occurred to us that William Penn looks rather inky compared to the rest of the City Hall tower.

One Bad Turn Brown (whose new cook is worse than the last)—It was you who recommended that new cook to my wife, wasn't it? Jones (with diffidence)—Yes, old man. Brown (ventilating his chest). I must ask you to come home to dinner with me tonight.—London Sketch.

A Prayer God of the warring nations, God of the warring princes, Hark to the pleas of women And bid the warfare cease! Hark to the prayers of children, And their small hands lifted up, And from the world forever Remove this bitter cup!

In years of peaceful living Thy swallows have forgotten The grief that follows carnage, And now their blood grown hot, They challenge each the other, And with no heeding for The necklaces of loved ones They clatter forth to war.

Oh, God, remove this madness, And make Thy servants sane! Remove the fields of carnage, Where wounded and where slain Are trampled to gory remnants! Our God, of the warring peace, Remove from men the madness And bid the warfare cease!

A wife stands all forsaken And peers into the storm, Above the smoke of battle She marks the vultures swarm. No loved one hears her pleading And to her succor brings no aid. Beside where she stands weeping A baby starves and dies.

God, lift the burden from them Who bear the burden most, God, touch the hearts of rulers! God, turn each warring host From ways that lead to slaughter Back to the ways of peace! God, hear the plaints of women And bid the warfare cease! —Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Houston Post.

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 fearlessly 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, or 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 for 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 215,778 tons of our best steam tonnage. The War Department absorbed, by charter and otherwise, 757,611 tons more. Of the remainder, to avoid war rates of insurance or destruction by Clyde-built cruisers, under the rebel flag, 801,311 tons sought refuge under the flag of England or other European bunting, while 104,895 tons were actually destroyed by the Alabama and other pirates.

"Or 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 1830 until the opening gun 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.

DURING 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 unrivalled 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."

IT MUST be remembered in reading that sentence from Roach's pamphlet that it was written less than ten years after the Civil War, when the wounds and prejudices of that strife had not yet been effaced; nevertheless, it is likely to make us feel a little more comfortable about seizing the present opportunity to get our flag on the sea again.

GRANVILLE.

THE IDEALIST

Did you ever tell a "white lie"? After you had told it, did you feel any less mean, small and disposed to creep snake-like into the nearest hole than when you had told a real substantial one?

It is curious how we grease our consciences in the "white lie" habit. I sat in a man's office when his messenger presented a visitor's card. After a quick glance he returned it to the boy with the trite instructions to "tell him I'm out."

This fellow forthwith established his reputation for wilful inaccuracies among two people, the boy and myself; perhaps in itself not a serious handicap to his standing, but just as a drop of aniline dye will tint a hoghead of water this man's lack of respect for pure truth will gradually permeate his entire environment. This is an inevitable law of gravitation is inevitable.

Doubtless the mental process is: "Well I don't want to see this visitor and I don't want to insult him by telling him so. Hence, I abstain from making him angry by leading him to believe I am not in my office."

Did you ever see a six in the company of its own kind and marrow. The thief

becomes a murderer; the drunkard becomes a liar; the liar becomes a coward. Benedict Arnold did the most convenient thing; it took too much courage to do the inconvenient thing. And that's exactly the situation with the teller of the "white lie."

VIEWS 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 efficient newspaper I find an article entitled, "British Diplomat Criticizes 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 he committed murder—the killing of Francisco I. Madero.

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

He must know that if Senator Carranza had not been a Republican 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—As a campaign is on in this Commonwealth which is being watched on both sides of the ocean and the breadth of our land. It is a fight to a finish between the discredited old machine and the forces which must prevail if the old Keystone State is to be lifted into the place it must occupy if we as Pennsylvanians are to stand erect as men worth while.

The issue is Penrose as the embodiment of practices which no 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 to the ballot box. When the EVENING LEDGER enlists in this campaign, aggressively opposing this blight on our nation's progress, it performs a noble and a great public duty and makes a contribution to the cause of good government second to none.

DAVID J. PEARSELL, 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. It is a great opportunity has now arisen for it and the EVENING LEDGER to continue this service, to the advantage of both State and nation. I refer to the opportunity of defeating Mr. Penrose for re-election to the United States Senate.

WILLIAM I. HULL, Swarthmore, Pa., September 14, 1914.

WESTMORELAND AGAINST PENROSE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—As an independent Republican, interested in raising the standard of a higher standard of citizenship, I am glad that you are opposing Penroseism. You deserve the gratitude of the good citizens of Pennsylvania. Our county was strongly opposed to Penrose's primary, and the sentiment against him continues to increase.

E. E. ZUCK, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 14, 1914.

PENROSEISM NOT REPUBLICANISM