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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1914.

A David Ready for Goliath

SENATOR PENROSE is a big man—a very Goliath. There is no doubt about that, and his bigness is not only physical. He is big with the potentiality and actuality of political and economic evil.

There was a time when Pennsylvania's voice rang through the nation. There was a time when the Republican party in this State, standing for economic truth and political decency, possessed at its head, in every crisis, an honored leader who could interpret properly and effectually the beliefs and the teachings of that party. That condition does not exist today.

Saddled by a master who is riding for a fall, who in blind selfishness is spurring madly and ruthlessly toward the stone wall of disaster, the party has one obvious means of escape.

Let it take the bit in its teeth. Let it win its head. Let it kick, and buck—and bolt if need be—until the Goliath is thrown. Then the course will be free and open.

Democrats Tear a "Scrap of Paper"

FROM Washington comes the interesting news that the Alexander bill, which proposes a Government controlled steamship line, is not having clear sailing and that the war tax bill is likely to run aground in the Senate. Democratic opposition to the shipping bill rises largely from recognition of the fact that a $30,000,000 appropriation on top of a $100,000,000 emergency tax is not likely to improve the party's chances at the polls.

Two years from now will come the real judging of the Wilson Administration. Political soothsayers have declared that the European war is a great blessing to the Democratic party, inasmuch as it will obscure the effects of tariff, currency and other legislation. But there is already one very clear issue which need not be confused by conditions arising out of the war, and that is the question of extravagance and wastefulness in appropriating and spending public money.

The Democratic platform called for drastic economy. The pledges made at Baltimore have not been kept.

Is a political platform a contract or "a mere scrap of paper"?

License of Diplomatic Guests

COURTESY has generally been regarded as one of the essential qualities of diplomacy. Despite the strained relations of European governments immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, diplomatic communications among them were marked by almost excessive courtesy, which was doubtless merely formal. The American and broader idea is that the first and highest function of diplomacy is the promotion of genuine good-will among nations. This conception was wonderfully exemplified in the work of John Hay.

It seems that Ambassador Bustemi Bey, Baron von Schoen and Sir Lionel Carden are not diplomatic in any true sense. Sir Lionel is not an accredited representative to this country, but he does bear the official credentials of the British Government. It has been suggested that President Wilson should not press his demand on Great Britain for an "explanation" of the Carden criticism, now that the Mexican pot is boiling over again, as Bill Ehrhed predicted. That prediction, however, is not what President Wilson and his American health object to.

From Genet to Citizen von Schoen and Bustemi Bey there have been too many so-called diplomats who have made the inexcusable mistake of taking for the United States as if American liberty meant license, even for guests. The more great offenders should be called that governmental and popular tolerance shown but extend to insult or to the attempt to stir up prejudices, enmities and hatreds.

Every City Has a "Big Stick"

IN TEN years, according to a report of the United States Census Bureau, the number of municipally owned public utility plants in this country has [illegible] fourfold [illegible]. As yet the movement for municipal ownership has scarcely passed beyond [illegible] though some cities have built and now operate plants which are operated on private enterprises.

The only question is how best to serve the public welfare. The arguments of private management at profit [illegible] are principally two, discussed in several roughly and on broader grounds of growth, [illegible]. The first of these is set up in the form of an obstructionist policy and often results in municipal ownership, the establishment of which is usually determined by local conditions. It is not any more important to a city to manage the power of whether and operating its transit system than to engage in the business of selling milk. But it is well that private companies should be reminded occasionally of the fact that this power can be exercised by the people when they are driven to it by the conviction that public and social interests are not being properly protected.

Good Will is Public Spirit

SCHILLER had for the whole human race a kindly feeling, which might almost be called interest. The history of statesmanship is not devoid of names which stand for utterly unselfish devotion to the public good. One of them is that of Sir Robert Peel, who broke with his party in 1846 and declared his sense of unfitness for the task of forming a "left centre" organization. John Bright, expressing to Charles Sumner his sorrow over the possibility of war between England and America and his intention to retire from public life if such an event should come to pass, was filled with a sense of brotherhood which left no room for personal or national narrowness. The creators of art, against bitter calumny, have worked in the service of mankind. "Art for art's sake" does not produce great art.

Our good will toward our fellowmen is public spirit. To search out the effects of our acts as citizens and voters is to prove ourselves public-spirited. Good will is made efficient by knowledge. "It is a home-bred right, a fireside privilege," said Daniel Webster, "to canvass the merits of measures and public men." But it is more than a right, more even than a privilege. It is a duty. We are all of us responsible for the acts of our public men.

Wanted: Fire Protection

FIRE—and rotten hose again! It is becoming an old story, a sickening, maddening story: fire that destroys property and rotten hose that bursts. Today, tomorrow, or some other time, it may be more than property that will be destroyed; it may be human life. Attention has been called often enough to the fact that a large part of the hose owned by the city is unfit for use. Something must be done immediately, not by and by. Councils have a way of financing land grabs with the public money. Couldn't it finance a little public safety?

Getting After the Coal Embargoes

NEW laws and regulations have not put an end to railroad rebates and discriminations. Even a college economist can testify to new ways of turning old tricks. By pro-rating spur-lines and half a dozen other means and methods all the essential practices of rebating are still possible. The Interstate Commerce Commission thinks it has spotted a new ruse. It is the so-called "embargo" placed by coal-carrying railroads on the fuel. Informal complaint alleges that they have been used to discriminate against certain shippers.

Though it is evident that coal-owning roads might be sorely tempted to such action, the truth of the matter is not yet at issue. The commission simply considers the charge serious enough to justify some action, and it has summoned representatives of all the roads affected to appear before it in January. If it finds evidence to support the complaints, nobody will applaud its enterprise more loudly than the consumer who will then be burning that steadily advancing fuel.

"Button, Button"

WHOLESALE grocers think that housewives have raised the price of sugar. Housewives, or those with enough ready money to buy a barrel at a time, blame it on the grocers. They saw the price rising and they laid in a supply. So nobody gets the blame for what seems an unjustifiable situation. It is the old story of no responsibility. Blame it on those venerable scapegoats, Supply and Demand, and let somebody pocket the profit. The ultimate consumer must look with envy on the citizens of those "war-ridden" countries where the food supply is under a responsible, if official, thumb.

Verbal Atrocities

THERE are atrocities and atrocities. One of them is a name like Kluck (we prefer the common or barnyard spelling). Half a dozen more are the "sweezes" such a cognomen draws from the professional humorists. A man has a right to any name he likes, or any his great-great-grandparents chose for him. But that privilege entails duties. He should not thrust himself recklessly into public view if the result is going to be such remarks as "Kluck counts his chickens before they're hatched," or allusions to his battle-cry as "Lay on!" The only alternative to changing his name or retiring from the army is to copyright the word and prosecute any breach of the peace, such as "General Kluck's right wing smashed." The horrors of war are bad enough without verbal carnage.

War Is Gethsemane

IN explaining why Christians go to war it should be understood that when the command is given to fight a man's faith counts for nothing. He must answer the call. Christianity is not discounted by the European war, any more than the multiplication table is destroyed by shooting it full of holes. Truth is eternal. Man is still imperfect.

The world is passing through the throes of evolution. Civilization does not move in a straight line. European political ideals are, for the time, predominating over the Christian ideals of the 20th century. The conflict will result in a new enthusiasm for those moral forces which are the leaven working slowly in modern life. There is a comfortable optimism in the conviction that good things work together for good to them that believe them. The end of the world is not yet, and the path of progress leads through the Garden of Gethsemane.

As a man of experience, Villa distrusts the military politician.

New York's primary purpose was evidently not the defeat of Tammany.

"Penrose, at Pittsburgh, says voters are aroused."—Fatal confession.

Pretty soon we shall be well enough acquainted with fall to call it autumn.

And now nine out of twelve Kentucky counties join Virginia in weeding out the mint.

"Jimmy" Bennett reports a German army telephone in a flower bed. But perhaps it is only one of his flowers of speech.

If Congress wants to win the praise of a grateful public, it might place a tax on war poetry.

Adding up the total of the daily retreats of the Germans, it is clear that by now they have just about reached the Pacific coast.

About this time let us recall that the Braves once went by the tail-end title of the Doves. What's in a name?

As a good many suspected, it took John Masefield to write "the" English war poem—and it is more poem than war.

Vance McCormick doubtless considers he has advanced a bit, but the enemy, firmly intrenched, doesn't seem to mind it.

President Wilson requests that American neutrality be preserved, but any housewife can tell him that with sugar selling at war-time prices it's difficult to preserve anything these days.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

FOR ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Pennsylvania machine politician is the veriest tyro compared to his Texan prototype, if reports from Delhi in the Lone Star State be correct. According to advices received in a letter, Mayor Walker, who is a candidate for re-election, addressed a town meeting the other evening in the Op'ry House. At the end of an eloquent and lengthy speech, he played his trump card by passing interstate cigars to the men. Here he it explained that interstate cigars are of the kind which, when smoked in Texas, are smelled as far North as West Virginia, the wind holding right, as they say at sea. To double cap the climax, as it were, he passed chocolate candy to the women in the audience. Then the trouble began.

"Dey's pepper in dis candy," howled a woman. Just then one of the gift cigars exploded with the "dull, sickening thud" of which cub reporters write so eloquently. Then another popped, and soon there was a fusillade akin to the battle on the Marne. The Mayor, aghast at first, spotted an enemy in the audience and seized him as perpetrator of the outrage. The constable sought to arrest the conspirator, and soon there was as nice and pleasant a fight as ever enlivened a political meeting. The letter vouchsafing all this information winds up:

"There is much indignation here."

THAT unreasonable panic seizes even the bravest is borne out by brief dispatches from the war, which somehow or other have passed the censor. It is related that one of the French army corps, possessed by some psychologic fear, on a wholesale scale, bolted, causing a retreat of the French army from Alsace. But the strangest fear that ever seized a body of armed men was in the war of 1866 between Prussia and the German States. A regiment of Bavarian cavalry had been retreating before onpressing Prussians for days—harassed and hammered at incessantly. At last the Bavarians found refuge in a dense copse of trees, where they rested their weary horses. Suddenly a shot rang out; then another.

"The Prussians!" came a cry and the Bavarians bolted at top speed, never stopping for ten miles, the while two poachers gathered in the rabbits they had shot.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago A. H. Raynolds, of Denver, a banker of that city, cashed vouchers amounting to $2290 for a contractor doing business with the United States. The banker obtained the necessary proofs and submitted them to the Department of the Interior, where they lay for four years without action. Since then Congresses have come and gone; statesmen big and little have espoused Mr. Raynolds' cause; Senators and Representatives have worked in his behalf and the claim is still unpaid.

A week ago the attention of Joseph P. Tumulty, private secretary to the President, was called to the matter, and he interested himself to such an extent that Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who has the claim under jurisdiction, took prompt action. But he was as unable to pay the claim as were his predecessors, for under the law it will require an act of Congress to reimburse Mr. Raynolds for money legally due him. So the matter rests once more.

All of which reflects little credit on the business methods of the United States.

GENERAL RENNENKAMPF, who, although of German ancestry, is fighting for the Czar, is inordinately proud of his huge mustachios, which divide his face into two distinct entities. Once, during the Manchurian campaign, an American photographer named Rogers pursued him across the steppes until he overtook the Cossack commander at Tchita. He explained his quest to the general and soon the entire corps was ready to parade before the camera man.

"Now, my friend," thundered Rennenkampf, as he gave the "forward march" order to his men, "take all our faces and don't forget my mustache."

And every officer saluted the American as though he had been a king personified.

THE man who gives out carriage checks at one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia is inclined to be absent-minded. Whether it is love or financial worry that causes this state is not known, but it was productive of trouble for him a few nights ago. Mechanically he gave out checks. Mechanically the chauffeurs and drivers took the slips and tucked them in their pockets. Suddenly one of the drivers came back.

"Say, boss," he asked, "what's this for?"

"That's to get your fare when he's through eating."

"Eat!" exclaimed the driver. "He'll get darned little to eat from my wagon. I drive a garbage cart."

THE Bryn Mawr horse show recalls a similar event in New York held some years ago. The cream of American show horses were entered. Society flocked to Madison Square Garden as never before.

Down in the old Jefferson Market Courthouse, Sixth avenue and Ninth street, on the top floor, is the office of a paper box manufacturer with a keen sense of practical humor. So it was not surprising that he should take advantage of the horse show to play a trick on worldly-wise New York. First of all, he bought a discarded car horse, one that had drawn a Chambers street ark for some twenty-odd years. Then he sent it to his stable to be fattened up. Next he groomed it for the show by feeding it oats, interspersed with ginger, slicked its coat with crude oil, tied a beautiful blue ribbon to its tail, which had been lengthened with artificial hair, and then entered it as Pulldecar Orphan, by Metropolitan (the name of the street car line which had once owned the animal), out of Bells.

And that horse, ridden by Brian G. Hughes' daughter, won third prize.

BRADFORD.

CURIOSITY SHOP

A Sabbath day's journey was estimated at 7½ furlongs, or 1650 yards. The Rabbins fixed it at 2000 cubits, or 1050 yards. Josephus says that the Mount of Olives was five stadia, or 625 paces, from Jerusalem, which would make the allowable Sabbath day's journey about 1050 yards.

The Hindu system of mythology has a hell so comprehensive that its nethermost realms have never been measured or even described. Naraka is the generic name. The Purana gives 28 divisions of Naraka, besides which, we are told, "there are hundreds and thousands of others in which sinners pay the penalty of their crimes."

The Lover's Leap, to which Byron refers in "Don Juan," is in reality Leucadia's rock, a promontory on the southern extremity of the island of Leucus in the Ionian Sea. Sappho, the poetess, is said to have leaped into the sea from this rock hoping [illegible] quited love. At the annual festival of Apollo a criminal was hurled from the rock. Various living birds were fastened to him to break his fall, and if he survived, freedom was his.

Colonel Blood, a disreputable and cast-off member of Cromwell's party, seized the Duke of Ormond's coach on December 6, 1670 and carried the Duke to Tyburn to hang him. The Duke escaped through the aid of friends. On May 9 of the following year Blood tried to steal the crown jewels from the Tower. For neither of these offenses was he punished.

There is more than one "City of Palaces"—Rome, which was converted from a city of brick huts into a "city of palaces" by Agrippa; modern Paris; Calcutta, with its splendid European residences. Edinburgh is sometimes given the title.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

The Knock Subtle.

A certain man makes hats and in them advertises as follows: "New York and big cities."

Yes, Who?

We do not like McGraw to win,
And yet his losing makes us sigh;
Just think of what we'll miss this year
In alibi?

When Connie's demons get to work
And one by one the foemen die,
Who'll take the place of Mathewson
To tell us why?

And Matty's famous yearly song,
This year for Boston who shall sing,
To tell the pitchers how to foil
F. Baker's swing?

Easy Money

Three minor political workers whose party lost an election found it necessary to do something to keep the wolf away and applied to the boss. He got them work as conductors on the local trolley line.

Some weeks later one of the three happened into the car barn after his run and found his two pals dancing about in high glee.

"Whassa matter?" he asked.

"Tomorrow's payday," chorused his friends.

"Payday—holy smoke, do we get that, too?"

A Kindred Feeling

Fighting aboard ship nowadays, with attacks from beneath the sea and from above the clouds, is very much like going through a graveyard at night—you're apt just to feel that something's going to grab you from behind.

The Higher Explanation

"Father, what is this 'higher criticism' I read so much about?"

"It is a method by which a man convinces himself of the falsity of something which he knows is not true."

Our Position is Impregnable.

Say that our jokes are shy of point
And our verse is lame and halt:
Spot, if you will, and show the world
Our every slip and fault.
Rant at our stuff in sheer disgust,
E'en to the smallest wheeze;
Poke it as full of gaping holes
As an ancient Schweitzer cheese.
Roast, if you must, but play us fair
And herald it near and far,
From the ice-bound shores of the Arctic Sea
To the glades of Zanzibar;
That we, alone of a horde of bards,
Hold not a line in store,
Nor have we written a single line
Of verse about the war.

Quite Damp

Hokus—I never knew such a wet blanket as Flubdub.

Pokus—That's right. If that fellow should jump from the frying-pan into the fire he would put the fire out.—Life.

Of Course

Barney Phelan, Father Healey's servant, was celebrated for his ready wit. One day, while he was serving a dinner, one of the guests said to him: "Barney, why is my ankle placed between my calf and my foot?" "Begorra, I dunno," replied Barney; "unless it is to keep your calf from eatin' your corn."—Boston Transcript.

The Impossible

War has been able to do everything except push the pretty girl from the front cover of the popular magazine.—Chicago Herald.

Health Hint

Never sing the "Marseillaise" at a German picnic.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Cubist Poem

(Composed by Celesta Leona Goble, of Pepperstown, Ind.)

A year ago, on Labor Day, (Sept. 7, 1913),
there came an awful whack,
A thousand fiery thunderbolts nearly scooted
the barn off the track;
The lightning a board off sent, part of it in
the sorghum patch—
If the lightning burned the barn down, we
would have to dig and scratch.

The lightning hit the top and ran to the
ground;
I think that barn must be sound.
Mrs. Goble and her daughter were the only
ones at home,
The absent one had just started in the good
old road to roam;

The absent one had gone to see her old
friend, Blanche Medd.
When she heard that loud clap of thunder
and wondered if the lightning struck my
old cat Ted.
The Lord kept the barn from burning—
He kept the barn from burning because He
loves us so.

—Harrison News.

A Natural Query

The Flirt—Oh dear, what a lot of people will be unhappy when I get married!

The Other—Why, how many are you marrying?—Exchange.

What's in a Name

It must be difficult to find a prouder man than Grant B. Peacock, the Princeton golfer who beat Champion Ouimet 2 up and 1 to play at Greenwich.—New York Sun.

ON SOME HUMAN BONES

(Found on a Headland in the Bay of Panama.)

Vague Mystery hangs on all these desert places;
The fear which hath no name hath wrought
a spell;
Strength, courage, wrath, have been and left
no traces;
They came, and fled; but whither? Who can
tell?

We know but that they were—that once, in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man,
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and
bays,
And perished where these river waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty
tomb
Whose granite might endure the century's
rain,
Cold winter, and the sharp night winds, that
doom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 'tis said, their proud, unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore;
Yet naught beside the rocks and worn sea-stones
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar.

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died,
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame
Because he made his tomb a place of pride,
And there the dead Meteila earned a name.

But these—they vanished as the lightnings die,
Their mischiefs over, in the affrighted earth;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky
What heroes perished here, nor whence their
birth.

—[illegible] Poetry in the Springfield Republican.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

MANY of the big events in the world's history come to America first from an unexpected quarter and in an irresponsible, mysterious manner. I recall that a week before we received the official account of the result of Dewey's battle in Manila Bay, a brief dispatch came from Paris to the effect that the battle had been fought and the American fleet had not lost a single vessel. The astonishing character of the information made most people loath to believe it until a week later, when the regular dispatches from correspondents verified the fact.

How did Paris receive the first word? It has always been suspected that it got it from Spain before Dewey could cut the cable. And this appears to be the only reasonable theory.

THE first report that the Treaty of Ghent had been completed and peace established with Great Britain reached Philadelphia in a most mysterious manner and fully a week before Washington had official advices. As we expect to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the conclusion of the peace of Ghent this year, this little known story may be of interest now.

The treaty was signed on Christmas Eve, 1814, but sailing vessels did not cross the Atlantic in those days with the speed of modern ocean liners, and there was neither cable nor wireless to transmit the news. However, early in the year 1815 a mysterious stranger called upon President Madison at Washington one evening and brought him the news.

That night this same mysterious stranger sent a letter to John Binns, who published the Democratic Press in this city, giving him the same news. Probably no modern newspaper owner would have done what Binns did. Any newspaper receiving such important news today would instantly get out an extra edition, for the whole country was waiting patiently for word that peace had been concluded.

BUT Binns, not knowing from whom the news came, and fearing that it was a rumor intended to influence prices of cotton, rice and other home products, hesitated. The letter, which was anonymous, reached the editor one morning. He read it and then meditated upon his next step. He feared that the information was so important that it would be risky to consult any person as to his next step. He had visions of a speculator booming the prices of some home products or causing a fall in the prices of those imports such as tea, sugar, coffee and other goods which had been laid away in large quantities by some of our long-headed merchants.

No person in Philadelphia had received even a suggestion of the news. Binns made it his business to mix among men likely to have heard such a report, but no one approached him with rumors of that kind. Late in the afternoon, however, he sent the letter to the Merchants' Coffee House, and had it placed in the coffee house books, with his name as authority. In no time the whole water front was busy getting ships in readiness to send them to the South for cotton and rice. The merchants were readier to accept the news than was Binns. He printed the news in his paper the next day.

PRESIDENT MADISON received the news in the same manner and spirit. One evening a person, not known in Washington, presented himself at the President's House. He was met by Madison's private secretary, Edward Coles, afterward the second Governor of Illinois, who listened to the stranger's story. The private secretary asked the stranger to remain seated until he carried his message to the President. The latter was much surprised at both the information and the method by which it was brought to him, and then told Coles to admit to him the mysterious courier. Madison wanted to have a look at the man, and to determine if he was worthy of belief. He also called to his aid the Postmaster General, R. J. Meigs, and the two questioned the stranger closely.

After a long conversation, the President seemed satisfied, yet no information on the subject came from the President's House until the confirming official dispatch arrived some days later, by which time the news had already penetrated through a large part of the country.

BINNS, who relates the incident in his recollections, declared that he never was able to learn the identity of his mysterious letter writer, whom he believed to have been the same person who called upon President Madison that evening in the winter of 1815.

In view of how the news of the peace of Ghent was first given to the American public through the agency of a Philadelphia newspaper, Dame Rumor may not be so faithless a jade. While it is a good plan to be wary of tales of a surprising character, it does not necessarily follow that all rumors are untrue, no matter how extraordinary they may appear. Big news does not always come first from the fountain head.

GRANVILLE.

The Ethics of Sniping

From the Boston Transcript.

"Sniping" is a comparatively recent addition to the red lexicon of war. Originally or on its first appearance it signified shooting from ambush or at a great distance. A soldier under this definition might be a sniper. The current definition, however, applies only to civilians who take part in fighting and are therefore not eligible to the consideration accorded to those who fight in uniform as members of a recognized military organization. Though the word may be now the action it describes is very old. Sniping can be traced far back in history. It existed when organized armies were few and very small, and by the commanders of old times was regarded as simply one of the risks of war. Snipers were not worse than any other fighters in the era before the war became a profession apart. The defenders of Jerusalem against the Roman legions were almost without exception in the category of snipers. The men and women who manned the walls of Saragossa to reinforce its scanty garrison subjected themselves to the lex talionis.

THE IDEALIST

Can you "think on your feet"? By which I do not necessarily mean, Can you stand up and make a speech, without previous notification, on any given subject? Those that excel in the art of quickly thinking out a situation and putting it in a systematic order of presentation do not always come within that class we term "extemporaneous speakers."

A man can handle a situation with marked skill and precision, can convince those within sight or hearing of the wisdom of his attitude without saying a word.

One day a high official of the police department came tearing down one of our principal streets in a carriage. At an intersecting street his horse grew unruly. Just at the moment a trolley car passed and in the confusion the motorman attempted to run his car out of the horse's course. He figured wrong, for instead he caused the car to give the carriage a substantial jolt.

According to precedent, the policeman on the corner, under the patronage of his superior in the carriage, should have forthwith hurled strong verbal hot-shot at the motorman. But he did nothing of the sort.

He took the horse by the bridle, turned his head around in the right direction and started him off. Then he waved to the motorman to proceed down the street. And he had not spoken a word.

You see the point. "Thinking on your feet" is really a matter of keeping your head in the midst of excitement. It isn't spoken words that are essential. It is the thoughts and actions that a calm, cool poise prompts in you.

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:

Sir—As a newcomer to Philadelphia, I want to express my satisfaction with a novel feature of your city, its one-way street car lines. At first they may be a little hard to learn, though the straight streets and right angled corners greatly simplify the matter. But the singular value of your arrangement of routes seems to be the way it facilitates traffic. The cars move much more swiftly and with far less danger to pedestrians and vehicles than in any American city I know of. In this respect, at least, Philadelphia is neither "slow" nor "dead." L. P.

Philadelphia, September 29, 1914.

ANY PROFIT IN "BUYING A BALE"?

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I wish some Southern reader of the EVENING LEDGER would be good enough to explain how the purchaser of a bale of cotton is going to profit, or even how he is going to "break even?" I hear it said that he can keep the cotton in storage and sell it at an advance next year. But by that time, it seems to me, another new crop is going to drive the price down instead of up. Am I right? And if I am right, why not call the "buy-a-bale" movement a legitimate charity and not try to make people think it is a profitable philanthropy? H. L. HUSKINS.

Philadelphia, September 28, 1914.

JUSTICE FOR VILLA

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am glad to see the entire fairness with which you treat Francisco Villa. Other papers label him on every occasion with all possible derivatives of "thief," and "bandit," while you inquire only into the sincerity with which he backs what seem excellent principles. Certainly Mexico will never be at peace so long as an officer of the army is in the saddle. Villa knows that, and he is trying to eliminate all soldiers, himself as much as Carranza. In such a work he should have the sympathy of every American. C. K. H.

Camden, September 28, 1914.

SARCASTIC IN REGARD TO PENROSE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am heart and soul for Boies Penrose. Senator Penrose is a gentleman sui generis. He is a professional office-seeker, and a professional is always more competent than an amateur.

You abuse the Senator for adhering to the machine. But this is the day of machinery. Why, in some States they have voting machines. I understand that in this State the machine has done the voting whenever necessary, but this may not be true after all.

THEOPHRASTUS CLUTTERBUCK.

Philadelphia, September 25, 1914.

A NEW COLLEGE DEGREE FOR PENROSE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The colleges give honorary degrees each spring. If a few more men like Penrose (Harvard, '81) develop his failings, their alma maters will have to join us in administering the sort of dishonorary degrees that the State of Pennsylvania is going to bestow on Penrose and his crowd this fall. ALBERT WELT.

Philadelphia, September 29, 1914.

Ferocious Pacificists

From the Springfield Republican.

It is strange to find some of the fiercest advocates of a fight "to the finish" among the advocates of peace, yet the reason is simple enough. When an English exponent of pacificism is found demanding that Germany must be crushed, and its Emperor, perhaps, sent to St. Helena, what seems like vindictiveness he explains as really due to a desire for peace. This must be the last war. To make sure of it Europe must destroy militarism, and to destroy militarism it is necessary to destroy Germany. It is simple logic, as simple as that of Torquemada, and those who apply it do not think of themselves as inhuman, or recognize their likeness to the ferocious Cato the censor, with his Carthaginem esse delendam.

Banning a Bane

From the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

School is on in the big cities of the East. And "war" in school has been tabooed. In Philadelphia the acting superintendent of the schools, Doctor Brumbaugh being busy on the hustings, has banned all war discussions, all geographical studies pertaining to the battle lines and all narratives of thrilling experiences had by teachers before their flight as refugees. This is sound procedure.

Playing Both Ends

From the Springfield Union.

The Krupps have contributed 1,000,000 marks to the Red Cross fund, but their contributions in cannon and the ammunition that provide work for the Red Cross run up into the hundreds of millions of marks.

Model Malthusianism

From the New York world.

How Malthus would have delighted in this war, cheery old soul!

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

It is to be hoped that it is not too late for the Mexican factions to get together and prevent a fresh carnival of blood.—New Orleans State.

The most intelligible complaint of the German sympathizers in this country is that our newspapers print too much war news obtained from English and French sources.—New York Times.

No sensible or fair-minded person wants to have the railroads oppressed and crippled merely because some railroad directors have been remiss or unfaithful and some railroad presidents have been overambitious.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

When Congress meets next winter, it should make a careful effort to revise the patent laws. Our present patent system has become an aid to trusts, both foreign and domestic, a check to inventors, and a marvelous promoter of lawsuits.—Chicago Journal.

Secretary McAdoo is acting most commendably in beginning a movement for bringing to time national banks which may be piling up unnecessary reserves in their vaults while refusing legitimate requests for loans or which may be taking advantage of prevailing conditions to charge excessive interest rates.—Los Angeles Express.

Unlike John W. Griggs, counsel for the Marconi Wireless Company, President Wilson never was a Mark Hanna Attorney General of the United States, but he happens to be Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and his interpretation of the law bearing upon radio communication with belligerents is likely to prevail.—New York World.

Minister Pezet, of Peru, believes not only that lack of good American salesmanship in South America is the principal cause of our failure to compete successfully with Europe in the past, but that, unless we improve our salesmanship, even the European war will not enable us to get and keep South American trade.—Charleston News and Courier.