

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY. CHAS. W. OCHO, Secretary; John C. Martin, Treasurer; Charles H. Lindington, Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors.

new, some old, with cracking varnish and intertwined with the memories of old loves and old sorrows; all that the "kiddier" of England, the "kinder" of Germany and "les enfants" of France and Belgium may feel on the holiday of holidays, a title of Philadelphia's proverbially sympathetic spirit, and find Christmas, "Weinachten," or "Noel," brighter, and with some cheer, even midst the horrors of war.

One ship came upon a journey to confer pleasure through trade. The other goes on the hofter mission of giving happiness freely to wondering, stricken childhood. "For it is more blessed to give than to receive."

President McKinley borrowed Doctor Brumbaugh from the University of Pennsylvania to organize an educational system in Porto Rico. McKinley had to "borrow" him because the University could not dispense with his services as a professor.

President Roosevelt telegraphed to Doctor Brumbaugh to stay and continue his great creative and administrative work in Porto Rico. It was impossible for Brumbaugh to remain, even though President Roosevelt asked him to do so in the name of the Federal Government. His time was up and he must return to the University.

Louisiana borrowed Doctor Brumbaugh to organize the institutes of that State, and thus standardize education in the South. When the task was accomplished, although Louisiana wanted him to remain, he must perforce turn his face again toward Pennsylvania—the Commonwealth wherein his ancestors had done pioneer work. In which he was born and which he knew and loved with a true patriot's devotion.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania now wishes to borrow Doctor Brumbaugh for the herculean work of wresting the State government from machine control and booze tyranny. Philadelphia will lend him in spite of the fact that he is the best public school superintendent in America. He will succeed in Harrisburg as he succeeded in Louisiana, Porto Rico and Philadelphia.

Transit for North Philadelphia BOSTON'S 710,000 people are served by 20 miles of elevated and subway railroad. North Philadelphia's population of 117,000 is provided with surface service only.

The North Broad street subway would save passengers more than four and one-half million hours annually, or \$689,000 in time alone.

Through the abolition of exchange tickets it would save them \$372,000 a year.

The increase in property values would equal the entire cost of the undertaking.

Thirty annual installments of \$2,340,000 each would pay the gross cost of the undertaking—interest, principal and everything. At the end of that time the city would own absolutely, without incumbrance of any kind, this great public utility.

North Philadelphia is not in the mood to put up with unwarranted delay in the achievement of Director Taylor's plans.

Slavery DON'T see how I can avoid it," said a clubman, churchman and father of a family, when a friend mentioned Penrose. "That is exactly what the slaves said when Cleopatra ordered them to take the poison," was the reply.

Justice in the United States Senate THERE is little doubt in the minds of the well informed as to the ultimate fate of Penrose even if Pennsylvania on the face of the returns is stupid enough to elect him. The United States Senate is the court of last resort of the nation. It can impeach and remove even Justices of the Federal Supreme Court.

Moreover, there is nothing technical or carping or pettifogging about the manner in which the Senate administers justice. In the cases of both Lorimer and Archbald there was no disposition to restrict the testimony submitted, and in each case the verdict was based rather on equity than upon a strict and formal construction of the law.

If Pennsylvania transfers the Penrose case to the Senate, it will be considered in its entirety. There will be no withholding of evidence on merely technical grounds. Everything pertaining to the eligibility of Penrose to take his seat will be given full consideration, and when his political career, methods, alliances and intrigues are exposed to the merciless light of the highest chamber in the land only one verdict will seem possible.

Another Victory of Peace THE war-gutted cables at last bring word of something besides slaughter. Indeed, the message is the very antithesis of all we now hear of man's achievements in Europe. It is news of one of the victories of peace. It signals the drawing of two peoples closer together. Love and commerce, pleasure and health, all must rejoice in the news that another tunnel has pierced the great hulk of the Alps, uniting France with Switzerland.

And the cost of the three years of uninterrupted work that forged this new link in human intercourse was hardly a tenth of the money eaten up by every day of battle.

The Glass House Cure TO CELEBRATE its three hundredth anniversary—and about three hundred years late at that—New York has decided to introduce glass working quarters for some of its officials.

There are possibilities in this. It might be extended almost indefinitely. To start with, glass walls for ward rooms; then crystal partitions in all the gang's City Hall offices. Transparent safe deposit boxes for New Haven directors. Or why not do the job up brown with glass foreheads on all our politicians?

This sort of glass house would stop a lot of things besides indiscriminate exercise with paving material.

"Decency First" in politics, safety next. "Local Option, Good Roads and a Clean State" is a platform with neither knotholes nor loopholes.

A Fauchó by any other name, even Doroteo Arango, would shell as neat—and Carranza knows it.

"Made in America" feeds to raise money for war victims in good philanthropy and good business, but Europe is likely to be much more interested in the peace that is ultimately going to be "Made in America."

A broken sky and a slightly tempered thermometer greeted early risers today. The joy of rising late, however, brought lowering clouds and nothing to boast of in the way of warmth.

CAPITAL GOSSIP

Echoes from a Meeting of the Greatest Organized Body of Lawyers in the World: Hampton L. Carson's Remarkable Speech—Law Rule Better Than Mob Rule. Thoughts on Tree Planting.

Special Washington Correspondence. company rose to their feet and, with napkins in the air and cheering that must have attracted the attention of men in the street 10 stories below, paid him deserved tribute.

NEXT to that of the Chief Justice, the speech of the occasion was that of Mr. Carson. He never did better in his life, and will never do better live he as long as Methusalem and speak he at all the dinners that will be given to him. His tribute to the Supreme Court was superb, his impromptu to the women—hundreds of whom, the wives and daughters of the members of the association, occupied seats on the floor among the diners, but, naturally, after the men had eaten all the dinner—would have made him the best man at any supper meeting; but the special thing that he said was his comment upon what President Wilson had said in his address of welcome to the Bar Association at its first meeting on Tuesday.

In his speech, one of the most happily expressed of his many public utterances, the President said that "in this time of world change, in this time when we are going to find out just how, in what particulars and to what extent the real facts of human life and the real moral judgments of mankind prevail, it is worth while looking inside our municipal law and seeing whether the judgments of the law are made square with the moral judgments of mankind." The President further said that "the opinion of the world is the mistress of the world," and that "what we should be watchful of is not so much jealous interests as sound principles of action."

There is in comment upon what the President said that Mr. Carson scored his most effective point when he spoke as follows: "There is a matter of consequence which has arisen within the last two days which calls for the gravest consideration. The President of the United States in his address of welcome to this association—an address which was one of the most perfect examples of conversational oratory that I have ever heard—suggested, in words fit for the delectation of the Saints, that the Judges should extract from the atmosphere about them a subtle something, a natural equity, a roving sense of justice, and breathe it into their decisions. So far as the thought implies a lofty purpose to promote justice and prevent the perpetration of wrongs, either public or private, the Courts and the Bar will heartily respond, and the history of the Courts is the best vindication of the doctrine; but if it implies that the Judges are at liberty to disregard fixed principles and substitute an undefined and intangible popular apprehension of what a decision ought to be, which will vary with the sensitiveness of each individual Judge, then the doctrine is fraught with peril.

"It is not judicially safe that the Constitution should be so inflated as to act like a balloon driven hither and thither by every gust and wind of doctrine, and care should be exercised against the escape of noxious vapors that might suffocate those restraints and limitations of power which the people have ordained for their own protection against themselves."

THE President declared that it was not his purpose to "impeach the law"; but his speech, otherwise than as Mr. Carson interpreted it, would have been so regarded by many mischievous persons of political ambition who are constantly seeking to do this very thing and who would rejoice in making the President one of their sort. During the whole of last week on the bulletin board of a church in 14th street there stared at the people as they passed and repassed these words: "If we had more justice, we should need less charity." That was epigrammatic, but it was awfully foolish; just the sort of thing that would appeal to the lawless disposition of the mob; the sort of thing that would unsettle the foundations and make so-called public opinion take the place of well-ordered law. RANDALL.

It has been commonly said for many years that the walls of Philadelphia, Turkey, are made of human bones. This superstition is due to the nature of the stones, which are full of pores and very light, not unlike human bones.

The word "lobster" as applied to a human being dates back to 1641, when Sir William Waller, according to local history, "received from London a fresh regiment of 500 horses under the command of Sir Arthur Haslerig, which were so prodigiously armed that they were called by the king's party 'regiment of lobsters' because of their bright iron shells."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was the first to call Boston "The Hub of the Universe." In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" he says: "Boston is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the fire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar."

The phrase, "God bless you," uttered when a person sneezes, was frequently heard in Rome during a plague in the time of Pope Pelagius II, the victims of which sneezed themselves to death.

Shakespeare is responsible for the phrase "sailed days," the days of green youth, while the blood is still cool. It occurs in "Antony and Cleopatra." My salad days! When I was green in judgment, cold in blood."

"The Fury of Antwerp" is descriptive of an event of 1576, when the Spaniards murdered 6000 inhabitants without cause and destroyed more than 1000 buildings.

THE SULTAN'S VISION The Sultan smiled in the rose ink, "If it was, as it must be, sooner or later? That the Christians armed themselves for the fray. Marched their hosts to go forth and slay— Ah, that I might live to see the day! For great hosts of the God of the Christians he, Allah is greater."

"Knowledge and power the Christians have, And I'd is taught to the Christian's treasure; But brotherhood to teach save envy and greed, And Allah is lord of the sword, Akbar! And the cross must fall when the scimitar is once again of the prophet's law The only measure."

"While they fly like doves at each other's throat, Teuton and Frank, and Russ, and Angio, Sworn brothers there be in their simple creed; But brothers to teach save envy and greed, How will their symbol serve their need? And Allah is mighty in Asia still, And mightier as they wrangle."

The Sultan smiled in the cool setting, While Asia's burning sun was sinking Over the gray Marmora sea. As he thought of the power again he had With the mighty hosts of Islam free— All patiently waiting the Caliph's nod, And unforgetting.

—Hannibal in Rochester Post-Express.

SCRAPPLE

Rank Carelessness "Good morning," said the trusting purchaser to the president of the seashore lot, on easy-payment camp. "Have you laid out any more streets on the property?" "No," said the president, absently. "I'm frozen over."

A Wooden Joke "They're not on speaking terms?" "No," he asked her what to use for his hair and she told him furure polish.

"How is it?" asked the cub reporter, "that all editors talk to themselves?" "Habit," said the office grouch, "due to calling copy boys."

Omars on the Coal Situation The costly coal men break their backs upon Turin ashes in the furnace, and anon, "Ere yet the bill for it is nearly paid, Heating a little hour or two, is gone."

I sometimes think that never burns so bright The coal as when the South wind blows at night. Or sun rays make the atmosphere so warm That there's no need to keep the stove alight.

Sufficient "Why do you say you know the man's politics if you have never met him?" "I know his wife's."

The Old-Timer's Lament I have sighed for the days of the "tan-twenty-third" When I was a gallery god. When the villain was dark and the heroine pert. And the first act treated the hero like dirt. When I was a gallery god.

Chorus. When I was a gallery god, When I was a gallery god. I didn't know Dana. From C. Dana Gibson. When I was a gallery god.

I hissed and I clapped and I drank ginger ale. When I was a gallery god. The buzz-bow came close to the heroine's trail. And she wasn't a scene that was old or stale. When I was a gallery god.

Chorus. When I was a gallery god, When I was a gallery god. Our own Omen Day. When I was a gallery god.

The irate father cried, "Darken no more, The innocent creature went out of the door, But virtue would win at the end of act 4. When I was a gallery god.

Chorus. When I was a gallery god, When I was a gallery god. Old Chinatown Charley. With dopers held parley. When I was a gallery god.

Inside Stuff Possibly you noticed that a quarter-column article in the EVENING LEDGER concerning corymbus maderis mentioned "the succulent bivalve." A jewel of a reporter.

Hard on the Simian "I wonder if it's really true that man descended from the ape?" inquired the sweet young thing. "Descended, yes," snapped the spinster, "and even that is a terrible arraignment of the ape."

Hoyle Revised If the Allies are defeated in the war, won't it be the first time that a pair of kings beat a full house?

General Remarks Said C. J. Caesar to General French: "You cannot make me despondent; You're better in field and better in trench, But I was my sole correspondent."

Said General French to C. J. Caesar: "We've both done our bit in Gaul. And I take a leaf from your book, old top. The Belgians are bravest of all."

Uncensored Dispatches And speaking, as who shouldn't be, of the war, it means that the Germans cling to the old-style game with close formations, while the Allies are all for the open game.

Strictly Neutral We wouldn't like to say that Rex Lyon is positively lazy, but he always makes one of his kids stand around the board and move his "men" when he is playing checkers—Harrisburg, Ill., Register.

Thoughtful Addition "Yes," acknowledged the counterfeiter to his bosom friend, "I am making all kinds of money." Then he added, as an afterthought, "Except, of course, good money."

What They Missed Botticelli and Cellini Never ate a German wienie. Anthony and Cleopatra Never visited Sumatra. Solomon and Mrs. Grundy Never smoked a pipe on Sunday.

International Football "Indians Beat Germans"—War Dispatch. Outside Stuff Reporters Suffer in Zone of Battle—Headline. And readers suffer here.

Pleasant "He talks like a foreigner. Is he?" "No," he's simply posing as a war expert and that's one of his bluffs."

THE BABBLING FOOL "A chaucer son vice," said Pascal. To each man his vice. And to each age. We live in a time of reformers and confidently imagine that this is the first age of its kind. We talk of "that strange new thing, a social conscience," as if Voltaire and the Encyclopedists had not lived. We speak of "the new dominance of women," as if the courts of the Louis had not existed. We have no historical sense, and because we do not know the past we cannot foretell the future. Fondly and foolishly we dream that when our great reforms take place the world will be purged.

Nonsense and double nonsense. The fallacy in it all is in the conception of vice as something eternally apart from virtue; as something negative, destructive, abhorrent to the humanity at its highest. Vice is positive. The brother of virtue that works in the darkness the best in man, but man himself. Vice did not exist first. It will not die first. If virtue and vice are not eternal, they will die together. They are eternal. If they are co-existent they are co-eternal.

So it is foolish to talk about the problem of vice, unless we have one definite vice in mind. If by vice is meant a habit of the mind that when so eliminated yields (horrible thought) there will not spring up another energy as fruitful for evil as falsehood? What energy as fruitful for evil as falsehood? Can't tell? In the springtime of civilization vice was considered an art. In its doddery last truth may become a crime.

By all means reform. This age must have something to think about since it will not think about anything else. It is a business brother of the shipwrecked nonsense about making the world better. The power of creation is not a human attribute.

For the Good of the Party From the New York Tribune. The Tribune was prompt to urge the Republicans of Pennsylvania to vote against their corrupt and deluding leader. It is good news that where such an issue was clearly raised no false notion of party regularity is likely to prevail. By renouncing the corrupt leader the Senate of the United States and from his party leadership the Republicans of Pennsylvania can do more for the good name of their party than a dozen conventions or a host of orators. They have a rare opportunity to free Republicanism from one of its most menacing handicaps.

CRISES IN GREAT LIVES The two decisive moments of Caesar's career were exactly alike in every detail. Once when he was wrestling with the Nervii, later when he fought the Pompeians, his legions faltered. Desperate the occasion must have been, for Caesar's strength was in the power and identity of his legions. Without them he was lost. In the battle of the Nervii so short was the time that the cohorts had not formed. Confusion was everywhere and the entire direction of the battle devolved on Caesar's shoulders, as he himself explains in a memorable chapter of his commentaries. Coming to one spot