

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1915.

It is always easier to kill the lion's whelp than to slay the full-grown beast.

THE SHADOW DEEPENS

WITH all the talk of loans and more loans, by Allies or by Germany, the fact stands out that they are counting on their own financial rehabilitation after the war is over by flooding this nation with their cheap products and thus securing for themselves a share of the yellow flood which has flowed to the United States. This country is their appointed dumping ground and American workmen and manufacturers their appointed victims.

There have been panics in this nation before, and hard times, but there has never been such a panic and there have never been such hard times as there will be unless a Republican President and a Republican Congress are elected in November of next year.

PHILADELPHIA'S CURSE

Men must have public minds as well as salaries, or they will serve private ends at public cost—William Penn, in "Fruits of Solitude."

WHEN the founder of this city put this conclusion in his book of maxims he was not writing for the Philadelphians of 1915. But if he had had them in mind, he could not have described more aptly the conditions that have prevailed.

Philadelphia has been cursed for more than fifty years by men with private minds seeking to further private ends at public cost. What the city needs in this year of grace is men with public consciences and public minds who seek first the public good.

When the men of that character here do their duty the era of contractor rule will come to an end.

DUMBA DAMNS THE COURT

IN the days of circuit riding lawyers, the attorney, defeated because he had a poor case, was in the habit of going down to the tavern after the adjournment of the court and damning the judge until the air was blue with his profanity. It harmed no one and relieved his feelings.

Ambassador Dumba's letter to Secretary Lansing resembles nothing so much as the fulminations of the defeated lawyer. He knows that he has a bad case, and he thinks to make it better by cursing the tribunal that has decided against him.

Uncle Sam is big enough and tolerant enough to let the disgruntled diplomat caught in a grievous error, ease his feelings on the eve of his departure and to permit him to go in peace.

NOT GOOD SPECIMENS

THERE has been no reason brought forward why Smith should be elected Mayor of Philadelphia except that he is a Republican. So are Porter and Potter. There is no question about the message Philadelphia will send to the nation so far as Protection is concerned. But Porter or Potter means Protection with enough barnacles and other parasitical animals attached thereto to frighten off hordes of voters.

The only reason the nation has not a high tariff now is that a coterie of leaders insisted that the voters must swallow hemlock along with it. There are no gangs in rural districts to "deliver" a vote, and the rural districts determine a Presidential election.

Mr. Wilson and other Democrats would not weep very long were Smith and the interests behind him presented to the nation as specimens of triumphant Republicanism.

THERE IS THE BATTLEGROUND

THE PUBLIC LEDGER'S authoritative survey and poll of the State show that 16 counties may safely be counted as in favor of the suffrage amendment. Twenty-eight counties are opposed to it, while 23 are non-committal or doubtful.

The situation is distinctly encouraging. A convert to the cause is seldom lost. The movement is perforce progressive, never retrogressive; and this is so despite the fact that apathy in some cases has made the contrary appear to be true.

Any county that is noncommittal is harvest ground. Even the 28 counties which are against the amendment are debatable territory, for there is always the chance that they may be won.

Thousands of voters will be converted to the cause before November. The average man is in favor of a square deal. As a reasonable creature he knows that it is not a square deal to deny women all participation in government, to herd them in a class by themselves, as if they were lepers, and prevent the exercise by them of those inalienable rights for which women, equally with men, made sacrifice in blood and treasure during the days when this nation was won for democracy.

That women have political acumen and a sound apprehension of the duties attendant on full citizenship they are amply demonstrating day by day. They have begun to wage a campaign of education which reaches into every corner of the Commonwealth and demands financial and other handicaps they are putting their arguments before the

electorate everywhere. They are fighting as valiantly in New Jersey as in Pennsylvania and they are making progress with a sureness that is prophetic. Win or lose this year, they cannot be denied eventually. They are as certain of ultimate victory as the nation was of the final extinction of slavery from these shores. For woman suffrage is essentially a moral question, just as it touches the very elements of democracy, and the achievement of it is sure.

The PUBLIC LEDGER'S poll is invaluable in showing the women where the chief battleground is and on it they can concentrate their heaviest artillery.

SHEEP, GOAT OR CITIZEN?

THE primary was instituted to give citizens the opportunity to select their own candidates. They can do so if they want, or they can surrender the franchise in bulk and let leaders vote for them. That is their privilege.

We take it that the average citizen does not require anybody to tell him what he ought to do. Nature gave him a brain and the power to use it. He is just as capable of making a decision as anybody else is. He may like the boss system and think it is a good thing. He may, on the other hand, consider democracy as a God-given institution, a sacred inheritance handed down to him by his forefathers, which he must preserve at any cost. If so, there is only one thing for him to do, and that is decide which of the candidates is best fitted to be the Chief Executive of this city and vote for him.

This newspaper has no interest in factional politics. It is vitally interested in seeing that this city gets the best government possible. It is vitally interested in seeing that every dollar of tax money is honestly and efficiently expended. It is harnessed up to the duty of presenting the facts as they are and turning the limelight of publicity on the political activities of the day.

SEPTEMBER DAYS IN PHILADELPHIA

The Month Must Be Reckoned as One of the Favorites of the History Makers—Philadelphia "Nationalized" Long Ago

By CHARLES F. KINGSLEY

EVERY month has its share in history, past and present, but September offers some especially interesting anniversary dates associated with the names of the State and the city. The very beginning of Pennsylvania goes back to that day in September, 1670, when the father of William Penn died and left the son a claim on the British crown for sixteen thousand pounds. Eleven years later Penn obtained from the King, in lieu of cash for the settlement of this debt, the grant of the land forming the territory now occupied by the greatest State in the Union.

Jumping down the years to Revolutionary times we find that the First Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia on September 5. Lord Howe's campaign for the Delaware and the capture of Philadelphia took place in September, 1777, beginning with the Battle of the Brandywine on September 11. The anniversary of this event was appropriately observed a week ago last Saturday. The day after the battle Washington marched from Chester to Philadelphia. He then marched out on the Lancaster road to fight again, but a storm came up and ruined the ammunition of both armies. Lack of a good information service on the part of the American forces enabled Howe to enter Philadelphia on September 26 without another battle. For the British the following winter was "the gay winter." For the ragged Continentals it was the winter of Valley Forge.

A Great Task Well Performed

It was in September, 10 years later, that the Constitutional Convention finished its task and the "greatest work ever struck off at any one time by the mind and purpose of man"—as Gladstone once described the product—was ready for the approval of the people. That was one hundred and twenty-eight years ago last Friday.

Speaking of anniversaries, one of the most significant to the present times is the one that occurred yesterday. On September 19, 1796 (Larned gives the date as September 17), Washington issued his famous "Farewell Address to the American People." It was published in the Philadelphia Daily Advertiser. The retiring President, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," spoke not only to his own day and generation, but to all the generations that should be born under the Stars and Stripes, and to all who should adopt Old Glory for their flag to cherish and honor.

The burden of his message was an appeal to loyalty to country, an appeal to Americanism. "Be united," he pleaded; "be Americans. The name which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. Beware of attacks, open or covert, upon the Constitution. Beware of the baneful effects of party spirit and of the ruin to which its extremes must lead. Do not encourage party spirit, but use every effort to mitigate and assuage it. Keep the departments of government separate, promote education, cherish the public credit, avoid debt. Observe justice and good faith toward all nations; have neither passionate hatreds nor passionate attachments to any, and be independent politically of all. In one word, be a nation, be Americans, and be true to yourselves."

One cannot help thinking that the advice of Polonius applies to nations: To thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou shalt not then be false to any man.

It would seem, too, that if this nation is in need of anything at the present time it is a rebirth of that Americanism of which the Father of our Country spoke.

Washington, on another occasion, said some pregnant things on the preservation of America and Americanism, calling attention to the necessity of preparedness for war. Americanism and preparedness, as he viewed them, are closely related. He thus concluded a speech to Congress:

A Word of Warning

"I cannot recommend to your notice measures for the fulfillment of our duties to the rest of the world without again pressing upon you the necessity of placing ourselves in a condition of complete defense, and of exacting from them the fulfillment of their duties toward us. The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

Words that were true then. Words that are true today. Oft-quoted words, but true for all that.

A PLEASANT CHANGE

President Sam of Haiti was murdered. The United States has requested General Biot to restore order. But Doctor Bobo, the insurgent, declines to be reconciled. Restful reading, this, after a year's struggle with European war names—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I FIND YOU

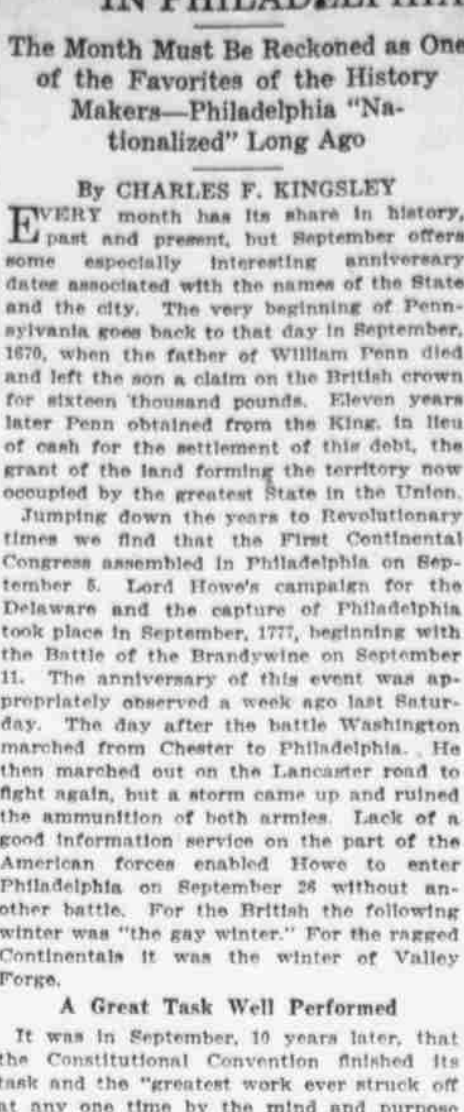
I find you in the wild, unpeopled places, Where, mile on mile, the heatherland unrolls; You smile in simple upturned flower-faces Which honest yellow sunlight aureoles! The curlew crying on the windy moors, The glad larks singing in the blue, have souls Star-clear as yours!

I find you in the forest, where the trees Bend, dreaming, over the silent, seaward sped; I feel your touch in brown leaves softly shed On wistful golden afternoons; and turn To see the sweet curve of your down-bent head In grass and fern.

I find you best, I think, beneath the sea: It breathes your very spirit—fresh and clean, Yet full of breath and light and mystery, Deepness on deepness, hidden and unseen In the unremembered tide you are expressed So well and warmly! Sea and sky between, I find you best.

—Lung Nicholson, in Chambers' Journal.

AS USUAL



AS USUAL

A SOLDIER OF THE SOUL OF FRANCE

Irrepressible as a Boy and Grave as a Sage Is Le Blanc, Who Commands a Big Gun Hidden in a Vosges Forest. They Who Fall in Battle

By HENRY SUYDAM

By Special Arrangement With the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

YOU might search the records of the French Army for a week without finding the name of Captain Le Blanc. Le Blanc, you will understand, is a mere handle which discloses nothing. With a modesty which one would scarce credit, the French insist on nameless heroes. This is the one unbreakable rule for correspondents: "No names will be permitted."

Le Blanc—which isn't the name at all—is the son of a French general. When I first saw him he was standing in the door of a dug-out in the heart of a Vosges forest, inexplicably surprised at five military mortars debouching correspondents on his threshold.

So Le Blanc stood in his doorway and looked us over; this Le Blanc who is the pet of a brigade.

He wore the regulation blue, with high boots of soft leather. On one hip dangled a pair of field glasses, and on the other a revolver. Pinned to his coat were three medals: one for some brave deed during this war, another for Sudanese service, and a third for distinguished conduct in Africa. The medals were very rusty.

Le Blanc wore a black mustache twisted up at the ends. His eyes had the curious effect of seeing three ways at once, and finding something amusing in each direction. On his head was the new steel helmet, painted dull blue.

A Sense of Humor

Le Blanc, you may be quite sure, missed nothing. He saw, first, our clothes, then, a bit fearfully, our cameras, and lastly, our faces.

"Mes amis!" said Le Blanc. And enfolded us in his good nature.

Down the road, Le Blanc had a battery hidden. He was as proud of it as a boy with a caged squirrel in the back lot.

"Come!" he said. "I will show you first my best pet. It annoys them—those ones out yonder. You must never tell any one where you found it."

He trudged off down a road between tall, cool trees. We followed. He jabbed the sharp point of his stick into the dirt at intervals of three feet, leaving a trail of little craters behind him. At last he came to a mossy bank, clambered up and pushed aside the bushes.

"Voilà!" said Le Blanc.

It was a seven-point-five, with its muzzle hanging open hungrily and a long snout of blue steel thrust over the edge of a cliff.

Four of the crew, lying on the grass, rose quickly and saluted. Le Blanc shouted an order. A lieutenant came leaping from a dug-out. He blew a whistle shrilly. More men came springing into position beside the gun. In a slow steady voice, the lieutenant was reciting a list of numbers, and a soldier, bent over, was twirling a dial.

A man reached into a box filled with shells. A second swept away the branches masking the gun's nose, revealing, far below, a smoky valley.

The lieutenant stopped his numbers. The clicking stopped. Everything stopped. There was an abrupt silence.

"Fire!" shouted the lieutenant. I saw a string suddenly jerked. I stood on my toes and opened my mouth, for once, at Sandy Hook. I had been almost disoriented by a concussion.

Nothing happened. Le Blanc leaned up against a tree, choking with mirth.

"Close your mouth," he said. "Ammunition is scarce."

Le Blanc has his own sense of humor.

Faces Toward the Enemy

He took us into a trench. We chuckled at his helmet, because the new French headpiece is not impressive, on Le Blanc or any one else.

"I observe your laughter," said Le Blanc in English, walking ahead of us through the trench. "I observe it. I cannot blame you. I have been in your country. I know the New York policeman. I am like him in this droll thing on my head. But it's all one when bullets fly."

COURAGE TO BE ALONE

Le Blanc, it seems, saw long service in Africa. The African soldier, I was told, is a distinct type. He lives alone in a tent, sometimes in a wilderness. One cannot imagine much formality between officer and subordinate under such conditions. I can see Le Blanc thrusting his head from under his tent-flap to bawl for food.

"Africa makes them independent," said the Colonel. "It makes them dislike discipline. Also, it makes them good soldiers. There's Le Blanc, for example."

There's Le Blanc. I offer him, nameless as he must remain, for what he is worth as a French type. There are others like him. He is as irrepressible as a youth, as grave as a sage. And he has the most difficult of all forms of courage: the courage to be alone in extreme danger.

We left Le Blanc waving farewell to us, with his pet owl, solemn as a French comedian, perched on a post beside his head.

Le Blanc, who has always been a soldier, as his father before him, has been to the United States. He went there to lecture on "The Soul of France." Le Blanc ought to know.

COUNTING UNHATCHED CHICKENS

Prof. Paul Rohrbach is quoted by the Nieuws Rotterdamse Courant as saying in a private letter: "We shall have to retain Belgium." The remark is not startling. Necessity was urged as a reason for violating treaty obligations with Belgium, and can with equal consistency be pleaded as a reason for breaking the promise made at the time of the violation. But the chickens are not hatched yet.—Springfield Republican.

FOR ALIENS TO CONSIDER

There are said to be 15,000,000 aliens in this country. They all had reasons for coming here. We all know what they were. They wanted a chance to draw higher wages, to live better, to enjoy more freedom than they had at home, to embrace opportunities they could never see in their class-ridden countries, and to escape certain things that are a part of the Government of their fatherland.

What is more, the vast majority of these 15,000,000 aliens intend to stay right here. No matter where their sentiments may be, their bread and meat and their chance in life are in the United States. Among them are, of course, a few men of education and position and business connections who could do as well at home as in this country. But that is an exceptionally small number.

Under these patent circumstances it behooves all of these 15,000,000 aliens to consider exactly who is their best friend, after all. It particularly behooves certain racial groups among these 15,000,000 to reflect if it is wise to pursue a course which may cause them to be henceforth discriminated against in the matter of employment.

Certainly there is a possibility that millions of hard-working aliens may feel exactly these things some time or thought on the matter of discrimination and destruction. An employer might be caught with that sort of material about the premises once. But he would assuredly do his best in future to avoid a like danger.

After the war is over and the tumult and the plotting have died away nearly all these 15,000,000 aliens will still be in the United States. It is to their interest to find their position as agreeable and profitable as it can be made. And each group of them will find that position pleasant or profitable if it acts so as to make it so—not otherwise. This is a case where no foreign Government can help them—even if the foreign Government is inclined to pay any attention to the matter.—Chicago Herald.

WE HAVEN'T THE PRICE

Page at any price? Well, if the price is to let anybody kick you who wants to kick you, Americans haven't got the price.—Kansas City Times.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

In every striving worth while period of the world "the old fight of conservatism and reform goes on."—Kansas City Times.

The American investor seems fairly safe who buys the British Government securities in full confidence that ultimately they will be redeemed.—Springfield Republican.

THE ATTITUDE OF MR. FAIRBANKS

It is evident that while the Russian trade field is huge, the obstacles in the way of an effective American campaign in that regard are not slight.—Springfield Union.

AMUSEMENTS

FORREST—Now Mats. 2:15 TWICE DAILY Evgs. 8:15

D. W. GRIFFITH'S THE BIRTH OF A NATION

18,000 People 3000 Horses

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Gertrude Hoffmann In "SUMURUN"

COMPANY OF 60—ORCHESTRA OF 25

Tremendous Surrounding Show!

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RICHARD BULLER

in "SIGN OF THE CROSS"

MATS. 12:30-2:00. EVGS. 7:30-10:00

LYRIC

Last Week, Evgs. 8:15

Mat. Wed. Seats 50c to \$1.00

Victor Herbert's Comic Opera Success

"THE PRINCESS PAT"

"Production a delight"—Record

GARRICK Opening Mon. Sep. 27

Potash & Perlmutter

BEAT SALE OPEN THURSDAY, 9 A. M.

KNICKERBOCKER Theatre-Flowers

Dramatic "WITHIN THE LAW"

Sensation EVENING PRICES, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

MATINEES, Tues., Thurs., Sat. Best Seats, 25c

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET

Continues 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

HELEN WARRICK IN "THE PRINCE"

WEDNESDAY—"HEART OF A LION"

ADELPHI—Begin Next Thurs. Evg.

"What Happened?"

THE Stanley

Allegany

Frankford & Allegheny Avenues

Mats. Daily, 5c, 10c; Evgs. 10c, 20c

Emmett Welch and Billy Jolly Minstrels; Holden & Harris; Emmett & Tongue; Gelland; Levee & Wagner; Kenny & Hollis, etc.

NIXON'S GRAND

Continues 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.

TODAY 2:15-7:15

DUMONT'S

DUMONT'S MINSTRELS

9TH and ARCH STS.

MATINEE TODAY, 10c & 20c

Trocadero

GIRLS FROM THE LA LUNA

PEOPLES—NOW—HAPPY HEINZ

NATIONAL

Sam Hov's HAPPY GIRLS

Opening Wed. & Sat. Five Night