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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915.

Friendships which grow slowly like the oak
are stronger than those which spring up
like mushrooms.

THE crime of American business is the
aloofness of the American business man
from participation in politics, at the same
time boasting American popular government.
This crime of omission is magnified because
we are all the time broadening the responsi-
bilities of citizenship, leaning from the repre-
sentative type toward pure democracy, in the
name of the people's rule, and the business
man is more aloof than ever when duty
charges him with more active participation.
When a business man declines to step into
what he designates the "muddy pool of politics,"
it is chargeable to his neglect. But it is not
always "a muddy pool." We have ten thousand
pools as clear as the crystal spring, and
the dirty pools were what they were because
business men, who are usually leading citi-
zens—at least possessed of influence to make
for leadership—deplorable conditions, but never
were aroused to the call of duty which de-
manded correction at their hands—Senator
Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, before the
Chamber of Commerce.

WHY TURN BACK THE CLOCK?

Reform laws and public sentiment have
made it impossible for public contracts to
be awarded except upon square and open
bidding in the market—The Inquirer.

WHY, then, go back to the old system
whereby the laws are made dead letters
and public sentiment is flouted?

THE ASTOUNDING MR. MELLE

FRANK and disconcerting to the last, Mr.
Charles S. Mellen was almost jaunty in
his testimony concerning the New Haven
railroad. He publicly confessed that he was
made vice president of his road because he
was an intolerable "nuisance" as head of
the New York and New England. He took
a certain amount of pleasure in detailing
the piratical practices he invented and the
competition which he encouraged.

When Mr. Mellen proposed a one-dollar
fare between Boston and New York he
showed his mettle. When he began to con-
trol all of New England he showed the dan-
gers of unlimited irresponsibility in trans-
portation. His successor is still reaping the
whirlwind. But Mr. Mellen remains a pic-
turesque figure in our railroad history. No
wonder his former associates think he is
dangerous on the witness stand.

BARBARIC BELGIUM

THERE is a feeling of deep disappointment
in Berlin. Not even the magnificent suc-
cesses of the Teuton arms can console the
Germans who, as heralds of light, brought
their torch into Belgium. The Belgians, it
seems, are unworthy of Kultur. For a year
now they have had it spread before them.
It is like pearls cast before swine.

In spite of its glorious benefactions, the
Belgians have proved faithless to Germany.
When the news of Joffre's drive in Cham-
pagne reached the city of Brussels the in-
habitants, instead of donning sackcloth, went
to the cafes and opened bottles. Sur-
prisingly they hummed an air once well-
known as the "Marsellaise." Queer smiles
played about the countenances which should
have been lit only by the serene light of the
higher civilization.

"We shall have to instruct the inhabitants
of Brussels on the proper way to comport
themselves in such crises" is the comment
of that Supreme Command which orders
things. Instruct? Wasm't it given out as
a known thing that Belgium was part of
"that happy German land"?

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

WHATEVER the rationalistic theologians
may say about the doctrine of the Trinity,
there is no human completeness outside
of that triple union of father, mother and
child.

He who has no wife is only partly devel-
oped and she who has no husband is less
than half a human being. And the husband
and wife who have no child have missed the
most beautiful experience in life. We say
it is the duty of parents to train their chil-
dren, but as a matter of fact the children
train the parents and bring out qualities in
them, the existence of which they never sus-
pected.

The reason for all this is not far to seek.
It is in the order of nature. Man liveth not
himself alone. The married man cannot, and
the married woman does not want to. And
when the child comes there is a union of dis-
interestedness in caring for the infant that
fills the whole house with a new spiritual
atmosphere.

There are thousands of motherless children
who are doomed to a life of orphanage unless
the thousands of childless wives take pity on
them and themselves and adopt the orphan.
The woman, heir to millions, who has just
adopted a wife as her own, that there may
be the voice of a child in her house has
proved her wisdom. The child will do more
for her than she can do for him, even though
he be worth millions to him.

There are many women dying about Phil-

adelphia today in elegantly upholstered ma-
jor cars who would gladly exchange places
with the wife of their chauffeur who holds
her baby up for him to kiss when he goes
home at night. These women know that
there are riches that no money can buy as
their arms ache to hold a little babe of their
own. And the scrub woman who feels her
babe nestling beside her knows that there
are gifts vouchsafed to her that are beyond
price.

Our whole fabric of society is ordered and
organized for the benefit of the child in the
house, that the future may be safe for him.
So every house should have a child even if
one has to be sought in an asylum.

EIGHT-CENT-FARE SMITH

Here we have a magician (Taylor) who can
carry us all over the city for 8 cents. It is
a dream. My principal objection is his tail-
of 8-cent fares—"Dave" Lane at the hear-
ing before the State Senate Committee,
February 11, 1915.

SMITH was selected as a candidate for
Mayor by "Dave" Lane. The one thing
this man Lane has set his heart on is the
prevention of universal transfers in Phila-
delphia. He is devoted, heart and soul, to
the principle that there must not be universal
five-cent fares.

Listen, then, to Smith, his man.

I am in favor of ENDEAVORING to get
a 5-cent universal trolley rate for Philadel-
phia. This answer applies also to the ques-
tion of the abolition of the 8-cent exchange
tickets. But I am unable to determine at
this time, however, if it is possible for any
company to operate successfully at that rate
of fare.

Fortunately, the Philadelphia Rapid Trans-
it has been able to determine that it is
possible, for it entered into an agreement
with Director Taylor to do that very thing.

"Dave" Lane knew what he was doing. He
set out to throttle rapid transit and he is
going to do it if he can delude the people of
Philadelphia into electing his candidate.

Only people who have so much money they
do not know what to do with it will want
to vote for Smith and eight-cent fares, when
they can get Porter and five-cent fares.

DR. CONWELL'S PESSIMISM

DOCTOR CONWELL is represented as say-
ing in Pittsburgh that a young man's
place in college does not depend on what he
knows, but upon how rich he is. A poor boy
has no chance, in his opinion, according to
the dispatch.

If he holds this view he must have grown
pessimistic all at once. He knows, or used to
know, that the prizes of the world are to be
had by the man who has the wit to see
where they are and the strength to seize them.
Strength, courage and wit do not depend on
the size of a man's bank account. On the
contrary, the bank account depends on the
size of the endowment of these qualities with
which a man is blessed by nature. The poor
boy frequently has a better equipment of this
kind than the rich one. While the rich boy
is squandering his time and patrimony the
poor boy is marching steadily forward to-
ward the goal of success on which he has
fixed his eye.

FLAPDOODLE FOR GROUNDINGS

If Philadelphia should fail to give a large
majority for the Republican candidates
(meaning the Organization nominees) at the
approaching election, it would be a set-
back to Republicanism throughout the coun-
try and most unfortunate for the prospects
of Republican success in the presidential
election next year—Senator Penrose.

THE Senator must have had his tongue in
his cheek while he was talking, for no one
knows better than he that the issues on
which the next presidential campaign will be
fought have already been framed and that
the voters have already decided whether they
will keep Wilson in Washington four years
more or not.

The Administration must stand or fall on
the record which it has already made, un-
less the unforeseen happens and some great
crisis arrives that will make it necessary to
recast the popular judgment. Every man
with the slightest knowledge of political his-
tory knows this. The advisers of the Presi-
dent are as well aware of it as Senator
Penrose himself.

No matter how the election goes in Phila-
delphia this year it will not change the vote
of a single Republican or Democrat in the
presidential election. If Smith should be
elected those Independents who are disgusted
with the connection between gang rule and
Republicanism would doubtless still adhere
to their economic principles. If Porter, who
is a better Republican than Smith, is elected,
those Independents who prefer Republicanism
to any form of bungling Democracy will be
strengthened in their determination to vote
for the Republican candidates. But the elec-
tion of Porter would not lose a single Repub-
lican vote and the election of Smith would not
win a single Republican vote to the national
ticket in 1916. The man who is attempting
to persuade the public otherwise is simply
laddling out flapdoodle for the groundings.

Smith will be known as a daisy, too.

Mr. Mellen is confessing too much to suit
the prosecution.

Why is there something inherently funny
in a name like Uskub?

Smith's masters seem to be afraid to let
him debate with Porter.

A college education apparently does not
disqualify a woman to be a detective.

Greece has decided that Cyprus is too small
a price. The Allies may make another bid.

Carranza needs money, too, for national
defense. Perhaps he will propose a bond
issue.

Who would not be a soldier, if he could
camp out on the beautiful hill of the Drexel
estate at Lansdowne?

The suffragists who guarded the Liberty
Bell in the parade last night were confident
that its voice would be heard in ten days.

It was really unkind in Mr. Porter to ad-
dress Mr. Smith at Glenside as though his
rival for the majority were not a resident
of the city.

As the political campaign grows warm in
Massachusetts there are reports of an out-
break of the foot and mouth disease. Sam
McCall, however, is immune.

WINNING "LOST" FOOTBALL GAMES

Thrilling "Come-Backs" on the Grid-
iron—Beaten Teams That Came
Off Victorious After Psycho-
logical Transformation

By EDWARD R. BUSHNELL

ORDINARY, football games, like all
other athletic contests, are decided solely
on merit, physical and mental. Usually a
team loses because it meets a better team.
But there have been some notable excep-
tions, apparent, perhaps, rather than real, in
the history of intercollegiate football. Back
of some of the greatest upsets on the gridiron
is a good deal of interesting, unwritten his-
tory. Nearly every big university can point
to some contest in which a single incident,
the injection of a powerful personality into
the crisis, or a psychological miracle of a
different description, enabled the supposedly
inferior team to pluck victory from seem-
ingly certain defeat. Such occurrences minister
to football prestige and college spirit, and
from them succeeding generations of athletes
draw inspiration. You find them chiefly in
intercollegiate sports. There are at least four
football games, won against the force of
probabilities, which have become historic and
classic.

In some respects the most historic "come-
back" team in football history was the Yale
University of Pennsylvania eleven of 1902. None
of the 25,000 spectators who saw that team,
weak and despised as it had been all season,
give the powerful Cornell eleven a lead of
11-0 at the end of the first half, and then
with a mighty rally in the second half beat
them by a score of 12-11, will ever forget the
sights or the sounds which greeted the per-
formance. To appreciate the achievement the
situation should be explained. George Wood-
ruff, who had put Pennsylvania on the foot-
ball map, had resigned as coach, and Dr.
Carl Williams was given the task of develop-
ing new material. The players were green and
not up to the usual Pennsylvania standard.
But they had spirit and they never knew
what it was to quit. The season had been
disastrous. All the important games had
been lost, though most of them by the margin
of a single touchdown. Cornell, on the other
hand, had had a wonderful season and no
one believed that Pennsylvania had a chance.
The first half went off according to schedule,
and the score was 11-0 in Cornell's favor, with
the prospect that it would be more than
double this at the end.

Speech Between the Halves

But here the story begins. Between the
halves the Pennsylvania players sat about in
gloom, facing their fate as best they could.
A few minutes before time to return to the
field a message came from the Cornell dress-
ing room from "Bill" Warner, captain of the
team and brother of Glenn Warner, the pre-
sent coach of the Pittsburgh team. The mes-
sage, apparently out of consideration for
Pennsylvania's feelings, that the second half
be shortened ten minutes. This, at least,
would keep down the score.

At first no Pennsylvania man replied. Sudden-
ly, Walter Baird, a tackle, leaped to his
feet, and, although he was not the captain
and did not consult his teammates, per-
emptorily declined the offer. Then jumping
on one of the rubbing tables, he appealed to
the honor and courage of those Pennsylvania
players, and, using Cornell's offer as a text,
rallied the players with a speech that ought
to be historic.

"We'll show these fellows," he shouted in
conclusion, "that Pennsylvania isn't beaten
yet. It's up to us to get together. We can
hold Cornell and we can win this game yet."

The rest is well-known history. Baird's
spirit was contagious, and when the men re-
turned to the field they went at their work
with a fine frenzy that told the spectators
that some wonderful transformation had
taken place. Getting the ball on the first
kick off, just under their own goal, Pennsylv-
ania marched straight down the field for
a touchdown in twenty minutes of play. This
left the score 11-6, still in Cornell's favor.
The fury of Pennsylvania's attack increased
rather than diminished, and the final touch-
down came with less than a minute to play.
It made the score a tie at 11-11. But the goal
had to be kicked. The touchdown was made
near the edge of the field, and, although the
field was heavy and the ball water soaked,
Captain Gardner kicked the goal and made
the final score 12-11 in Pennsylvania's favor.
And the memory of that game has since won
many a victory for Pennsylvania teams.

Introducing "Ted" Coy

When Yale men wish to rally their foot-
ball teams all they have to do is to point
back to the Yale-Princeton game of 1907,
which Yale won by the score of 12-10 after
a fight which resembled in many particulars
that of 1902 between Pennsylvania and Cor-
nell. Princeton had a great eleven that year,
and when the first half ended with 10-0 in
Princeton's favor the Tigers' supporters
thought it would be an old-fashioned laugh-
ter. But something happened between the
halves. Just what it was no one knows. The
Yale men were so wrapped up in their new
plans of battle that they overstayed the in-
termission limit by five minutes and the of-
ficials had to look them up and ask if they
intended to finish the game.

It was at this point that Yale introduced
"Ted" Coy, the son of a Yale professor, to
football fame. This young blonde giant had
not hitherto been conspicuous, but in the sec-
ond half he was unfettered and that day
Yale owed victory to his individual skill and
strength. By actual count Coy carried the
ball an average of every other play. No one
else could gain. But nothing could stop Coy.
If his forwards didn't open the line he did it
himself. And when he had scored Yale's first
touchdown and the goal was kicked, leaving
the score 10-6 in Princeton's favor, nothing
could hold the Yale attack. Another touch-
down was needed and Superman Coy was
chosen to get it. Coy did all the kicking,
the forward passing and the plunging. Fi-
nally a forward pass advanced the ball to
Princeton's 10-yard line. Coy took the ball
and with one plunge carried it and several
tackles over the line for the winning touch-
down.

There was another game of ultra spec-
tacular football between these two teams in 1902.
Yale won, 12-6, by one of the most thrilling
exhibitions of individual ability ever seen on
any gridiron. Princeton was leading 5-0 by
the grace of a 50-yard drop kick from the
foot of the mighty DEWITT. Those were the
days of "scooter back." Even this battering
ram could not cross Princeton's goal line.
But Yale had some giant forwards. At a
crucial moment, two of them, one the late
James Horan, lifted their Princeton oppo-
nents out of the way and opened a big hole in
the line through which escaped Captain
George Chadwick. The play was so sudden

that the Yale man was through the line and
off for a 50-yard run and a score before the
Princeton backs could realize it. A few min-
utes later Yale repeated the play with the
same man.

Tit for Tat "and Then Some"

The University of Pennsylvania in 1913 ran
another "come-back" exhibition which was
even more spectacular than the 1902 game
with Cornell. It was the first championship
game of the year. Michigan was known to
have a great team but Pennsylvania had
played indifferent football. Throughout the
first half Pennsylvania could gain little,
while nothing could hold Michigan. Three
touchdowns did the Westerners score in this
first half and when the teams went to their
dressing rooms the score stood 11-0 in favor
of Michigan. It looked like a Waterloo for
the Red and Blue.

But some magic element transformed the
Pennsylvania team between the halves. For
during the second half they raced up and
down the field and over Michigan's goal for
four touchdowns. Just a few minutes before
the game ended the score stood 21-10 in Mich-
igan's favor. There was time for only a few
plays and then but some lucky turn of
fortune gave Pennsylvania a victory. The bat-
tle raged back and forth. Then less than
a minute before the referee was to blow
his whistle Michigan punted. The ball was
caught at mid-field by Dick Marshall, the
Quakers' sprinting quarterback. If Marshall
ever ran at a 10-second gait in his life he
must have done it on this occasion, for in
some mysterious fashion he threaded his way
through the entire Michigan team and plant-
ed that ball behind the goal post without one
Michigan man having touched him.

LONG FIGHT FOR THE BALLOT

Many and Strange Were the Qualifications
Which Burdened Early-day Voters

At the time of the Declaration of Independ-
ence our American forefathers were busy
making State Constitutions, and everywhere
they put qualifications on the right to vote and
hold office.

In some States Catholics and Jews were de-
prived of the ballot. In other States only Jews
and Unitarians were excluded. Ex-President
Telford, as a Unitarian, could not have voted
in Delaware under the first Constitution, which
required voters to believe in the Trinity. In
one of the States belief in hell fire was a
prerequisite to voting, on the assumption that
only fear of punishment and hope of reward
could make men straight in the polling places.

In almost every State property qualifications
were put on voting and office holding. In New
York only those who held land worth about
\$500 could vote for Governor and Senator, while
a lower qualification was placed on voters for
Assemblymen. In Virginia only freeholders
could vote. Under this plan in New York the
people of the towns were subjected absolutely
to the landlords, and they did not like it. It
is estimated that more than half of the adult
white males were excluded from the right to
vote at the beginning of our Government.

In this long battle of the common man, Jew
or Gentile, Unitarian or Catholic, freeholder or
non-freeholder, for a share in the government,
every one of the arguments except the hear-
ing children argument now used against woman
suffrage was used against the unfranchised
men.—New Republic.

AN OPINION OF KULTUR

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Germany certainly has the Irish complaint
of "every time it opens its mouth it puts its
foot into it." It is not surprising that Ger-
many has been so long at war. Germany has
outstrayed the civilized world with its treatment
of Belgium. As time and crowding events began
to distract attention from that outrage Ger-
many perpetrated the foul crime of the Lusit-
ania, and as that was passing she had to
murder a nurse just to keep before our eyes the
image of what the Blonde Beast really is when
seen under strong light that brings out char-
acter. Intriguing, untrue to pledged word, char-
acter is traits which joined to an ability
for plodding work that make an enemy to be
feared and a neighbor to be shunned.

It is a good Providence that has revealed these
traits to the world, while they may, at what-
ever cost, be scotched. Let us of America have
no doubt as to "Kultur," and let us be more
outspoken as to our opposition. And let us re-
member that German "Kultur" began in the
class rooms of German professors who first
bowed and then passed up the Christian faith
and then substituted their own ideals, now in
action. We claim to be a Christian nation.
Now is the time to affirm it by word and deed
for we behold the Blonde Beast that has sud-
denly during the period in which white men
are slaughtering and ruin, and are ap-
palled at the sight. AN AMERICAN.

Philadelphia, October 22

THE CATTAWAMPUSSES

Sometimes my father has to get right out of
bed and scold.

And love me right up tight to him, as tight
as he can hold.

And scold and scold and scold me, and speak
cross until I bear;

For I'm so skeered that I fergit I've got him,
pretty near.

And when he has got me still he cannot
sleep no more.

Till he has shut and turned the key in that
there closet door;

And then, when he has done that, he can go
and scold some more.

For cattawampusses and things like that can't
git me then.

Sometimes something gives me a poke and
wakes me in the night.

And I sit up my head and look, and it is dim-
my-light.

'Most everywhere I turn my eye, except that
there closet door;

And when my eyes git there they can't turn
front of 'em.

That's where the cattawampuss is, and other
things that squirms.

That has as many ready hands as thousand-
legged worms.

And I kin see the 'riggin' round, then this-
away and that;

Beneath the shelf that's in there where my
mother keeps her hat!

I can not see them plain, I thest can see them
stirrin' round.

Some uv um way up near the top and some uv
um down low.

And all mixed in together like a can of fishin'
worms.

And slidin' in and out an' tristin' 'round, the
way they squirms;

And I know why they're tristin' so, and sortin'
of themselves.

In there where it is always dark beneath my
mother's shelf.

An' I thest lay an' watchum in the darkhole
there, till they

Are almost ready to turn 'round an' face me-
this-away!

And then I scream and scream, because their
teeth is awful aise!

And their tongues is so red-hot, oh, the
worstest is their eyes!

They are the roudest, wildestest that I don't
want to see!

And all the time they're squirm'n' round to
turn them all on me,

And turn them on me all at once—and then I
fears I'd die!

And that's the time I all awink up against the
wall an' cry.

And cawd myself away far back against the
wall an' scream.

And mother says, "You better go, I gess he's
had a dream."

And so my father comes, and he turns on my
bedroom light.

And holds and loves me up until I haven't any
fright.

And I look in the closet and them things ain't
there at all—

I almost see them as they go a-slidin' then the
wall.

When the light comes, and there is that the
wall where they was at—

It's only cattawampusses that is as quick as
that!

And I don't let my father go back to his bed
till he's satisfied.

Until he shuts an' turns the key in that there
closet door.

—Jed Mortimer Little in the Boston Post.

PANAMA-PACIFIC IS COMING HERE

The Commercial Museum Is the Graveyard of Expositions, Only
It's By No Means a Dead Place—Many Great Fairs Now on
Show in Philadelphia—Shared With Public Schools.

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

PHILADELPHIA is the graveyard of ex-
positions. Minus the original environment
of bright lights, gaudy midway and specta-
tors by the hundreds of thousands, the ma-
jor exhibits of the World's Fair of Chicago,
the St. Louis, Buffalo, Paris and Guatemalan
expositions are now on display in the big
gray buildings of the Philadelphia Commercial
Museum on the west bank of the Schuylkill
River at 34th and
Spruce streets.

There, also, will
be installed most of
the exhibits of per-
haps a score of for-
eign countries now
attracting thou-
sands of visitors to
the Panama-Pacific
Exposition at San
Francisco. Yet to
say that they will be
"buried" is merely
a figure of speech,
for in the long run
the exhibits will be
of more use, both
from the commercial
and from the cul-
tural viewpoint, at the Museum than