Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1916.

No one has a monopoly of the making of keys to the door of success.

The open season for water-wagon jokes begins today.

The war expert's old friends, Styr and Stripa, are coming back on the wings of a new Russian advance.

Germany Pleased by Austria's Note.—Headline.
Glad that some one is pleased.

The Paris Matin insists that the Kaiser has cancer. But the only way it can prove it is to have a war expert say so.

The Baseball Players' Fraternity expects to pass a prohibition rule this year. A new Federal League may be expected any day thereafter.

If Billy Sunday wants to make a hit in Trenton he should devote his first sermon to the grip, persuading the unwelcome visitor to hit the trail away from that place.

William Waldorf Astor was granted a barony in the same list of honors that gave Henry James the Order of Merit. Ex-Americanism is looking up, but money still has a safe lead on art.

A careful reading of all the New Year's messages sent to the men on the firing line by the Kaiser, the President of France, the Czar and the King of England convinces us that they will all win the war in 1916. It is to be hoped that they are right about the 1916, anyhow.

The Brown University football team traveled 3000 miles to Pasadena, California, to play the team from Washington State College and lost, 14-0. It traveled about 100 miles to meet Yale and won, 3-0. Intersectional football at such a price is doomed when good pickings are so near at home.

Secretary Lansing's proposals for Pan-American peace, it is understood, include arbitration of boundary disputes and prohibit shipment of munitions to insurgents. The Central American republics, Haiti and some others will ask Mr. Briggs to draw a cartoon with the Spanish for "Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life" as a head.

To the younger generation the death of Commander Tommaso Salvini was a shock because they did not know that he was still alive. The names of Ristori and Salvini, linked for their fathers and grandfathers as vivid memories, were only regrets for them. Booth, who played Iago to Salvini's Othello, is another such memory, and the uncurious mind naturally assumed that Salvini had long ago played his final appearance on the mortal stage.

How the ends of the world have been swept into this war is shown by the sinking of the Persia. Until the event the Peninsular and Oriental Line was known chiefly as the "P. and O.," through Rudyard Kipling's repeated references to it. In his mysterious song, "The Riddle," from the "Just-So Stories," he wrote that "China-going P's and O's, Pass Pau Amma's playground close," and he recorded, also, that Dick Heldar, before he went blind, could tell each of the P. and O. steamers by their outline. Today the P. and O. is on each man's lips.

Al Ringling, oldest of the five brothers who rose from a brass band and concert leader to control of "the greatest show on earth," is dead. His was the first portrait in the slanting line of faces which has appeared on virtually every billboard in America. In the development of the circus from an essentially provincial amusement to a great business, which found a large part of its income in metropolitan centres, the individuality of the promoters was soon lost. Barnum and the Ringling Brothers were able to withstand the deluge of their own prosperity.

The voyage of the French liner Lafayette will be watched with apprehensive interest by Americans. On board the steamer, besides the Diaghilew Russian ballet, are a number of citizens of this country, and some of the latter have received intimations similar to those "sent to the manager of the Empire Theatre when he sailed from New York." In these guarded terms a dispatch makes reference to Charles Frohman and his ill-starred voyage on the Lusitania, exactly eight months ago. The Lusitania affair is not yet settled, and this sinister warning, whether it result in disaster or no, is some indication of how precarious our present position is and how dangerous it may, at any moment, become.

The name of Henry Ford, never long absent from the news, appeared in three separate items yesterday. As the apostle of peace Mr. Ford returned to this country, broken in his high hopes, yet winning a readier sympathy from his fellow-men than was granted him when he departed. At the same time, compilations of automobile statistics indicate that Mr. Ford's factories will produce next year 50 per cent. of the total number of motorcars made in 1915. That total was over a million—a significant fact in itself—and next year there will be 500,000 more Fords for jesters to aim at. Finally, the city of Detroit surpassed its record of marriage licenses, largely on account of the fact that married men share to a greater extent in the bonuses distributed at the Ford works. If he fails in one way, Mr. Ford certainly succeeds in others as a beneficiary of mankind.

MAKE GOOD, MR. SMITH!

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, when elected Mayor of New York, was denounced by all the reformers as a creature of the machine. They said he could not have been nominated without making a bargain with Tammany, and insisted that he would betray the people to reward the bosses.

Mr. Gaynor did not make that kind of Mayor. He was his own master. He had ideals and he strove with all his might to govern in accordance with those ideals and not in the way the machine wanted him to govern. Men who had lived in the same city with him for twenty years did not know him, but when they had an opportunity to see him in action in the City Hall they apologized for their ante-election attacks.

They discovered that a man nominated and elected by the machine could be a good Mayor.

Gaynor, however, was never a machine man, even if he was elected by Tammany. Thomas F. Gilroy, who was Mayor a few years before him, had always been a Tammany man.

He began officeholding as the clerk in a police court. He proved that he had political instincts and more than ordinary ability and was appointed or elected to several offices of increasing importance till he finally became Mayor. The Evening Post, the paper which Joseph H. Choate once said made virtue repulsive, declared that the city was humiliated by the election of a mere "Tammany heeler."

Gilroy was the product of the Tammany system, which is based on the survival of the fittest. He was a Tammany heeler, if you please, but he was a man of long training in handling public business. Gilroy had the qualifications which George Wharton Pepper last summer confessed that he did not possess when he declined to become a candidate for the mayoralty nomination here. Mr. Pepper then said that the Mayor should be a man with preliminary training in officeholding, or in the study of municipal questions in their practical relations. Although the reformers did not take back what they said of Gilroy, he made one of the most capable Mayors New York ever had.

The success of the machine Mayors of Boston has been the despair of the opposition. Fitzgerald, who was Mayor twice, did so well in his second term that the Back Bay amateur politicians confessed they did not know how to oppose him when he was doing so many good things for the city.

Chicago has had a similar experience. Carter H. Harrison, a machine man, knew what the city wanted and needed, and in his numerous Administrations he proved that expert knowledge is as useful in governing a city as in running any other business.

Reform Mayors often have failed because of their inability to understand that it takes more than good intentions to succeed in public office. They have trampled on the susceptibilities of the public. They have not been trained in the arts of diplomacy and have not known how to get on with people. Seth Low, as able and high-minded a man as there is in New York, was one of the poorest Mayors that city ever elected.

The Blankenburg Administration here, in so many respects one of the most brilliant the city has had, would have been much more successful if there had been more practical politicians in high places in it, not to play politics, but to handle men.

The machine Administration which comes into office today will succeed in places where the Blankenburg Administration failed. It has an opportunity also to succeed where its predecessor succeeded. Thomas B. Smith desires to be a good Mayor. Without any doubt he intends to serve the city to the best of his ability. He has announced that he will not play politics, that his appointments have been made not to reward one faction or another, but because the men selected are capable of doing the work expected of them.

Mr. Smith, however, was not nominated to be the kind of Mayor he has said that he will be. He was picked by the machine because it thought that it could use him. Conditions were such last summer that the machine thought it could elect a yellow dog. A much worse man than Mr. Smith might have been nominated.

He has an opportunity to prove that he is big enough to compel the Organization to co-operate with him in giving to the city the kind of government that it should have. The leaders will undoubtedly co-operate with him in executing the great program of public improvements for which plans have long been making. He has the power to prevent grave scandal in the awarding of contracts and to see to it that the city gets value received for what is spent. It remains to be seen whether he has the intellectual force and the moral courage to exercise that power to the full. The EVENING LEDGER hopes that he has. It will be the first to commend him when he does well and not the last to condemn him when he does ill.

If Mr. Smith is the kind of man he thinks he is, he will be the kind of Mayor he hopes to be.

IT MUST END!

AT THE very moment in which Baron Zwiedinek, acting head of the Austrian Embassy to this country, asks America to suspend judgment and promises a satisfactory explanation of the Persia's sinking the news comes that another liner has been sunk in the Mediterranean. The British steamer Glengyle, carrying passengers, Americans among them, has provided another bitter commentary on that recognition of the rights of humanity which the Austrian note avowed. No lives, it seems, were lost, but the policy of frightfulness still continues.

It is not necessary now to know the full facts of the case. It is impossible now for the guilty nation to shift the blame as Germany shifted the blame to Austria and as Austria may to Turkey or to any other nation not yet "sufficiently" informed of the American demands. Our first note to Germany was a declaration to the world, and every submarine attack since that time has been an impudent injury to this country.

If the Administration is in earnest it must make it clear, with a fatal precision, that no reparation for murder can be made. If the blood lust of Europe, if the endless massacres on the field of battle have distorted official minds so far that death itself seems reparable by payment of money, it remains for this country to insist that nothing can repay for the loss of life and that the murder of another American will find us, under arms if necessary, ready to resist. We ask for no satisfactory explanations, because no explanation can satisfy. We demand not reparation, but an immediate termination of these assassinations.

Tom Daly's Column

MY LORD OF ASTOR.

Some of the King's advisers entertain the belief that Mr. Astor's honor will be especially pleasing to Americans.—*Public Ledger.*

O! yes, indeed, my Lord, we're glad
Your watchful waiting is at last o'er;
And what a deal of it you've had,
My Lord of Astor!

My Lord—or should we say, "Your Grace"?—
We're quite delighted that your master
Has given you so fine a place,
My Lord of Astor!

The old folks here, from Maine to Nome,
Who deemed you doomed to dark disaster,
Rejoice that you have found a home,
My Lord of Astor!

And is our joy as vast a thing
As we'd have felt if your old master
Had won you back from George, your King?
My Lord, a vaster!

Why, Austria dear! Must Papa speak to you again?

Society

The note said: "Mr. So-and-so has been entertaining Mr. Blank, of Scranton, over the week-end." The society editor of the E. L. called up Mr. So-and-so to verify the note. "How long was he with you, Mr. So-and-so? One day?" "Yes, one day; say, how much cost?" "No charge at all." "Well, then, say two days."

The "For-It-Was-Indeed-He" Club

XVIII—W. P. W.

W. P. W.

On a wild Christmas Day
Once, up Kensington-way,
Santa Claus stepped aside and gave place to a bird.
'Twas the stork that he saw
With a gift in its claw,
And this lad at your left is the thing that occurred.

On the day he was brung
He was husky of lung,
But he hadn't a tux. or frock coat to his name.
Yet he waxed and grew fat
And acquired a hat,
And in due course of time all the other things came.

Now, dear reader, he owns
Chickens, diamonds, colognes,
Squirrels, snails, ferrets, goldfish and other such pelf.
Mr. Wood, William P.—
For it was indeed he—
Sells the pets, but reserves the colognes* for himself.

*Also the diamonds, which are too numerous to crowd into one stanza.

We Decline an Invitation

Sir—The sportsmen are enthusiastic about the hunting along Chestnut street. The mixed grill is found on Carl Ritzton's flats, and the cocktail is abundant all along the Rialto; guinea hen is flying low in the Strellevue-Bratford grill, near the barber shop, and game beef can be had without any trouble at all. The wild sardine is so common that you get tired flushing him, I understand, from his favorite covert between a couple slices of Kolbhofer's bread. If you want to enjoy some sport and bring a friend I'll take time off and go shooting with you any day. Yours, W. H.

Thanks; but we have the Curtis-y of the preserves and such like on the top floor of the restaurant building, northwest corner 6th and Walnut streets.

To please at least six Germantown contribs we call attention to the fact that many men thereabouts go regularly to Hug the Barber. One other informs us that just a few doors away, on the corner of Chelten avenue, one may see the sign of Doctor Lawyer, Dentist.

Masculine, "Clothed"; Feminine, "Gowned."

Sir—Scene: The library, after dinner. My wife in a beautiful sleeveless, low-necked gown, pink and flimy, on the couch. I in my deep chair, in a heavy gray business suit.
My Wife—Doesn't it seem cold to you, dear?
I—No, my dear; it doesn't.
M. W.—What is the thermometer?
I (looking at thermometer on the bookcase)—Sixty-seven.
M. W.—The thermometer must be wrong.
I—Possibly, my dear, it is because I am fully clothed that I am warm, and perhaps it is because your gown——
M. W.—It seems to me, love, that I am dressed and well—that you are not. Won't you please get my shawl for me. H. H. H.

YEA! BO.

Some guys has got more sense
Dan others—an' say!
De guys dat has horse sense
Knows when to say "Neigh!"

A suspicious character—that is to say, a red-nosed man, who wore a button of the Anti-Saloon League—claims to have overheard this line of talk at a soda-water fountain:

"Tell me, Jawn, why is it at all that the nations of Europe are called 'the Powers'?" "An' why not? Sure, 'Powers' is a good Irish name." "But, man alive, they're not all Irish." "Faith, most o' thim are givin' a good imitation of it this minyit."

"On the second floor was noticed a door leading to an attic," says a police story in a Wilmington paper. "This door, however, was closed and fastened. It being unfastened, Sheriff Kirby ascended into a dark room, where for a few minutes he could scarcely see his hand before him. After searching one corner, which contained some potatoes, the other corner of the room was searched, resulting in the finding of Wilson, stretched on the floor under a pile of carpets, matting, &c."

S. W. L. thinks—and we agree with him—that this "really dark darkroom with only two corners" should be given at least one more corner here.

Maybe It's Frozen Custard Now

Dear Sir—In Camden (across the river) a Federal street restaurant announced, with a labored, home-made placard:

BEEN SOUP

As an innocent bystander, I cannot but wonder what the result might be today. W. D.

Postscript Night Extra on the Doughnut

We thought we were through with that doughnut thing, but here's William Allen White in the Emporia Gazette, who simply must be heard:

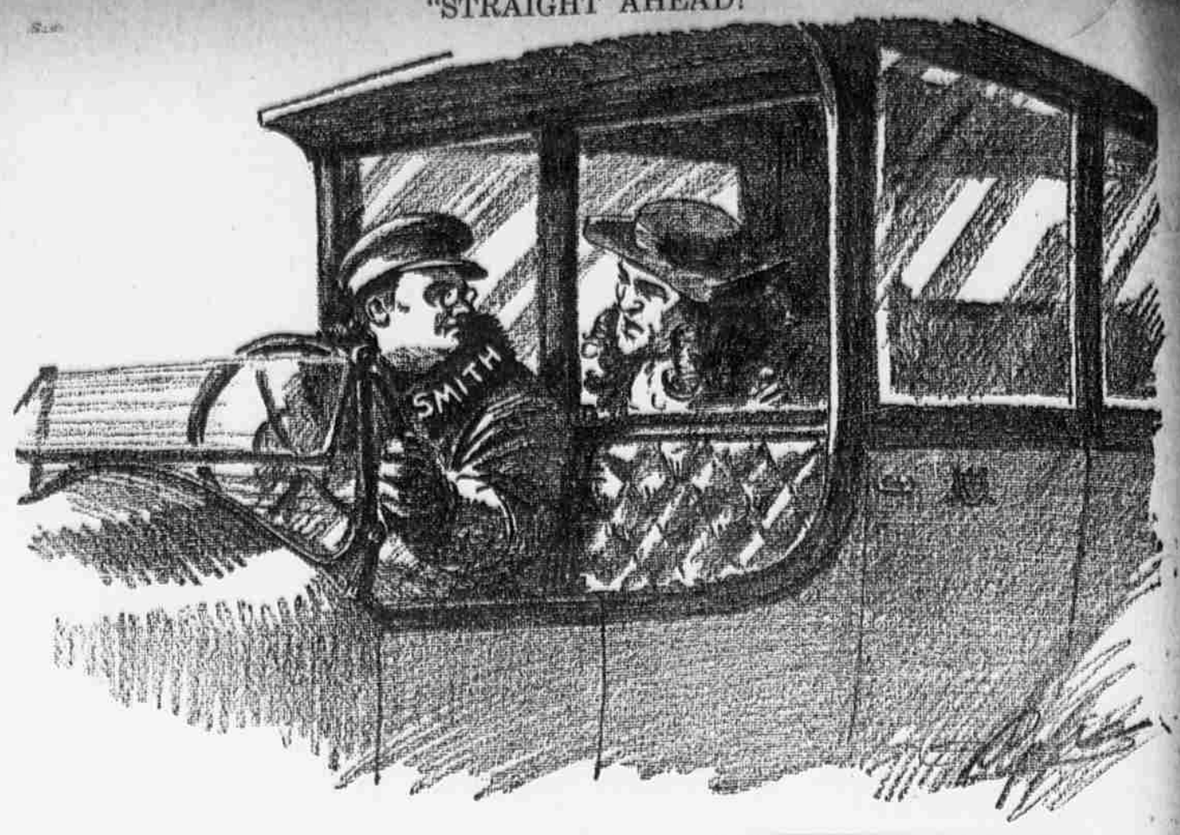
"The Gazette's position on the doughnut is being misrepresented by the conservative press. The subsidized organs of the big interests are making it appear that we are against the doughnut. It is also claimed that we are for the public ownership of doughnuts.

"Far be it! We believe in the doughnut. It is the bulwark of our liberties. But as a breakfast dish it lacks gastronomic resiliency and won't do.

"The esteemed Lawrence Journal suggests that the matter be settled by the appointment of a State doughnut bureau on a bi-partisan basis. That looks reasonable. But in these reactionary times probably a bi-partisan commission would apportion the ring to the Republicans and the hole to the Bull Moosers. We refuse to be led into that trap.

"We hold to our original position, that the doughnut as a breakfast dish must and shall be destroyed. It has neither the sufficiency of buckwheat cakes nor the felicity of biscuits and jam! It must go until the noon meal or supper."

"STRAIGHT AHEAD!"



EXPERIENCES WITH MIDNIGHT PROWLERS

The Subject of Ghosts Raises a Regiment of Questions, but Also a Goodly Number of Ghost Stories—Haunted Houses

ARE there any ghosts? Ask yourself, instead, if there is anything more real than the ghost of Banquo, or Hamlet's ghost, or the ghost that walks on payday, or the ghost of a chance, or the spirit that haunts the last hours of the year, or even some of those numerous political spectres like a one-term ghost?

Everybody has a ghost story to tell—some yarn of personal experience. That's how we know there are ghosts. If the following stories don't correspond with a strict interpretation of the word "ghosts," why, then, you'll have to assume a liberal interpretation:

The Castlereagh Ghost

Lord Castlereagh, whom the historian Fortescue has described as the best War Minister England ever had, figured in a ghost story. In 1822 he visited Bulwer Lytton's father at Knebworth. He was assigned to a room seldom used, owing to its being haunted by the apparition of a boy, which appeared to any one sleeping in the apartment, and by pantomimic gestures revealed the manner of his approaching death. Castlereagh did not know the legend. He was tired after his journey and sank into a deep sleep as soon as he went to bed. About two o'clock in the morning he awoke with a violent start. He saw by the fire a quaintly dressed boy with long yellow hair. As Castlereagh stared the boy turned toward him, glided to the foot of the bed, and, drawing his hand three times across his throat, vanished. Castelreagh got out of bed and made a memorandum of the occurrence. A few weeks afterward Castlereagh committed suicide. A biographer says: "Whether the idea was actually suggested to him by the apparition—there have been several authentic instances of ghosts having connived at murder and suicide—must, of course, remain a matter of conjecture."

A beneficent ghost pursued the author of "Sherlock Holmes." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was traveling in Switzerland and had occasion to cross the Gemmi Pass. On the top of it was a lonely inn which looks down upon a populous valley on either side, but is itself entirely isolated during the winter. He supposed that it was deserted at that time, but was told upon inquiry that the family laid in a supply of wood and remained there utterly cut off from the people below them. The singularity of such a position arrested his attention and a story began to form itself in his mind. It rested on the desperate position of a group of characters strongly antagonistic and reacting upon each other, who had no refuge from each other's company and were irresistibly impelled toward black tragedy while the golden lights of happy human life twinkled in the valleys beneath them.

Doyle worked the story over in his mind until it assumed fairly definite shape. One day on his return journey he bought a book of De Maupassant's. He had never read it before. The first story was "The Inn," and in it was the whole of his own conception. Doyle breathed a sigh of gratitude at the thought that a guardian angel had impelled him to buy at just the right time the one book in all the world that could save him from making himself ridiculous. For otherwise he would have written and published the story as it had developed in his own mind.

A New England clergyman relates that one night he dreamed of being called to the long distance telephone and asked to attend the funeral of one of his parishioners in a former parish. For years he had heard nothing of this parishioner. The morning after the dream he was called to the phone, informed of her death and asked to attend the funeral.

Nights in a Haunted Room

Robert Hugh Benson is another credible witness to incidents and events that are stranger than fiction. He wrote in 1912: "The very house I am inhabiting at this moment has recently begun to justify its rustic reputation. When I acquired the place four or five years ago I slept each night for about two years in a smallish bedroom at the top of the stairs on the first floor. One or two small incidents happened on which I lay no stress; they are easily explicable on natural grounds. * * * Since that date, when the room became a guest chamber, it has, three times altogether, asserted itself in these ways. The first two experiences were those of a perfectly fearless man, who on two out of the three nights when he slept there was aware of the entrance of a tall old woman, who, after coming audibly up the stairs, opening the door and entering, spoke a sentence to him of which he could not distinguish the words though he understod their sense. He was unable, though quite without any feeling of terror, either to answer her or to move. A friend staying in my house at the present time, a few weeks ago heard, from the adjoining bedroom, steps come up the stairs, the unmistakable rattle of the handle of the 'haunted' room, the entrance of the Energy, and finally its departure again a few moments later. I may add, first, that he too had no sensation of terror; and, second, that he knew nothing of the story; it was only upon my repeating the story to him afterwards that he made inquiries and found that no one in the house had entered the room at the time at which, somewhere between midnight and two o'clock in the morning, he had heard the sounds."

Ghost stories serve other purposes nowadays than that of creepy entertainment by the fireside. Science has taken them up and is treating them with great respect. If my own house ever becomes haunted from any cause to which I am a party, I am sure that the ghostly sounds to disturb the future tenants will emanate from the cellar. My energy certainly has gone out, in no small measure, in the process, oft repeated, of shaking down the furnace. R. H.

HOLMES USES "KICKED"

And Incidentally Inspires the Following Remarks on New Words and Old

Highbrows may weep and ultra-correct persons who believe the English language ought to be immutable may wail, but "kicked"—in the sense of "objected"—has been recognized as a good word by no less a personage than Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court.

In an opinion handed down from his pen appear these words: "The defendant kicked against this." Whereupon those who would have the English language less elastic than it is, or who frown upon the occasional acceptance as good English of what but yesterday was slang are much exercised.

"Kick," according to the dictionary, means "to give a blow with the foot," but it has gained in the course of time many other meanings. It has long been correct usage to say that one kicked up his heels, or kicked up a row, that an internal combustion engine kicks or that a gun kicks. It has even been admissible, on occasion, to say that one "kicked the bucket," although purists would probably say this was inelegant although sufficiently grounded in usage to be understandable.

But since Justice Holmes used the word in his decision there have been not a few to urge that only as a piece of slang ought the word to be written as a synonym of "objected."

The Justice has not entered into the discussion, and probably will not. The very fact that he used the expression in a decision of the highest court of the land makes it certain what he would say—that by usage the aforetime slang has become a "good" word, as slang so often becomes good. Also it is to be remembered that the Justice is a son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, surgeon and poet, and that he is himself recognized as a purist in the use of English.

Many students of literature will be gleeful over this demonstration of what they have maintained for years—that the slang of today is the correct English of tomorrow, provided it is sensible and expressive slang.

It is worth mentioning, however, that Mr. Justice Holmes is not the first purist to use the word in this sense, or a sense very similar, at least. Tennyson, in "The Princess," wrote: "Make all women kick against their lords." Thus the jurist is in good company, and it may be safely said that "kick" has come to stay, never mind how badly the kickers may kick.—San Antonio Light.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

If the war opens our eyes to our trade opportunities, hitherto neglected, it will have done much more for us than giving us a huge transient business in the making of munitions.—Boston Post.

Whether as a practical proposition the future of the Philippine Islands on an independent basis can be secured must depend greatly on the outcome of the war and the subsequent drift of world politics.—Springfield Republican.

The voluntary system should be ended now while we have the opportunity to establish a proper system of citizen service in peace. Our own history summons us to this duty. England's experience challenges us. — Chicago Tribune.