Evening Liedger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CYRUS H. R. CURTIS, PRESIDENT

EDITORIAL BOARD: CIRCS H. R. CERTIS, Chairman. B. H. WHALEY Executive Editor JOHN C. MARTIN General Business Manager Published daily at Public Lenger Building,
Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Lengers Cruynas. Broad and Chestnut Streets
ATRANTIC CITY. Press-Union Building
Naw York. 170-A Metropolitan Tower
Derrott. 828 Ford Building
St. Louis. 409 Globe Democrat Building
Cnicaso. 1202 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS ATHEOTO BURBAU Higg Building of Toke Burbau The Finnes Ruilding of the Rubbau Go Friedrichstrause sensor Hussau Mircont Hussa Strand and Burbau SZ Rue Louis le Urand SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

For carrier, als cents per week. By mail, postpaid autaide of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, one month, twenty-five cents; one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

Notice Subscribers withing address changed must give old as well as new address. REYSTONE, MAIN 1000 TELL, SOOS WALNUT

Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

BRITHERD AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULA-TION OF THE EVENING LEDGER

FOR DECEMBER WAS 96,785.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916

The two noblest things, which are succetness and light.-Swift. The Mayor decides that Broad street must

be "lit up," too.

As the cold wave comes in the grip germs go out. Good-by! Gasoline is going up again, but the sale of

automobiles continues unabated. The Kaiser has sent the Sultan a sword,

but to Constantine it was a wife. It is within the power of Congress to de-

clare war on Mexico if it is so disposed. The Austrians have taken Cettinje. In

fact, they take everything they can get their Some Germans have been found working

in the vicinity of Wilmington, yet the nation still survives. There may be worse criminals than black mailers, but it would be difficult to find any

more contemptible. The St. Louis Park Commissioner knows the best place to come when he wants to

learn how to develop a park.

It is claimed that Roosevelt did not discover the "River of Doubt." Maybe not, but he certainly made it famous.

Judge Sulzberger was saluted in eighteen languages, including that of regret, at a reception to commemorate his retirement.

Perhaps Mr. Knox would be too good a President to be a good candidate. Statesmanship and vote-pulling seldom go together.

There may be a few Armenians left when the Turks gets through with them. The buffalo, for instance, is not entirely extinct.

The official denial of the Kaiser's illness is also evidence of the fact that his physical condition is not at all good. No ruling king is ever very sick until he is dead.

Some Kentucky night-riders have been sentenced to five years in fail. First thing we know somebody in Texas will be hanged for taking part in a lynching bee.

The opposing attorney would say that you Bethmann-Hollweg's reply to the United Press' question about the nature of the Kaiser's illness is not responsive.

"Billy" Sunday wants to know what busisess anybody has to criticise his slang. What eed is there for anybody to criticise anyming when "Billy" Sunday himself is there to do it?

Perhaps that old soldier who excused his drunkenness by saying that drink was his only friend might have had more friends if he had not been so friendly to drink. The rule usually works that way.

Why have such a thing as national defense when it is possible instead to have a million-dollar postoffice at Podunk? "Defenseless and senseless" seems to be the slogan of the never-be-ready advocates.

M'Liss has strong backing in her refutation of the charge that woman is the world's greatest failure. There are some people, indeed, who are unwilling to admit that a woman can be the greatest anything.

It is announced from London that documents taken from Captain von Papen prove that he paid Horn to blow up the Vanceboro bridge. The former attache was proceeding home under a safe conduct, but apparently it was not very safe.

We are not surprised when a 12-year-old boy and his younger sister put out a fire in their home because we expect human intelligence from them. We reserve our astonishment for the time when a dog or a cat gives the alarm in time to save his master.

The Czar, in whose country New Year's Day is always a little late, has issued a proclamation in which he says that the breasts of his soldiers have formed "an invincible shield of protection for the fatherland." They have plenty of heart, but little artillery

In his special cable to the EVENING LEDGER yesterday, Yves Guyot, the French ecomist, discussing trade relations with Germany after the war, pointed out that there must be free trade among the Allies themselves, "and to this must be added the application of tariff pressure to the various states comprising Germany and Austria. This is the only way to prevent 'dumping' under protection of customs charges." All Europe, obviously, is planning to do its "dumping" in America, with the assistance of the Democratic party. Forewarned is

The humiliation and murder of Americans in Mexico was inevitable from the moment that the Witson Administration refused to ownize the only Government that posed any real power in that miserable try. The following months of mollycodmacy, of the Bryan type, strengthse the contempt in which our nationals go hold by the natives. That is the result-gobbe there were not more frightful trages than there were is surrotating. Sec-

retary Knox may have believed in "dollar diplomacy," but it was the kind of diplomacy that lifted Nicaragua out of the mire. Humanitarianiam becomes the most brutal of all isms when it prepares the ground for barbarism and anarchy.

HOW MUCH FOR AN EDISON?

A man puts his own price on himself: a machine is always a machine. The will to do is incalculable wealth. To the man who uses his brain all things are possible.

A MAN with \$7900 could go into the auto-mobile show and buy the most expensive

car on exhibition. It would take much more money to huy the most valuable animal exhibited at a fashionable horse show C K G Billings paid \$60,000 for Lou Dillon, or more than enough to buy seven of the finest cars in Convention Hall.

Lou Dillon is a living creature, with all the potentialities of life within her. An automobile is merely a machine. The horse can co-operate with man and do her share of intelligent work. The machine can do nothing of its own volition. It is dead and inert, unless a man has his hand on the throttle. It acts as if it were alive, but all its simulation of life comes from the action of the brain that made it and the hand that manipulates the valves and levers.

The machine commands admiration. Its silent power, as it moves over the pavements, is awe-inspiring. Its ability to climb the hills and burn its way over the roads as fire runs through stubble makes a mere man envious of its ability to cover great distances But the motorcar is only one of the many products of the human brain. It existed in a man's mind before it was materialized. It has made a new business where none existed before, and this business is so extensive that the men engaged in it here have spent \$58,000 this week in advertising it in the local papers.

There are other machines as marvelous as the automobile. The linotype machine, used in setting the type for every large newspaper in the country, is almost automatic in its operations, and it is sometimes called intelligent, but it has no more intelligence than the man who sits at its keyboard. The machine itself did not know enough to adjust the expansion and contraction of the pot that holds the molten metal used in casting the type, and the metal pot would crack and put the machine out of commission until it was repaired. A man had to come to the help of the machine. He devised a way of heating the metal by electricity applied in the center of the mass, so adjusted as to distribute the warmth uniformly. And in order to prevent the overheating he arranged an automatic switch which will turn on the heat when it falls below a fixed minimum and turn it off when the maximum, ten degrees greater, is reached.

"In Franklin's day," sald a machinist who was adjusting one of the electrically heated metal pots, "electricity was untamed. Now we've got it eating off our hands."

No one should exhaust his capacity for wonder over the things that men have done with inert metal and the forces of nature. Man has wrought greater marvels with himself. Fifty years ago no one who looked upon a certain sickly, asthmatic, narrow-chested, near-sighted little boy would have expected him to become one of the most vigorous men of his time, both physically and intellectually But Theodore Roosevelt was that boy. He remembers being carried from one place to another by his parents, who hoped to find some spot where he could breathe. His sight was so poor that he went stumbling about until it was accidentally discovered, when he was 13 years old, that he needed glasses. He decided to remake the weak body with which he had been born. He succeeded so well that it is doubtful if any man of his years in the country is more vigorous or able to stand up under a harder physical or mental strain.

What Roosevelt has done with his body is more wonderful than anything that inventors have done with steel. By grim determination and resolute effort he fitted himself to

live the life which he wanted to live Alexander H. Stephens, afflicted with bodily infirmities that he could not overcome, refused to permit them to overcome him. He became one of the ablest statesmen of his day and one of the most powerful leaders of his party.

Francis Parkman refused to permit his failing sight to prevent him from completing a monumental work on American history.

Robert Louis Stevenson, dying for years from an incurable disease, remained captain of his soul and forced his feeble hands to respond to his indomitable will, and Lincoln, handicapped as few boys are now handicapped, persisted in his determination to know things until he had mastered all the books in the sparsely settled country for 20 miles around.

He did not say "Ah, what's the use. I never can amount to anything because I ain't got no chance."

He did not look around for some one to give him an opportunity, but he made his own opportunities, and when the time of trial came the nation found a man ready to its hand qualified to stand the strain put upon his honor, his patriotism and his statesman-

The will to do and to dare marks the difference between a man and a machine, and between the man who does things and the man who complains because he has no chance, An automobile may be worth \$7900 and a

trotting horse may sell for \$60,000. But who can measure the value of a man? If Edison were put up on the block at auction, what would he bring at a forced sale? Grant, the tanner, did not seem to be worth much to any one, but Grant, the compeller of

victory, was worth billions to the nation. The value of a machine depends on the use man can make of it. The value of a man depends on the use he can make of machines, the raw materials of nature and other men, and no bear market can prevent him from making himself worth as much as he chooses.

MAYOR SMITH SELECTS A SITE

THE Convention Hall site selected by the Mayor, on the Parkway between 21st and 22d streets, is within three or four hundred feet as near the City Hall as the site at 24th and Chestnut streets, recommended last spring. It is farther from the hotel district and it is not so accessible by street car. Yet it is within a reasonably short distance of the heart of the city and can be reached quickly by automobile, either jitney or taxi.

The Mayor regards it as by far the best site yet suggested. The advocates of the early grection of the hall may not agree with him, but they are doubtless wise enough to co-operate in persuading Councils to go ahead and direct the early erection of the building. There never will be general agreement on any site all that have been proposed have faults. What the city needs is the hall, and it needs it without any more delay, even if some people do not like the site selected.

Tom Daly's Column

LITTLE SISTER'S REAU My little sister has a beau She's very fand of whom-It is the grocer's boy, you know That scorks for Mr. Groom And mornings when he comes to get Our order he will say Before he's scarcely got there yet "Well, how is she today."

At first when he addressed her so I really was inclined To frown woon such talk, you know But now I do not mind. Of course if it was serious Such conduct would not do, But we don't care to make a fuss For she is only two.

And anyway I'm sure he knows He must not hope that he Can be as friendly when she proves To be a maid like me And so I smile upon the lad Whene'er I hear him say With cheery face that makes her plad "Well, how is she today."

LITTLE POLLY. Whenever we open a contribution beginning, "Of all the easy jobs, a job like yours is the easiest," we know it's sure to be of those dull episodes that keep the job from being the easy thing it might be,

Lines on the Ease of Column Writing Webster has the words, and I

And give them places in the Su-Here a word, and there a word-It's so easy 'tis absurd' I merely range them in a row, Webster's done the work, you know!

Word follows word, it inch by inch.
I have a column! What a cinch!
I take the words that Webster period And merely lay them end to end! - Don Marquis, in New York Evening Sun.

Lazy fellow! Shiftless youth! Shall we take your lines for truth? Is your work, from day to day, Done in such a slip-shod way?

It is not enough, my friend, Just to lay words end to end When that little job is through There's another you should do

Take those words apart again! Clean up all the mess and then, Like a printer at the case, Put each word back in its place.

SOME days ago we ventured the opinion that the Philadelphia Directory for 1789, or thereabouts, would assay some rich stuff, and here comes Dr. W. R. Fisher, of Monroe County, with a rare copy for our inspection. The book was edited by Clement Biddle, and was published for him by James & Johnson, at 147 High street, in the year 1791. The thing is rather disappointing, for we find in the casual glance allowed us less of interest there than we had expected. The pages are full of big names, of course, for Philadelphia was then the capital of the nation, and G. Washington's White House was on High street, which-as every one knows-is now Market. But beyond that only these items seem to us worthy of

The city extends nearly three miles, north and outh, and one mile in from the Dei wars.

Dock street is the only crooked street in the

Dock street is the only croaked street in the city.

Henry Snyder, farmer, 40s North Third street.

There was but one death last summer from drinking cold water, whereas some years ago 20 has not been an uncommon number from this single cause.

Some of us, curious about the ways of our ancestors, may be interested to learn that a city ordinance provided that "every chimney sweeper shall have and receive for every chimney swent by him and passing through two stories or under, 9 pence; for three stories, 1 shilling, and for four or more stories, 1 shilling 6 pence."

Careful count of the two leading families of the day shows: Smiths, 82; Joneses, 42.

* * * Mr. Daly's \$250,000 prize poem. "To a Thrush." In the "Lyric Year."—Phoenizville Republican.

We'd thank the Republican for that extra cipher, but it gets us 0. Yet, on the other hand, it offers an opportunity to call attention to the delightful breeziness of Emma Chester's column in that paper-and there's

"Over the door of a 'gents' ' furnishing store on Ridge avenue," writes Doan Tewaman Ame, "I noticed the following sign:"

"What Every Woman Knows"

MENSWEAR

The Perfect Movie Show The girl who sold the tickets said, "How many,

please?" and smiled, And didn't let her face suggest a lim The ticket chopper's countenance full manly was, and mild-

He didn't chew tobacco all the time; The ushers all were Mary Pickfords, dainty and demure, And did not romp, like Ty Cobb, down the alsle, The seats were adults' size, the air within

was fairly pure; No spooners mushed, and clasped their hands The pictures hore no captions, read out loud by

people 'round;
The hero looked a decent chap enough;
The villain smoked no black cigars, no long
lost will was found; lost will was found;

There were no "comic capers" or "rough atuff."

And nobody blew up a mine—there was no mine to blow—

And not a pistol figured in a scene;

There was a sort of plot for such as had the wit to know.

No Cable Forms (paid adver.) marred the screen.

And when the features ended you were told
that you were "through" for the you weren't "chased" by pictures of creekfishing in Peru
Or tortured by "The Organ With a Voice"
The drama's power had thrilled you and the
comics were a scream

The best you'd ever seen, without a doubt,
And then—an usher 'woke you; the darn thing
had been a dream—
You'd slept all night, and doped the whole

Very Well, How's This Position?

This simple stuff I send,
And though ill fate forfend
And keep it down. I'll bend
My humble kase
With dignity,
if it but mark the end,

We make you the penultimate, Will Lou W., because if your signature appeared at the very bottom you might be accused of all the other crimes above not otherwise

THE TWO PRAYERS

A youth stood with uplifted arms and faced the

a youth stood with uplifted arms and faced the flsing sun.

"O God," he prayed, with earnest eyes, "ere my short day be done,
O God of power, grant me power! O God of strength, grant me strength
To forge my way to fame, to claim a conqueror's crown at length.

Till when death's shadow creeps a-near my name may show on high less amid earth's mightiest—then could I gayly die!"

A man, still strong but tamed by care, by tempering sorrow tried, Knelt, ere he slept, in humbleness, a spirit

Knelt, ere he stept,
purified.
"Grant, God of Love." he murmured low,
"grant me the power to love,
The power to lighten thred hearts, the power
cold hearts to move,
The sense compassionate, and ere my working

The sense compassionate, and ere my working soul takes flight. Let me forget myself, to wake sun-startled by Thy light." -Harper's Weekly.

WALTHER RATHENAU. CHIEF OF INDUSTRY

The Man in Charge of the Business End of War in Germany-Career and Personality of an Efficiency Expert

ALONG with talk of military preparedparedness-for war. There's doubtless some thing in it. Industrial resources have to be mobilized, as well as armies, when war breaks out. England.

we are told, has had a good deal of trouble in mobilizing her industrial resources. Germany fared better. Germany was prepared. The success of the Germans in the field and their still more remarkable success in maintaining r nation cut off from commerce with the rest of the world are due largely to the organization of industry under scientific direc-

tion, A year and a balf WALTHON BATHENAU

Ch.

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ago the Kaiser's Minister of War called upon Dr. Walter Rathenau to take charge of the manufacture of war material. His greatest achievement is the development of the process of making nitric acid from the nitrogen and oxygen of the air by means of the electric spark. This provides the nitrates necessary for ammunition and agriculture, and frees Germany, probably permanently, from a per previous dependence on the British ni' , to beds of Chill.

No wooden effigies have been erected in Germany in honor of Walther Rathenau, but this man has done more than anybody else to organize industry for war time and conserve the food supply, and that is a task as wonderful and important as that of the generals in the field. The purely business side of the war was intrusted to Rathenau, president of the General Electricity Company, of Berlin, and son of the "electric king," Emil Rathenau. He is a Jew, still in the early forties, and stands 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings. He is an electrical engineer, a banker and a man of intellect and culture.

The Business End of War

Occupying a suite of four rooms at the Ministry of War in Berlin, into which he moved with his assistants five days after Great Britain declared war on Germany in August of 1914, Walther Rathenau, a giant in stature and a prince in the business world of the Fatherland, lost no time in setting up his wonderful artillery of efficiency to reply to the British campaign of "attrition." This war, in the British mind, was not to be fought by British soldiers. British sailors were to have finished their labors when they had cleared the seas of vessels of commerce, and by establishing a blockade of German ports had cut off the subjects of Emperor William from getting food supplies and raw materials necessary to daily life and for the manufacture of munitions of war. It was Rathenau who answered the blockade edict.

German preparedness was a division of labor. Hindenburg through many years of peace, obsessed with the idea that Russia would some day try to march upon Berlin, fought like a madman against the proposed drainage of the Ma urian Lakes in East Prussia, and thus saved Germany from a permanent invasion as well as prepared the stage for one of the greatest battles of history at Tannenburg. Mackensen, in his professor's chair at the War Academy in Berlin, meditated upon the possibilities of an attack upon the British Empire through Serbia and Turkey. Falkenhayn, while the pet of royalty at Potsdam, was formulating the masterful strategy which placed him at the head of the great General Staff when the best man was needed to rescue the country from threatened annihilation. Walter Rathenau, inheriting his father's business as director of a corporation capitalized at \$1,000,-600,000 (which he had served himself in every department, beginning as a workman in overalls) was using his leisure to build up a commercial fortification for the Fatherland in the event of war.

Mining on the Housetops

To obtain materials Belgium and Northern France, conquered in the first weeks of the war, were inventoried and an enormous industry in warehousing and shipping their metals and textiles was organized with incredible speed. Poland added its store of wealth last August. And there have always remained partly open a few doors leading into Germany from Scandinavia and Switzerland. But these supplies all put together were not enough to wage war for an indefinite period. Rothenau had to get most of what he needed from Germany. Upon the roofs of the houses and the fac-

tories he discovered millions of pounds of metal which can be made into munitions of war, a reserve supply which he has so far tapped only up to 2 per cent. It is enough to last him for years. Steel and sine, which are plentiful in Germany, were substituted for copper and tin, which could not be obtained. Saltpetre, without which ammunition could not be made, according to theory, was likewise a forbidden import. To replace it scientists working under Doctor Rathenau discovered a chemical process to take nitrates from the air, a substitute declared to be better than the original. Potatoes have taken the place of wheat in bread, and by the system of distribution no more will be consumed than can be supplied at home. This is the case in respect to every article used by the people or the soldiers. The director of all this work of organization and economio maintenance of the nation is Doctor

"EATS" ACCORDING TO THE LOCALITY

Favorite Foods of Different Cities and Countries - Gastro-Co graphical Rivalries-The Ridiculous and the Sublime Merits of Baked Beans and Terrapin

THERE is no accounting for tastes. Some people are said to consider salted watermelon a great delicacy. The man who salts his watermelon is of a kind with the one who wears a sky-blue necktie with a shirt striped with pea green and Tyrian purple, and never knows that he has made anybody's flesh crawl. It certainly is not entirely in warring countries that atrocities occur. In neutral Iceland codfish is dried, ground into powder and made into bread, Certain Orientals are said to like earthworms served in a sauce made of wood lice. That is all right for them if they like it. As Lincoln said about the panorama, "For those who like that sort of thing, why it is the very thing they like."

And snails! "All snails are edible and nutritious," says Canon Horsley in a book on British land and fresh water molluses, and if you see it in a book it must be so. He goes on to say that even the common or garden snail, though insipid, is as nourishing as calf's foot jelly. There is a large whiteshelled snail called Helix pomatia that is commonly eaten by connoisseurs in the south of England, while all over France, Italy and Spain several species are used as food. In France there are many small farms, which yield a good profit to their owners. In the French and Italian quarters of New York snails may be bought, either alive or cooked, and at most of the French restaurants they are served, "escargots farels" being the most usual form of the dish. Snalls are easy to raise in large quantities., They need lime for making their shells, but they do not have to be fed, as they can find their own food, which is exclusively the leaves of many plants. They are most delicious when properly prepared and cooked, and, as Canon Horsley says, as nourishing as calf's foot

Gastronomy and Geography

Nations may be distinguished according to the foods popular in each. It was not by accident that England became known as a nation of beef-eaters or France as a nation of frog-cotors. In England, where food economy just now is something of a problem, it has been rashly suggested that a lesson be learned from Norway. Even the fairly well to do in that Scandinavian country look on the habit of eating meat every day as "swank," and among the country-folk it is almost entirely replaced by cheese. But what cheese! Cream cheese, yellow cheese, green cheese, little round cheeses, like penny buns, dotted with caraway seeds, and last, but far from least, the "gammelost," or old cheese. At which birthday it enters into the full dignity of its title cannot be said, but it is no babe when it appears on the dinner table, and you need to be a strong man to meet it without flinching. For Englishmen, perhaps, a little would go a long way; but what higher testimonial could one give in war time? Its fragrance is not lightly forgotien, and, given a fair wind, it can be sniffed across the North Sea. A sniff, presumably, will suffice.

America has no national dish or delicacy, out we distinguish among our cities and States, according to gastronomic standards, each city or State maintaining an attitude of superiority over all the rest. Philadelpkia has its scrapple, Boston its baked beans and brown bread. Boston makes other claims. It is said that swordfish is so peerless in Boston that its sale to the rest of the country is forbidden. Boston also contributes to the contest the Parker House roll. Sandusky, O., claims to have furnished at least the name of porterhouse steak. Charles Dickens, according to the story was the principal figure in the christening. When Dickens visited the United States in the fifties he spent several days at the hotel, which at that time was conducted by a man named Porter and was known as the Porter House. The author, for his first meal, ordered a steak, and it was put up for him in such style by Mrs. Porter, the landlord's wife, that it struck his fancy. Porter House steak was Dickens' favorite dish while he remained in Sandusky. On the way back to New York Dickens spoke frequently of his Porter House steaks. Friends and acquaintances happening this way stopped at the Porter House and ate steaks. In due time chefs from several of the leading Eastern hotels journeyed to the Porter House and from Mrs. Porter secured, for the mere asking, desired information concerning the manner in which she prepared the steaks. In this way the porterhouse steak came into existence-so the story goes.

Elucidation of Comestibles

Oregon and Washington have a joint title to fame in the fine, firm meat of the Columbia River salmon. But cookery enters into the competition. Chicken halibut should be eaten at Gloucester or Norman's Woe, say some who have sampled the handiwork of the chefs of those localities, and look at this ecstatic bunch of exclamations: "Chesapeake, home of the soft-shelled crab and of his hard-shelled brother! Diamond-back, composed as only Philadelphia cooks or he of Baltimore can blend thee! Maryland fried chicken! What an Elysium to spend one's days fishing on the Western Shore and one's nights feasting at the Baltimore Club! That, that were quite enough to induce blessed forgetfulness of swordfish and halibut to the North, of tarpon to the South, of tunny and salmon to the West. 'Is it any wonder,' demands the Baltimore American, 'that Maryland girls are fair?' No. no -a thousand noes-and here we are, condemned to slave in a desert of table d'hotes in that city of strangers, allen Manhattan!" Missouri has an annual "Fried Chicken Day." But Indiana claims to be the fried

chicken State par excellence. Every 8ab is fried chicken day in Indiana. connoisseur: "Fried chicken at its best, chicken as it can be and should be, is an only in the Middle West and South, and where has the art of fry ng it been so mastered as in Indiana. New England fricasseed chicken, smothered chicken, chicken, but to fried chicken in its perfe it is a stranger. The cold storage ch to which Eastern cities are condemned not possess frying properties. Fried chi is the reliance and the comfort of the con ery housewife in emergency. A fat paller beheaded, its feathers removed, its body membered and the pieces placed in the ing pan before the unexpected guest has it to think of dinner. In an hour or less to the time that unsuspecting pullet was po suing the clusive bug it is served smoi hot upon the table with all the "fixing" cream gravy, hot biscults and other b some dainties-and is fulfilling the his purpose of its being, that of giving) gratification to the Indiana appetite."

What will Maryland say? But we spoker scrapple. Scrapple is so distinctively pardelphian that to describe it as Philade scrapple is rank redundancy. Neverth there's a little village in the mountains West Virginia where scrapple is known, he said that the mountaineers speak as language of Shakespeare, for the forefatter brought it with them and nobody took away. Not long abo a Philadelphia travels. Philadelphians do travel, don't they!making his way, saddle-back, up and down the passes of the mountain country when halted at the door of the best-looking rate in the little group on the hillside and as if he might stay the night. Hospifably was taken in, but warned that he might a like the breakfast. And what did he he for breakfast? Scrapple. Scrapple in mountains of West Virginia, for the wife one of the early actions in that country a born and brought up in Germantown, and the science and art of scrappling been passed down from generation to gener tion till the time of the Philadelphian's to to Germantown, W. Va.

What is the great problem of today! cording to Professor Jung, an authority gastronomics, the question of when, how is s ant to ent is one of the most serious pro lems confronting the nation. "The he and happiness of our men and women, says, "rests on the abolition of the que lunch counter, for as a result of impr food, improperly eaten, comes melanche and after melancholy nearly everythin Bring back the good old home cooking to a wife's love for her husband be borne a by her cooking." Says Meredith: "Civilia man cannot live without cooks." Profes Jung recommends that every man lears b cook for himself.

Cooking in Washington

That is exactly what some men have deed in the national capital the Army and Nan Club, the Metropolitan Club, the Cosmo Club, the University Club and in fact ever club in Washington has in the members men who think that they are the finest cool in the world. Each and every one of the has a specialty. One man can make devilcrab, another knows how to prepare an ir stew, still another is confident that I method of concocting a Welsh rabbit produces a more palatable dish than that of st other person. Others can put sweetbreads the table to shame their colleagues. And s

it goes down the list.

James K. Jones, a lawyer of the town, to F. B. Conger, former Postmaster of the co of Washington and now a contractor's and are joint owners of a boat which is pro ganize little parties for trips down Potomac. They go without a chef, usually their guests demonstrate their to produce toothsome viands on the ga stoves with which the boat is pro About four years ago one of these gr "Tony" Richardson, bragged about his about to cook a ham in champagne. Where Mr. Conger sneeringly remarked that could cook a ham in ink, which any unhi person, would decide was just as tasty as ham cooked in champagne. "In other we asserted Mr. Conger, "it makes no differen what the ham is cooked in, for it will n absorb the flavor of the material."

During the last four years Mr. Congeres Mr. Richardson have, to use the collect expression, "chewed the rag" over their s spective ideas. But finally a wager rest and last Wednesday the test was made. Conger bought eight stone bottles filled we ink, and Mr. Richardson paid for four qual of champagne, and a small stove was sec and set up in the establishment of the sa maker Company, which is one of the gal ing places for newspaper correspon army officers, Senators, members of House and other jovial people. The ink si bro. ght to a boil and so was the champ Mr. Richardson, being the advocate of the pagne as the best material in which to ham, placed his pork in the "wine of Fra and Mr. Conger inserted his in the bu black writing fluid. Three or four afterward the two cooks announced the feast was ready for those who had any to test the products of the culinary att two men, and during the next hour all ve to the establishment, and there were than 100, were requested to state which to

the better. And there was not a man who could to scientiously say he could tell the different between the ham cooked in ink and the cooked in champagne. Unfortunately for advocate of ink, he had argued that the elb fellow should be the judge, and very na ally the other fellow decided in his own fa

HAYES MECHANICS' HOME

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir-The Evening LEDGER, of January II last, had a full column publication describing the homes of the aged, the dependent old folk, shab-by genteel and how well the city is taking of them, etc.

In that list of homes published by the Even-mu Labour you had among them our home, the Hayes Mechanics'. Now, sir, you are much mistaken in regard to this home being taken care of by the city, or State either. Our home here is supported by an endowment in the will of the late George Hayes.

and by generous contributions of well-known phlianthropic ladies and gentlemen who are rich in their own rights.

Furthermore, we inmates here object to you classifying us as among the slubby genteel. Every one who sees us in the walks of life knows we are genteel, but not shabby. Our clothing comes first-handed from the lending department stores in town and besides that our food is as good, if not better, than what we could got in any first-class bearding hopse. For a

one of us has a separate room which is immaculately clean, and steam heat, sim-and electric lights; also washrooms, with be-tollers at The admission fees to come in here are \$400 to \$750, and the ages of applicants—men—are from 60 years to 160, but they mentradesmen, or mechanics, in their life time be well known as reputable men with Alexander and the state of the state

mmendations. We have members of the Masonic orders inmates, who could be admitted free homes of that fraternity, yet they have

the required fees to come here in bree because of the distinguished name the Mechanics' Home bears for the splendiment which its inmates receive here.

Philadelphia, January H. AN INMA

fNote—The writer of the foregoing a mistaken in thinking that any reflection Hayes Mechanics flome or any clear tion was either intended or made in the which he refers. Its name was accided in a list of charitable and solutions in the city—Endley of the