

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY C. H. WHEATLEY, Editor-in-Chief

City Hall is feasible, as is shown by the fact that even under the "red herring" plan it is actually proposed the tube shall run.

MR. TAYLOR asked for \$50,000,000 where-with to finish his entire program, including a high-speed surface line, on private right of way, to Byberry.

THIS talk about being careful, taking plenty of time for deliberation and going slow, is very humorous.

THE "dream" lines might be taken seriously were it proposed to protect the sacred funds necessary for their construction.

UNDERLYING the whole situation is a condition of the utmost peril. In Mr. Twining as an engineer we have the full and most complete confidence.

AGAIN, the idea that it is economy to wreck the Taylor plans is somewhat awkward in view of Mr. Twining's statement that it will cost 10 per cent. more to build the lines now than it would have cost could the contracts have been let earlier.

LET it be remembered, too, that not until a year after the operation would there be any interest charge on the investment for the city to meet, and interest and sinking fund together, under a 50-year amortization, would aggregate only 5 per cent.

MOREOVER, so soon as a public utility begins to earn dividends, it is no longer charged against the borrowing capacity of the city. It is certain that the Frankford L. would come under this head at once; and assuredly, if the volume of business between Erie avenue and Spruce street is going to be so great as to require two distinct sets of double tracks, it will be great enough to earn dividends.

NOR has the public yet been enlightened as to whether the Mayor plans an operating agreement at this time which will embrace all the lines, not only the Broad street subways and the Frankford L. but the "dream" lines as well.

THE issue is simply this: \$35,000,000 for "red herring" rapid transit, or \$50,000,000 (possibly less) for the complete Taylor system.

Tom Daly's Column

SO SPEAK DA MADRE W'en ees com' Marcha (does tima da year) You be su'pria da theengs I can hear Eef I can see where nobody ees near.

I can hear theengs een da groun', Water, dat's maka no soun'— How-you-call "enp" for da trees— I can hear honey for bees Startin' to climb for da flower.

The Worst That Ever Happened "WHAT'S your most vivid recollection?" asks A. A. "This is mine: Sneaking into the house by the back way, with the intention of getting off my clothes and hopping into bed to sidetrack a licking, and being surprised in the act by a violent parent at the precise moment I was about to slide my nightgown over my head."

NEVER SATISFIED Man hopes for the best— The perpetual fretter— When it comes he won't rest Till he gets something better.

The Town's Pet Wheeze WHEELING, W. VA. Some load for a barrow. X. Q. Smee.

TROY (N. Y.) Growing a Helen. I. Standards of Measure Standards of measure I have noticed: That throats are always cut from ear to ear. That a desperado is always armed to the teeth. C. H. S.

What Would You Like to Be? A lively, sympathetic, thoughtful and tirelessly active nurse, a graduate of the U. of P. Training School, offers this: I wish I were a turtle. A slow, lethargic turtle. With nothing in this world to do But live and dream the whole day through; Or lie upon a grassy log, Or sit and gossip with a frog, And know no matter what befell I'd but to draw within my shell And let the whole world go to—grass.

Sailor Song (By our own John Masfield) Oh, there's some men love a lady and a quiet nook that's shady And a cozy little cottage on the sea; Let them have their darling misses, but for me The smacking kisses, the wind on the open sea. And there's some that love the city and expend some useless pithy On a "poor, forsaken and homeless" chap like me, And there's some that love the queerest notion of a life upon the ocean, In a ship on the open sea.

So when through this life I've drifted, and at last the anchor's lifted For my voyage and the great Eternity, Then I want to end my roaming, then I want to go a-homing, In a ship on the open sea. —P. Villain.

Dr. Alexander Hamilton in Philadelphia Sunday, September 16, 1741—This morning proved very sharp, and it seemed to freeze a little. I breakfasted at Nelson's with Messrs. Home and Watts and went to the Presbyterian meeting in the morning with Mr. Wallace. There I heard a very Calvinistic sermon preached by an old holderforth, whose voice was somewhat rusty and his countenance a little upon the four square. The pulpit appeared to me somewhat in shape like a tub, and at each side of it aloft was hung an old-fashioned brass sconce. In this assembly was a collection of the most curious old-fashioned screwed-up faces, both of men and women, that ever I saw. There were a great many men in the meeting with linen nightcaps, an indecent and unbecoming dress, which is too much worn in all the churches and meetings in America that I have been in, unless it be those of Boston, where they are more decent and polite in their dress, tho' more fantastical in their doctrines, and much alike in their honesty and morals. I dined with Collector Alexander, and in the afternoon went with Mr. Weems to the Roman Chapel, where I heard some fine music and saw some pretty ladies. The priest, after saying mass, catechized some children in English, and insisted much upon our submitting our reason to religion and believing of everything that God said (or properly speaking everything that the priest says, who often has the impudence to quote the divine authority to support his absurdities), however contradictory or repugnant it seemed to our natural reason. I was taken with a sick quail in this chapel, which I attributed to the gross nonsense, proceeding from the mouth of the priest, which I suppose, being indigestible bred crudities in my intellectual stomach, and confused my animal spirits. I spent the evening at the tavern with some Scotsmen.

Denizens of this metropolis who are in the habit of reserving tables for election night should anticipate their celebration by four months. The large time for tumult and shouting will be the night the Republican nominee is chosen at Chicago. Election night, 1916, won't be worth staying up until 3 o'clock on account of—F. P. A. in New York Tribune.

Oh, Frank, using a preposition to end a sentence with! And as to your proposition, wait till Bailey, of the Houston Post, sees that! MAXIMS—SEE YOUR BEST On Ye Harvest Ev'ry man, be he wise or a fool, Finer clay, or a creature of dress, Knows that millionaires gather no wool And a rolling-chair gatherers no moss. A. A.

AN AMERICAN WHO CAN'T BE PRESIDENT

Franklin K. Lane a Lover of the Stars and Stripes Like All Good Patriots Throughout Our Glorious Land

THERE'S a saying about good Indians. Let there be one about good Democrats. A good Democrat is a Democrat who can never be President. It's a facetious remark, at least intentionally such. Anyway, Franklin K. Lane is a good Democrat who can never be President.



Secretary Lane can be a Supreme Court Justice, or a Senator or an Interstate Commerce Commissioner, or a Cabinet member (as he is at present), but he can't be President. The Constitution prevents that. But it can't prevent his being a patriot. If you read his speech on the Stars and Stripes two or three years ago you know something of the warmth of his affection for the American flag.

Franklin Knight Lane, of San Francisco, was born near Charlotetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada, July 15, 1864. His parents moved to California when he was about 5 years old. And the Constitution provides that the President must be a natural-born citizen of the United States, or that he must have been a citizen when the Constitution was adopted. And the Constitution was adopted a long, long time ago.

Mixes With Politics Lane is half Scotch, three-eighths North Irish and one-eighth French. The Scotch atmosphere was in the Lane home. That means, principally, that the Bible was the foundation of that home, and learning was its light. Frank's parents, like true Scotch people, wanted to dedicate one son to the ministry, and Frank was the one selected. He himself fell in with the idea, but gave it up when he finished high school and started into newspaper work. He began as printer's devil and then hunter. Then he became a full-fledged reporter. That was in Oakland, Berkeley was nearby and in Berkeley was the University of California. Nothing would do but he must have a college education. So he worked his way through the four years of college by reporting for Oakland and San Francisco papers. And in San Francisco was Hastings Law School. So he worked his way through the three years of law school by the same methods. Then he embarked on journalism as a profession, establishing himself in New York city and later in Tacoma, where he was part owner of a newspaper in the boom days of the Washington city. And after that came the practice of law in San Francisco.

In his college days he mixed with reform politics. California politics was in considerable need of reform. He helped form a young men's league, the object of which was to purify the Democratic party, which didn't need any more purifying than the Republican party; nor as much, and that's saying a great deal. James D. Phelan, the new Senator from California, was another member of the league. After a while Lane got still busier as a reformer. A young lawyer and active citizen, he helped draft a new charter for San Francisco, and everybody thought it was a pretty radical document when the job was done. And then somebody was needed in the office of city and county attorney to get the charter honestly interpreted. The bosses acquiesced in Lane's nomination, thinking he couldn't be elected. True, he had no money and the bosses furnished him none, but he adopted what was then the novel expedient of waiting at factory gates for the noon whistle and talking to the men when they came out of the shops. The scheme worked. Lane was already a good campaigner. He was elected. He was elected again and yet again, each time by a larger majority than before. Then he ran for Governor, without money and without price, and was nosed out on the final returns by 3000 votes. Those 3000 votes still smell infrangrantly—enough said, without making any charges.

After that the Democrats gave him the party vote for United States Senator, and in 1903 Roosevelt appointed him a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. "T. R." had faith in this good Democrat. Lane held the job till he became Secretary of the Interior in Wilson's Cabinet. He it said, candidly, that his progressivism hasn't yet stopped progressing. Lane has always seemed to fit his job, though

"NOT FOR MINE!"



sometimes his job hasn't seemed quite big enough for Lane. Which is an awkward way of saying that Lane seems to measure larger than any job he has ever held. He can't be President, so a good boost can do no harm. (Facetiously speaking again.) Short, thickset, well-knit, a little portly; his dome-like head bald except in back and on top before the ear-line; his mouth firm, his eyes gray-blue and friendly, his voice as cordial as his countenance.

What the Flag Said Lane heard the flag say this: "Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag—not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the ralls together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and pain, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the picture suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Our neighbor, Maryland, is adopting the budget, and Virginia will come to it also. And it will be a good day when she does.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

We have developed an strong national sentimentary organization, a general staff composed of the best officers in the service, charged with the maintenance of the navy at the highest state of efficiency, a staff that cannot be reached by meddling politicians in Congress.—Kansas City Journal.

If the end of the war should catch us in a floodtide of prosperity and with our markets wide open to European competition, which our inflated wage scales would prevent our meeting, the event will be as disastrous as if we had felt the blow of sudden peace. The United States needs above all else practical and wise tariff protection.—Detroit Free Press.

Primarily the Haitian-American agreement is intended to assure the maintenance of order in a little neighboring country. But, like the recently ratified Nicaraguan treaty, it may also be interpreted as a step toward preparedness. Both documents have been drawn with the thought that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee. Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee. And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom! Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee. Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold And sinners may die, for the Sinless have died! Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking, Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long; But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking. And the sound which thou hearest was the Seraphim's song! Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee: Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide! He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee: And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

- 1. Was the system of longitude and latitude understood in the time of Columbus? 2. Is it legal to pay United States taxes with a check? 3. What is meant by "salient" in war dispatches? 4. Who is the Russian Ambassador to the United States? 5. About how deep in the water does a submarine travel in general? 6. About what is the difference in time between Philadelphia and San Francisco? 7. What is the average pay of a policeman in Philadelphia? 8. Has New Hampshire any sea coast? 9. Name a daily newspaper published in San Francisco? 10. What is the speed of a Zeppelin?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. British Honduras. 2. Colored. 3. Frank F. Fletcher, rear admiral. 4. Edgar Fahs Smith. 5. Four miles. 6. East. 7. Twenty-five cents, under the coinage act of 1873. 8. Counting by tens is prehistoric. The decimal fraction system came in with logarithms, during the seventeenth century. 9. Antonio Salandra. 10. In the area, Los Angeles. Estimated population, January 1, 1916, gives Los Angeles a slight advantage.

Wheat Production

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Kindly state what the latest statistics of Russia and the United States are in the production of wheat.

The United States produced 891,017,000 bushels of wheat in 1914, and Russia produced 714,969,000 bushels. This is the last year for which complete figures from both countries are available.

Noblesse Oblige

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I. Can you tell me the origin of the famous motto, "Noblesse Oblige"? Am I right in thinking it was in some way connected with the Order of the Garter? 2. Also, Macaulay, in one of his essays, I believe, ascribes a great number of things to the nobility of France. The passage begins, "Every little dialogue on political economy could teach Montague and Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolving to apply himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation." It is not the passage which you are seeking, perhaps some reader may be able to tell you where to find it.

Posthumous Fame

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Who is the author and from what poem are these lines quoted: Their noonday never knows The height to which thy rise, 'Tis night alone which shows How star surpasses star.

It is a poem written on great men not fully appreciated in their lifetime. J. McK. Will some reader answer this question?

Dead Reckoning

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I have just read of a ship that was sailed by dead reckoning. What does this mean? S. Y. S.

Dead reckoning is a calculation of a ship's position without any observation of the heavenly bodies. The captain makes a guess, after consulting his chronometer, his compass, his log and after observing the wind.

Hoag's Prophecy

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Where is the prophecy of Joseph Hoag, the Quaker, to be found? This prophecy was published in the 18th century and was remarkable for the accuracy with which it foretold coming events. K. M. G.

Greek Fire

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—What is Greek fire? G. O. W. It is a composition of saltpetre, sulphur and naphtha. First made by Callinicos of Heliopolis in 465 A. D. Tow soaked in the compound and hurled in a lighted state through tubes or led to arrows.

Haberdasher

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—What is the origin of the term haberdasher as applied to a dealer in men's furnishings? SALEMMA Haberdasher comes from the word haberdashery, a kind of cloth the width of which was used by the Greek charmer. A haberdashery is a shop where a dealer in haberdashery, or a dealer in men's furnishings, is located.