

# Evening Ledger

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**If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone.**  
 —Samuel Johnson.

Some Democrats are not only opposed to child labor, but are opposed to any labor whatever.

Mr. Wilson thinks that the Republican party is only a reminiscence, but he is likely to discover that the country regards it as so pleasant and agreeable a memory that it will prefer it to the nightmare which goes under the name of Democracy.

The Danes who think they are being cheated ought to pair off with the Americans who know that we are being done. Our only comeback is that the islands are worth five times as much today as they were when Denmark was considering five millions for the batch.

That Allied offensive that Berlin reported as finished two weeks ago had a sudden recovery these last two days. The fact that a mile of second-line trenches was taken is significant chiefly as an indication that the second line had not been taken before. But the offensive goes on, and that is Germany's worry.

Mr. Raymond Robins has seen the light. In return he offers Mr. Hughes a phrase superior in many respects to the candidate's own "America first and America efficient." Mr. Robins threw off this, "A self-controlled democracy, the goal of our generation in American life." It is true, thoughtful and provocative in its implications concerning another Democracy which has plenty of speed but no control.

America has apparently emerged from the furniture-designing horrors of the 70s of the last century. The pictures of chairs, tables, beds, sideboards, bureaus and the like which appear in the advertisements of the great stores having their annual furniture sales show that the designers have begun to study the work of the great cabinetmakers of the past centuries and to profit by what they learn. Where they cannot invent they reproduce, and they are working to such good effect that the descendants of the families who buy the well-made furniture of today will be as proud of it as are the few families who have inherited from the Colonial period the mahogany which met the approval of their ancestors.

The slowly growing menace of infantile paralysis in this city is having the usual effect of danger and sorrow in bringing mothers of all conditions together. In Brooklyn and New York, where the plague started, its ravages have been chiefly among the poor, and there is no good to come of concealing the fact. It has, long since, attacked the rich as well, and since no specific against it is known, only the stronger physiques of the children of the wealthy keep them from an absolute equality in danger. It is a scouring exhibit of the danger of ghettos, and possibly when the danger is passed the mothers of the city may be able to accomplish—abolish the ghettos.

Perhaps no city in the country has been the victim of so much misrepresentation and misunderstanding as Philadelphia. Occasionally this misunderstanding is put into concrete form. We print elsewhere on this page the first of two articles by an investigator who was sent by the Chicago Tribune to "write up" Philadelphia. These articles are obviously the result of a very cursory study, but they are valuable as indicating the impressions a casual visitor may get. The man who sees only a "corrupt and contented" Philadelphia does not see Philadelphia at all. He is much like the Illinois youth who was fired with ambition to be a great lawyer. So into Chicago he went and got a job as clerk in a law office. Four days later he reappeared on the farm. "How'd you like the law?" asked his father. "It ain't what it's cracked up to be," replied the youth gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it." It takes more than two days to "learn Philadelphia."

The peril to American shipping has stirred the National Marine League to new activity. It is opposed to Government-owned merchant ships because they will prevent the very thing which all Americans are demanding, namely, an increase in the number of American bottoms on the high seas. It has no definite plan for fostering shipping, but it believes that shipowners and shipping men know more about the problem than any one else. It agrees with the EVENING LEADER in urging a shipping commission composed in part of such experts to study all the laws and recommend such changes as their experience has taught them are necessary. No investigation is needed to prove the folly of the Administration's ship-purchase plan, and we know already that certain sections of the La Follette sen-

men's law should be repealed. The Government has deliberately refrained from enforcing part of this law because it was found to be impractical. The plan of the Marine League will be opposed by those demagogues who say that the proper way to frame a statute is to find out what those most affected by it think is best and then do the opposite. But the rest of us think it is a pretty good plan.

## DON'T BLOW UP THE DAM

**IF DURING** the season of spring floods we should find a man weakening the foundations of a dam below which was a large city we should call him insane and lock him up. Then we would hasten to repair the damage he had done. And if we were wise we would strengthen the structure and raise it in order to prevent the impending disaster.

The business of the United States is at the present moment in the perilous situation of a city lying in the path of the flood from a weakened dam. The dam is the tariff law. The impending flood is the export trade of Europe to be resumed at the close of the war, and the man who has weakened the dam is Woodrow Wilson, assisted by the Democratic party.

Though the war has been in progress for two years, that party has not lifted a finger to protect the nation against the disaster which is impending. It has talked about anti-dumping laws, which never work except when they are not needed; but beyond that it has done nothing. The constitutional incapacity for action which has marked this Administration in the crises which have confronted it prevents it from realizing the peril. But it is impossible for a reasonable man to consider the statistics of our European trade without being appalled at what they disclose.

Take the case of our trade with Germany. In normal times the Germans sell us \$189,919,000 worth of goods. These are the figures for the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1914. This amount fell to \$91,372,000 for the year ending June 30, 1915, and for the eleven months of the current year—the report for the twelve months has not yet been printed—the German sales here amounted to only \$13,145,000. This is a falling off of \$274,431,000 in the purchases from one country alone since the war began.

Germany's normal annual exports to all countries amount to \$2,131,000,000. That is, this is the surplus that Germany produces over what she consumes. The war has virtually destroyed all Germany's foreign trade. Her exports to England have fallen from more than \$230,000,000 a year to absolutely nothing. Her exports to France have similarly stopped. And as we have already shown, we bought last year only a little more than thirteen million dollars' worth of stuff from her.

The war has not stopped German production. Her manufacturing industries have not all been diverted to the production of guns and explosives and army equipment. German statesmen, with the efficiency for which they are noted, are planning for a trade war to follow the war with arms. German manufacturers are piling up surplus stocks ready to flood the neutral markets as soon as the way to ship them abroad is opened. The trade war will be carried on with the same thoroughness that has been shown in the field.

The United States is the great neutral market which Germany will attempt to control, because France and England and Russia have agreed to unite in what may be called a commercial union, organized for the purpose of destroying Germany commercially as they hope to destroy her militarily power.

Nothing but an adequate tariff law can protect American industry against the impending disaster. That law should be passed now, so that it can be ready for use when the need for it arises. In the framing of it all politicians of whatever party should join, for the crisis should wipe out party lines. The Republicans must lead in the work, for they are sincere believers in the protective policy. The Democrats, who happen to be in power, should follow in the great work of industrial preparedness. Patriotism calls. Loyal Americans should respond without delay.

## A HUMILIATING EXHIBIT

**PHILADELPHIA** is a part of Pennsylvania. The whole Commonwealth shares in the prosperity of this city. Its interest in the development of the water trade of this port is vital. But the State does not yet realize it. But it must come to the relief of the port as Massachusetts has gone to the relief of Boston. Director Webster, of the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries, cannot serve the city better than by circulating as widely as possible his statement, prepared for the army engineers, showing the amount of money that has been expended on the port by the city and the State. According to that document, a paucity \$1,775,000 has been appropriated from the State Treasury in the last fifty years for harbor and channel improvements. In the same time the city has appropriated \$28,770,000 and the Girard Estate has spent \$2,447,000, making a grand total of \$32,000,000 to equip one of the greatest fresh-water harbors in the world for accommodating the shipping trade.

When we remember that Hamburg, which is only a little further from the sea than Philadelphia, has spent \$115,000,000, and thereby raised itself into the command of more ocean-borne trade than any other port in Continental Europe, the slowness of this city and State to rise to their opportunities becomes humiliating. Fortunately, the city itself recently woke up, but the State is still asleep.

## Tom Daly's Column

**ONE** of Bert Leston Taylor's contrivances, complaining of a neighboring lady who has been practicing on a mouth-organ the part of "Home, Sweet Home" that every one knows, opens a long-locked door in our memory. Some twenty years ago, down on South Fifteenth street, we lived next door to a young woman who, night after night, during a period of several years, as we recall it now, played over and over again these opening notes of "The Swanee River" and no more.



We have often wondered if she mastered the balance of the melody sectionally, also, and if she eventually put all the sections together and ever played the piece through to the end.

It does seem to us that the Sunday paper which printed on its front page an "aeroplane view" of Atlantic City at the bathing hour might at least have mentioned the St. Charles Hotel, on the top of whose new building the aeroplane appears to have rested to steady the camera.

It has often seemed to us in looking over country exchanges that folks who dwell in quiet rural places must live awake nights for months before the christening thinking up odd names. Here are a few we gathered in one evening out of six papers published in widely separated counties:

(Miss) Philaph Rit- (Miss) Jona. Huster band  
 Hammond Dages Jed Jex  
 Hollar Halp Simp Sipe  
 Rev. O. P. Eaches (Miss) Lemma Nader

## Speaking of Names

F. G. Justice, a retail coal dealer, of Glenside, has returned \$700 to his customers. He says this amount represents the excess charges he made on orders so as to meet the coal tax before it was declared unconstitutional last fall.—News Item.

Even J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., could be badly stung. In appraising his estate the Court found worthless securities that had once upon a time pretended to be worth \$7,000,000.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Zasso? And did the appraisers learn what, if anything, J. P. M., Sr., paid for 'em?

## KAISER TAKES SCYTHE AND HELPS WITH HARVEST FOOD PROBLEM NOW SOLVED

—Headline.  
 Ha! the grim reaper! But why didn't he think of it before?

## Chats With Famous Athletes

Mr. J. R. Maxwell, the well-known golfer, says:  
 "After trying thirty-seven distinct types of putters for several years I am convinced that to be a good putter is quite as important as to have a good putter. However, I have heard that there is a thirty-eighth type, and I shall endeavor to obtain one of them."

"Associated Advertising" gives up its August issue entirely to "Some Philadelphia Convention 'High Lights.'" Fine! but why isn't Rowe Stewart, chairman of the General Committee, one of the some? We don't find his name or his picture there.

## Arrival

By Elizabeth Hanly.  
 The forest, dark and grim, returns  
 An echo of my wild halloo.  
 The pebbles slip and slide beneath  
 The gunwals of my green canoe,  
 And soon our first camp-fire lifts  
 A thin smoke-spiral, dim and blue.

Across the lake, one hermit-thrush  
 Pours out his soul in promises.  
 A sudden stir within my heart,  
 That yesterday could never guess,  
 Foretells the man that I shall be  
 When I forsake the wilderness.

—In Contemporary Verse for August.

The Philadelphia Gear Works good naturedly admits that a doctor has been called in to fix their sign. The rule finger at 3500, J. H. C. writes:  
 "You missed another sign on the same wall!"

## ORDERS CANNOT COME TOO FAST.

And now if the circ. dept. will only mark this paragraph and send a copy to Doc Mellon who, in spite of our mocking laughter, continues to urge readers of the Mt. Pleasant Journal to have their "teeth prepared to withstand the stress of manifestation at the Mt. Pleasant Dental Parlors," some good may come of it.

## Our Serial Poem

(CONTINUED FROM SATURDAY.)

Fast rushed the train, with all their souls on board,  
 Swift and heading into the burning bridge.  
 Which crossed the dangerous gully beyond,  
 Just slipped from sight by the wooded ridge.  
 I had seen the stationmaster stop trains  
 By waving a signal a red flag;  
 But there was no one here to stop this train  
 By even waving a single red flag.  
 Yet the train must be stopped from such a wreck.  
 And I thought how such a thing could be done.

While in my tears I frantically rushed  
 To save them from danger, on a dead run.  
 Then I thought of my bright red petticoat,  
 Which was hidden from sight beneath my dress.  
 And I knew if I could but wave it high,  
 The train full of people my act would bless.  
 I tore it off of my hips in great haste,  
 As the haunting of colors swung into sight.

And wildly waved it to the engineer,  
 Whose swiftly rushing train filled me with fright.  
 I ran over the sand and the sleepers,  
 Whose swiftly rushing train filled me with fright.  
 Waving and praying for the train to stop,  
 As the heavily loaded cars drew near.  
 Soon they saw my danger signal flying;  
 The engineer madly tried to stop his train.  
 The air-brakes halted the cars at my feet,  
 And I was so glad that I had to scream.  
 The passengers stared out of the windows  
 As they saw their bridge burning with lurid flame.

They saw me laughing with my petticoat,  
 While the tears of joy down my red cheeks came.  
 Out of the cars the passengers scrambled  
 And came from to see what was the matter.  
 They were happy to avoid such a wreck,  
 While the narrow escape made them chatter.  
 (To be concluded.)

## "THANK GOODNESS, I'M PREPARED!"



## CHICAGO DIAGNOSES PHILADELPHIA

Henry M. Hyde, of the Chicago Tribune, Thinks the City Is a Railroad Siding on the Main Line—Other Observations That Make for Fun in Hot Weather

Reprinted by Courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.

**I** WAS told the other day to run down and give Philadelphia the "once over." The idea was to discover if there was anything Chicago enjoyed that Philadelphia lacked—a sort of municipal muckraking expedition. It was an awesome assignment. When a provincial person from the Middle West visits the great cities of the East he expects to be overcome with admiration and envy. He knows too well the manifold shortcomings of his own vast village by the lake. He is aware that in sophisticated circles it is taken for granted that Chicago is an impossible place. He has been amused by the patronizing condescension of eastern visitors.

So it was with the feeling of a small boy who is expected to be impertinent to his elders and betters that I took one of the fast trains for the city of William Penn. Now Chicago is the terminus of some twenty-seven railroad systems. Of the scores of through trains which are down on Chicago time-tables, one-half start from this city and the other half end their runs here. None goes through. From the railroad standpoint Chicago is the beginning and the end of all things.

## Not on Schedule

It was startling, therefore, when the first bit of information I picked up was that Philadelphia is not on the railroad at all. So far as the fast through trains are concerned that statement is exact. In justice it should be quickly added that Philadelphia is by far the most important siding on the main line of the Pennsylvania between Chicago and New York.

It is also to be admitted that the fast trains run through a suburb called North Philadelphia where they can be flagged to take on or discharge passengers. And North Philadelphia is connected with the city proper by a regular hack line. As the typical Philadelphia rarely leaves the city limits and is quite indifferent to the coming of visitors this arrangement is generally satisfactory.

Local trains on the "Pennsy" do run into the Broad Street Station and that great railroad, which has something like a proprietary interest in the city, has within recent years permitted two or three other minor railroads to come into town, or at least to establish modest stations in adjacent suburbs.

At that, far from being a railroad center, Philadelphia is hardly a spot on the circumference. From the railroad standpoint, calling the city the most important siding on the main line of the "Pennsy" is doing it no justice.

## Saving of Streets

As the visitor drives on into the business district he is struck, first of all, by the narrowness of the streets. All the land between the two oceans was available when William Penn laid out the city 300 years ago, and it must have been the earliest manifestation of the proverbial Philadelphia thrift which made William Penn a saving. At any rate, most of the downtown streets are so narrow that street cars and other traffic can only use them in one direction. When the dignified members of the old Union League Club come to luncheon it is even necessary to park their automobiles half on the sidewalk and half in the gutter to leave room enough for the street car to get by.

It is largely due to the narrowness of the streets that Philadelphia has one of

## What Do You Know?

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

## QUIZ

1. Who is Dr. Ramon Valdez?
2. What is obsolete made from?
3. How many States must ratify a constitutional amendment to make it effective?
4. What is Fuller's earth?
5. Who is Frank L. Polk?
6. Who is the Librarian of Congress?
7. About how many square miles of territory does a paper hold weight?
8. What and where is the deepest lake in the world?
9. Which is larger in ground area, the City Hall or the National Capitol?
10. How many Americans lost their lives in the sinking of the Lusitania?

## Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. Tucson is pronounced as though it were spelled Tucson.
2. Roger Casement was born on September 1, 1864, and was hanged on August 3, 1916.
3. The Chen mansion, a famous Colonial residence about which the battle of Germantown was fought on October 4, 1777, is at the corner of Germantown avenue and Johnson street.
4. Senator Newlands is from Nevada.
5. Paul Wayland Bartlett is a sculptor, who designed the figures in the pediment of the House of the National Capitol.
6. The Washington Monument is 550 feet high.
7. Memorial Hall, Horticultural Hall, the Engle building and the Ohio building erected in Fairmount Park for the Centennial Exhibition are still standing.
8. The first brick house in America was built in Philadelphia for William Penn in 1682.
9. Washington did not sign the Declaration of Independence.
10. Antigua is one of the Leeward Islands, belonging to Great Britain.

## Questions on Art

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Will you please state (1) where the "Mona Lisa" is now, (2) who decorated the Sistine Chapel in Rome and (3) what distinguished American completed the art decorations in the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg?  
 V. C. HESTON.

## Value of Waste Paper

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I. Could you kindly give me the cost of a paper compressor? 2. How many pounds does a paper hold weight? 3. What do they (bales) sell for?  
 BUSINESS BOY.

## United States and the Irish Rebellion

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Please settle a discussion. Did the United States, through the President or any other official, warn the Irish Government of the pending Irish rebellion in any way? If so, kindly relate the incident very briefly. The argument is that the President warned Great Britain of a filibustering expedition, which warning resulted in its capture. Is this true?  
 FRED KANE.

## HORSE SENSE, TOO

Official reports show that there are 11,071,000 citizens and 21,166,000 horses in the United States subject to draft for military service. "And in respect to lack of training," remarks the New York Sun, "they are on an entirely equal footing." The horses, however, have the advantage of the man. They can be trained quicker.—Syracuse Herald.

## APPREHENSIONS

Many Americans entertain a pronounced conviction that of all the foreign countries Japan is the one we have most to fear; that sooner or later our possession of the Philippines will bring us into collision with the greatest of the Asiatic Powers, and that the attractions of Japanese subjects on our Pacific slope is always a potential source of contention. It has been a sort of anecdote to this apprehension that Great Britain, Japan's present ally, is our friend. But this coincidence will be to some extent modified if Russia forms the close alliance with Japan now reported.—Syracuse Herald.

## Ancestry of President Hayes

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Was Rutherford B. Hayes's father American-born or was he an immigrant, and if an immigrant, from what city and country did he come, and when?  
 A. P.

## AN OLD GARDEN IN PHILADELPHIA

It Was There That Maurice Egan, Diplomatist and Master of Letters, Began His Dreaming

THE fame of Maurice Francis Egan, native Philadelphian, poet, novelist, essayist, teacher and diplomatist, rests on his relation to the treaty which marked the sale of the island of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix to the United States.

He will doubtless be remembered in the future as a man of letters rather than as a diplomatist, but no one who knows him, and the court at which he has represented the United States since 1907, will fail to credit MAURICE F. EGAN with the possession of rare tact, quality without which no man can succeed in diplomacy.

Mr. Egan, perhaps he should be called Doctor Egan, for he can write before the name the letters standing for an scholarly degree, has proved that a man of fact. Notre Dame University made him a doctor of laws in 1878, next year Georgetown College made a doctor of civil and canon law, and 1907 Villanova College decided that was worthy to be a doctor of philosophy. He is a Catholic and one of the most distinguished literary men in that church in America.

Denmark, to which he was sent as a voy Extraordinary and Minister plenipotentiary in 1907, is a Protestant try. Of its 2,600,000 population, 2,200 are Protestants. The Catholics are less than 5000. Yet this man, who has been closely identified with the act of the Catholic Church all his life, succeeded in becoming and remaining persona grata to the powers that are one of the most Protestant countries in Europe. If this is not evidence that he possesses urbanity, savoir faire, and various other qualities deemed essential to success in diplomacy, then we give new meanings to words.

The appointment of Doctor Egan as diplomatic post was in line with American precedent. Bancroft, Lowell, John Hay are only a few of the American literary men who have represented country abroad. We have now at St. Thomas Nelson Page, and at The Hague Henry van Dyke, and at Brussels Whitlock, who, along with Doctor Egan, are keeping up the literary tradition. Doctor Egan is a poet, but he does not take his verse writing too seriously.

"I began to write sonnets years ago," he said once, "and I spoke of by the critics of my youth as a promising young poet."

He paused and smiled the indulgent smile of a man within a year of fifty continued.

"I am still referred to as a promising young poet. I write a sonnet a year. Yes, one every year. I am writing now."

## Still Remembered in St. Philip's

He was born in a house on the side of South Sixth street, between Tenth and Carpenter streets, on March 1852, and is consequently 64 years old. He is still remembered pleasantly as Mother Laurencia, of the school attended by St. Philip's Church, in Queen's above Second. He married his wife Philadelphia in 1880. She was Katherine Mullin. A son and two daughters have been born to them. Doctor Egan likes to talk of his Philadelphia. Once, when in a reminiscent mood he said:

"Our house is still standing there, the garden, of course, has long gone, and the house is now a tenement. It was a very quaint old place, but bricks brought over from England, arched door and two or three low steps opened into the vestibule, and I rear was a wonderful garden. There was my first recollection. There was a great tall old-fashioned flower running riot all over it—sweet will, hunderd-leaved roses, larkspur, four of monnetone—all those delicious old garden flowers. That garden, and a few of Sir Walter's books are first and pleasantest recollections of childhood. My mother was the teacher of myself and my sister. She belonged to one of the old families of Philadelphia and had been reared with old-fashioned simplicity. She was a great lover of Shakespeare, and of Scott, Addison, Steele and Oliver Smith. She would read to us in the night."

## Didn't Like the Law

"I never reached the adventure of home boys had. The atmosphere of home was so quiet, simple and untentious that—well, I don't suppose had any chance for fighting lightning running away to sea. I went to a school not far from our home, St. Philip Academy, and did my elementary there for La Salle College, which I attended at about fifteen. I graduated La Salle—oh, yes, with the A. B. degree, and then went to Georgetown College where I studied law. The lawyer's son I found neither to my talents nor my taste, so I commenced writing as a New York college. At length I settled in New York, where I edited the Free Press Journal. In 1883 I decided to go to Leipzig to reside, but the professor of English literature at Notre Dame offered me. So I took up the law, teacher and lecturer there."

He remained at Notre Dame until when he went to the Catholic University in Washington to share with Charles Warren Stoddard the chair of English literature. He occupied that chair for President Roosevelt, with whom he was on terms of friendly intimacy, him to Denmark. He has written books and done considerable translation in addition to his work as teacher, was decorated by the King of Belgium in 1906 for his work in literature. He has received the Lecture Medal of Notre Dame and has lectured at St. Hopkins and Harvard.