Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Published daily at PUBLIC LEDGER Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

LEDGER CENTRAL....Broad and Chestnut Streets
ATLANTIC CITY.....Press-Union Building
NEW YORK.....206 Metropolitan Tower
DETROIT.....826 Ford Building
ST. LOUIS.....409 Globe-Democrat Building
CHICAGO.....1202 Tribune Building

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postpaid outside 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 wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

☞ Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JULY WAS 131,000.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, September 5, 1916.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.
—Shakespeare.

It seems to have been forgotten that Ollie James also spoke.

Verdun? No, the Crown Prince has not yet taken the city, and it begins to look as if he would never take it.

Thirteen seems to have lived up to its record. The next time the Germans raid England with Zeppelins they are likely to send twelve or fourteen.

When David slew the giant he did it with a sling. In these days, of course, that could not happen, for the giant would send David a note ultimating him out of his purpose.

Congressman Costello gave a silver cup as a prize for the best display of Barred Plymouth Rocks at the Byberry fair. What State political leader will get the cup for the best display of barred Democratic Congressmen next November?

So much attention is given to the manufacturing supremacy of Philadelphia that we are likely to forget that it enjoys what is probably the unique distinction among American cities of being so great an agricultural community that it supports a county fair every year. The fair closed yesterday in a blaze of glory.

The suggestion that Brooklyn is better than its ball team is not entirely sportsmanlike. The Brooklyn team played very good ball for a long time and made the race very interesting. That it was its fate to come to Philadelphia just when the Phillies were ready for a hearty meal should not be held up against it. But five out of five is going some, as the sporting writers say, and then some more.

If those parents who exposed scores of unsuspecting persons to infantile paralysis by carrying their sick child on a Fox Chase street car had consulted a physician in advance some other way of moving the child would have been found. It ought not to be necessary to remind other parents of the importance of calling in a doctor as soon as the baby gets ill. The trouble may not be infantile paralysis, but all the efforts of the health authorities to protect the well will be nullified unless they have the co-operation of the people. There is need of an active social conscience just now. It is a better prophylactic than all the quarantine regulations.

While it has been asserted that no young man refrains from entering the Christian ministry because it is not well paid, the impression seems to prevail that when the Episcopal Church succeeds in raising its fund of $5,000,000 as the basis of a pension system for clergymen the ministry of that church will be strengthened. There can be no two opinions on the duty of every church to take care of its preachers. The man who spends his life in the service of the nation as an officer of the army is cared for in his old age. Certainly those who serve the Prince of Peace should not be compelled to face the infirmities of years with dread of want disturbing that sweet serenity with which they should be enabled to face the end.

Mr. Wilson's gifts of expression qualify him admirably for the performance of such functions as that in which he participated at Hodgenville, Ky., yesterday. His tribute to Lincoln was graceful, genuine and satisfying. It is doubtful if any other man in public life could have done it better. And it was especially fitting that the tribute should be paid by a man belonging to the party which fought Lincoln with bitterness during the years when he was bearing the heavy burdens of his office. We remember Lincoln now, not as a Republican but as an American, and we are all proud that America can produce such a man and then give him the opportunity to serve it. So it was not as a Democrat, but as the official representative of the nation, that Mr. Wilson spoke, doubtless with as much pleasure to himself as gratification to all who heard or read what he said.

By imperceptible degrees a change has taken place in the attitude of the people of this country toward the outcome of the war. About six months ago there were still many who believed that Germany could get something better than a draw. Now the question of even many pro-Germans is, How badly will Germany be beaten? For the neutral nations it has been largely a gambling proposition—too much so. But there is this difference between this kind of gambling and the gambling on such a thing as the presidential election. If a man bets a sum on a candidate, that is a private transaction and affects the result as little as a hundred bet hitches the speed of a horse. But a bet on a nation is different. It takes the form of buying that nation's loans, providing it with the means of carrying on war. It is as if a man betting on Wilson gave his money not to a stakeholder, but to the Wilson campaign fund. Every neutral in the world who thinks Germany is beaten, every acre outside the "iron ring," is indirectly fighting Germany.

THE FACTS MUST COME TO LIGHT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—As a member of a committee of citizens who have been investigating the narcotic drug habits in this city I have been appalled by the increase in the use of these drugs which has occurred since the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court limiting the efficiency of the Harrison anti-narcotic law.

The spread of the drug habit constitutes, in my opinion, a real national peril. The injurious effect of narcotic drugs on the moral and physical health of the victims is, I believe, an important factor in the amount of crime committed in Philadelphia.

Would it not be fitting that your newspaper, as one interested in the welfare of the community, should make known to the public the true state of affairs in this city? If the situation was generally known, and the danger appreciated, I feel sure that such a public sentiment would be aroused that some remedy for the evil would quickly be provided.

DR. HORATIO C. WOOD, JR.

LAST Saturday Coroner Knight, following an inquest into the death of a drug addict, addressed one of the proprietors of the notorious "Arsenal" as follows:

I cannot see why you continue to run this infamous place. It is a menace to our city. The influences of your resort are corrupting hundreds of our young men and women. These influences are spreading the drug curse in Philadelphia. This place should be closed. It should be burned down if no other way can be found to blot out this cankerous spot. No time should be lost in nailing up the doors and windows, so that no more young men and women can be ruined there.

Many months ago the attention of the EVENING LEDGER was directed to the drug evil, and earnest citizens requested this newspaper to undertake a study of the situation, with a view to focusing public attention on the necessity for remedial community action and making ready the ground for such legislation as might be requisite to provide officers of the law with proper working instrumentalities. The result of a preliminary survey was so startling as to induce an elaborate investigation. Since May, therefore, the EVENING LEDGER, with the co-operation of District Attorney Kane, other officers of the Government and members of the medical profession, has been conducting an inquiry.

As a result of that inquiry, the EVENING LEDGER begins today the publication of a series of articles explanatory of the situation as it has been revealed. The final article will discuss possible remedies.

It is recognized from the beginning that the remedy for the evil is medical as well as legislative. If the duty of prevention is clear, so, too, is it apparent that some effort must be made by the community to rescue the addicts. They are not only a peril to society, but they represent a waste product which can be recovered. The emasculation of the Harrison anti-narcotic act, by judicial decision, is a hard, but only a temporary, blow to the agents of prevention. The main thing is to find a legislative substitute which will stand the test of constitutionality and permit the police to work effectively against the dissemination of the disease. This can be done and will be done, we trust, by the next Legislature and the next Congress. The second objective, involving the rescue of addicts, is the establishment of a free hospital in which they can be treated by experts.

It is the function of a newspaper to afford that publicity which will acquaint citizens generally with conditions that are a menace to society. It is a function which is often distasteful, particularly in cases where the social disorder is pronounced and gangrenous in character; but it is a function, nevertheless, which must be performed courageously. To fight for better transit facilities, to urge the adoption of modern methods in the financial and general conduct of the water works, to advance the cause of good housing and to encourage the beautification of the city and other enterprises which will make this a better as well as a greater city—all these are functions which command the earnest attention of the EVENING LEDGER at all times; but not less deserving of its support are enterprises for the social betterment of the great public and the hoisting of the danger signal when the health and morals of that public are endangered.

TWO KINDS OF HIGH WAGES

IT IS significant that the Democratic Administration is very much in favor of high wages. It seems to recognize that the American workman, whether in a mill or on a railroad, wants a good wage for his labor. So it proceeds to legislate such a wage into the pocket of one class. Doubtless it would like also to legislate a higher wage into the pocket of every worker. But even Congress knows that cannot be done. It would not be constitutional, and certainly the economics of the situation would not permit. Prosperity cannot be legislated into a country in that fashion.

But contrast with the Democrat method of procedure the method of Republicans. "We shall not try," says the protectionist, "to decree a particular wage to any man. The industrial fabric would soon break down under such a system. But we do propose to enact such tariff laws that American manufacturers can afford to pay maximum wages. We do propose to prevent the competition of American labor with pauper labor. We do propose to assure a domestic market for domestic products at a fair price." And the higher the wages of the mill worker the higher the wages of those about him.

In the one case we have high wages decreed for a special class by special enactment; in the other case we have laws devised to produce an economic situation which will induce fair wages automatically and naturally, with the benefits well diversified and reaching all classes of the people.

It is the difference between Democratic and Republican control of the Government. It is the difference between Wilson and Hughes.

Tom Daly's Column

GIVE A ROUSE!

Rouse thee, neighbor!
Bang the tabor
For the joys that Labor
Day bore.

Rouse! And let our joyous manner
Show each nimble patmoranner
We are rooting for that banner.

A COLORED man who dreams that he works for me, writes T. W., was late in reporting the other morning. I demanded an explanation. He said:

"A certain party come 'roun' to ouah house las' night an' among othah things he done insulted mah wife."

"Well?" I said, since he paused.

"Well, suh, I had to teck his hat 'roun' to him dis mohnin' an' de hospital is quite some distance from mah house."

The Philadelphia Rhyme

WE'RE simply beating time waiting for that fellow Dignam to come across; but we feel sure no rhymes are worth while unless the whole name of Philadelphia is taken into consideration.

If you have pain in the points, shoulders or legs, whether rheumatic or neuralgic, apply hot flannels over the painful area, etc. —Ad in West Chester paper.

Good morning! How are your points 's morning?

SOME one has written in to accuse us of being "pro-Irish." Nonsense! We're merely anti-Hypocrisy and anti-Bunk. For instance, we object to this Princeton professor from England who appears to be in the pay of the British Government. Several months ago Don Marquis, of the N. Y. Evening Sun, handed him this wallop on the jaw:

Alfred Noyes says it is the duty of the United States to enter the war on the side of the Allies if the contest should become a deadlock. Mr. Noyes is so clear on the duties of Americans in this particular that no doubt if he were an American instead of an Englishman he would be at the front now.

Afterward, Don, being fat and tender-hearted, gave space to one of Noyes's friends, who pathetically protested that Noyes wanted "to go for to be a soldier," but was rejected because of faulty eyesight. Well, if that happened to you, dear reader, you'd keep your mouth shut and nurse your grief in silence, wouldn't you? Besides, even second-rate eyesight shouldn't keep Noyes from acting as stretcher-bearer for some of those several hundred thousand skulking Irish who are in British trenches in the neighborhood of the Somme and such like places

Finally, in answer to those American critics whose ancestors came over here long after our forebears forsook Ireland, we can't help sympathizing with the white-haired old Munster man who said: "I can't help disliking England, because in 1844, when I was born in Ireland, I was one of nine millions and now I'm one of less than five millions."

THE R. R. strike was nipped all right enough, but something occurred to keep this bud of poesy from budding when it should. It reached us just as Labor Day was closing its petals for the night. However:

Labor Day Lines

'Tis Labor Day when work doth cease
For eight short hours of fleeting time;
Now flags are waving in the breeze
(Which is a somewhat faulty rhyme).
Today we workers are at ease,
Our dinner pails are laid away,
Our hands are idle, brains at peace
(Another bad rhyme I should say).
From routine's grind there is surcease,
No whistle-blow to break our rest,
Oh! were there many days like these!
(Like this I mean; bad rhyme at best).
How pleasant to have this release
From talk of shop and scrape of pen.
Ah, work, thou art a troublous cheese!
(Another cross-eyed rhyme, by hen!)
Perhaps we all are wont to sneeze
At labor's peace-destroying ways,
But may its days each year increase!
(Again a rhyme that much dismays).

G. L.

ANONYMOUS, writing from the St. Charles Hotel, Atlantic City, inquires:

Do you happen to know a Mr. Reading who is freight agent for the Pennsy R. R. at Trenton?

SUGGESTION FOR U. S. RECRUITING AD.

Yesterday we gayly commented upon the troubles of the Editor of the Mount Pleasant Journal, over whose editorial on "the suggestion for holding summer church services in roof gardens" the inspired compositor put the head, "Roof Gabdens for Churches." Our little wheeze appeared all right in the first edition, but then one of our own super-inspired compositors came along and corrected the word "gabdens," so that it read "gardens" in all late editions.

The dinner will be a la carte and table d'hote both. One tout has been reserved for ladies unaccompanied by escorts and another has been set aside for a la carte meals.

The suffragists, says Tommy, referring to the above from our own dear paper, have been asking: "Are women people?" They seem here to be merely table d'hote.

BUT, on the other hand, our own dear paper extends woman's field of endeavor to include the b. b. Thus:

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 4.—Mary Kavanaugh, utility infielder of the Detroit American League Baseball Club, has been released to the Cleveland team.

One of our proofreaders caught this (in reply to a question as to how newspapers pay contributors) before it got to the public:

Newspapers yap by the column.

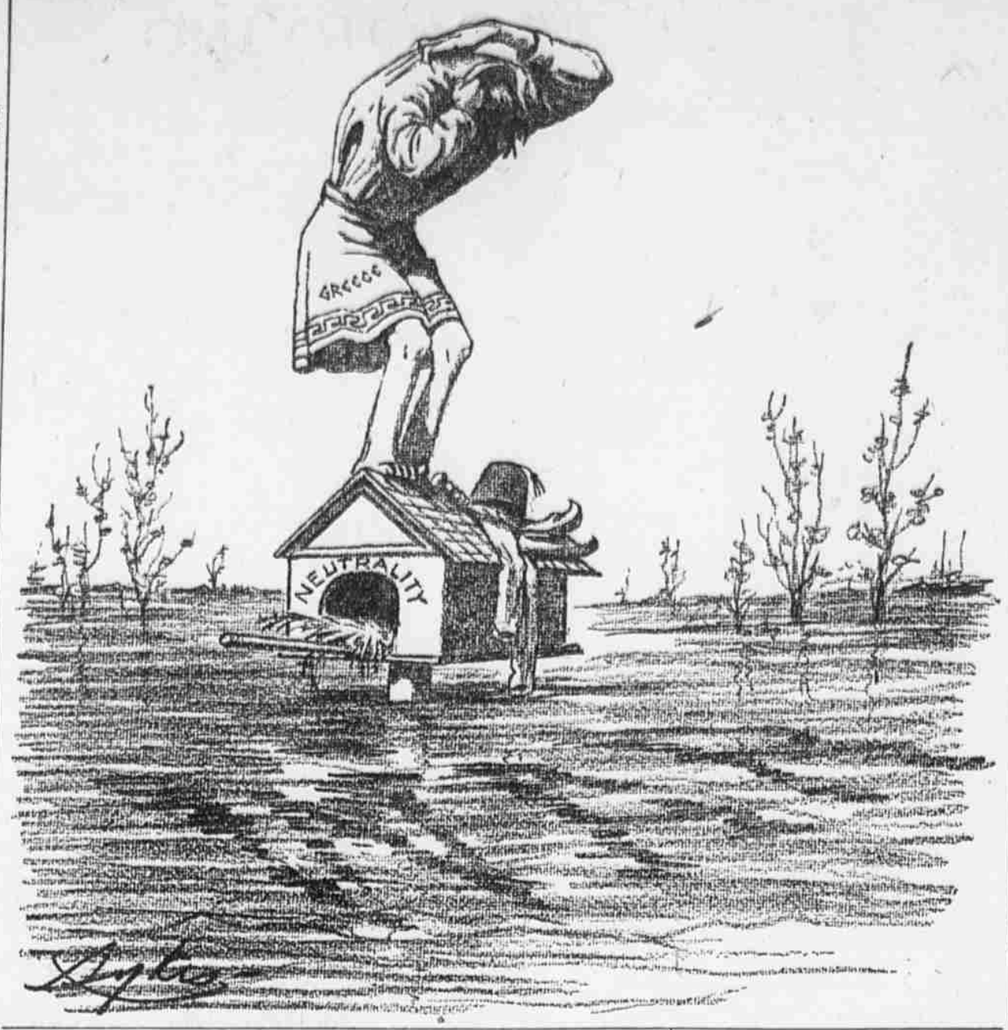
Two-Faced, and Then Some

Nature has endowed Mr. McClary with a face and figure like that of Lincoln and Emerson and Sol Smith Russell, and the same power with which to make an audience laugh or cry.—From a Chautauqua program.

MR. WILLIAM McCLURE DIES IN STOCK EXCHANGE SINCE 1868
—Headline in N. Y. Times.

LIFE, as some one has said, is just a "lingering."

"WHAT MUST BE, MUST!"



THE MIRACLE OF THE ANGELS

Arthur Machen's Fantastic Story of the British Retreat From Mons and How It Was Accepted as True

TODAY, the anniversary of the battle of the Marne, is destined to be one of the day's richest in the world's memory. Strategists have insisted from the start that the war was lost to Germany at the Marne. Gilbert K. Chesterton has called Marne Day the "greatest moment in the secular history of the world," and both in Germany and in France the day is held in reverence.

But it remained for an obscure London journalist to give to the Marne the touch of the supernatural without which it was not complete. The name of Arthur Machen is almost unknown in this country, but it is a fact that from late September, 1914, to the following spring, he shared with Kitchener and Lloyd George and Joffre and French a place on the lips of all England. A few lovers of strange stories had known of Mr. Machen for the two books he wrote in the fighting nineties, "The House of Souls" and "The Mill of Dreams." They are books meant for the few. And yet, within two months after the war broke out Mr. Machen's name was in the palace of the King, and he had started a legend which became, as one wrote to him, "the worst atrocity of the war."

Readers of war news a year ago will recall that coincidentally with the anniversary of the Marne there came a flood of stories, told by soldiers to nurses and orderlies, and all bearing on the same thing—the appearance of a host of angels between the oncoming German hosts and the staggering British army which was retreating from Mons. The stories differed in detail; they agreed in the essential thing. Soldiers, in this modern age, had seen angels perform a miracle.

That a miracle had saved the British on that awful retreat can be said without fear. But this story of the angelic host was a little too circumstantial to be taken all at once. It was not until Mr. Machen told the whole truth that the world knew how that story came to be told.

How "The Bowmen" Was Written

An ardent patriot, a Welsh mystic, a medievalist by all his inclinations, Mr. Machen was terribly impressed by the story of the retreat from Mons. "I seemed to see," he writes, "a furnace of torment and death, and in the midst of the burning was the British army—in the midst of the flame, consumed by it and yet aureoled in it, scattered like ashes and yet triumphant, martyred and forever glorious. So I saw our men with a shining about them, so I took these thoughts with me to church, and, I am sorry to say, was making up a story in my head while the deacon was singing the Gospel." Indirectly out of that story came the tale he called "The Bowmen."

In a letter to the writer Mr. Machen has confessed that "The Bowmen" is not a good story. For 35 years he had written masterpieces which no one knew. His only badly conceived fantasy won him universal acclaim. The story is simply that on the retreat the operator of a machine gun found himself right in the thickest fire of the Germans. He called upon St. George to help him. Then: "The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur; instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice and a shout louder than a thunder peal crying, 'Array! array! array!' * * * And as the soldier heard these voices he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling toward the German hosts." The bowmen of England had returned to the field.

As Mr. Machen says, any one who knew medieval history and the legends of war, any one who knew the story of Castor and Pollux or had read Kipling's tale of the ghostly Indian regiment could have written that story. It merely happened that he was the one who thought of it.

Every One Believed It

A few days after "The Bowmen" was published the editor of a magazine interested in spiritualism wrote to Mr. Machen asking whether it had any foundation in fact. He replied that it had none. A short time after another magazine editor wrote asking the same question and got a like reply. The story had appeared in September. In February a parish magazine had reprinted it and the issue was sold out. The tale was reprinted as a pamphlet and all England began to read it and to believe that it was a narration of fact. With pathetic eagerness the materialistic world of England turned to the most outlandish story of spiritualism. Those interested wrote to the author and insisted, against his given word, that the story must be true. And then the stories began to come over from France. Of course, St. George and the bowmen had been seen. Some one had spoken to a visitor at a hospital who had it from an attendant that a wounded soldier, now dead, had seen the angelic shapes. Others had seen the celestial army as a cloud which hid the British. "The Bowmen" furnished a text for sermons, the church papers were full of it, the agnostic press took it seriously, the neutral papers suggested scientific explanations for the hallucination seen by "every one on the retreat." Thousands of letters were received by the editor of the London Evening News in which the story first appeared. "The Occult Review" did not stop having special articles about it for nearly a year. It became more of a fixed belief than the great hoax of the Russians passing through Scotland. Even in France, where St. Michael took the place of St. George, the story was told and believed.

The fact that "The Bowmen" was made so important is far more interesting than the slender tale itself. Julius Caesar once wrote that people can always bring themselves to believe what it is to their advantage to believe, and from Caesar to William James the will to believe has been given its just due. The odd thing is that England should have been so ardent about it.

Mr. Machen is himself a deeply religious man and believes in miracles. He says that so long as he believes that they happened once in Judea he can believe that they will happen in Flanders or in France. But the Britishers who took up his story and swore that it was true were just the men who scoffed at miracles before. The fact is that the story came at a peculiar moment in England's psychology. She not only did not know whether she was going to win the war; she actually was not sure in her soul that she was going to go into it for all she was worth.

Since that time England has gone in, and the things she reads of and believes are not of spiritual armies, but of shrapnel and high explosives. The story of "The Bowmen" has gone into a little volume with other tales by the same author, many of them far superior. It will remain a document of the great war, a peculiar evidence of how a nation can be moved to its very depths when once the natural boundaries of its emotions are swept away by something greater than greed for getting and fury in spending.

G. V. S.

SPEAKING SARCASTIC?

A couple of wife-beaters in Kansas City were handcuffed together and put to work on the streets. If such one has both hands manacled they ought to make an ideal pair of street dancers.—Columbus Citizen.

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. **Japan has demanded of China rights in Mongolia amounting to domination of that district. Where is Mongolia?**
2. **When does the eight-hour law go into effect and how long is it to be in effect?**
3. **What is a dinghy?**
4. **What is a "given name"?**
5. **What is a "faux pas"?**
6. **How much does it cost the city of Philadelphia to produce 1000 gallons of filtered water, and what does the city charge for that amount?**
7. **What are adenoids?**
8. **What is soccer?**
9. **How is baseball percentage, of games won and lost, reckoned?**
10. **How was the electrical unit "watt" named?**

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. **The Congressional Record was first issued in 1873.**
2. **Reedbird: the name in the Middle States for the bobolink.**
3. **Indian tobacco: this is the "lobelia inflata," an annual plant about a foot high, with blue flowers. It was used by the Indians as a medicine.**
4. **The Board of Education levies school taxes.**
5. **"Class legislation": that which affects certain defined classes favorably or adversely, and not the people generally.**
6. **Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is only about twenty lines in length.**
7. **Intensive agriculture: that which seeks increased crops not by extending the area cultivated but by applying new methods to the original area.**
8. **Rix-dollars: silver coins varying in value between 54 cents and $1.08, coined in some European States between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries.**
9. **Malt: barley or other grain prepared for brewing or distilling.**
10. **Damon and Pythias: legendary figures, famed for their great friendship.**

Pons Asinorum

Editor of What Do You Know?—I wish to call your attention to a mistake in your answer to the ninth question in the "Quiz" of Tuesday, August 29. The Pons Asinorum (or the Bridge of Asses) proposition proves that when two sides of a triangle are equal, the angles opposite these equal sides are equal. The proposition is attributed to the Greek philosopher Thales.

D. E. OWENS.

Everybody does not agree with you. The average student or graduate in this country speaks of the square-of-the-hypotenuse problem as the Pons Asinorum, and the question seems to hinge more on general usage than on any dogma. The phrase certainly is not the "official" title of any problem.

Infantile Paralysis

INQUISITIVE.—There have been cases of infantile paralysis in New England. There have been cases reported in which adults contracted the disease, but they are very rare. (2) New Hampshire has a direct primary for Governor.

Belgium's Neutrality

T. S. R.—A treaty was concluded on April 19, 1839, between the King of the Belgians and the King of the Netherlands which contained the following sentence: "Belgium forms an independent State of perpetual neutrality." Of this treaty Prussia, France, England, Austria and Russia declared themselves guarantors. This is the famous "Treaty of 1839," by which the Powers bound themselves to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and Belgium on her part was forbidden in case of war to take the part of any of the belligerents. This treaty was not a laying down of general laws, but a specific guarantee of the neutrality, in perpetuity, of one specific country. With this treaty the United States had nothing to do. In 1907, at the second Hague conference, the nations drew up the "Convention Respecting the Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers and Persons in Case of War on Land." This convention opens with the general provision that "The territory of neutral powers is inviolable." Which means inviolable only by those who signed the treaty.

New York Food Consumption

V. A.—According to the latest statistics, New York's daily and annual consumption of the principal foodstuffs is as follows:

	Daily.	Annual.
Beef and other meats (lbs.)	2,602,739	950,000,000
Bread (loaves)	2,613,698	954,000,000
Milk (quarts)	2,500,000	912,500,000
Potatoes (lbs.)	2,178,082	795,000,000
Eggs (dozen)	427,078	156,000,000
Fish (lbs.)	435,616	159,031,700
Butter (lbs.)	375,000	136,900,000
Sugar (lbs.)	403,837	147,340,000
Poultry (lbs.)	1,161,642	424,000,000
Coffee (lbs.)	285,411	104,000,000
Tea (lbs.)	130,082	47,700,000
Cheese (lbs.)	14,520	5,300,000
Cocoa (lbs.)	84,190	30,700,000

The succeeding articles are given in value and not quantities because of the variable measures employed in their marketing.

	Daily.	Annual.
Canned goods		
Fruits and vegetables	1,027,397	375,000,000
Cereals	11,232	4,100,000

CASEMENT DEFENDED

Alfred Noyes's Attack Resented by Believers in Fair Play

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Mr. Alfred Noyes in the EVENING LEDGER, makes quite a desperate attempt to blacken the reputation of the Irishmen who lost their lives in the late uprising in Ireland. Pearse, Plunkett, The O'Rahilly, Casement, McDonald, McDonough and the other leaders of the Irish movement, as even the reports from England admitted, were men of high talent and education, all more or less of public position. Some of them held chairs in colleges and universities as well as your friend, Mr. Noyes. Living, not a word could be said against their honor; dead, they are the mark for Mr. Noyes, who tries to describe them as "Irishmen of the very lowest and vicious personal character." England, having killed their bodies, it seems, would now endeavor to destroy their reputation. It will not, however, change the opinions of those who believe in an independent Ireland and who honor the Irish dead.

WILLIAM J. M. DEVINE.
Philadelphia, September 4.

UNFAIRNESS OF ALFRED NOYES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am surprised that your paper should print such a libelous statement as regards Ireland or her people as appeared on August 31 without first acquainting yourself of the fact as to its truthfulness. This letter of the person who styles himself Mr. Noyes and holds a responsible position in a school of learning should not be allowed to pass unanswered. I have lately arrived from the scenes of which Mr. Noyes speaks and challenge him as to any such occurrence ever having taken place. He first mentions the diary of poor Casement as filthy. Will he tell us about the filth? No, he can't. He classes the leaders and men of the late rebellion in Ireland as of the lowest and most criminal character. Patrick Pearse was a master of arts and a well-known writer. He was the president of a college. His brother held a like position. Then the learned McDonough, the writer of plays; Skiffington the editor, Connolly an editor, O'Rahilly, an Irish writer and an authority on languages, and the Plunkett boys, the sons of Count Plunkett, who held degrees from Trinity College, and the rest of those heroes whom our friend, Mr. Noyes, speaks about had more learning than he will ever be able to cram into his bigoted noodle. I suppose he would call Washington, Patrick Henry, Sullivan and the rest of our countrymen who fought for freedom cowards also. He speaks of Castle Bellingham. I happened to come from there a short time ago, and if anything like that which our friend speaks about occurred I think I would know about it, as I had more chance than he. There was no such thing as Mr. Noyes speaks of about the carter in Stephen Green. All the carters were too anxious to help their poor country and countrymen in arms, the men who had the courage of Washington and our heroes.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.
Philadelphia, September 4.