Evening Ledger

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Philadelphia, Friday, December 29, 1916.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

Those courageous young women who did not do their proposing early have only a little of leap year left.

Irish Whisky Output Curtailed.—Headline.

Is this another blow at Ireland's liberties?

Like all other spirits of distinguished men who have spoken before it, the spirit of Hugo Munsterberg that has conversed with a Boston lady is very commonplace in the matter of conversation. There is no mention of a German accent.

Even though we are rapidly becoming the world's banker, Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, says we're "a nation of economic illiterates." We wonder what he would call some well-known financial committees!

The announcement that Mr. Asquith's daughter was engaged to marry an American was premature, not to say exaggerated and hyperbolic. We may be permitted to believe, however, that the wish of the reputed engagee was father to the report.

Doctor Leuba has just discovered that learned men, as a rule, do not believe in God. It is still possible, then, to quote heartily from the gospel according to St. Matthew, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

They must be having hilarious times at the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in New York. A good part of the session yesterday was devoted to a paper on "The Geometrical Limits for the Imaginary Roots of a Polynomial With Real Coefficients," while here in Philadelphia we still continue to struggle with the high cost of living.

The number of cases of grip and pneumonia is increasing so rapidly that Director Krusen says an epidemic of both diseases is impending. He advises people to avoid crowds, overheated rooms and drafts, and to begin to take care of a cold at the start. The last part of his advice is most important, for the reason that few of us who have to use the street cars to get to business can keep out of crowds or drafts. A neglected cold leads to all sorts of complications. The best way to avoid pneumonia or grip is to call a physician in the beginning and follow his advice. If you give him half a chance he can break up the cold before it is too late.

The steadily increasing number of drug store robberies in all parts of the country has come to a point where there is little room for doubt that many of the druggists who report the theft of hundreds of grains of narcotics allow themselves to be robbed by "dope fiends" who pay them in advance to leave the "goods" on their counters and the door unlocked. Collusion of this sort is the easiest way to dodge the law which forbids the sale of the drugs without physicians' prescriptions. The pressure put upon the druggists by the savage craving of the fiends is a tax upon character in its weakest links—pity and the desire for easy money. Special Agent Di Giovanni's warning to druggists ought to have results at once. It is simply that they should lock their narcotic drugs in a safe. He does not cast suspicion on any druggists. But those who do not at once provide themselves with safes and guarantee the public that their supplies of drugs are nightly secured in them will invite suspicion.

If there is anything more unfair than our intemperate abuse of our temperate weather—well, there isn't. We owe all our success to our unsuccessful weather. The changes from burning sun which is not too burning to storm that is not too stormy are the essence of the virility of our soil and people. If you want good weather, go as far south or as far north as may feel steadily comfortable. There really is a land of the lotus eaters, where Tennyson dreamed it was "always afternoon." There the sun always shines. Some of our utter failures go there, sick of the competition and stern morals of the millions who cluster and battle in the busy, busybody cities of the temperates. They marry pretty short girls, who stick flowers in their hair and can be easily ruled, and there is always the breadfruit, and one can sit on the bungalow porch all day and snooze. That is intemperate weather, just as the weather of the Klondike is in its way. One knows just what to expect in the north, too; nothing can happen of the unexpected. One just keeps cold and thinks of gold in terms of gold, and not in terms of steel or even in terms of wives. Here the weather is like a Damascus blade; to be temperate is to be tempered, is to be able to bend nearly all the way to the right, and then flip over and bend as far to the left. The peoples in this girdle of exciting change are awake to war—but they are also awake to justice and progress.

A SOLEMN WARNING

THE President's peace note is a logical sequence of the Lusitania and other notes.

The Government's knowledge of events is far more exact and comprehensive than that possessed by the general public. But these things the general public does know:

1. The United States has taken an absolute and irrevocable stand on the submarine warfare question.

2. Germany has broken her pledge, wittingly or unwittingly, on several occasions.

3. Ambassador Gerard informed the President that Germany is engaged in building a submarine fleet more formidable than any hitherto constructed both in power and in number; and that popular opinion in Germany demands a resumption of submarine warfare in its most ruthless form.

4. The American Government will send no more notes or ultimatums. A resumption of submarine activity, under conditions banned by the United States, will mean a severance of diplomatic relations with Germany.

What the President has done is to deliver, under a diplomatic mask, a solemn and deliberate warning to the belligerents, and to Germany in particular, that it is time to take an inventory, in which it can be set down as a definite fact that further disregard of American rights will mean certain American action.

The note is, therefore, a solemn warning also to the American people, a warning that we are on the brink of the volcano, into which we may any day be plunged.

It would be folly not to recognize conditions as they are. It is a critical moment in our history, with great decisions pendant in the balance. We must be prepared, spiritually and otherwise, to meet the issue.

CHANCE FOR A HIRAM

TO LAZY and impotent people it looked like a miracle when Hiram Johnson went through California in his auto and cleaned up the gang. To wideawake folk it looked like Hiram Johnson. What the very stones in the streets of Pennsylvania are crying out for is such a man. He does not have to be well known. Johnson was not well known until he had come face to face with the people of every city, town, village and countryside of his State, and told them what the pirates were doing. There is no difference between Pennsylvanians and Californians. It is so easy to become Governor of Pennsylvania. All you need is a strong voice, a program and a Ford.

ARGUMENT IN DOLLARS

IF EVERY protest against granting licenses to saloons were as efficiently handled as that made by the United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Company, of Burlington, N. J., before the newly created Excise Board, it is a safe guess that there would be fewer saloons in the neighborhood of industrial plants. This company went to work a year ago by first selecting 100 men employes secretly, half of them moderate drinkers and half of them abstainers. In the first eleven months of the year the drinkers lost a total of 4156 days, an average wage loss to each man of $150. The abstainers in the same time lost an average of less than one day per month.

The company says its own losses in the eleven months through reduced output, spoiled work and increased cost amounted to more than $100,000, all of which it attributes to the saloon influence.

It will be interesting to note the effect this surprising array of unanswerable figures will have on the final action of the Excise Board in the granting of licenses, to say nothing of the effect which it is bound to produce in other industrial plants that are suffering from similar conditions.

OUR REAL RULERS

THE State Constitution says that the House of Representatives shall elect a Speaker.

If we may believe current reports, this function is to be performed by some one else and the House will ratify his or their action, as the Electoral College records the decision of another body of electors in whom the real power rests.

The outgivings of United States Senator Penrose and State Senators McNichol and Sproul on the one hand, and Governor Brumbaugh, Senator Vare and Attorney General "Shrunk" Brown on the other hand, indicate that these gentlemen think they are to elect the Speaker. Senator Vare and Senator McNichol attended the caucus of the local Representatives and presumed to tell them what to do. Twenty-four of them decided to act as a rubber stamp for Vare, and the remainder decided to act when McNichol pulled the strings.

Is is not about time that the curtain was rung down on this sort of a farce? Everybody knows that the House of Representatives is a superfluity, that the real legislators meet elsewhere and that we have the form but not the substance of popular government. As the State seems to like it, why not let the General Assembly adjourn and call upon "Shrunk" Brown and Penrose to agree on what is to be done and then do it?

Tom Daly's Column

Pomes Written by Myself Little Polly

MOTHER

Of all the words in the dictionary
Although they say opinions vary
I'm sure I know the sweetest word
That ever on this earth was heard:
"Mother."

Now "candy" is a word that's sweet
And "honey" sounds quite good to eat
But here is one that I have found
Most sweet of all the whole year round:
"Mother."

You will agree with me I guess
For often when youre in distress
And nothing else can comfort you
You turn your whole attention to
Mother.

Last night I had an awful dream
That in my sleep just made me scream
And what word do you think I spoke
The very moment that I woke?
"Mother."

And there she was right by my bed
And laid her dear hand on my head
And calmed me. And who was it then
That patted me to sleep again?
Mother.

So I am very glad to pay
This tribute unto her today.
Some day like her I hope to be
And have somebody calling me
"Mother."

That Belgian merchant would be bold indeed who advertised a line of traveling bags at this particular stage of his country's history.

Dear Tammas—I came across an old clipping the other day which might be interesting in your column. Here it is, but you might put the solution down below in the column:

U O a O, big I O U
O O no O but O O me;
O let not my O a O go,
But give O O I O U so.

Some poetry, isn't it?
THE CURIO MAN.

Future philologists will interpret our greeting, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," as an example of the disgraceful manner with which ancient paganism jumped from one orgy to another.

UP IN THE AIR

How the English Johnnie Told It

"Hello, old thing! Aw! yas! Have you heard the latest ripper—about one of our airmen, you know? Eh, what? Let me see. Aw, yes. He went up in the blue with a flapper—went up as high as the clouds. Then he came back to earth—very much so—absolutely dead, in fact. He fell out with her up there, doncherno! Ripping good story, isn't it? But, my dear old thing, the flapper didn't even have a wounded feeling. She was an angel, and flew down!"

How the Ice Man Told It

"Say, I heard a good one the other night. A guy goes up in the air with a peacherino, and something she says gets him off his trolley. And when that guy hit solid earth, believe me, kid, there was nothing doing. And the dame never was hurt—no, sir! He was a gentleman to the last, for just as he was diving overboard he apologized for even thinking, let alone saying, she wasn't a perfect thirty-nine around the waist. The machine flew into splinters, but she was saved, soul and all. That's it! Go on, say 'How?' All right, here's the answer—She went up in the air at the insult."

How the Comedian Told It

"Well, an aviator took a lady friend up in the air, but when he was up some 2000 feet—yea, some 2000 feet!—he fell out. But the lady was saved, landing upon her feet with ease. The machine was a perfect wreck—absolutely! Yes, you see, it was easy for the lady to come back to earth. She was a chicken."

BLO BUCK.

THE CIPHER SOLUTION

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you,
O sigh for no cipher, but O, sigh for me
O, let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so.

THE LAY OF THE ORPHAN EGG

Its parents had died on the eve of Thanksgiving
Before it was able to scratch for a living,
The poor little Orphan Egg.
It hadn't an uncle, an aunt or a cousin,
And no one would take it to make up a dozen,
The poor little Orphan Egg.
For boycotting housewives, as prices went higher,
Refused it a home and a place by the fire,
The poor little Orphan Egg.
Unconscious if storage men hoarded or gambled,
How deeply it longed to be coddled or scrambled,
The poor little Orphan Egg!
Then, whose is the fault, if, despised and forgotten,
It lay there to addle, excusably rotten,
The poor little Orphan Egg?
Ah, you that neglected to save or reclaim it,
How dare you condemn it, asperse it or blame it,
The poor little Orphan Egg!
So call it not "bad," as a thing to be chided,
But rather, "unfortunate," "wronged," or "misguided,"
The poor little Orphan Egg.
In pity attend its funereal strato-ride,
And drop on its remnants some tears and bichloride,
The poor little Orphan Egg.
ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

SHORT POEM INSPIRED BY CERTAIN RECENT EVENTS

The dove of peace is cooing
With a soft, persuasive coo;
Yet folks keep right on doing
What they know they oughtn't to.

Advertisement by a timid man in a local contemp:

WANTED—A bright, intelligent boy who can handle a typewriter.

Maybe she got mad because the Boss told her she couldn't spell and he got plumb scared of her.

ONLY PART OF IT

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. The reigning family of England is no longer officially the "House of Hanover," as many suppose. What should it be called?
2. How do farmers judge a watermelon to be ripe by examining its exterior?
3. What recent war between great Powers was brought to an end by peace negotiations held in the United States?
4. Who was Thor?
5. What are the "Iron Gates"?
6. What is mistletoe and where does it grow?
7. What room in Washington, D. C., is jocularly called the "Chamber of Horrors," and why?
8. What European Power has the same outward form of Federal and state authority as the United States?
9. What was the historical incident which was the basis for the poem in which the line occurs, "With Sheridan twenty miles away"?
10. What are the Everglades and where are they?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Creole in New Orleans means a person of French and Spanish descent. In west Florida the word is used to describe mulattoes.
2. Virginia Dare was the first white child born in America, 1587. She was the granddaughter of John White, who was sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh as Governor of a Virginia colony which disappeared.
3. The word "Croatan" was found carved on a tree after the above mentioned colony vanished. It was the name of an island off the coast of North Carolina, south of Roanoke Island. By the shifting of the sands it is now probably a part of Hatteras or Ocracoke Island. It is believed the Raleigh settlers became absorbed into a friendly tribe of Indians on Croatan Island, and a mixed-blood stock in Robeson County has been called the "Croatan Indians."
4. The neutral nations of Europe are Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Andorra, Switzerland, Luxemburg and Greece.
5. "Charles XIV John" was General Bernadotte, a celebrated marshal of Napoleon, King of Sweden and Norway 1818-44. He was the only one of Napoleon's generals who founded a permanent dynasty.
6. William Cobbett (1762-1835) was an English political writer in the cause of the people. He lived and wrote for a time in Philadelphia. He was imprisoned two years for severe comments upon the flogging of English soldiers by German mercenaries in England.
7. When a motor is spoken of as a "four," a "six," etc., the numbers refer to the cylinders.
8. The home of Monticello was Thomas Jefferson.
9. James Fenimore Cooper was the first great American novelist.
10. A cow pony is a western horse used in rounding up cattle.

Thunder in Winter

R. M. E.—The cause that produces the phenomenon of a thunderstorm in winter is the same as that in summer—difference of electrical potential between different parts of the atmosphere or between the atmosphere and the earth. When the excess of positive electricity in one part becomes great enough to overcome the resistance a discharge takes place, resulting in the phenomenon of lightning; and the consequent sudden rush of air to fill the vacuum thus caused produces thunder. Contrary to popular belief, high temperatures are not necessary to cause the inequalities in electricity stored in the atmosphere. Thunderstorms in the winter months are unusual, but not unknown. Until the recent thunderstorm the last one on the December record at the Weather Bureau was in 1905.

More About Profit

J. C. P.—We are in receipt of further support of the decision of Professor Moxey, of the Wharton School, to the effect that an article bought for $100 and sold for $115 yields about thirteen per cent on the transaction instead of fifteen per cent. The National Association of Credit Men will, at the July meeting of the National Education Association, present a resolution asking the latter organization to have the textbooks commonly used in the schools revised, so as to teach the computation of profit percentage on the basis of selling price instead of cost of article. The present "erroneous system," the credit men say, "every day causes needless failures." Preparing for a thorough discussion of the resolution, the National Education Association has sent a questionnaire to prominent certified accountants throughout the country to obtain their views. In reply to your objection to his answer, Professor Moxey said: "Reckoning profit percentage on a sales basis is in absolute accord with the sound principles of accounting, because a person engages in business to sell at a profit. Should a business man confine his attention solely to purchasing he would be tying up his capital to no purpose. The volume of business and the amount of profits accruing thereby depend solely upon the amount and value of the sales, this being the measure of the business transacted."

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

What We Owe to the Allies. Protest Against Street Rudeness—Winter Work in the Garden

This department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters must be signed with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

OUR OBLIGATION TO THE ALLIES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—It seems to me that if on the other side of a ledger which would show the violation of neutral rights by the Allies would be set forth the incalculable advantage that the ships of Great Britain have been to neutral countries in keeping the commerce of the world open that the latter would far outbalance the former account.

Indeed, if it were not for the sea-blockade of Germany's warships by England the United States would practically have no foreign commerce at all. It seems to me, therefore, that this country owes the Allies at least some appreciation for the services they have rendered and that the rigid censorship on mail matter, which is only a necessary precaution which the Allies have to take, is a small price to pay for so much value received.

N. ALLEN STOCKTON.
Philadelphia, December 26.

STREET COURTESY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I always thought the city of Philadelphia was the very heart and center of culture, refinement and civilization, but my personal experience during the last few weeks has received an awful jolt.

Mexicans are ladies and gentlemen compared to some of the smart Americans who live in this beautiful city. I cannot walk the streets without being insulted by a smart class of people who call themselves civilized. I never was insulted by a colored man, Chinaman, Japanese or Mexican, and I have lived among Mexicans in Mexico and the colored people of the South, and I find they are a more civilized race than some of the smart dressed people of Philadelphia, for any man or woman who will insult another on the streets or anywhere by calling him a mutt without provocation is unworthy the name of man or woman.

There is no peace on earth and good will to all men in my breast, but there is bitter feeling of resentment toward this uncivilized community and the insulting smart-dressed men and women whom I cannot help but pass in my daily travels to and from work. I am a workman and cannot be doiled up like some of my smart friends. We cannot all be peaches; some of us have got to be prunes and do the work.

I was insulted on Arch street near Twelfth the other evening by a very important-looking lady and gentleman, all dressed up as if they were going to the theatre or some place of entertainment, and when they came near me the so-called smart gentleman called me a mutt.

I have lived a long time in Oregon, California and Mexico, being in San Francisco during the earthquake and conflagration, and came here to see my folks, whom I had not seen for a quarter of a century. I am old enough to be the father of most of these smart dressed ladies and gentlemen. But there is no such uncivilized class of smart people anywhere as I have experienced in this so-called civilized community.

J. A. GOODE,
So-Called a Mutt.
Philadelphia, December 26.

WINTER GARDEN CHORES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Those of my friends who planted fruit trees, rose bushes, berry bushes and hardy shrubbery last spring in accordance with the instructions in the EVENING LEDGER garden articles may find beneficial a word of warning as to winter treatment.

This is the time to do the winter spraying to eliminate the San Jose and other scales. The best thing to use is an oil solution. For a few specimens one can make a satisfactory spray by mixing kerosene and water, about one part of former to three of latter. This should be constantly agitated during the spraying. A better process is to use one of the commercial emulsified oils, which cost about a quarter a can. This is mixed with water in a large proportion printed on the package. Spraying should be done on a comfortable breezeless day, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Pruning also is in order. All dead wood should be cut out, and where there is a rank growth of new wood some of this should be cut. Always cut above a bud. Branches which give sign of interfering with main branches on fruit trees should be eliminated. Rose bushes, except where the growth has been laggard, should be cut to half their size; cut to an outside bud. Grape vines should be cut to two or three buds from the main spars or leaders.

JOHN BARTRAM.
Philadelphia, December 25.

THE NUDE IN THE "MOVIES"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The letter by Sarah S. Weber in the EVENING LEDGER regarding "child terrors in the movies" struck a responsive chord in my heart. Her closing remark, "We would never stand for such an exhibition in a theatrical performance," could well apply to the photoplay, "Purity," which was given at the Victoria recently.

Would Miss Aubrey Munson appear as "Purity" on the theatrical stage? Would the moral public allow her to do so? We have seen "Purity" and "Virtue." Now let us see what "Modesty" can do to fill the movie houses.

ANNIE A. POOL.
Philadelphia, December 28.

RICHES IN THE COUNTRY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—It seems to me that the following figures by Scott Nearing are "important if true," and I hope you will give them space. Although Professor Nearing delights in delving into figures and statistics, he would indignantly deny being a single taxer, so, of course, he should receive a respectful hearing. To quote:

Much has been said and written regarding the increase in city land values. It is insignificant when compared with some of the increases in farm land values. Compare, for example, the increase in the land values of New York city with the increasing land values of the grain States of the West North Central group. The population of New York city is just under five million; of Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas the total rural population is almost exactly the same as the population of New York city. During the years for which figures are available (1906-1916) the land values of New York rose from $3,367,000,000 to $4,643,000,000—an increase of more than one-third in ten years. The total value of the farm lands in the States named was in 1910 seven and a half billions of dollars. In 1900 this same land had been valued at two and a half billions. In the interval of ten years it had increased almost exactly five billions of dollars (about 200 per cent). The total value of farm lands in these five States is now one and one-half times the total value of land in New York city, and the rate of increase in the value of the land is four times the rate of increase in New York city.

OLIVER McKNIGHT.
Philadelphia, December 28.

The Northeast Corner

Rubaiyat of a Commuter

XXVI

And I have thought that I would like to go
To Edwin Markham, saying, "Is it so
You know a man who can my Garden weed?
Just call for him and let him bring his Hoe!"

Casuals of the Day's Work

XVII

A few days before the war broke out we were sitting in a London hotel smoking room.

"I am in great trouble," he said.

"I am sorry," I said sympathetically. "What's the matter?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "you know that wife and daughter of mine? Now that they're over here they insist on going to Paris. Suppose I've got to take them?"

I told him that I heard that Americans in Paris always had a good time and that I hoped he would enjoy the trip.

A week later he came back to the hotel, gloomier than ever.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, "back again. Have a good time in Paris?"

"Good time! Not on your blessed life. Paris is too lively for me."

I expressed polite surprise.

"Yes, sir; too lively. I'm an undertaker and I live in Philadelphia and I got so cussed homesick in Paris I had to go down to visit the morgue."

Which diverting tale simply goes to show that amusement like contentment is relative.

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TROCADERO BOLLING OF THE TROLLEYS and Charles Chaplin Films

The Stanley
MARKET AB. 16TH
CONTINUOUS—11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MARGUERITE CLARK
In "SNOW WHITE"

PALACE 1214 MARKET 10c—20c 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
LEONORE ULRICH, "THE ROAD TO LOVE"
EXTRA MIDNIGHT PERFORMANCE NEW YEAR'S EVE—"PURITY"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
LAST 2 DAYS Daily 15c; Evgs. 25c
WILLIAM S. HART
in First Presentation of "Truthful Tulliver"

REGENT MARKET BELOW 17TH DAILY 10c EVENINGS 15c
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

BROAD MATINEE TOMORROW
MRS. FISKE EXTRA MAT. NEW YEAR'S in ERSTWHILE SUSAN
Popular Wed. Matinee, 50c to $1.50

GARRICK MATINEE TOMORROW
Seven Chances EXTRA MAT. NEW YEAR'S Megrue's Sparkling Comedy
Popular Wed. Matinee, 50c to $1.50

FORREST MATINEE TOMORROW EXTRA MAT. NEW YEAR'S
THE COHAN REVUE 1916
Popular Wed. Matinee, 50c to $1.50

Dumont's Minstrels Annex Free Mat. Every Night 10c & 20c