Evening Ledger

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Philadelphia, Friday, January 5, 1917.

It begins to look as if the Mayor did not want to see McNichol.

Several distinguished clergymen apparently know that it is foolish to talk peace when there is no peace.

Penrose Plans Fight to Finish on Governor.—Headline.

Tammany planned a fight to a finish on Sulzer—and finished him.

Every one living southwest of Rittenhouse Square hopes City Solicitor Connelly can succeed in canning the odors from the paint works on Gray's Ferry road.

It seems to be a misdemeanor for an English woman to be interested in an army officer. But how are you to prevent uniforms and brass buttons from being fascinating to the fair?

Camden is planning to spend $900,000 for harbor development, but the port of Philadelphia will profit by every dollar used in improving the wharves and piers on the New Jersey side of the Delaware.

France to Have a National Council of Economy.—Headline.

But the Democratic Congress in Washington goes on planning to spend money as though there were no such word as economy.

There is no serious objection to putting up a marble monument to Jefferson on the site of his house at Seventh and Market streets, but his real monument was built in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776.

The projected stadium at Hunting Park avenue and Eighteenth street may be better than the one planned by the University, but each will have to stand the test of publicity before the money is raised for building either. The one which proves most likely to meet the needs of the city is the one that is more likely to be built.

It is written of Mr. Perceval, Premier of England during the Napoleonic wars, that in the crisis of Europe he safely brought the bill for increasing the salaries of country clergymen through Parliament. In the crisis of the world an English lieutenant colonel found time to lecture a subordinate on his way of answering a lady's letter. Gilbert and Sullivan could have made a good opera out of that.

Something has been gained in the fight against the dope evil, in that now every case is at once referred to its origin. Sam Green, who put up a three weeks' struggle to "get religion" in exchange for the drug habit and failed, got his first taste of cocaine when he was sixteen years old. The manager of a burlesque show gave him some to make his act a success. The anti-narcotic bill, which is endangered by the factional quarrel at Harrisburg, would make it well-nigh impossible for boys to be thus started wrong. There is something terrifying about that struggle in the Inasmuch Mission of the man fighting to keep the Sermon on the Mount between him and his demon. He repeated to himself the wonderful words of hope, which phrase by phrase would be blotted out by the corruption within him as waves blot out writings on the sand. Knowing, as we do, the absolute truth of "seek and ye shall find," its apparent failure in this case makes us see Sam Green as in the actual grip of a tangible fiend incarnate.

Doctor Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York, has suggested the endowment of at least thirty fellowships of from $500 to $1000 each to encourage ten college graduates each year to qualify themselves through three years of special training for the highest public service. But what can so few do when the need is so great? The Rhodes scholarships in Oxford were intended to produce a group of men with international minds who should bring the nations together and prevent wars and other undesirable misunderstandings; but they do not seem to have accomplished much in this direction. The men who have done the most for America have not been those who were picked by an arbitrary process for special training. They were moved by an inner urging to devote themselves to the service of their country. By overcoming handicaps they strengthened their physical and moral fiber until they were equal to the test when it came. Doctor Finley's plan is interesting chiefly as an indication that he realizes the need for trained men in the public service. As a remedy it would be about as effective as sugar pills administered to an elephant suffering from the stomach ache.

VOLUNTARY SHACKLES

THERE are many ways in which a young man can chain himself everlastingly to obscurity, depression and despair. There is one mode of slavery, however, which seems to be just a little more certain than any other. If a young man wants to be sure of not getting ahead, all he has to do is to get Into—DEBT.

ALREADY IMPEACHED

IT BEING impossible to "impeach" Penrose until November, 1920, when the people will be his judges, a joint trial of the senior Senator and the Governor is impracticable at this time, which is unfair to the Governor. It is an unimportant fact that no specific charge can be brought against Penrose. He stands for something which cannot properly be considered in the light of personal morals, but is rather a malady of the national Republican party which it must eject from its system in order to survive.

But Brumbaugh, unlike Penrose, can properly be considered a citizen of Pennsylvania, resident here and one of the our executive and, next to the President, endowed with that prerogative which stands for an ideal before the youth of the State. He has permitted charges of perjury and of diverting campaign funds to personal use to stand against him without official investigation, and if he is impeached and tried it will be through his own fault in not having hastened the equivalent of that trial on his own initiative.

It is no longer the question, "Shall Brumbaugh be impeached?" but "How shall his case be tried?" Impeachment is simply the bringing of a charge, and the charge has been made against him. In its technical use the word simply means that the charge is repeated by the lower branch of a Legislature so that the upper branch may try the accused man. If this is not done and the Governor serves out his term without refuting the charge, the District Attorney would naturally seek information concerning the charge of perjury against Brumbaugh, ex-Governor, and consider the preparation of an indictment.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

A DISREPUTABLE woman has been murdered and her slayer has killed himself when the law's grip was about to close upon him. In connection with the affair there is nothing but a mass of sordid details, a record of laws, human and divine, flouted and broken, a brothel tragedy, in which have become involved the names of men of wealth or standing.

What is the duty of a newspaper in handling a story of this sort? Editors from New York and Chicago either have sent special writers to cover it or have telegraphed urgently for more copy from local writers. The press associations have given it great prominence in their dispatches. Every detail has been paraded before morbid readers. The Evening Ledger, seeing in it nothing more than filth, has kept the story off the front page, where unwholesome accounts of this character are usually put for circulation purposes, and has reported only actual news developments, a somewhat novel method of handling such a situation.

Have the other newspapers been wrong or has the Evening Ledger been right? As our readers are also, in a sense, editors of the Evening Ledger, perhaps we can get a consensus of editorial opinion from them. We really want to know what the man in the street thinks about it.

EXILE!

I HAVE seen hundreds of my flock in peril and in tears. During three days, on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday last, from morn to eve, I went about the regions whence the foremost workmen and artisans of my diocese were taken by force into exile. At Wavrecourt, St. Etienne, Nivelles, Tubize and Braine l'Alleud I entered more than a hundred half-empty homes. Husbands were absent, children were orphans, sisters, sad-eyed and with inert arms, sat beside their sewing machines. A gloomy silence reigned in these cottages. It was as though there were a corpse in the house. But hardly had I addressed a word of sympathy to the mother when there was an outburst of sobs and lamentations, of angry tones, with movements of magnificent pride.—Cardinal Mercier.

AN EXAMPLE? GO TO HALIFAX

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, has a population of 46,000. It is about seven hundred miles from Montreal in an air line. It is the port of entry for but a small part of Canada. Nova Scotia has a population of only 490,000, and there are only 7,200,000 people in all Canada.

But $35,000,000 is being spent for the development of the harbor of Halifax.

Philadelphia has a population of 1,800,000 and Pennsylvania has 7,600,000, or 400,000 more than all Canada. If the business of this port were confined to what originates within this State alone, it would have greater possibilities than Halifax would have if that city could by any possibility handle all the ocean trade of the whole Dominion.

Thirty-five million dollars is only about $27,000,000 less than the Federal, State and city Governments have expended upon the port of this city from the beginning. Yet for every business man that Halifax can serve Philadelphia can serve ten. We are nearer than Halifax to central Canada and are connected with it by trunk lines of railroad. We have a rich hinterland in our own country to feed this city. The ocean trade of the nation is bound to grow so rapidly that within a generation there will be as much business as all the available Atlantic ports can accommodate. We have started in the right direction, but we are not moving fast enough. It is about time to move ahead at full speed that we may get our proper share of the new business.

Tom Daly's Column

McAroni Ballads

DA RAIN

Dessa mornin' to me een my store
Com' Pasquale jus' soak' weeth da rain;
An' he seet heemsal' down by da door
An' he growl an' he make complain;

"Here ees som'theeng I no understan':
W'at'so use for da rain een dees lan'?
Een Italia, you-an' I know,
Eet ees make theengs beautiful grow;
But here where we deep een da street
I can notta see usa for eet.
Eet ees com' like thieff to rob
W'en eet's keepin' me offa do job;
An' not only I loss da pay,
But I feel like Diablo all day;
An' ees mainy anudder man, too,
Dat ees feelin da same like I do.
O! I bet you, not mooch you would geeve
For to seet een da house where I leeve!
For dese fellows dat weeks weeth me
Dey are justa so mad as can be;
Dere ees nobody dere een dat place
Dat'an gotta da smile on da face.
For eet sure ainta, w'at-you-call, "sweet,"
Weeth da sweer pas, dirt from da street,
Dat ees streek to deir feet an' deir cla'es
Eet ees antheeng but bal for da nose.
So, my frand, I would like understan'
W'at'so use for da rain een dees lan'?"

Den I tel heem: "Pasquale, eet's plain
Dere ees een gooda use for dees rain.
Eet eet mak' you deesgust' weeth da street
An' you look for a job dat ees sweet.
Ot da job for Italian man
Dat ees best for heemsal' an' dees lan'
Ees to mak' grow da plant an' da tree
Or to sat da feeld of dem like me.
Now, dere's som'theeng for theenkin' about
An' I hope you-you' follow'eet out.
But, I ask you, on home while you theenk
Fur een your brain een steeak!"

Weetho brighta eye look on hees face
Goes Pasquale out ceeto da rain;
An' eet tak' da whole day teell dees place
Eesa smal like fruit store again.

We Don't Know It Yet

Dear Tom—Guess you didn't know I was a humorist. Sure! Listen to this one. I was in one of Hop & Heroin's lunchrooms the other day when two colored persons came in and ordered frankfurters. Quick as anything I says to my lady friend, just like that, "When the smokes arrive the half-smokes go."

A.

APOLOGY

Perhaps I made a slight mistake;
At least, I meant to kiss the rose.
But, as we skimmed the frozen lake,
I may have made a slight mistake,
She wore the rose, and—goodness' sake!
How like they were! So, I suppose,
I may have made a slight mistake;
At least, I meant to kiss the rose.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

A Personal Devil

The automobile year appears to have opened auspiciously in New York. According to the Manhattanese newspapers, on New Year's Day a chauffeur named Devine ran over a pedestrian named Devil.

Complete Writer's Guide

"You are too dear."

This phrase may be used in addressing:

1. Your butcher.
2. Your hobby.
3. Your sweetheart or
4. Your hubby.

"Give, O give my soul its rest."

Appropriate for:

1. Apostrophizing neighborhood cat.
2. Ditto gossiping caller.
3. Ditto wakeful infant.
4. Ditto reformer.

"I hey to remain."

Handy for use with reference to:

1. Implied query of best girl's father significantly raking furnace at 11 p. m.
2. Writing home from distance on learning that your better half's critical maiden aunt has arrived at your house for visit.
3. Reply to boss when he yells, "You're fired."

EILEEN.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN DURANCE

dear old pal this is the holidays so I tok my pen in hand hopin you are as well as my Pen is bad I saw your sister's musical way its just for one you Can scrout in The auto that Night he look good in it the silver too stole as on Tops burgers sidered as Fast crea- Lasted I think your Like To know wash you get out well goodby old pal hopping to hear you c o. Pen W. M. P.

MY SECOND CHILDHOOD

Now that I come to my Second Childhood
I find it the same as the First—
All of its magic, all of its beauty—
Its best, and none of the worst!

All of its beauty, and none of its terror
When shadows begin to fall—
In my Second Childhood I am not troubled
By the "Writing on the Wall!"

All as it was in my early adorings—
None of the best of it changed;
Still I can see the stairway to heaven
Where the sunset clouds are ranged;

The shadowy shafts from the clouds draw water
(Else how could the earth have rain?);
And the colored heads of the dew of the morning
Are a rainbow's broken chain!

And the blossom that leans by the roadside
Has more than ever to say,
And the leaves all over in silver are written
Where the snail has mused its way!

And the bird that flutters before my window—
I miss not the message it brings!
And now, of a truth, I know there is vision
In the eyes on the butterfly's wings!

For my Second Childhood forbear your pity
("Tis you—not I, have need!);
But the years of my Middle Age I pity,
When I lost my Childhood's creed!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

IT DID GET SOME SAMPLES OF THE SAME KIND

Dear Tom—Don't you think the Penn football team could have obtained the same goods nearer home?

A.

Incidentally it may be remembered that C. W. Plugge is a tobacconist in Pennsylvania avenue, Washington.

"HE RESPONDS WHEN I NEED HIM; CAN HE SAY SAME OF ME?"

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. What is the procedure for the impeachment of a Governor in Pennsylvania?
2. What are the duties of a prothonotary?
3. Who was Rasputin?
4. What do the initials "S. P. Q. R." stand for?
5. What are berserkers?
6. What is the procedure for avoiding future wars suggested by the League to Enforce Peace?
7. What is meant by "parcelbalism"?
8. Where is the White Sea?
9. Describe the musical instrument called a virginal.
10. What did the word "yeoman" originally mean?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The highest office holding dog in the world is the Equitable Building, New York city. It has 15,000 "inhabitants."
2. There are fifty Senators (thirty-nine Republicans, ten Democrats, one Washington party) and 267 Representatives (159 Republicans, thirty-seven Democrats and one Socialist) in the Pennsylvania Legislature.
3. Nimrod (Greek). At was the founder of the Babylonian and later of the Assyrian Empire; also "a mighty hunter before Jehovah."
4. "Pribbee" is a contraction of "I pray thee."
5. Boston has been popularly called "the Hub," formerly as the center of culture in the country, and latterly of New England.
6. Snow does exist about the equator; in the Andes Mountains, South America, for example.
7. Haakon VII is King of Norway.
8. The famous "Pony Express" was a mail service established between St. Joseph, Mo., and San Francisco, in 1860. The mail was carried rapidly overland on horseback.
9. Pizzicato is a term used in music for stringed instruments to denote that the strings, instead of being played as usual with the bow, are to be pattered with the fingers.
10. "Squatter sovereignty," or "popular sovereignty," was the right of the inhabitants of a territory to regulate their own internal affairs in their own way without the intervention of Congress.

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

Danny went over to urge Kate to name the day.

"This is entirely unexpected," gasped the maiden; "but I will marry you when the week after next is the week before last."

"Had I received this promise yesterday," said Danny, "the waiting would have been six days shorter."

Can you tell on what day of the week Danny popped the question?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

As the difference between a price which is ten per cent advance upon $1 and one which is twenty per cent advance upon ninety cents is two cents, which is one fifty-fifth of the former price, so in this case the price for which the suit sold is fifty-five times twenty-five cents, which is $13.75.

"Ben Machree"

D.—"Ben-my-chree," as you give it, probably is "Ben machree," which, literally translated from the Gaelic, means "Ben of my heart"; or, broadly, "dearest Ben." This would be the term of endearment used by a woman. If the words to which you refer were spoken by a man, they probably would be "Van machree," or "wife of my heart."

"Matilda Jones, Jr."

T. H.—Social usage does not favor the use of the suffix "Jr." by a girl who has the same name as her mother. If both mother and daughter, for example, are named Matilda Jones, in society the mother is Mrs. Matilda Jones and the daughter is Miss Matilda Jones until her marriage, when, of course, any confusion that may result from the same names will end. In business, however, where accuracy is paramount, it is permissible for a daughter to style herself, for example, Matilda Jones, Jr. As such she may open bank accounts and conduct her other business affairs.

Colored Butter

L. E. D.—No, it is not unlawful to sell butter artificially colored, nor is it necessary to label it artificially colored. At present neither the Federal nor the State Government can control such sale. Butter is the only article of artificially colored food that does not have to be labeled as such.

POETRY

Dancing may still be the poetry of motion, but if it is—the modern dances are free verse.—Chicago News.

IRISH PROBLEM IN NEW PHASE

Settlement Expected, With a Form of Conscription Chosen by the Folk of Erin

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES

Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

LONDON, Dec. 29.

The Irish situation has changed. Very little has been said, and if anything has been done it has not been made public. But every one in England knows that the situation has changed, and nearly every one in Ireland believes that it has changed for the better. It couldn't be worse, in any case.

When the new Cabinet was being formed it was backed by many Unionists, in the belief that Sir Edward Carson, leader of the anti-home rule group and self-constituted opposition to Mr. Asquith's coalition, would be part of the war council. Sir Edward was, at that time, known to stand for two things outside of winning the war: First, giving Ireland anything but real home rule, and, second, making Ireland pay for the gift with conscription.

But Sir Edward, although a member of the new Cabinet and one of the chief instruments in the downfall of the old, is not in the war council. Moreover, there is a well-grounded belief that Sir Edward is at last willing to grant home rule with the provisional exclusion or the provisional inclusion of the six Ulster counties.

On the face of it, to say "provisional inclusion or provisional exclusion" is to talk nonsense. The reason the words are not nonsense is that either scheme will depend for its permanence in the return which Ireland makes in supplying men for the war. If Ireland plays up—and there is no reason to doubt that she will play up—the settlement will eventually be made to the satisfaction of a vast majority of both Ulstermen and Nationalists. With conscription defeated in Australia, largely by Irish votes, and with conscription not in effect in the other dominions, it is unlikely that it can be enforced in Ireland. But, if it can, it must be conscription *chosen* by Ireland, not forced upon her or exacted from her for home rule which she believes is coming to her without pay.

Hercism of Irish Soldiers

One day after the French took over 10,000 prisoners at Verdun, in the most picturesque battle of the early winter, or of the most famous war correspondents can write a word about the battle. He is a writer who "just sets up" that kind of a dramatic stroke, but he hadn't a word to say. The reason is this: He was busy writing a story of the Irish regiments at the war, explaining how Ulster and the rest of Ireland fought together, were proud to uphold the name of Ireland and to justify her praise, "Everywhere and always faithful."

The empire is banking on these men, and the statesmen of the empire know that if they get the divided men of Ireland fighting side by side they will do much to end the domestic difficulties with which the war started out. Say "Ginchy" to an Irishman and you blot out the memory of half the Sinn Fein executions; say "Loos" and you make them forget the tragedy of Roger Casement. But the healthiest sign is this: Whatever Ireland forgets, England will always remember the tragedy of last Easter.

The contribution of Ireland to the manpower of the empire amounts, according to rough estimates, to five army corps—about 200,000 men—and according to other estimates, Ireland has sent to France as many men as Canada. The population of Ireland is about four and a half millions; of Canada, seven and a half millions. And Canada has no Sinn Fein. Sir Edward Carson and his friends usually say that the greater part of this recruitment comes from the Ulster counties. The answer usually given is, for one thing, that Ulster is populous, and for another that the agricultural counties of England did not come up to scratch under the volunteer system and are notoriously liberal in their exemptions even under conscription.

"The Tragic Exception"

The storm in Dublin last Easter had the usual effect—it cleared the air. Suspicion gave way to downright knowledge of a revolutionary movement in Ireland; the Cabinet was seriously undermined. But the people of England and of Ireland recognized that the situation is impossible. They also began to think back. In actual politics this thinking back, not of the wrongs of Ireland, but of the causes of those wrongs, may have little effect. But in the long run it will be the only effective thing.

It is easy to sum up the conclusion to which thinking men and women have come in regard to Ireland. It is that Ireland has always been the tragic exception to every liberal advance in the British Empire. Begin with the establishment of trial by jury under the Plantagenets and continue to the establishment of conscription (in the United Kingdom at least) by the ministers of the Crown, and you find that the King's writ runs throughout the land, except Ireland. Even today Irish members of the House of Commons protest against adjournments because of the difficulty of returning home and coming back to Westminster. In the early days when the custom was set of excluding Ireland the difficulties supplied the only reason. The result has been what we know.

Keen students of history and ardent patriots all look forward to a departure in government as a result of the war. The empire will become a commonwealth, in which all the dominions will have some control of foreign policy. It is unlikely that England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will either pay the taxation of the present war alone or will take the responsibility of plunging the whole empire into another war. The dominions will secure some sort of representation, and the likeliest form foreshadowed now is a separate Parliament devoted to the affairs of the empire, possibly under the same Prime Minister as the domestic Parliament devoted to the affairs of the kingdom.

The scheme is full of difficulties, but they will probably be overcome. In that lies another hope for Ireland. A compromise, as usual, will be made. But public opinion in England is in no mood to stand for a compromise which will leave old wounds open and will leave Ireland again a prey to those revolutionaries who point to the stupidity of England as their final argument.

FOR LIFE?

If O. Henry learned to write stories while in prison it would not be a bad idea for some of our present-day authors to get themselves locked up in jail.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A LIBEL ON SOMETHING

Snow shoveling is like golf. It may not be much of a game, but it keeps you out in the open.—Columbus Citizen.

The Northeast Corner

Rubaiyat of a Commuter

XXXII

Each Morn a thousand Troubles brings, you say;
Yes, but when leaves the Cook of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Guests
Shall take the Cook and Waitress both away.

If a person has things to put away it is quite natural that he should desire a place to put them. That was the reason why we approached Mr. Julian B. Robinson, the eminent stationer, the other day, and, assuming our best Johnsonian attitude, "Sir," we said, "we desire to purchase some pigeon holes."

"Whadja goin' to do—raise squabs?" exclaimed Mr. Robinson, who is quick at repartee.

Perceiving the futility of argument, we ran nimbly away from there.

We were speaking to a broker just before the holidays. We refuse to disclose his name out of regard for the feelings of his family, but he is not at the moment far removed from the firm of F. D. Lacey & Co. We asked him if the Philadelphia Stock Exchange was to be closed on the Saturday before New Year's. "I don't know," he replied, "but it would be about as sensible as to close the Wilmington and Brandywine Cemetery."

"And so he is going to marry her?" we asked. "She is surely much older than he."

"Yes," he replied, "but she doesn't show her age, except that her eyes are prematurely gray."