Evening Ledger

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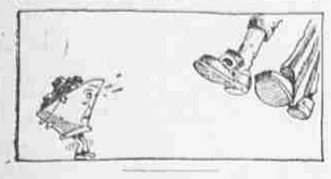


What this "leak" inquiry lacks is a producer.

Speaking of these constant bickerings in baseball, isn't it time for the public to strike?

Several sturdy citizens have given up smoking. They say the habit is getting to be too effeminate.

We are also inclined to be against capital punishment until we read some new account of what our politicians are doing. Then, "Heads Off!" is our motto.

A cat cleaned all the rats out of the Luzerne County courthouse for $1.83, the cost of a month's milk. The animal had no political pull and paid no attention to the eight-hour law.

A fairly successful campaign for "Billy" Sunday in New York, we should say, considering the number of sinners in the pond, if begun promptly, could terminate some time after the next presidential election, working night and day.

Mr. Edge, who today becomes Governor of New Jersey, is a powerhouse of twentieth century ideas. These ideas are big ideas; but he is at the head of a big State, in a big nation, in a period of big things, when big men have their eyes open and pikers are successful only in the undertaking business.

Since there seems to be a purpose to mislead the people into thinking that municipal ownership of public utilities leads to higher taxes, it is only fair to point out that the gas works and the water works combine to yield an annual profit for the city of about three millions, after payment of all fixed charges. Oh, ye of little faith!

The New York Times feels that the rate case against New York is actually a case against the Union, the theory being apparently that New York is the Union. It smiles at the contention that "railroad rates should be proportioned to the cost of service," adding that "that is only a single factor of railway rate-making." The purpose of the inquiry, we believe, is to find out what the other factors are, since they seem to be operative nowhere else in the United States and have not the fortitude to show their heads.

Realty brokers deny that they are raising rents to meet increased taxes. They say that rents are raised by the owners of the property. Of course. Brokers are merely agents acting under orders from their principals. To damn them for increased rents is like damning Councils for voting the bigger tax rate. The men responsible for the conditions are the "suckers," big and little, who have consented to the waste of public money by politicians who believe that the primary purpose of government is to provide places for job hunters.

The District Attorney's office, which prefers to have evidence brought to it, as the crocodile prefers to have its food brought to it by the tide, will presently suffer from indigestion if it does not try to absorb facts about coal prices. Mr. Rotan's first statement was a discouragement to investigation. He said it was always hard to prove conspiracy, which is so very, very true. That is why it is called conspiracy. Conspirators do not hire the Academy of Music for mass-meetings. The District Attorney's office has become a soft one, thanks to energetic assistants who take care of details, and pretty much everything can be made a detail in this efficient world. Saved from the dread routine, Mr. Rotan is excellently placed to give his whole attention to big things, such as a forcing up of coal prices, which at one blow adds $600,000 a year to the living expenses of Philadelphians. The failure to act aggressively has put investigators on the defense and is allowing time for all sorts of "covering up" by those who are accused of breaking the law.

Senator Walsh, of Montana, has set out to change the rules of the Senate, which permit unlimited debate. Mr. Walsh entered the Senate on March 4, 1913. He is likely to be supported by those colleagues whose term of service is equally short. The movement for cloture pops up every few years. It is usually looked by a new Senator. Cloture was one of the things which the late David B. Hill, of New York, set out to accomplish when he went to Washington. He believed in the rule of the caucus and in jamming things through by the order of a majority of the party in power. He discovered, however, that the Senators refused to be bossed; that the men who had been in the body long enough to learn its ways were well pleased with the rules and objected to the transformation of the Senate from a deliberative body to a decree-registering corporation. He discovered, also, that his colleagues preferred to smother a measure by unlimited debate to strangling it by rules which would compel them to stand up and be counted for or against it. The temper of the Senate may change now that its members are elected by popular vote; but until it does change new Senators who seek to get a cloture rule passed are likely to have their trouble for their pains.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS AND OTHER KNOCKERS

A WANT of faith, strikingly at variance with the compelling influence in the great adventure of William Penn, has asserted itself more than once in modern efforts to hold Philadelphia at the front among other great metropolises of the era.

Colonel Sheldon Potter does not, we believe, pose as a transit expert, even when uttering dire prophecies of seven-cent fares. To be sure, he was very emphatic a few months ago in declaring that there was no 1914 tentative agreement to which the P. R. T. was bound, either legally or morally; but almost immediately thereafter Mr. Stotesbury and other gentlemen, whose honor and reputation meant something to them, took a directly opposite view and actually reiterated their former pledges. They declined to be put in an equivocal position by Colonel Potter or anybody else. So, forsooth, it appeared that the only persons intent on depriving Philadelphia of the advantages of that 1914 agreement were the two gentlemen on whom it particularly devolved to protect the interests of Philadelphia, Colonel Potter and Mr. Hancock, representatives of the city on the directorate of the P. R. T.

That the surrender policy of these two gentlemen was so promptly repudiated by all other parties at interest might in ordinary circumstances have led to some resignations. It appears, however, that, having failed to weaken the city's position in his first effort, Colonel Potter has returned to the field, this time with an awe-inspiring bogey, by which, remarkable as it seems, certain newspapers have been unduly frightened and with difficulty have prevented their hair from standing on end.

Colonel Potter, we repeat, is not a transit expert, and he has proved that he is not a safe guide, yet his position entitles his opinion to consideration, and it may be worth while to look his bogey in the eyes and dissipate the fears which its ghastly aspect has, it may be, aroused.

We might, with satisfaction, point out that the miracle of rapid transit baffles the foresight of even the most optimistic. It was never anticipated that the present Market street subway-elevated would be such an upbuilder and moneymaker as it now is, in so short a time. The first New York subway, it was boldly hoped, would find as a maximum 500,000 passengers a day somewhere. It has been carrying more than twice that many for years. There has not been a real rapid transit development in the United States that failed to pay. It is admitted that the Frankford "L" will pay. Private capital was ready to build it years ago. The subway up and down Broad street taps some of the most thickly populated territory in the world. It is an expensive undertaking, to be sure, but factors that make it expensive are factors which will also make it remunerative. These two lines are those first to be built and operated. After them will come the lesser lines, at the ends of which industrial development has already built up a great and unexpected potential patronage.

But it is scarcely worth while to dwell on these facts, for Colonel Potter's own argument is as excellent a brief for the new system as could be wanted. If everything went dead wrong, and people did not ride, and events did not happen in Philadelphia as they have happened elsewhere, then this awful calamity would be at hand—a seven-cent fare. Of course, there is not going to be a seven-cent fare, but suppose there were.

Residents of Germantown now buy a fifty-trip commutation ticket for $5.18, or 10.3 cents a ride. It takes them 23 minutes to get to a railroad station in town, from which station they often have to take a trolley and pay five cents extra. Yet Colonel Potter warns citizens of Germantown that they may have to pay seven cents per trip for a service that will furnish them trains every three or four minutes, that will carry them direct to whatever part of town they wish to go, and will bring them into the heart of the city in 16 minutes, under conditions that virtually assure no delay, no matter what the weather.

Colonel Potter seems to be warning residents of Germantown that if they are not careful they will have a better service than they have ever known and will save tens of thousands of dollars annually getting it. A few calamities of that sort would make Germantown and Philadelphia the most prosperous and happy communities in the world. Rapid transit at seven cents would be a godsend; it is going to be a greater godsend at five cents.

Tom Daly's Column

A Song of Hope
(For Two Voices)

Soprano:

O! Darby, dear, at last you're here!
I thought you'd never come.
O! lend your ear to words of cheer—
Fol lol de rol te tum!
How you'll enthuse to hear the news,
And how surprised you'll look.
I heard this morn from Otto Zorn—
We've prospects of a cook!
She's on the sea, from Germany,
But Otto says she'll come
And try us for a week or more!
Fol lol de rol te tum!

Chorus.

Soprano and Baritone:

O! happy, happy we!
Our cook is on the sea!
And when she lands,
With outstretched hands,
We'll gladly welcome she.

Baritone:

O! darling Joan, my wife, my own!
Your news has struck me dumb.
We'll build a throne for her alone—
Fol lol de rol te tum!
Perhaps we ought to take a yacht
And meet her down the bay.
Then, who can tell, if all goes well,
She may prolong her stay?
And we may be two weeks or three
Beneath her queenly thumb,
Or maybe four, or even more!
Fol lol de rol te tum!

Chorus.

Soprano and Baritone:

O! happy, happy we!
Our cook is on the sea!
And when she lands,
With outstretched hands,
We'll gladly welcome she.

The Lists Are Open

Sir—How about cookie tales? Ever hear of Swede Thelma, who asked her mistress one Tuesday morning, "Shall I cook some flat-iron?"

Or Nora—a Norwegian Nora—who applied for a place in a Chestnut Hill kitchen, and when asked what she could do made answer with cheerful confidence, "Me? I can milk reindeer."

Any better batter-beaters? W. H. O.

Winter Fancies

Tell me, where do the fairies go,
When the north wind howls o'er the drifting snow?

Into the grate that's blazing warm,
Into the midst of the fire they swarm,
Dance on the logs in wildest glee,
Bring happy dreams to you and me.

Tell me, where do the goblins go,
When the north wind howls o'er the drifting snow?

On the wings of the wandering winds they ride,
In the knots of the gnarled trees they hide,
Dread cries they hear, strange sights they see,
Wild dreams they bring to you and me.

WILL LOU.

THE EVER-PRESENT TRIANGLE

A fluffy ball of yellow down chirped a sleepy "good night" and drowsily balanced himself on a swing hung in the middle of his cage.

He stuffed his head beneath his wing; only at pertinent intervals did he risk an eye on the world about him.

Basking in the rays of a parlor lamp was a lay-out of cards, and the young things at the table seemed to be shuffling them about listlessly. They spoke a language familiar but not understood by the little occupant of the wicker bungalow.

"Diamonds again," the maid said triumphantly.

"I can think of nothing but hearts," the mere man murmured.

"Tri-peek-peek," the little bird said.

"As for me," smiled she, "I'm always thinking of diamonds."

"Indeed?" snarled he.

"Peek-peek," the little bird said.

"You have made a mistake," she rippled impatiently, "you cannot mind opposites."

"If I could have your hand," said he timidly, "I would try to meld two hearts."

"Tee-hee," said she.

"Tee-hee," said he.

"Peek-peek," the little bird said.

"Here 'tis," laughed she.

"Do you mean it?" queried he.

"Peek, peek, peek," the little bird said, as he almost tumbled from his swinging chaise longue, then added sadly, "Oh, beautiful slushes, they put out the light." ALEXANDRA.

"The Familiar Face"

The familiar face—the strange face!
How often have you baffled so?
I would call you, reproachingly, "Change-face!"
For some swift glance I did not know.

The familiar face—the concealing face
That would not say me No or Yes!
Again, the appealing—the revealing face
That told me what I dared not guess.

It was as though I never knew you
(Yet knowing you so many a year!);
The soul that there sat looking through you
Held me deriding—or austere!

The familiar face—the unknown face
Of one now come to tragic pass—
Yet, that bold look of Youth—my own face
As I just saw it in yon glass!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

We Have Suspected It

Sir—Have you noticed that
LEAK
is also
KALE
which is slang for coin of the realm?

Senator Stone is chairman of Foreign Relations Committee, which may account for the foreign policy of present Administration. In other words,
STONE
becomes
NOTES

THANKQ.

EQUALLY LOQUACIOUS

That money talks, we all agree;
But while upon the subject dwelling,
Do not forget that poverty
Has also various ways of telling.

S. S. S.

The Southern Horizon

Sir—The fellows in our class last year had to memorize Whittier's "Barefoot Boy." You know the lines:

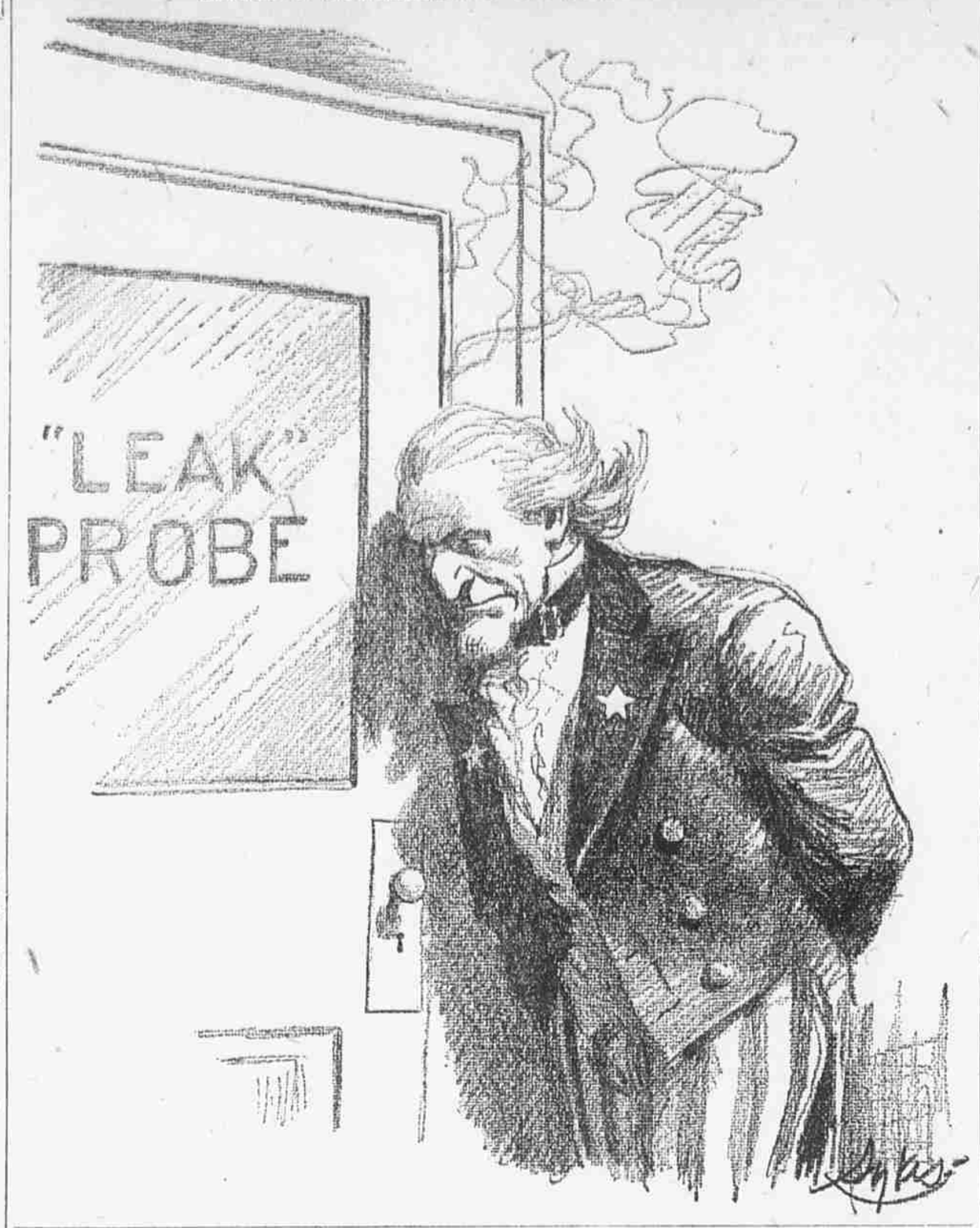
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too.

That's the part "Shy" Holmes had to commit to memory. He always gets rattled, but the whole class, and the teacher, too, were jolted when "Shy," red as a beet, got this out:

Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my breeches too.

BOB.

"SAYING SOMETHING OR JUST TALKING?"



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 "cloture fight" which has opened in the Senate?
2. The Russians have won a victory on the Riga front. Where is Riga? Why should the fighting there "threaten the German plans in Rumania," as a report suggests it may?
3. Who is Walter E. Edge?
4. Has the United States an Ambassador at the Mexican capital?
5. In what part of Florida is Palm Beach?
6. What was the War of the Spanish Succession?
7. What is Irredentism?
8. About what was the Socialist vote for President in 1912? In 1916?
9. Who were the Roundheads?
10. Where is Madison Square, Philadelphia?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. "A. D." stands for "Anno Domini," "In the Year of the Lord," or, as usually expressed, "In the Year of Our Lord."
2. Francis Hopkinson wrote a humorous ballad, "The Battle of the Kegs" (1778), based on an incident in the Revolutionary War. The Americans set afloat explosive machines shaped like kegs, in the hope of destroying the British fleet at Philadelphia. The British fired on the floating objects and prevented the success of the attack.
3. In 1837 an insurrection took place in Canada, arising from discontent with governmental methods. It was crushed in about a year.
4. The Conscript Fathers was the designation of the Roman Senators because their names were inscribed in the registers of the Senate.
5. The tontine system was devised by Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan, who introduced it into France about 1653. A certain number of persons subscribe to a general fund. Each draws an annuity according to his age; the annuity of the survivors increases as each member dies. This is the general plan, but it has undergone much alteration in various countries and times.
6. The hard and soft shelled crabs are of the same species—the blue crab, Callinectes hastatus. The soft-shelled crabs are those which have just shed their shell and are covered only by a soft skin.
7. "A sadder and a wiser man" is taken from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."
8. The Punic Wars were the wars between Rome and Carthage, which finally resulted in the complete destruction of the latter city, which for centuries had dominated the Mediterranean trade.
9. The Constitutional Union party was formed chiefly out of the Know-Nothing and Whig parties. It nominated John Bell and Edward Everett for President and Vice President in 1860 and cast 660,000 votes.
10. Kansans are jocularly called Jayhawkers. The term originated in Kansas during the strife between the slavery and anti-slavery parties, and later the freebooting guerrillas and bushrangers in South and West were called Jayhawkers.

Populations

R. D.—The population of Philadelphia is now 1,709,518; of the United States 102,017,312, while the total number of persons under the American flag is 112,444,620, according to the latest census reports. The population of New York is 5,602,841; Chicago, 2,497,722; St. Louis, 757,309; Boston, 756,476; Cleveland, 674,073; Baltimore, 589,621; Pittsburgh, 579,090; Detroit, 571,784; Los Angeles, 507,812; Buffalo, 468,558; San Francisco, 463,516.

Loss of Citizenship

I. T. H.—You probably refer to the case of Theodore Marburg, a son of the former Minister to Belgium. His application for a passport to return to England to rejoin the British aviation corps has been refused by the Bureau of Citizenship and referred to higher officials of the State Department. Marburg admitted he had fought in a foreign army and planned to return to resume his post. On that ground, in conformity with the law of 1906, the bureau refused the passport. Secretary Lansing said that an American who enlists in a foreign army has forfeited his citizenship. Marburg lost a leg while flying with the British army in France and planned to return to England as an instructor in the aviation corps.

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

THE —— fool in olden days
Gave kings advice in jesting phrase.
He's —— now; the modern throne
—— all follies but its own.

Each missing word contains the same eight letters.

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

THERE must have been sixty-one scholars in the class. The puzzle is solved by adding 1 to the least common multiple of 3, 4 and 5.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Injustice to Germany — The Prussianizing of Ireland. Repartee in Ohio

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 by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ENGLAND'S "GLORY"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I often read very interesting letters on the great war in your valuable paper. How some writers can heap such unjust ridicule and slander on the German nation is a puzzle to me. Every nation has its faults, but England's history of ill-fame would make all the other warring nations look like saints if a record of their crimes were placed beside hers. The pro-Ally writers always evade the facts of history that stare them in the face. They who always harp on the poor Belgium string as Germany's only crime cannot compare that to England's unjust war and brutal outrages against the peace-loving Boer Republic. But what of her inhuman treatment of Ireland, the country whose sons often saved her from a crushing defeat, not to speak of India, Egypt or Greece? The Germans on the Somme and the Boers at Colenso are alike in many ways, fighting to save their homes and Fatherland and winning against odds of five to one. In years from now a Britisher can console himself by reading such passages as these in England's history of the war: How we saved Rumania, our strategic retreat from the Dardanelles, why Townshend surrendered at Kut, our moral naval victory at Jutland, the great English victory at Dublin, etc. They can wind up by adding, "Well, if we could not crush Germany, we meant to do it, anyhow."

PATRICK J. DOORLEY.
Philadelphia, January 7.

ARGUMENTUM AD HIBERNIAM

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—It may be said that the terms of the Entente note mean the recasting of Europe along racial lines. If this be so, the virtual dismemberment of Austria would follow. The Slavs, Italians and Rumanians included in her empire would be freed and there would be, as of old, a kingdom of Bohemia.

So far so good, but why give Poland back again to the execrable rule of Russia? And if the map is to be recast along racial lines, why should not Ireland be made a separate and independent nationality? No people on God's earth should be under alien domination, and I, for one, would welcome the racial idea, provided it be carried out to its logical end. E. J. COY.
Philadelphia, January 12.

REPARTEE IN BUCYRUS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Assuming that the readers of "voice of the people" columns are always pleased to read something amusing, I submit for their pleasure two hitherto unpublished incidents:

Judge Josiah Scott, who served on the Supreme Court bench of Ohio, and Dr. J. B. Squiess, who practiced medicine in Sulphur Springs, Ohio, for forty years, had been schoolboy friends, but had not met for many years. One day by chance they met on the street in Bucyrus, Ohio, and in their exchange of greetings the doctor said, "Judge, you are looking well; your health is no doubt good." "Yes," replied the Judge, "I am thankful to be able to say that I have not been obliged to call upon a man of your profession for forty years." Thereupon Doctor Squiess said: "Judge, do you know I have often thought that when the world becomes so peaceable that it can get along without lawyers, and so healthy that it can get along without doctors, and so pious that it can get along without preachers, it will then get rid of these classes of bloodsuckers."

In the Garfield-Hancock campaign, 1880, Stanley Mathews, who was later a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, was addressing an outdoor Republican meeting in Bucyrus, Ohio, and he reviewed at some length General Garfield's military record in the Civil War. A very partisan Democrat in the audience rose to his feet and said to the speaker, "You have told us all about Garfield's war record and what a great soldier he was. Now will you not tell us what Hancock was doing during the Civil War?" Without hesitation Mr. Matthews answered, saying: "I will tell you what Hancock was doing. He was down South shooting Democrats." B. B.
Reading, Pa., January 14.

MISS RANKIN'S INELIGIBILITY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—There recently appeared in the EVENING LEDGER an important letter signed "Constitutionalist," regarding the ineligibility of Miss Rankin for Congress. I am exceedingly gratified that some one has the courage to show these tyrannical reformers—the women suffragists of our country—that they confront now a Constitution which they cannot violate; i. e., the Constitution of the United States of America. All thinking people must stand aghast at their audacity in nominating and effecting the farce of electing a member of their association as Congresswoman, when they know, as does every elementary school child, that, being a "she," Miss Rankin is constitutionally ineligible. It is preposterous for any one to think that the members of the House of Representatives, or even the Chief Executive of our nation himself, can make any special rule as an act of courtesy in Miss Rankin's case. Any special law would be nothing but conspiracy against our Government and bring about impeachments in accordance with the supreme law of the land. The Constitution is subject to amendment at any time by consent of two-thirds of both representative bodies, or by a convention specially called by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States for the purpose. This the suffragists well know. It is another evidence of their political tactics and tricks, to create in a State a situation of embarrassment, unauthorized by national law, and scheme to harass the members to seat Miss Rankin. Indeed I think our whole nation should rise as one man and send back the "Lady from Montana" when she appears to claim office at Washington. I have a shrewd suspicion that a Federal penitentiary would be a soft place for a woman who deliberately planned to implicate a State in controversy over national election laws.

The Washington (D. C.) Times said of Miss Rankin: "She had been elected to Congress on precisely the same basis that men are elected in other places and on which, in future, a great many more women will be sent to Congress; her brains, fitness, public services and general right to recognition." The "brains" of Miss Rankin were used to win the Pennsylvania campaign in 1915 by the Delaware County Suffrage Association, since she came to Morton (my home town) and addressed the negroes in the colored Methodist Church.

With woman suffrage, our liberty is menaced, our right of life, our right of happiness, our right of property, our right of equality before the law. No longer is it the battle of suffragist tyrannizing over others in violation of the rules of the Chester County Federation, or the State Federation of Women. They confront a violation of the Constitution of the United States, and are violators of national statutes. It will not avail for Doctor Shaw to stand up and harangue, as she did about a "boss" and "The American Flag," and demand, as they did at Atlantic City, that Miss Rankin sit in Congress.

LAVINIA T. DAVISON.
Morton, Pa., January 13.

The Northeast Corner

Rubaiyat of a Commuter
XXXVIII

Up from the Station, breathless to my Gate,
I ran, and at the Supper-table sate.
Full many a Sin Friend Wife of me forgives—
But not the Master Sin of Being Late!

There may have been better yarns sprung on a waiting public during the past few days, but our vote is to award the trophy to the Cincinnati Enquirer for this one:

"What is the charge against this man?" asked the desk sergeant.

"He was out in the middle of a street trying to kill a boa constrictor," replied the officer.

"Well," said the desk sergeant, "there's no law against a man protecting his life, is there?"

"No," replied the officer. "But there was no boa constrictor there."

Cribbed from the movie signs, and suggested for an over-mantel motto in the Czar's cabinet room:

PREMIERS CHANGED TUESDAYS AND SATURDAYS

Bill Terrell tells of a friend of his, a blacksmith, who got his name in the paper, and was alluded to as "Vulcan." Bill's friend didn't like it, and said he didn't propose to be called names by any ding-busted reporter.

"I looked up this 'ere name in the directory," he explained, "and I find this cuss was a sort of chap that got messed up in a quarrel between some family, and a feller he thought was his friend—his name was Juniper—trun him out of heaven."

Turning to our Bullfinch, and reading the story of the controversy between Vulcan and Jupiter, we find that Bill's blacksmith was pretty near right. At least he was as nearly right as the boy in school who, when asked to explain what the Vatican was, replied that it was "a large hollow place without any air in it where the pope lives."