

Evening Public Ledger

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THE JERSEY RATE CASE: A TRAP OR A TRIUMPH?

THE EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER erred in announcing in one edition yesterday that the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Jersey rate case was a victory for Philadelphia.

FREEING IRELAND

IT IS a long bow drawn by the London Daily News in imagining that President Wilson has "asked" the British Government to settle the Irish question.

RAW PROFITS IN RAW PRODUCTS

THE Administration bill to give the President sweeping powers to fix the prices of every product needed for the conduct of the war, including food, of course, is the sequel of the passage in his address to Congress of December 7.

PARTNERSHIP QUARRELS

IF THERE are two men who can get into a worse scrap with each other than two partners we have yet to find them. It is human nature that the more closely allied your interests are with those of a neighbor the more bitterly you will quarrel with him.

NIGHT WAR?

THE version of the untangling of Germany's political snarl given by the Lokal Anzeiger is so typically German that it must be true. It is typically German to be allowed to annex territory in France and Belgium if he wins on the western front.

MORTUARY WIT

T. C. Peck, the railroad man, counts among his admirers a number of people who like to tell the tale of his death. He was a man of many talents.

NAUGHTY TOMMY

Tommy paid his mother's daughter a visit in the city of Philadelphia. When they found the little girl all by her lonesome out of town.

PENNYPACKER'S SPEECH BEFORE 30,000 AT ROOSEVELT CONVENTION

"Newspapers, in Their Efforts to Suppress Me, Had Given Me an Undeserved Prominence" A Last Tribute Paid to Quay

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—No. 57

ON the eleventh of June I went to Pittsburgh to deliver an address and accept for the State the monument to Colonel Alexander Le Roy Hawkins and the dead of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment, which was the only regiment from the thirteen original States to participate in the war with Aguinaldo in the Philippines.

About this time I made an order that no more justices of the peace would be appointed without a statement in detail of the age, occupation and qualifications of the applicant, accompanied by certificates from residents of the neighborhood of his integrity and ability to perform the duties of the office.

It was a busy time and events crowded upon each other rapidly. On the twentieth of June I was in Chicago as a delegate to the National Republican Convention. My rooms were in the Auditorium Hotel, where an agreeable impression was made by the Pompeian room fitted up entirely with eastern ornamentation and a disagreeable impression was made by seeing the young men and young women, evidently of the cultivated classes, coming in to drink high balls and cocktails together as though it were quite the thing. The newspapers, in their efforts to suppress me because of the legislation making them responsible for negligence, had succeeded in producing the opposite result and had given me an undeserved prominence.

Resolved, That the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in unalloyed sympathy, rejoice in the achievements and deplore the death of Matthew Stanley Quay. A soldier, he won the medal of honor for distinguished services on the field of battle; a scholar, he could impress a thought and turn a phrase with deft skill; a political leader of capacity unequalled, he entered the stronghold of the foe and achieved a grand victory over the most adverse conditions; a Senator, his wise counsel and keen intelligence were ever sought and always potent; a statesman, he prevented the passage of a force bill, and in time of stress preserved the principle of protection to American industries, to the lasting benefit of the country; an exemplar of bold and steadfast integrity, his last contest was a successful effort to compel the national Government to keep faith with the down-trodden and helpless. May he find in the great day that he loved so dearly, an attitude denied to him while he was alive!

Scene in the Wigwam
Somebody called for a standing vote and every delegate arose to his feet, although many of them were of independent proclivities, and voted in favor of the resolution. To Pennsylvania was accorded the opportunity to make one of the nominating speeches. It is the broadest field in America upon which a man may address his fellowmen, and in these conventions is determined who shall guide the destinies of the nation for a period of four years. Penrose came to me and generously asked me to make the speech. I told him he was called upon, as the leader of the party in the State, to do it himself; but he insisted, and the truth is, I was not disinclined to make the effort. The convention was held in the Wigwam, with an audience of 30,000 people sitting as in an amphitheater, with their backs to the speaker and their faces toward the speaker to approach as near as possible his hearers. Uncle Joe Cannon prodded, and in his western brogue way he presented those who were to speak. He adopted all kinds of antics to secure attention and maintain silence. On one occasion he lay flat and pounded on the boards of the floor with his heavy gavel. If the speaker failed to make himself heard distinctly a buzz started in the audience, and thereafter he was utterly lost, a mere figure with twisting features and moving arms. There were very few who could stand the test. A man from California, whose name I do not know, with a voice like the roaring of a lion, made the crowd laugh and listen. Ellihu Root nominated Roosevelt. It was a good speech, but he could not be heard even by our delegation, whose location was very near to the stand, and, therefore, at the time was ineffective. I was called on the second day from my place on the platform, where I sat apart from the delegation as one of the vice presidents of the convention.

She, alone, of all the States, since the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, has never given an electoral vote against a candidate of the Republican party for the presidency. She is unselfish in her devotion. During the period of the half century that has gone, no son of hers has been either President or Vice President. She is satisfied, like the Earl of Warwick, to be a mother and not a ruler. She has been content that regard should be given to the success of the party and the welfare of the country, rather than to the personal interests of a family. The waters of the Ohio, rising amid the mountains of Pennsylvania, roll westward, bearing forth to the prairie lands of Indiana. The thought of Pennsylvania Republicans with a kindred movement, turns toward the State which has produced Oliver P. Morton, Benjamin Harrison and the brave Hoosiers who fought alongside of Reynolds on the Clear Ridge at Gettysburg. She will remember that when her own Senator, her hero, did so much for the Republican party, and whose wise counsel they used in the White House today, bore a commission to Washington, he had no more sincere supporter than the able and distinguished statesman, who, as he died now, represented Indiana in the United States Senate. Pennsylvania, with the approval of her judgment and with glad anticipation of victory in her heart, following a leader who, like the Chevalier of France, is without fear and without reproach, sends the nomination for the vice presidency of Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana.

My voice is peculiar, but there are tones in it which are penetrating and reach far. Members of our delegation told me that they could hear easily, and certain it is that there was no whispering in the audience and that they gave attention to the address. At its close there came what was called an ovation of applause and Fairbanks came to my rooms to offer his thanks. Chauncey M. Depew also made a speech in behalf of the nomination of the Vice President.

LITERARY NEW YORK

Most of the Poets Who Write About the City Were Born Elsewhere

THE literary barrenness of the city of New York is notorious. What? You may say the city is full of men and women producing literature. Yes, and it is filled with great financiers and captains of industry. But New York did not produce them. They have gone there as to a market place to sell their wares. Pierpont Morgan, the elder; John D. Rockefeller, Frank Vanderlip and Charles Schwab were all born outside of New York. And so was William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, Edith M. Thomas, Richard Watson Gilder, Don Marquis, Franklin P. Adams, Edmund Clarence Steadman, Edwin Arlington Robinson and nearly all of the living and dead men and women of letters who have been associated with that city in their later years.

The Putnam, who has been publishing books in New York for several generations, have just issued "The Book of New York Verse," containing more than 225 poems about the city written by 123 different poets. But only eleven of the poets are native New Yorkers. To make the book typical of literary New York it should have borne the imprint of a Philadelphia publishing house; then it should have had a volume of verse about New York by poets native of other places besides the press of another city offered to the public of New York, the strong-arm will doubtless purchase more copies of the book than will be sold in the city with which it deals.

But as regards to the nativity of the poets, there are seven selections from the works of Sara Teasdale and Clinton Loomer, a greater number than from any other poets. George B. Meritt, whom New York usually claims as one of its own; Lloyd Mifflin, a distinguished sonneteer; Florence Earle Coates, Marian C. Smith, Harvey M. Watts, Margaret Widdoner and Robert Bridges, but the British laureate, but the editor of Scribner's Magazine.

New Yorkers are now claiming Don Marquis, who was born in Adams as his best poetic interpreter of the spirit of the city, but Marquis and Adams were born in Illinois and did not go to New York till they were grown men. Even the late Richard Watson Gilder was not a New Yorker. The first saw the light in Bordentown, N. J., much nearer Philadelphia than New York. He studied law in Philadelphia and did not go to New York as a student until he had served his apprenticeship in journalism in New York, which began producing literature when New York was more than 25 years old, has produced those poets to write about the metropolis who loom larger in American literature than the total eleven native New Yorkers included in the volume. They are Josquin Miller, William Vaughn Moody and Meredith Nicholson.

Who are the native New Yorkers? Among them are Edgar Fawcett, now almost forgotten; Guy Wetmore Carrivell, remembered by only a few; Emma Lazarus, who was a fad for a while; Helen Hay Whitney, who amuses herself writing verse, and Joseph Rodman Drake, who is never classified anywhere as a minor poet. He is remembered because of his "American Flag" in the last stanza of which, the best of the whole poem, was written by Fitz-Greene Halleck, a New Englander.

It is to be hoped that my readers, if I ever have any, will look with lenity upon the introduction into these memoirs of some of my short speeches. If their eyes be wide open they will see that I am endeavoring to impress them, as I ever did my listeners, with the facts that show the great importance in American life of our own State. It is only the simple truth that I have been the first who, upon every possible occasion, in the face of those who have been taught and would rather think otherwise, has boldly asserted these facts and rigidly insisted upon their acceptance. All of my writing predecessors have been more or less explanatory and eulcypatory, and to that extent weak. It is a satisfaction to know that a result has been accomplished. William U. Hensel, Martin G. Brumbaugh and others have since adopted the same tone, and it is to be hoped the time is near when our people will be inspired with a proper appreciation of and pride in their own wonderful influence upon broad affairs. On this occasion and to this vast audience I said:

The Republican party held its first convention in that city of western Pennsylvania which, in energy, enterprise and wealth, rivals the great mart upon the shores of the inland lakes, wherein, after the lapse of nearly half a century, we meet today. Pennsylvania may well claim to be the leader among Republican States. The principles which are embodied in the history of this party, as we have adopted it, are the result of the teachings of her scholars and statesmen. Her majorities for the purposes of that party have been greater and more certain than those of any other State.

She, alone, of all the States, since the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, has never given an electoral vote against a candidate of the Republican party for the presidency. She is unselfish in her devotion. During the period of the half century that has gone, no son of hers has been either President or Vice President. She is satisfied, like the Earl of Warwick, to be a mother and not a ruler. She has been content that regard should be given to the success of the party and the welfare of the country, rather than to the personal interests of a family. The waters of the Ohio, rising amid the mountains of Pennsylvania, roll westward, bearing forth to the prairie lands of Indiana. The thought of Pennsylvania Republicans with a kindred movement, turns toward the State which has produced Oliver P. Morton, Benjamin Harrison and the brave Hoosiers who fought alongside of Reynolds on the Clear Ridge at Gettysburg. She will remember that when her own Senator, her hero, did so much for the Republican party, and whose wise counsel they used in the White House today, bore a commission to Washington, he had no more sincere supporter than the able and distinguished statesman, who, as he died now, represented Indiana in the United States Senate. Pennsylvania, with the approval of her judgment and with glad anticipation of victory in her heart, following a leader who, like the Chevalier of France, is without fear and without reproach, sends the nomination for the vice presidency of Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana.

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Tomorrow Governor Pennypacker tells about his interview with a plan for a permanent national encampment at Gettysburg.

THE PASSING OF BIG TOM McAVOY
And a Word About His Memorable Fight With Wee Bobbie Henderson

BIG TOM McAVOY, who passed away on Saturday at the green old age of eighty, will be laid at rest in Mount Moriah Cemetery today, and there will be many in the automobiles following the hearse who will recall for discussion the great fight between "Big Tom" and "Wee Bobbie" Henderson for the Twenty-sixth Ward seat in Select Council more than a quarter of a century ago.

The election of Edwin S. Stuart to the majority in 1911 left vacant his chair in the Select Chamber, and Thomas B. McAvoy, brick manufacturer, and towering six-foot-six of good nature and pugacity, jumped at once into the breach. But there was a little plumber on South Broad street, a wee whop of a man whom Tom could have carried off in his overcoat pocket, but who was full of fight, too. This was Robert E. Henderson.

The Henderson headquarters were at Broad and Ellsworth streets and McAvoy's goalposts were to the breeze at Broad and Federal streets, squatted the unimportant Democrats. Parades of the rival factions broke down and at once became night curricanes. And for the first time in the political history of the city women appeared upon horseback. Arabian steeds! Well, they were commandeered from the stable wagons and brick carts in which they carried their daily oats. Nearly every family in the ward took a part in the nightly turnout. The newspapers gave columns of space to the South Broad street doings.

The city at that time was full of political unrest. Honest John Barsdeley had just been chosen as Justice of the City Treasury and complainable investigations were on. Governor Pattison had appointed William Redwood Wright to the office of City Treasurer for Barsdeley's unexpected term and the Democrats had nominated him for a continuance in that office. They were prepared to deal with any faction of the Republicans which might help toward his election, and the two belligerents in the Twenty-sixth Ward were no less anxious to get in on such a deal. But Mayor Stuart refused to give his sanction to any such arrangement between the Hendersonites and the Democrats and so the alliance of Democrats with the McAvoy faction was brought about. The peace was made at a conference in the rooms of the Democratic city committee at Broad and Chestnut streets, at which were present William F. Harrity, John R. Read, John J. Harley, Matt Ettmann and other lesser lights.

The fight in the Twenty-sixth ward waxed more and more furious. South Broad street became a meadow of parades, and there was so much activity by night that there was mighty little work done by day. Though some bricks were thrown, very few were made in the yards of the McAvoy and other like establishments. There are some who will tell you that when election day came, resulting in a climactic demonstration when the vote was known, there was nobody sober in the ward. But that's exaggeration. Some thousands were so busy absorbing McAvoy's joy or drowning Henderson sorrow as to be afflicted with temporary stambulations, and to these all men were brothers, or at least, for the moment, kin.

It took the ward a long while to settle down, and when heads were cool enough to do together with statistics the interesting fact developed that, although this fight was for a seat in Select Council, to be occupied only for the few months of the province's occupation's unexpired term, it had proved one of the most expensive, and certainly the most bitter, the city had ever known.

Those who knew Big Tom very well declare that he was all of six feet six inches tall and, therefore, one of the biggest men to sit down on our city fathers. However this may be, you would not find one in the Twenty-sixth Ward today—not even one of his old-time enemies—to wag an objecting leaf if you were to arise in your place and say: "It was a big man, strong heart that was left cold and still in Mount Moriah this day. God rest him!"

ANOTHER BROWNING
An encyclopedia that boasts it is always up to the minute gives not a word of information about John M. Browning, gun inventor of Ogden, Utah. His father was a gun maker and he has been making guns since he was fourteen years old; he is sixty-two, claims of his invention bear other names when manufactured in this country. The Winchester and Colt guns are his, but few people in this country were aware of it before the recent investigation at Washington. The encyclopedia gives full information about Brownings who were poets, but of the Browning who studies to make the world safe for the enjoyment of poetry there is no space.

FOOLSCAP!
The fact that the British Government, on economy hunt, has discontinued the use of foolscap paper for official correspondence has called forth a mild discussion as to the origin of the name. Most authorities are agreed that it is due to the watermark, a fool's cap, with which this size of paper was adorned, but when it comes to the question of who first introduced it authorities differ. Some say it came from Germany, and point to the fact that German paper, bearing a foolscap watermark and dating from 1479, was exhibited in the Caxton exhibition of 1877. Others credit the claims of Sir John Spilman, who had paper mills at Dartford, toward the close of the sixteenth century. And yet others lay it all to an order made by the ramp Parliament, which enjoined that the royal arms in the watermark be removed from the official paper of the house, and "a fool's cap and bells substituted." So, after all, one takes one's choice.

A Paroxysm of Parades
The Henderson headquarters were at Broad and Ellsworth streets and McAvoy's goalposts were to the breeze at Broad and Federal streets, squatted the unimportant Democrats. Parades of the rival factions broke down and at once became night curricanes. And for the first time in the political history of the city women appeared upon horseback. Arabian steeds! Well, they were commandeered from the stable wagons and brick carts in which they carried their daily oats. Nearly every family in the ward took a part in the nightly turnout. The newspapers gave columns of space to the South Broad street doings.

What Do You Know?
1. Who were the Doves?
2. Name the author of "Waterloo."
3. Where is Czerowicz?
4. What play is the basis of Verdi's opera "La Traviata"?
5. Which is the "Quaker City"?
6. What is the family name of British royalist?
7. Define downer.
8. Name the "three graces."
9. Define an idiom.
10. Who is the new chief of staff of the British forces in France?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. A soviet is a Russian representative assembly. The term is not restricted to the soviet of the war. It means a collection of various local soviets.
2. The Hague is the capital of Holland.
3. The "three graces" are the three muses who were affected by the Greek order, and in addition, the three graces of the Louisiana, through which the river runs.
4. The "War Cabinet" is the proposed board of three members of the War Office, which has included the cooperation of "brain workers" in the laborers of the munitions industry in order to advance the cause of democracy.
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EDITORIAL EPIGRAMS
With Alaska gone dry, what will they use in the movie plays instead of the barroom scene?—St. Joseph Gazette.
According to General Maurice, of the British army, Bethlehem, Pa., was in a large measure responsible for the capture of Bethlehem, Pa.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Hooverizing is commonly regarded as something new, but the Lawrence Journal-World has found this in Proverbs xv, 17: "Better is a dinner of herbs than a banquet of fatted calves."—Kansas City Star.
The Lentine crowd in Russia call the Cossacks the counter-revolutionaries. The Cossacks might retort by calling the Lentines the bargain-counter revolutionaries.—Providence Journal.
It is physically impossible to push a twelve-inch body through a three-inch hole. It is physically impossible to run the greatest freight traffic in the history of any country—even in the history of any country—through the neck of a bottle.—New Orleans Item.

"YAH, DEY QUARRELS; BUT ONLY AS TO HOW!"



To the Author of "Beautiful Snow"
Dear author of "Beautiful Snow" (Whoever you were, A him or a her, For it's nothing we've given to know Of the make of you, living below.) You were much in our mind As we fronted the wind And the feathery downfall this morning.

We thought of your "Beautiful Snow," And wondered betimes Were really intended to show How much to pure fancy we owe, Or whether you sang, With an ironic twang Of the feathery downfall this morning.

Has Paradise beautiful snow? Or lingers your soul In regions where cool Unlimited crackles aglow, However the traffic may go? Ah! then you'd have got The delight we did not At the feathery downfall this morning.

AMERICAN PEAT AS FUEL
Experiment Has Shown That It Could Be Utilized to Good Effect
By DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY
SINCE the fuel problem has become so serious with us it is strange some one has not tried to utilize the enormous deposits of peat we have in the lowland regions near Lake Michigan. For a long time peat has been the fuel used in Ireland, where there are about 2,750,000 acres of bogs. There are many peat districts in northern Europe, and in Russia about 6700 square miles of peat deposits.

The heating value of a fuel is determined by various methods, one of which is to put a given quantity of the fuel in a closed cylinder surrounded by a water jacket, burn the fuel in oxygen, and take the temperature of the water. With us the result is commonly expressed by the number of pounds of water raised a degree Fahrenheit by the combustion of one pound of the fuel when the heat is all absorbed by the water. A good Pennsylvania anthracite coal develops about 14,000 heat units per pound; peat, from 6000 to 10,000 units; but much of the heat from peat is lost virtually through the moisture in it. Wood as a fuel averages from 8000 to 9000 heat units. The peat from the bottom of bogs is better than the upper layers, but there is considerably more incombustible ash in peat than in wood. The report of the United States Geological Survey for 1911 has a consideration of the peat in this country.

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