

Evening Public Ledger

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A FOUR-YEAR PROGRAM FOR PHILADELPHIA

Things on which the people expect the new administration to concentrate its attention:
The Delaware river bridge.
A drydock big enough to accommodate the largest ships.
Development of a rapid transit system.

ANOTHER BLOW!

CHIEF MORDEN, the former army engineer, who with the assistance of Captain J. W. Follin, likewise an ex-army engineer, now retained as an expert by the Bureau of Municipal Research, has just completed an investigation of municipal street-cleaning methods in other large communities.

"THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

The Republicans are looking for a candidate for the first stormy days of his campaign and without objection, Johnson is believed by many to be the man of the hour.

MR. BRYAN as a reporter has the virtue of candor and a sharp nose for news. When he wound up his dispatch from Chicago yesterday with the above paragraph he gave it the fillip of interest and tang that is the sign of good journalism.

In a convention as confused as the present one, this kind of writing is courageous. Prophecy is always dangerous. It has many a time proved unfounded the prophet. But Mr. Bryan appears unafraid.

The people of Pennsylvania will hope he is right. The nomination of Governor Sproul would be received with joyous acclamation throughout the length and breadth of the Keystone State.

As a matter of course, a large part of the address was devoted to a discussion of the peace treaty and the League of Nations.

How far the convention will go with him in this remains to be seen. What will appear when the platform is presented today.

It is too much to expect a straightforward declaration from the politicians, who are more concerned with winning an election than with standing for a course of action which might be interpreted by the Democrats as even a partial admission of anything that the President has done.

Not With Gas, one first-line candidate after the other, the platform of the convention, could say some bitter things about the high cost of living.

Or Let! It is a fortunate thing for Hi Johnson that his last name is not Lee.

LODGE MAKES WILSON THE CAMPAIGN ISSUE

This is the Outstanding Point in the Senator's "Keynote" Speech in Chicago
SENATOR LODGE'S "keynote" speech evidently pleased the Chicago convention.

The delegates liked it for its attack upon President Wilson and the Democratic party.

If they had been members of a jury called upon to consider the evidence in the case they would have heard it in a different temper.

But they are not jurors. They are the prosecution. They have already decided that the accused is guilty and they are preparing to execute sentence.

In other words, the convention is not a judicial gathering. Every man present knows that a discussion of the history of the last four years such as Henry Cabot Lodge, the cultivated New England gentleman, might have written for the Massachusetts Historical Society if he had not been in politics would have been out of place.

His speech was the kind of an address which he thought the delegates thought they ought to hear. This means that it was extremely partisan.

Thinking men outside of the convention hall may differ as to the wisdom of all of its provisions, but no one familiar with what has been done in a political campaign expected the Republican convention to endorse Mr. Wilson.

If the campaign is to be fought on the issue of the failure of Wilson, as it apparently is to be, no better man than Senator Lodge could have been selected to strike the tuning fork and hold it up to the ears of the convention that it might know to what note the campaign song is to be sung for the next five months.

Senator Lodge hates the President and everything that he stands for. When he let that hate color his words and give fire to them, the delegates shouted with delight.

Senator Lodge said nothing more scathing about Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party than the President of the United States has said about the Republican party.

Many of the things Senator Lodge said are true. And many others he would doubtless admit were merely political buncombe called for by the exigencies of the time and the occasion.

Of course, he told his fellow Republicans that "the only organized political force strong enough to grapple with the encroaching dangers is the Republican party."

Some Democrats will say the same thing of the Democratic party when its convention meets in San Francisco.

The country will have to decide between them, for it is true, as Mark Twain made Pudd'nhead Wilson remark, that difference of opinion makes horse races.

It might also be said that the Republican party is a party of the future.

The Republican party is committed to the proposition that the administration of the affairs of the country by President Wilson and the Democratic party has been a failure.

President Wilson himself is a failure, and he must admit it to himself in the privacy of his own room at night.

He set out to do certain things, and he has not done them. He has tried to place the whole country in the hands of a man but if he had been gifted with different qualities he would have succeeded in what he undertook and would not have been compelled to seek some one else on whom to shift the blame.

The fact that he has been anxious for months to go into the presidential campaign on the issue that not he but some one else is responsible for the anomalous position in which the United States finds itself is proof of failure.

He does not complain if the leaders of the party of the opposition put the responsibility upon him and keep it there.

The delegates to whom Senator Lodge spoke were persuaded of the need of putting the government completely in the control of the Republicans.

If those delegates justify the confidence placed in them by the voters who sent them to Chicago they will most likely discover that the country agrees with them.

It is weary of the Democratic party, and it is anxious to have recourse to the party which it has trusted for forty-four of the last sixty years.

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DOWNTOWN NIGHTS

THE account of a phase of night life that has developed in some of the downtown river wards, as it is given by the Rev. Dr. H. Cresson McHenry, will astound and shock a great many people who ordinarily have no notion of the variety of existence in modern cities.

Because Doctor McHenry is dispassionate his description of night life south of Old St. Paul's is the more arresting. What the people in that region suffer and what the city itself has to fear and be ashamed of is largely a matter of common knowledge.

He rode out to the convention hall in a barouche with several other delegates. After adjournment he walked back to the hotel.

"I rode out like a governor and walked back like a democrat," he said with a laugh.

Slums and tenements from which overcrowded and overworked people flee to the melancholy freedom of the streets are important elements in the new problem to which a quiet minister has called the attention of the city.

He is granted privileges and a sort of immunity that the average citizen knows nothing about.

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OLD-TIME CONVENTIONS

Booze Figured Largely and Marching Clubs Provided Enthusiasm and Color
By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN
MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY died on Saturday, May 28, 1904.

On the 10th of June Governor Pennypacker appointed Philander C. Knox to fill the unexpired term of Quay.

This chain of events made Senator Boies Penrose the conspicuous and outstanding figure in Pennsylvania politics.

He got a great ovation from the delegates and spectators as he marched down the convention aisle and took his place with his delegation.

Governor Pennypacker and the new senator, Philander Chase Knox, were comparatively unknown figures to the great mass of the delegates.

It was Governor Pennypacker's first national convention. Everything was new to him. He took an almost boyish interest in the kaleidoscopic scenes that transpired around him.

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SHORT CUTS

Bone-dry mourners have now only a dry bone to pick. Ever and anon the convention breeze plays with the Hughes whiskers.

The Chicago convention is in some respects tame compared to the local city committee scrap.

The man with the white apron having passed, J. Hampton Moore is being the busiest little mixer in Chicago.

The one point on which everybody in Chicago appears to have agreed is that nobody knows what is going to happen.

There is profound conviction in some quarters that while Helloaring Hiram isn't speaking softly he's a big stick all right.

One thing that may develop from this year's campaign is a primary system that will more nearly reflect the will of the people.

Conventions appear to run to brass: First, brass bands; second, brass tacks; third, brass unadorned galls on the part of aspirants.

One comfort we have in democratic institutions: Though delegates are still at sea, we know that they will eventually find port.

Unrestricted choice still rests with Mr. Common People. He may do his own thinking or he may be a delegate to a political convention.

The northern district of Lower California is in revolt against the provisional government of Mexico. Wheels within wheels, as it were.

The Swiss engineers who climbed out on the rim of William Penn's hat yesterday had a view which cannot be paralleled in all Switzerland.

When it comes to a deadlock the delegates may take for their text: "Better a dinner of Herb's and contentment therewith than a stalled ox, etc."

The New York World says Big Business has mobilized to defeat Johnson. Thoughtful citizens need not fear for the instrument so the righteous deed be done.

Mrs. Barlow has won the woman's eastern golf championship, while the men in Chicago are trying to pick the might be meant for the national presidential bandwagon.

"I see it all now," remarked the Young Lady Next Door - But - One. "When the bandwagon gets stuck in the mud they hire a Dark Horse to pull it out. Isn't politics queer?"

"Uncle Dave" Lane's resignation from the Republican city committee is understood to have a string on it, one end of which is securely fastened in the pocket of his best pair of trousers.

When Mr. Bryan posed for a few moments for the movies a day or two ago the camera men insisted that he talk while being filmed. Evidently he called at his home in Indianapolis to secure an interview.

It was a plain, four-square, unpretentious dwelling and the coming President received me in a back parlor which was his library and workshop.

He was reading a newspaper as I entered, but laid it to one side as we began talking.

He impressed me then as a very quiet, unobtrusive individual; urbane and courteous, yet with a courtesy that seemed to have tiny icicles pendant from the edges.

He was one of the few public men of the many I have met who impressed me as being self-centered and the possessor of a mind that ran in a very narrow groove.

Quay once said of him that he was too short in build from the waist down, and that a man with that sort of a figure never made much noise in the world.

LONG before the Republican National Convention of 1892 assembled, Quay of Pennsylvania, and Wolcott of Colorado, had sworn the vendetta on President Harrison.

Mutually and severally they determined to put the keelson on his aspirations. Quay was to lead the charge.

And this despite the fact that Harrison was the leading candidate on the go-off. The star of William McKinley was just visible on the horizon.

Quay hated Harrison. And it may be remarked above that he had just cause for his bitter animosity.

He had given the best efforts and experience of his political life to put Harrison in the White House. In return, Harrison had returned to him the four years of his term, had flouted the Pennsylvanian at every opportunity and had kept him at arms' length as though he personally exhaled an objectionable odor.

Quay backed McKinley and Wolcott nominated and backed James G. Blaine.

It was as a result of this animosity, and a desire to defeat Harrison at all costs, that Quay took to hoodwink his own delegation at the convention.

GEORGE S. GRAHAM frustrated the scheme. Graham was one of the Harrison men in the Pennsylvania delegation.

As time passed and Quay did not appear, some of the Pennsylvania delegates became suspicious and instituted an investigation.

"FIRE WHEN READY, MR. STAMPEDER!"



TRAINED SEALS AT G. O. P. CONVENTION ALL AT SEA

One Touch of Tender Footsies Makes Them All Akin—Irvin Cobb Brought an Extra Set of Inner Tubes

By CLINTON W. GILBERT
Staff Correspondent of the Evening Public Ledger
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Chicago, June 9.—Max Koenigsberg, leader of a band of "trained seals," and Irvin Cobb stood beside each other in the lobby of the Congress Hotel.

Each of them wears a size sixty leather belt. An artist, sketching the leader of the trained seals, while they stood together, looking as unconscious as great men do.

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other. You sit down at another. So in a convention there is a ritual. In a church some people don't know the ritual. They have to watch their neighbors to know just when to rise or bow or kneel or sit, but in a convention every one knows the ritual as well as a couple participating in a well-rehearsed wedding ceremony.

The Hon. "Cabbage" Lodge says, "The atrocity of the occupant of the White House, and the entire convention breaks into wild applause. The ritual requires that you should applaud wildly the scoring of the enemy. The cheer leader leads you all in vast cheers. You must feel now good. It is to be alive and be a Republican, or if it is the other kind of a convention—a Democrat."

You sing the Star Spangled Banner, the voices getting lower and lower as the high notes are reached, until there are only a score in the hall singing. You listen patiently through two hours of "Cabbage" Lodge just as you put on a tight black coat and sit in a straight-backed pew listening to a sermon on a Sunday. Being a Republican or a Democrat is one of those things "that does you good."

judiciously. It is a great pity Daisy is not here.

"It is hard," said one of the political experts bitterly. "It is hard on the feet to do politics. I am no longer young and the years do not rest lightly on me. I wear myself out everywhere except in the brain. My brain bears up beautifully. It is the other part of me that I haven't had to use for a moment since I got here. When you glance at a haystack and know that there is a needle in it it does not exhaust your mind at all. You are content to know that there is a needle in that haystack. You do not try to find the needle in the haystack and if you are wise you go to sleep on the haystack. There is a needle in this Republican haystack. But the devil of it is you cannot go to sleep on it. You are forced to walk endlessly around it, observing to other persons that there is a needle in the haystack. It is hard on the feet to be a great political expert or a trained seal."

"Will the convention end by Saturday?" asks a senator. "The bottles will all be empty by Saturday," replies his friend.

A convention in session is like a church with a very elaborate ritual. You rise at a given moment. You bow your head at another. You kneel at another.

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