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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1914

Penroseism is Democracy's Chief Asset

THERE will be no weeping in the White House if Penroseism is indorsed in Pennsylvania. The Democracy is quite ready to do without one vote in the Senate in return for the continued use of Penroseism as campaign material. It has a majority, anyhow. The President knows, and his advisers know, that Palmer victorious will not be worth half so much to the party as Palmer defeated. If the Republicans in this State wish to deal the Administration a mighty blow, they can do it by eliminating Penroseism as an issue in American politics.

Intoxication of the Panoelus Pilaceus

NO, THIS is not a new cocktail nor a cordial of monastic manufacture. For the devotee of the "glass that cheers" many and various have been the substitutes devised, but it has remained for modern science to discover a stimulant more potent than alcohol and, if reports are correct, with no after-depression.

The panoelus pilaceus is said to confer upon the partaker thereof visions as radiant, as exhilarating, as finely hallucinatory as those of hasheesh, as subliminal as the mental vaporings of opium and a sense of super-well-being and fit-feeling transcending that afforded by the vintages of Burgundy or John Barleycorn.

The panoelus pilaceus is a mushroom. Its discovery is announced by no less a savant than Dr. A. E. Verrill, of Yale University. In the current number of Science he describes the "case of Mr. W.," a middle-aged man, vigorous, strictly temperate and a botanist, who experimented with the hilarious fungus. According to the description, the panoelus pilaceus is delicate, umbrella-shaped and will grow in any garden.

Possibly with fields, gardens and flower beds given over to a fond and assiduous cultivation of the newly discovered fungus, the reign of Bacchus may be over!

Imagination Lifts Up Posterity

WE, THE people, need to have eyes of imagination in order that we may be good citizens. A voter with sufficient ability to see the rest of mankind and the generations yet unborn will sacrifice his convenience, and even much more, to go to the polls.

The better we come to know mankind—the actual character and lives of people whom perhaps we have never seen or never will see—the stronger grows our altruism, which is a normal quality of human nature. The literature of the magazines is rendering an invaluable service. It is forwarding a gradual reconciliation of classes and races by its vivid portrayal of what people really are. It is bringing our conception of "the rest of humanity" nearer to the human reality.

The psychology that tells us clearly how we are separated by time, rather than space, from those who will be affected by our acts, is important in the development of civic imagination. For every ton of coal that we mine, for every beautiful hillside that we rob of its forests, for every law put on the statute books by the Legislators that we elect, for every vote that is cast at the polls, we are answerable to future generations.

Without imagination it is impossible to comprehend our civic responsibilities.

Young Men Will Not Be Tricked

TIME was when men voted as they worshiped, as their fathers did before them. Example was everything. Party lines were rigid and men voted blindly, as they were told, for the parties' candidates, irrespective of the merits of the other side.

Times are changed. That's trite, but true.

We live in a different day and generation. Today the intelligent man who is not tied down by paid party service owns his own vote. He and his fellows have begun to weigh men, methods and policies. They are thinking for themselves. Their ranks are increasing daily. You see it in the revolt of the Progressives, in their return to the Republican fold when they found themselves tricked by their leaders and deluded by false promises.

These are the men who count, the men who think for themselves. Through them the hope of scotching the snake of Penroseism comes.

Worth the Purchase

WHILE Congressmen are busying themselves over a bill for emergency taxation, it may interest others to take a little historical excursion back to February 15, 1783. On that day Pelatiah Webster published in Philadelphia, at the very doors of the Congress of the Confederation, an entirely new plan of Federal Government. One of the basic principles involved was the independent authority of the Federal Government to levy taxes. No Federal system that had ever existed had been armed with the power to tax, and Pelatiah's proposal was without a precedent in history. In the Constitutional Convention of 1787 it was adopted, though writers of text-books have been in the habit of giving the credit to other men.

"The power of taxation," Webster said, "is a dreadful engine of oppression, tyranny and injury, when ill-used, yet . . . I do contend that our Union is worth this purchase."

Socialists Flirt With War

ACCORDING to the reports of American correspondents, the Socialist movement in Germany has disappeared in these times of war. Vorwaerts, the famous Socialist paper, has turned patriotic and for the first time in its history may be sold on Government property and even in the army. A few weeks ago the Socialist deputies in the Reichstag voted unanimously for the war credits. In France, Marcel Sembat and Jules Guesde joined the Cabinet, abandoning their part in petty political quarrels. Gustave Herve, called by somebody "anti-militarist, anti-parliamentarian, anti-patriot," asked the French Minister of War to send him to the front with the first regiment of infantry.

In the minds of these men there is no issue now, if there ever was, between socialism and patriotism. Only the weakest thinkers among the socialistic groups see an antagonism between the two. Patriotism, moreover, is rooted far deeper in human nature than socialism, with a possible exception in the case of the inferior socialism of the very smallest men. Patriotism is one of the highest expressions of the human trait of loyalty. It is loyalty to "all we have and are." It is really conservatism.

Using Childhood to Muddy the Waters

THE massed cohorts of the Organization were able by the slender margin of one vote to override the Mayor's veto of the Municipal Court grab. In explanation of this action, John P. Connelly, commander-in-chief of Penroseism in Councils, declared, so the report runs, that "it comes with exceedingly bad grace from the gentleman on the second floor (the Mayor) to obstruct the efforts the Municipal Court is making to help the delinquent child."

The Municipal Court has been chiefly noted up to this time for helping itself to the funds of the municipality. The solicitude of Mr. Connelly for childhood might have aroused the sympathy and support of all good citizens had they not read elsewhere, in the same issue of the EVENING LEDGER, the declaration of Paul N. Furman, secretary of the Child Labor Association of Pennsylvania, that certain deplorable conditions in the matter of child labor in Pennsylvania are "due entirely to the influence of the Penrose-controlled political machine." It is bad enough to have such a grab as this Municipal Court adventure will be, if achieved, put through, but it is positively nauseating to have the responsibility for it placed on children who cannot speak for themselves.

Things That Abide In a Changing Order

TIME never halts. War or no war, the seasons come and go. The rose withers on the stem, and already the pencils of autumn begin to tint the leaves. The guns of Europe do not stop the sun, though they may smash the clock. Time moves on like a river.

It is a satisfaction to know that some things are above the might of man. The imperishable forces of life abide above the danger line of rust and moth and gunpowder. The Rheims Cathedral may be laid in ruins, but the devotion that built it is everlasting. In the world clash between materialism and idealism it is well to lay hold of the best things—the indestructible forces of truth, true love, friendship and every reality of life. These realities are like blocks of granite in a sea of changing conditions. The fact that others have gone mad is only another reason why the rest of us should remain sane.

In Reply to Gerhardt Hauptmann

NO ONE will dispute Hauptmann's contentions that Germany, the Germany of "Kant and Schopenhauer," is the great beacon light of civilization. No one will dispute that she has brought immortal contributions upon the altar of art, science, industry and literature. But all, all who think in the light of inexorable historical facts, will dispute the brazen claims of the ruling class of Germany that German industry and the feudal ideas of government and administration should dominate the rest of the world. This is not a fight for the "preservation of German culture." It is rather a battle for the liberation of German culture and all culture from military and financial Prussianism. The defeat of Germany will be the victory of Germany and the victory of the entire world.

Nefarious Political Brokerage

POPULAR government consists in the control of political affairs by public opinion. Bossism and popular government are inconsistent.

"The boss," says President Lowell, of Harvard, "does not act mainly as an exponent of public opinion or frame the issues therefor. He cares little for public policy or legislation relating to the general welfare so long as he is allowed to pursue his trade in peace. He is a political broker, but one whose business relates far less to subjects of a genuine public opinion than to private benefits."

The reason why the boss has been allowed to continue at his nefarious trade is public indifference. So declares James Bryce, whose judgment comes of long and close observation of American politics. How long is this indifference to continue? How long are the voters to overlook the weapon which lies at hand? Unless all signs fail they are going to use it in Pennsylvania on next election day.

Indifference to public welfare is a crime of citizenship.

The "safety first" program is not making much headway in Europe.

Everybody except the Interstate Commerce Commission thinks the railways are entitled to relief.

Doctor Brumbaugh is confounding his critics and he will confound Penroseism before he gets through.

New Jersey has a habit of standing by the President. The Democracy gets the credit for Woodrow Wilson's personal victories.

Herman Ridder explains that the war is "an expression of the acute neurasthenia from which the nations are suffering." This, of course, makes it entirely plain; but isn't it stealing Mr. Wilson's psychological theory?

New York's $100,000,000 loan oversubscribed three times by private investors and a tidy bit of the money from Philadelphia! We still have a few pennies to rub together in spite of the pessimists.

It would have been a fine thing for Pennsylvania if Mr. Knox had offered for the Senate last spring. It would be a finer thing if Mr. Penrose would retire in his favor now. But such things do not happen in Penroseism.

The world does move. It seems but yesterday that universal excitement was caused by a successful aeroplane flight across the Channel from France to England. Just a few days ago 36 British army 'planes were reported to be making the passage from England to France at one time.

Thirty-six thousand tons of British armored cruisers are at the bottom of the North Sea as the result of a submarine attack. Measured in dollars, there is no comparison between cruisers and submarines; measured in results, the little fellows have nothing to be ashamed of.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THAT Joseph Hirt, the artist, married a Philadelphia girl shows his good sense; that he was chased a couple of thousand miles by an earthquake is indicative of his ability to dodge trouble. It began in San Francisco, where Hirt was more or less busy drawing cartoons for a daily paper. It so happened that he was not busy on the night in question, that is, not until the earthquake started—then he became extraordinarily so. In fact, he never stopped being busy until he reached Oakland in safety, minus clothing and money. For three weeks he lived in the refugee camp, awaiting a remittance from his family in this city. Then, disgusted, he became a passenger de luxe on a freight train for Los Angeles. But work and money were even scarcer there, and so he continued in haphazard fashion until Chicago was reached.

There he became chef in a quick lunch room for a week, but, having higher aspirations, he started once again, this time for Buffalo. There, too, work was unobtainable. For two weeks he managed to eke out a decidedly precarious living. One day, just by chance, he sauntered into the postoffice and inquired at the general delivery whether any mail had been forwarded to him via Los Angeles, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, etc. There was, said the man. In the letter, which was from home, was an express order for $200.

Hirt says that he dined that night and the after effects of that dinner will be his death some day, but he doesn't care now, for he is wed to that Philadelphia girl and has more orders than he can fill.

I HAVE no desire to claim credit for the discovery, but I have found the champion fisherman, and he hails from Toledo. His name is Howard Weigle and he dates his fish story from Frankfort, Mich. According to this modern Izaak Walton, he went fishing near Frankfort during his vacation in 1913. In the course of time he hooked a huge pickerel, which, after a long struggle, got away. This summer Weigle went to the same stream and dropped his line into the hole left in the water by the dropping of the escaping fish. A cast was made, a bite and—Weigle had caught the same fish, so he says. In its gill was fastened the selfsame bait which Weigle had lost the previous summer. Which proves that, after all, some fish are honest enough to return things which do not belong to them.

TAKING breakfast with a real, live President is undoubtedly an honor, but sometimes there are drawbacks, as in this instance. I had been in Johannesburg, South Africa, for well nigh a year, when William J. Leyds, Secretary of State, invited me to partake of a frugal morning meal with President Kruger. So to Pretoria, the capital, I went by stage coach, 35 miles in six hours, and called upon the Staats-Sekretaer.

"I suppose 8 o'clock is the breakfast hour?" I asked.

"The President has a Cabinet meeting at 4 in the morning, so you'd better come half an hour before that," replied Doctor Leyds.

Regretfully I retired, sleepily I arose, dressed and went to the little cottage which served for the Boer White House. It was still dark, but the President, surrounded by Generals Joubert, De Wet, Botha and Doctor Leyds, was awaiting my coming. For ten minutes Oom Paul cross-examined me on America; then Vrow Kruger brought huge bowls of steaming coffee and black bread, covered with real creamery butter. And at 4 a. m. sharp the Boer Cabinet went into session with prayer.

DO YOU recall that when you went to school you were induced to learn something about Peter the Great and Catherine and how wicked and cruel Catherine was? Well, she wasn't so bad as you imagine, for Diderot, the encyclopedist, says she was not, and he knew. Desiring to provide a dowry for his daughter and not having the means, Diderot decided to sell his magnificent library. It came to Catherine's ears and she sent for Diderot.

Then she showed how cruel she could really be when the occasion offered itself. She bought the library at Diderot's own price, made him the librarian of her new purchase and ——

Paid him 50 years' salary in advance!

IT IS a considerable step from Presidents and Empresses to a mere Mayor, but there was one Mayor who was as autocratic in his way as was Oom Paul or Catherine—the late William J. Gaynor, whose last official words were, "I have been Mayor." In contradistinction to some of his predecessors, who were mere tools of Tammany, Mr. Gaynor was recklessly fearless in his outspoken opinions. He cared not whom he hit nor what the consequences might be. One incident shows this clearly. He had been in office two days when a friend called on him. After the usual preliminaries, Mr. Gaynor commented upon previous administrations and their lack of common sense.

"My predecessor in this office was the smallest man who ever sat in the Mayor's chair!" thundered Mr. Gaynor, bringing his first down on his desk. That predecessor was George B. McClellan, son of the Little General, who fought Tammany furiously and was crushed beneath the claws of the tiger. Not that there was ever a breath of suspicion of wrong against Mr. McClellan, but he played politics instead of governing the city and paid the price.

ONCE upon a time there was a political boss in Philadelphia, and there are more of them now. A reporter asked him one day whether Jones, which wasn't his name, would be nominated for Congress.

"If WE think our opponents will win, Jones will be nominated; if WE think WE will win, then I will be named."

Jones was nominated. If this were a short story or a play, Jones would have won, just to make a dramatic climax. But this being a true tale, Jones was everlastingly licked.

BRADFORD.

CURIOSITY SHOP

The famous Salic Law is a chapter in the Salian code regarding the succession to Salic lands, which were limited to male heirs, chiefly because certain military duties were connected with the holding of those lands. In the fourteenth century females were excluded from the throne of France by the application of the Salic law.

"Jerusalem" Whalley walked from Dublin to the Holy Land and back in one year, on a wager of nearly $100,000, a large sum in the days of 1788-89. Being asked in jest where he was going, he replied "To Jerusalem" and then and there the wager was undertaken, the condition being that the journey be made on foot, save where it was necessary to take a ship. He started in 1788 and finished in June of the following year, winning in addition to the money, the sobriquet of "Jerusalem."

"Fleet marriages" were so common in England at one time that between October 19, 1704, and February 12, 1705, there were contracted 2954 marriages in Fleet prison, London, from which the ceremonies derived their name. Twenty to thirty couples were wedded in a day, their names being concealed by private marks upon payment of an extra fee. The first marriage act of 1753 stopped this abuse.

The English word "lullaby" is thought to have a strange origin. It is said that Lilith or Lilils, the first wife of Adam, according to the legend, haunted the abodes of men, seeking to kill their children. So when mothers lulled their babies to sleep they exclaimed, "Lilla, abi!" ("Begone illith"), this being converted into "lullaby."

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Why Exchange Editors Die

With a daring worthy of a better cause, the editor grasped his shears, adjusted his eyeglasses, and from the heap of newspapers before him extracted the following gems:

Adelbert Fuller is back at home from Pittsfield, where he attends school on account of illness.

Miss Vera Castner returned to the hospital in Grand Rapids after nearly two months' vacation.

G. R. Clifton, Third, and Lowell Bonewell have gone to Grand Rapids, Minn., for a visit with those who have gone before.

But Not for Father

LOTT-HARDER

—Caption of Buffalo wedding report.

Fair Warning

Maid at Country Hotel—"Please, sir, will you use the hot water soon, as there's an 'ole in the can?"—London Punch.

Internal Strategy

For idiotic strategy why not have the French name one of their towns Ipecac and let the Germans take it? It would be all up with them.—Chicago Tribune.

A Burning Question

Parke—Is your house insured against fire?

Lane—I don't know. I've just been reading over the insurance policy.—Life.

For Home Industries

"What is your opinion of our foreign relations?" asked the patriotic citizen.

"They don't do you any good," replied the local politician. "What you want is a lot of relations right here in your own country that'll vote the way you tell 'em to.—Washington Star.

Wedded Persiflage

Miss Fluff—Mr. Deepthought, do you think marriage is a failure?

Mr. Deepthought—Well, the bride never gets the best man.—Judge.

International Diet

It is reported that the animals of the Berlin zoo have been killed for food, which may explain why the Germans have lately taken to eating crow.

War Fever

I used to think that Jones was strong
Within the law's domain,
But now I know that I was wrong—
His forte's—Alsace-Lorraine!

And Smith—(another sudden blow)—
His hobbies, I was sure,
Were golf and cigarettes, but no!
They're Brussels and Namur.

And Brown, so reticent before,
Now keeps waylaying me
To mobilize whole army corps
Of words—on strategy!

And Green, who thought the one best bet
Was peace, is now—alas!—
Continually storming Metz
Armed with a demi-tasse.

And Johnson—but enough of spite!
The worst of all I am,
For on a tablecloth last night
I drew a diagram!

—New York Times.

The Inquiry Courteous

Exasperated telephone subscriber (having found six different numbers engaged)—"Well, what numbers HAVE you got?"—London Punch.

The Horrors of War

Ethel (in apprehensive whisper which easily reaches her German governess, to whom she is deeply attached)—Mother, shall we have to kill Fraulein?—London Punch.

To Cover the Ground

The great American novel that
The nation still expects
Will have to be, experts agree,
In 40 dialects.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Man and His Money

A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew: "Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonny Kate McAllister."

"Weel, Sanders," Mac replied, "I wis near—verra near—daein' it; but the bit lassie had nae siller, so I said to maself, 'Mac, be a mon.' And I wis a mon, and noo I jist pass her by."—Argonaut.

The Retort Frosty

"I suppose, captain," said the inquisitive ocean voyager, "that the passengers make you dreadfully tired with the questions they ask."

"Yes, indeed," replied the captain. "What else is it you want to know?"

Funny

Turkey protests against the jests in American newspapers at her expense. If Turkey will stay out of the war she will not be a joke.—Washington Post.

Super-Optimist

"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is."

"Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."—Boston Transcript.

STAIN NOT THE SKY

Ye gods of battle, lords of fear,
Who work your iron will as well
As once ye did with sword and spear,
With rifled gun and rending shell—
Masters of sea and land, forbear
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air!

With patient daring man hath wrought
A hundred years for power to fly,
And shall we make his winged thought
A hovering horror in the sky,
Where flocks of human eagles sail,
Dropping their bolts of death on hill and dale?

Ah, no, the sunset is too pure,
The dawn too fair, the noon too bright!
For wings of terror to obscure
Their beauty, and betray the night
That keeps for man, above his wars,
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!
Your footsteps in the sea are red,
And black on earth your paths appear
With ruined homes and heaps of dead.
Pass on, and end your transient reign,
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust.
The right ye shielded will abide;
The world at last will learn to trust
In law to guard, and love to guide;
The peace of God that answers prayer
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

—Henry Van Dyke, in the New York Independent.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

AN INSTITUTION that enters upon its 91st year of activity, it seems to me, might very well be called venerable, but knowing the enterprising character of the Franklin Institute as I do, the term venerable does not exactly fit. It implies weakness along with respectability; it seems to echo the past. But, while 90 years ago the institute was the most progressive organization in its own field in this country, so it is the very last word in modernity in science applied to mechanics today.

And I write this just because I had my attention called to the reopening of the schools of the institute last week.

I BELIEVE that probably half the population of Philadelphia, if asked, would confess to a belief that the institute was founded by Benjamin Franklin. I do not know how this idea got abroad, but I find there is a strong inclination to attribute to Franklin even more numerous achievements than he claimed for himself. But when it is realized that the institute is only now entering upon its 91st year it will be needless to assure any one that the immortal Ben had no hand in its organization.

However, I feel sure that it was out of compliment to the valuable contributions to science made by Franklin that the group of young men who formed the institute took pride in associating his name with their movement.

IN 1824, when the institute was formed, an inspiring movement among young mechanics spread over the eastern part of the country. It led to the formation of mechanics' institutes. I believe there were several of them in this city at the time. But it was rather exclusive. Because of the stringency in their qualifications for membership, the very names of these organizations are forgotten, but the name of the Franklin Institute is held in high repute by scientists all over the world.

Samuel Vaughan Merrick, afterward one of Philadelphia's most noted ironmasters, found himself, as he once mentioned, the owner of a workshop at 21 years, but without a mechanical education or with scarcely a mechanical idea. He believed he could improve himself in order to properly superintend his foundry if he could become a member of a mechanics' institute. He applied for admission to one of them. But Mr. Merrick was promptly blackballed, because he was not a mechanic. He was an employer.

HE COULD not say in 1824 what a man in a similar position today could say; he could not take his rejection lightly and turn his steps to a technical school. If he could not share the information with these young mechanics, he must settle himself to learn his trade and its secrets by the slow process of observation in his own foundry. Mr. Merrick did not choose to do that, but determined to interest others in the establishment of an institute that would be founded not only upon more democratic principles, but also would considerably expand the original idea of mechanical institutes.

THERE are not many young men of 21 with the force of character or the necessary initiative for organizing such an association. But young Merrick managed to interest such men as Matthias W. Baldwin, who, it must be remembered, had not yet built his first locomotive; James Ronaldson, the type founder; Dr. James Rush, who founded the Ridgway Library; William H. Kneass and Samuel R. Wood, among others, in his plan.

Consider the method by which these organizers obtained an audience for their meeting. They held it in what we now allude to as Old Congress Hall, at Sixth and Chestnut streets. They selected and sent invitations to a list of 1500 names taken from the directory. Unless you realize that in 1824 there was no postal service such as we now enjoy, you cannot appreciate the magnitude of this attempt.

The meeting was attended by a large number of young men, and within two weeks there were enrolled between 400 and 500 members.

IN ITS declared object—to promote and encourage the mechanic arts—the institute even in its infant days was true. It held the first industrial exhibitions in this country. Small as these were at the start, they gradually became more important, and for many years were continued annually, attracting manufacturers and inventors from all parts of the United States. The exhibition the institute held in 1874 in the old Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, on the site of Wanamaker's, is remembered with pleasure by many Philadelphians. The Electrical Exposition which the institute held at 32d and Market streets in 1884 was the first universal showing of the mysterious new force that the world had seen.

THERE are half a dozen medals and premiums at the service of the institute to bestow upon inventors and discoverers, and I need not tell you that they are prized far above their monetary value by their winners, who are not always Americans. They are not bestowed until a committee thoroughly examines the claims for the invention or discovery entered for the prize, and the award in itself is proof everywhere of the value of the idea that is accepted.

In the weekly lectures and meetings of the various sections of the institute each winter the visitors will hear the last word on the latest contributions to the mechanic arts.

I know of no institution that is so young and modern in spirit and feels so little the effects of age when passing its 90th birthday as the Franklin Institute.

GRANVILLE.

Ethics and Politics

From the New York Herald.

Statesmen of past generations always sought to conceal the hand of the tax gatherer, but our Washington solons of today, having cut down the levy concealed in the tariff schedules, seem determined to let every citizen know and feel where the Federal Govrnment pinches him. It's good thics. But is it good politics?

THE IDEALIST

Every display of valor, from football to warfare, brings out a curious trait in the human make-up. Shortly, the feeling, the discussion, the enthusiasm incident to the present conflict will resolve themselves into a very definite human desire—a desire as old as time.

The mob wants a hero!

A contest proves listless unless it uncovers an individual star. A battle is only a free-for-all unless a hero emerges.

Few folks realize the tremendous part this instinctive mob-craving has played in the eruptions of history. The individual, calm and cool, away from the crowd, well knows that just so long as the laurel wreath is placed upon the brow of those that maim and kill, just so long will blood be spilled in war. And he abhors the reflection.

But the mob spirit alters him. He becomes a weakling.

We have succeeded in educating the individual at the hearth of his home to the profound wisdom of peace. We still have on our hands the task of educating a collection of individuals, the mob.

Europe's deluge of blood and pain will develop only one true hero. He will be the man who changes it to peace.

THE IDEALIST.

VIEWS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—England did not envy Germany her well-earned commerce, nor was she jealous of Germany's army for defense, nor of Germany's small but efficient navy.

But Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, and England, all at once, became horrified at such a breach of international faith, and declared war on Germany—or rather on Germany's commerce and navy, primarily, and on her army, but with less alacrity about facing it. Why couldn't France, Russia and her (England's) numerous other allies face the German cannon? She would rather they would, for Englishmen would rather play cricket and football than face cannon in any cause.

Does England forget—the world does not—her own crime at Copenhagen, in Napoleon's time, which the Japanese nation used as a precedent to excuse its attack on the Russian fleet without a declaration of war or other warning?

Has England forgotten, too, her part in the Paoli, the Cherry Valley and the Wyoming Valley massacres, and in the battle of the Cowpens, where no quarter was given the wounded Americans, still brave, but too weak to resist their slaughter in cold blood?

And has England further forgotten her prison ships in which many brave American patriots were doomed to starvation and death? And is it, as a memorial to England's own past good faith with other nations, that the Hollander, the Belgian and the Frenchman—her nearest neighbors—are alike always ready to exclaim, with feeling of contempt, "Oh, thou perfidious Albion!"

READER.

Philadelphia, September 21, 1914.

ENTITLED TO APPROVAL

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Since the first issue of your paper I have taken it each evening and studied it with interest. The opposition that is made in your columns to Penrose and all that he represents is of itself enough to earn the approval of every right-thinking citizen in this boss-ridden State.

GEORGE Z. ILLINGTON.

Philadelphia, September 21, 1914.

STATE IS TIRED OF BOSSES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—In my view the State of Pennsylvania is tired of Boies Penrose as its representative in the United States Senate, and more tired of a corrupt State Government known as "Penroseism." Patriotic citizens want to defeat both. The EVENING LEDGER will be a powerful aid in that righteous work.

T. KITTERA VAN DYKE.

Harrisburg, August 31, 1914.

WILL NOT VOTE FOR PENROSE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I have been a lifelong Republican, but I won't vote for Penrose! And there are a lot of us who feel the same way. It riles me when I get out of the State to hear the choice slurs that are cast at the quality of Pennsylvania Republicanism which will nominate Boies Penrose for United States Senator. But I have to swallow the pill and reply, "He is not elected yet."

L. C. DENISE.

New Kensington, Pa., September 21, 1914.

An International Police Force

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The war of nations in Europe has revived the talk of a combination of the forces of the nations to police both land and sea, and keep the peace among nations just as our present police forces keep the peace among individuals. The idea is an old one, but has never made much progress until recently. Now even so conservative a writer as Henry Clews accepts it, saying in his latest report that its adoption is necessary to permanent peace. It is hardly to be supposed that so radical a change in customs and the point of view will be brought about soon, if at all, but it is certain that without practical disarmament there can never be a permanent peace in Europe. If the war result in that consummation, it will have been worth while. If the Powers that win insist upon it as a precedent necessary to the end of the war, those Powers will have justified their entrance into it. If they do not, they will have to fight another war at some future time.

Let the President Alone

From the New York World.

This war is not our war. We did not make it and we cannot end it. If we mind our own business, however, we may be able to smooth the pathway to peace when blood and iron have determined the main issues. If we do not mind our own business, we shall be regarded as impertinent meddlers and shall have no influence for good whatever.

The President has been petitioned enough and nagged enough. He knows the situation better than any of his self-appointed counselors. His motives are quite as exalted as those of his volunteer advisers. Let him alone.

Looking Toward Peace Sunday

From the New Haven (Conn.) Journal-Courier.

We may well be thinking during the coming days how we are going to make of "Peace Sunday" something better than a perfunctory performance, something infinitely finer than mere lip-service. To add to our supplications for happier days an offering for the relief of afflicted nations will put our religion to a practical and blessed use.

Asking Too Much

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Apropos the incident of the steamship Robert Dollar, it may be remarked that, with all due respect and regard for England as the land of Shakespeare, we really cawn't, you know, old chap, admit that the Atlantic Ocean, or any other, is an English lake.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Roosevelt is correct in announcing that he isn't a candidate. But wait until 1916.—Springfield Republican.

The railroads can hardly be so bad as they have been painted, if President Wilson becomes one of their advocates.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

In comparison with the present European war, Caesar, Alexander and Hannibal were guilty of nothing more serious than disorderly conduct.—Kansas City Star.

The Government ought to show its appreciation of what Ambassador Herrick has done and avail itself of his capacity for further service of the same general kind.—Charleston News and Courier.

Reports of the first football injuries, broken collar bones and the like, cause small thrill or protest this year. There are too many worse things going on behind the veil of the European censorship.—Springfield Republican.

One small, imagined sigh from sweet Cordelia, one fancied smile upon the lips of Imogen, one fleeting dream of Juliet from her window leaning, brings England closer to this land of ours, than Kipling, Pinero, Doyle, Bridges and all that list of authors ever could.—Chicago Herald.

The President's remark upon the activities of certain professional jingoes who are now crazy for peace—that their program is "unpractical and silly"—is mildly true. What he might have said if he had been in ill-humor would have been much more to the point—New York World.

Senator Burton's brilliant struggle has been amply repaid, and the admirable rules and customs of the Senate which made his stand for justice to the taxpayers possible have been abundantly justified.—New York Sun.

The British navy has done nothing so daring as the exploit of the German submarines. One of the oldest lessons of human history is the folly of despising your enemy.—New York World.