

EVENING LEDGER
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But in the same magazine G. K. Chesterton answers the question, "What is a barbarian?" "The psychology of the barbarian," he says, "is this: that, like the lower animals, he does not understand reciprocity."

PASSED BY THE CENSOR
WHEN King George was still a midshipman in her Majesty's navy and his brother, the Prince of Wales, since dead, was known as "Collars and Cuffs," because of his fondness for those appurtenances of everyday attire, the twin were aboard a ship of Southampton. Wales was a sleepy head, hard to wake, and one morning Prince George found it well nigh impossible to rouse his brother in time for the usual inspection. Finally, driven to desperation, he bawled out: "Hey, Collars, get up! They're singing 'God Save Your Grandmother' already."

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR
Means to an End
"You taking cornet lessons, and 50 years of age?"
"Yes, but not for long. I expect to bring the young lady next door to terms within a week. She takes singing lessons."

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA
WHEN a small news item announced a few days ago the death of the driver of the first police patrol wagon used in this city I have no doubt that many who read the report were rather astonished to learn that this adjunct to the Police Department had been introduced so long ago as 30 years. Another generation has grown up since that time, and it cannot properly appreciate conditions that existed here before this system was introduced.

Views of Readers
Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—In view of the fact that the vote in Virginia makes election of the governor a prohibition through the non-voting influence of women on the votes of men alone, how can the suffragists circulate such ridiculous appeals as they sent out recently?

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Leader or Bandit?
IF WE are ready for a little faith, the situation in Mexico is not so bad as it appears. If we accept Villa's sincerity, he seems to be striving logically for those things that he has always stood for. Consistently, through all his campaigns, he has championed the poor. And he has stood always for a non-military government to perpetuate his reforms. Carranza has not given evidence of carrying out the plans which Villa thinks essential to the salvation of the people.

Chance for a Stout Lady
Wanted—Woman, clever, to fill vacancy with large corporation.
Happy College Days
"Did you ever do anything wicked at college?" asked the first sweet junior.
"Once we pulled up a bed of Jimson weeds, dear," replied the freshmanette.

Modern Poetry
This is a zig zag poem.
It runs up, then down.
(Old Milton didn't know 'em; it makes the printers frown.)

HE WANTS SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Knowing nothing whatever about the matter, I am, of course, competent to discuss the question of Sunday amusements. I realize at the outset that it is woefully wicked to enjoy one day of rest a week. I know that seeing a game of baseball between healthy-minded youngsters is not so bad as seeing a game of football between the dull, most horridly fat of all the week. Truly, I'd rather work than pass a Sunday in this town.

WHERE IS THE FRENCH NAVY?
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Like many readers, I have been puzzled to account for lack of a sea battle in the European war. We all expected England's great navy to do something spectacular when Churchill first gave the typical orders. But where all this time are the French ships? Why have not the combined navies of England, France and Russia been able to close up both ends of the canal and cut Germany off from intercourse with Scandinavia, across the Baltic?

Political Decency an All-party Issue
POLITICAL righteousness rises above partisanship. The public is learning the lesson every day. Even Penrose will know it by November. Of course, the Senator has never been so devoted to the interests of party as to permit interference with his personal comfort or the welfare of his friends. But that partisanship of his on which the liquor interests have justly counted has received a rude blow from another and very different sort of party alliance. The National Popular Government League, itself an organization of men of all political creeds, has voted unanimously to campaign against the election of two notorious candidates, one from each of the two great parties—Roger Sullivan, Democrat, out in Illinois, and Boies Penrose, Republican, here in Pennsylvania. The issue is broader than party. The life and virtue of our political institutions are at stake.

Who Invented the Cocktail?
Some bartender? Or a bon vivant? Or—as its discoverer the result of a drunken frolic? The cocktail was invented by Mrs. Elizabeth Flanagan, widow of an Irish soldier who fell in the service of the American army during the Revolution. After her husband's death, Mrs. Flanagan became an army sutler, following a troop of Virginia horse under Colonel Burr. In the winter of 1775 she took up quarters with the troop in a place called Four Corners, on the road between Tarrytown and White Plains, N. Y.—near the demesne of John D. Rockefeller. There Mrs. Flanagan set up a hotel which soon became the rendezvous of the "awells" of that day. One day the hostess surprised her guests by announcing a new drink—the cocktail—supposed to have been named after the blending of colors in the tail of a game cock.

Applied Appellatives
"Mother," asked Tommy, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"
"Yes, my dear," said his mother.
"Will you then, 'water' my dog, picking up a saucer, 'I'm going to milk the cat.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

Violated Neutrality
"Wh-y, Johnny, what's the matter with you?"
"Ma had a free fight, mother."
"Wh-what do you mean?"
"Th-There's 23 fightin' nationalities in our school, mother, and only three stayed neutral."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW
No greater opportunity has been offered American genius by the exigencies of the European war than is to be found in the great chance for the development of real dye manufactures.—Washington Times.
Even in baseball it is good to get out of a rut. New York's failure to win the National League pennant for the fourth time in succession is from that point of view a boost for the game.—New York Tribune.

Treat Turkey Fairly but Firmly
WHATEVER course may be taken by the United States in consequence of Turkey's abrogation of the capitulations, it should at least be definite and firm. For obvious reasons there is little continuity in our diplomatic policy, so far as we have one; but that is certainly no reason for hesitancy and wavering in dealing with such a question as that which rises out of the action of the Ottoman Government. Internal conditions in Turkey are much disturbed, as is evidenced by the fact that several of the principal American schools in that country have been cut off from communication with the outside world for more than a week; the manner of the renunciation of the treaties with European nations and the United States is not exactly encouraging to easy diplomatic negotiation; and the conduct of Ambassador Rustem Bey, which may or may not represent the Turkish attitude toward this country, hardly suggests mildness in our communications with the Government from which he is accredited. As for Ambassador A. Rustem Bey, he has been blandly insolent. Our educational and charitable "interests" in Turkey, which were established under the protection of a treaty now broken, are just as important as large commercial interests could be. The American people know comparatively little, as yet, as to what the Administration has said to Turkey and how it has been said; but there is no doubt that prompt and decisive action on the part of this Government is indispensable to national self-respect and the protection of our "interests" in Turkey.

Watchful Waiting in the Philippines
SINCE the Spanish war took much partisan rancor has been caused by the Philippine question. Political lines have been too tensely drawn. It may be granted that there are essential and important differences between the two leading parties in respect to their notions of "colonial policy," but broad conceptions of national responsibility have sometimes been subordinated to narrow, bitter partisanship. The real issue which hinges on the Jones bill, now under discussion in Congress, is not "shall the Philippines ultimately have self-government?" The bill does contain a provision which pledges ultimate self-government; and a promise even of something certain is rather dangerous in a case like this. But the real question is, "Have the Filipinos proved themselves worthy of a more liberal share in their own government?" That issue does not call for partisan rancor.

How Firm a Foundation
Two Philadelphians were talking of the fortune of a third denizen of that city when one said:
"His first lucky strike was in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage, and sold them at a profit of more than 200 per cent. That was the corporation of his great fortune."
"Then the hens laid 'em!"—Harper's Magazine.

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Reform the Patent Office
NOW that Congress has torn itself regretfully away from the pork barrel, it might turn its attention to some matter in which there is neither political profit nor an opportunity to sandbag the Government. One of these is the American patent system. If any public service needs reorganization it is the Patent Office. There may be very good reasons for altering much of our attitude toward the vested monopoly of invention, but Congress need touch no such moot question in order to do good work in readjusting the laws and proceedings by which we try to stimulate inventive genius. Let it merely make the present scheme workable. Yards of red tape should be cut away. The whole method of testing the priority of a patent should be simplified. Now it is only the corporation with endless resources and a multitude of lawyers that can outlive the ten or a dozen mazes of legal proceedings through which a case may be driven. And the public is quite defenseless when a rich company prefers buying and suppressing a patented improvement to using it for the people's benefit.

State Conscience Wields Power
NOTHING can withstand the resistless power of the collective conscience when men make an interlocking society of their consciences. Public opinion takes the shape of something that resembles an avalanche in strength. Nothing is more feared by enemies of the public welfare than the combined moral sense of a State. Issues of the campaign are supposed to be determined by this non-partisan morality, which represents the sound good sense of the citizen who believes that righteousness exalts a nation but sin is a reproach to any people. The illumination of this faculty, which ordains the human with the divine, ought to be one of the purposes of the campaign now making appeal to the people of Pennsylvania.

Constructive Diplomacy
A certain diplomat, perceiving that the peace of the world (loud laughter) depends upon a nicely adjusted equilibrium of martial bristling on the part of the Powers severally, was much concerned over the probability of superabundant to become obsolete almost before they can be got into the water. "A superabundance which isn't up to the minute no more makes for peace," he confessed. "That's a last year's cork makes for social prestige."
He thought a moment. "The amount of it seems to be," he reflected, "that absence, as it affects naval construction, is too vital a thing to be left to develop in its own way."
A little more and inspiration descended upon him. "What we need," he declared, "is a great and inflexible property of the rigidity of the tooth of time, so to render its merridy less marked."

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Trifling with the Telephone
TELEPHONING isn't what it was. It won't even be what it is very long, if the inventors keep on. One of them has spent 14 years on the misanthropic job of turning out an attachment to detect the third party who cuts in to listen to a little gossip. With 5,000,000 party lines in use in the United States, the misery likely to be caused by this single invention is appalling. Worse still, the same mechanism may be set to cut off a conversation at the end of a certain number of minutes.
And do any of us want the "seeing-eye-wire" attachment that another of these busy-bodies has invented? Imagine the embarrassment of the five-foot man with the timid eyes who prefers to blow up the coal company over the phone! Contemplate the confusion of madly who likes to chat with her friends in boudoir realization! How will the busy husband at the club be able to "pull" the old, old bluff of "detained at the office"? The inventors had better curb their passionate genius.

Which brings back to memory that historic joke about the American girl who would not marry a British peer, declaring that the "Yankee dude" do.
BRADFORD.

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Belligerent Footnotes to History
THE writers of such warring nation present a united front against the pens of the enemy and no quarter is given to persons or peoples who wave a foe's flag. The literary conflict is interesting to watch.
Hugo Muensterberg, who usually backs his German propaganda with the name of Harvard University, presents in one of the October magazines a most engaging picture of "Emperor William, the Man." The Kaiser's sense of humor, the beauty of his domestic life, his marvelous intellectual versatility, which surpasses even that of Theodore Roosevelt; the incomparable magnetism of his personality—all blend in this portrait of "Germany's most delightful man."

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Curiosity Shop
The word "factotum" denoting a man of all work dates back several centuries. Ben Jonson in one of his plays, makes Tip ask: "Art thou the Dominus?" to which the host replies, "Factotum, here, sir." Foulis, in his "History of the Plois of Our Pretended Saints," 1874, says: "He was so farre the dominus factotum in this junctio that his words were law."

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Two young men were camping in the woods. Neither was what is popularly known as a "church-goer." They were just two average American boys—healthy, alert and in for a good time.
When bedtime came one of the boys knelt down to pray. The other looked on in sincere amazement. As the kneeling lad arose from his prayer his companion was gazing fixedly at the ground.
"Bill," said the one who had not prayed, "I hope you said one for me."
The words were a suggestion to the other. "99 per cent of my prayer was for you. If I had prayed for myself I would not feel nearly so happy, not nearly so much at peace with the whole universe as I do now."
Which brings out the great big substance

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