

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Subscription Terms
By carrier, Daily Only, six cents. By mail, postage prepaid, Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, Daily Only, one month, twenty-five cents; Daily Only, one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1915.

Let opportunity knock; do not knock opportunity.

A Greek Loose in Troy

Francis Shunk Brown, Governor Brumbaugh has invited the brain of the Vares into his official household.
The appointment is a slap in the face for every Independent Republican in Pennsylvania.
Mr. Brown notoriously has been the champion of the politicians behind the screen, adviser extraordinary to one of the powerful factions which time and again have robbed, despoiled and pillaged this municipality.

Paste It in Their Hats

Every Councilman paste in his hat this excerpt from the Governor's message:
In this great industrial State it is our duty to pay definite attention to the housing problem. Every family should be housed in a home that is private, sanitary, safe and attainable at a reasonable rental.

Buy-in-Philadelphia

MADE-IN-PHILADELPHIA is a good slogan: Buy-in-Philadelphia is a better one. Boston, for instance, having discovered that much of the trade of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine is diverted to New York, proposes to raise a fund of \$20,000 wherewith to wage an active publicity campaign in the three States named.

Hear It Boom!

PROSPERITY is on the way, and you can hear it booming. The latest reverberations come from the steel trade and the railroads. On Monday morning the Pennsylvania Steel Company started another open hearth furnace at Steelton, and put its roll mill and several other departments on a 24-hour schedule, giving work to 1000 additional men.

Workingmen Will Buy Subway Bonds

WHETHER doubts that the money can be raised for financing the new subway should watch the sale of city bonds over the counter next Thursday. The \$5,000,000 worth offered will be disposed of in a rush. Men of small means and millionaires understand the value of a 4 per cent. security, free from all taxation in the State, and exempt from the national income tax.

BOSTON'S MIRACLE OF PORT DEVELOPMENT

Harbor Became the Fifth Busiest in the World in Two Years—Shipping Increased 5 Per Cent., Passenger Traffic 43 Per Cent.
By BURTON KLINE

THREE years ago Boston decided upon the improvement of its port. The long forelock of a great opportunity having been in sight, the forelock was seized. The capacities of New York harbor were notoriously overtaxed. Larger and larger ships were being built—more than New York could spare the space to accommodate.

A Splendid Message

THE Governor's message is a splendid document. Its brevity is eloquent. Convinced of the accuracy of his own diagnosis that we are over- instead of under-lawed, Governor Brumbaugh confines his recommendations to a few "vital enactments" which the people "need and deserve. As speedily as may be, this we should do, and when this is done the Legislature should adjourn."

Harder Than Panama Canal

A Gargantuan welter of conflicting opinion, and interest, and argument arises on all sides. Every great public work excites this disturbance. The digging of the Panama Canal is simple in comparison. That public convenience was cut through such soft material as earth and rock. To improve a port you have to dig through something stouter than that.

Self-Made Boston

Their difficulties instantly became apparent to them. Nature has always frowned upon Boston. Most people have the fancy that Boston is the creation of some superhuman Power. Nothing of the sort. The strongest link Boston has with the rest of America is that it is self-made. You had better whisper this in Boston. But it is true.

Laughed to Scorn

Well, these institutions cost money. High taxes are necessary to provide for their maintenance. They are the reason why there is no freight tunnel under Boston. No belt line. And such lagard port development as Boston had till three years ago. The first thing the Boston Port Directors did was to ask for a modest \$50,000,000. Merely by way of beginning business. They were laughed to scorn.

Here's What Happened

This pier is situated so that it may be placed in easy rail or water communication with seven other systems of docks owned by the railroads. A train ferry is to be provided for quick service across the harbor. The old historic city docks still exist along the old Boston water front, also linked by rail. Being most convenient to the trolley and elevated lines they have been left mainly to the excursion boats and the smaller coasting steamers.

Good morning and good luck, Mr. Governor.

There is nothing to the ship purchase bill except the President.

Mr. Schwab is an optimist in the manufacture of warlike things.

The rain has broken the record for 100 years and it has not finished yet.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon seems to have a big fight on his hands before he gets back into Congress.

If Mr. Gutierrez wants to tell the truth it would be wise to get out of Mexico before Villa finds it out.

Indications are that Mr. Tener's new job will keep him just as busy as the old one ever did, if not a little more so.

Tragedy and calamity have been Italy's bright light for centuries, but no ruin has ever defiled her genius or dimmed the lustre of civilization which she carried. Magnificent Italy! How less magnificent she would be were it not for the disasters that have befallen and tried her soul!

'TOMMY ATKINS' IN BARRACKS AND BATTLE

The British Soldier as He Really Is—The Day's Work by Which He Is Schooled and Made—Incidents That Reveal His Soldierly Qualities.
By HERBERT G. JONES

"The English soldier is the best-trained soldier in the world. The English soldier's eye is ten thousand times worse than hell. If we could only beat the English it would be well for us, but I am afraid we shall never be able to beat these English devils."—Extract from a letter found on the body of a German officer.

IF, as has been stated, the Anglo-Boer War of 1900 all but buried the much-cherished reputation of the British soldier, "Tommy Atkins" and his officers have "come back" in the present campaign in a truly magnificent way, blotting out all blenheim—if any existed—on their records and traditions.

White House Infant Declares Himself on the Great Issues of the Day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.
THE first day in the White House was a very busy one for the New Baby. When a representative of the EVENING LEDGER was admitted to the crib-side, Woodrow, Jr., admitted that he had just received Secretary Bryan's offer of a collectorship at Santo Domingo, but was uncertain whether to accept it or a proffered position in Lapland.

EXPORTATION OF WAR MUNITIONS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Congratulations upon your editorial, "Stop It and Stop It Quick." It is straight from the shoulder and has the right ring. Now, if you will take the same stand against the exportation of war materials and ammunition to European belligerents, you will deserve still greater praise.

Under Fire

If barrack life does not tend to develop "plaster saints" or "boudoir flowers," it brings out in a striking way all that is best—and, for that matter, all that is bad—in a man. It is a rough school, in which only the fittest survive. But there is a rough task in "grim-visaged war." And war at its best is an untidy affair; under modern



EARLY VIEWS OF MR. SAYRE

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REVELLE TO 'LIGHTS OUT'

The popular belief usually entertained by the outsider that a soldier's life is a profession of laziness is promptly dispelled after entering the barrack days. Generally speaking, it takes three years of daily training to produce a finished infantryman; still longer in the case of a trooper or cavalryman, and five years or even more are necessary to obtain proficiency in the special departments of the service, such as the engineers, medical corps, etc.

CHEER THE PRESIDENT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Some comparisons are odious. Some are more so, and in these times may be treasonable. Because the President does not believe in robbing via tariff laws do not understand his ability either as a statesman or professional soldier. You are perfectly justified in your efforts to change his views concerning a governmental merchant marine, and it is to be hoped he may see the light.

A Trained Citizenry

From the Kansas City Evening Star.
In declaring that in the future as in the past the United States, in an emergency, would depend upon a "trained citizenry," President Wilson falls to call attention to the obvious logical fact that in the one supreme test of that theory it failed. Conscription was found necessary to close the war waged for the maintenance of the Union.

KEEP MOVING.

If you stop to find out what your wages will be And how they will change you will find you are worse off than you were. For the sea will never need you.
If you ask for the reason of every command And argue with people about you, must be. While my son, don't you go on the Land. For the Land will do better without you.
If you stop to consider the work you have done And to boast what your labor is worth, you must be. While my son, don't you go on the Land. For the Land will do better without you.

WALTER BRUMBAUGH

113 East Broad street, Columbus, Ohio.

'TOMMY ATKINS' IN BARRACKS AND BATTLE

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conditions it is very much worse than Sherman's epigram. Contrary to the popular conception, no martial strains or pomp accompany the march to battle. It is, in reality, a sombre business of marching and watching, nights without sleep and often without food. But "Tommy" goes into the business determined to get it over as quickly as possible, taking the rough with the smooth without any complaint.

Always in good humor, with a cheery, optimistic view of life—or death—he sets about it as part of his day's work, without stopping to think whether he is doing a brave thing in obeying orders. "His is not to reason why, but to do." "The Highlanders" says a French correspondent with the Allies, "go into action as if they were going to a picnic—with laughing eyes and, whenever possible, with a cigarette between their lips. Their courage is a mixture of imperturbability and tenacity. One must have seen their impervious calm, their heroic 'sangfroid' under the rain of bullets to do it justice. There is much of the philosopher and a bit of the fatalist in the curious make-up of a soldier.

A wounded trooper who has lost one side of his face through shell-fire in the battle of Mons writes home: "Thank God, I don't feel as bad as I look." Another writes: "I am coming back all right, never fear. I have been in such tight corners, and under such fire, that if I was meant to go I should have gone by now, I'm sure."

Honors to the Battle-slain

Notwithstanding the dangers, the deprivations and horrors of warfare, Tommy Atkins jumps at the chance of active service. To him it means excitement and peril that come as a welcome relief from the monotonous life of the barrack room. The "bloody sweat" of the battlefield has small terrors for him, for whether a cook's son or a Duke's son, he has not only been taught to live, but has mastered that still harder lesson—how to die. An awful death is that of the battleground. Between those who die in their bed and those in battle there is a ghastly distinction, especially when circumstances do not permit of an early burial. There is no loving hand of the relative to close the eyelids or bind the face so that the dead have the aspect of serene sleep. With the neglected dead of the battlefield the chin has fallen, the muscles relaxing in death, and the mouth and eyes are generally wide open with expressions that haunt one. The glory of war is not war itself, but the imaginative artist is not war itself. In a letter an officer who has been in the thick of it writes: "If ever I come back, and anybody at home talks to me about the glory of war I shall be 4-4 rude to him."

The Honors of the Battle-slain are sparse, indeed. No coffin or gun-carriage, as is the custom in time of peace; no band playing, no custom in time of peace; no band playing, no "last volley" over the grave. The men who at sunrise are flushed with all the aspirations of health are buried at nightfall in a hastily dug grave in the brown blanket which, in turn, has served as a saddle blanket for his horse and a cover for himself, and now serves as a shroud for the "sleep that knows no waking."

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