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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1915. Generation after generation has set its stakes on the road of progress, and the world has moved up and moved by and moved on and set other stakes, but crime and disease and the demagogue are still in the procession.

Come Forward and Help. There are families in this town without enough to eat, families of men who have worked hard all their lives and would be working hard now if they could find any work to do.

More than \$100,000 is spent in Philadelphia every day for things not absolutely necessary to the spenders' comfort. Tens of thousands of nickels and dimes go for little luxuries. Forget that midday cigar! What it costs will keep a baby alive a day and may even save its life.

How better can the birthday of the Great Emancipator be celebrated than by making of it a day of self-sacrifice, a day of brotherhood, a day made glorious by a new demonstration of the humanity and sympathy that are in us?

Give! Give! Give!!! There are agonies and sorrows which can be dissipated by your generosity.

One Dollar Is Enough. THE sole object of a marriage license fee is to cover the cost of maintaining a record. It is not to raise revenue, nor is it to discourage marriage.

IF the General Assembly is seriously considering the proposition to raise the marriage license fee from \$1 to \$2, it ought, instead, to turn about face and decide to let well enough alone.

AN Example of Pernicious Efficiency. GANG politics, and nothing else, is in the Stern bill to change the method of filling a vacancy in the office of Mayor.

THE Stern bill provides that a vacancy in the office of the Mayor shall be filled by Councils, meeting in joint convention within 48 hours after the vacancy occurs.

THE purpose of the bill is to provide against future contingencies in the interest of the Organization by empowering Councils, which is more likely than the majority to be controlled by the Machine, to elect a Machine Mayor.

THE most interesting discovery of the year is that people are just folks. It is not new, but when things are running smoothly, and there is no unusual drain upon the reserve of brotherhood, it seems as if the woman who dresses in black, wears fine furs, goes to the opera in a limousine, wrapped in velvet that sets off the warm skin of her neck and shoulders, is made of different stuff from the wife of the man who drives the car.

THE anti-suffragists who object to prayers in the General Assembly for the passage of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution are only asking that their opponents play fair.

IF the whole British merchant fleet should fly the United States flag, the Stars and Stripes would dominate the sea once more. Perhaps this is the only way that the dominance will come unless they get a little wiser in Washington.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that she had thought he was some sort of a monster, instead of the amiable young man he is, trying to do his best, according to his lights. The poor women who have been compelled to seek relief from the Emergency Aid Committee here and in other cities have discovered that the wives and daughters of the rich, administering the business of those committees, are women also, and not creatures of another race too fine for human nature's daily food.

It is this rediscovery of a common humanity that will be responsible for whatever way of democracy sweeps over Europe after the war. The privileged classes are learning that the great privilege is to serve. Noblesse oblige. And the masses are receiving an education in self-confidence and self-assertion on the field of battle the effects of which will later be shown in politics.

McNichol Driven Into Line? SENATOR McNICHOL now declares that he is in favor of rapid transit, that he recognizes the necessity for it, that his fight is merely an incidental one relating to methods; and he broadly intimates that his position has been misunderstood.

This is good news. It is to be hoped that the Senator's change of mind will be permanent and that he and his allies will join heartily in the movement to begin transit work this year. It will not do, however, for citizens to forsake the fight a minute. It is more than ever imperative that they remain on the firing line and stay there until absolute victory has been achieved.

The public is not interested in technical details. It simply knows that this or that move will block transit. It understands clearly that the failure of Finance Committee to report the transit ordinance out at the next meeting will delay transit a year. A failure to report them would be construed as a betrayal of the city. That is what it would be.

Senator McNichol controls Finance Committee. Let him, through it, make good his promise that he is for rapid transit.

American Factories Will Decide War. THE result of the war in Europe will not be determined on the battlefields of Europe, but in the factories of the United States. That fact has been apparent for weeks. It is said that money decides wars, but that presupposes goods which money can buy.

JUST about the time business men begin to get cheerful again the President decides that Congress must continue to sit. No sooner is one "major operation" completed, than some politician or other discovers a new disease, real or imaginary, and before anybody knows what has happened, the Administration takes the thing up in a fanatical sort of way and declares that more operating is necessary to save the country.

There is nothing fundamentally wrong with business. It is suffering from shock, sympathetic hysteria, neurasthenia, superinduced by politics. The logical, sensible, way out is a defined area of free operation for business, but no sooner is the area defined than Congress undertakes a new definition. There are intelligent men who are convinced that Congress not in session would be worth \$1,000,000 a day to the country.

Count Zeppelin will be welcomed on this side of the ocean with one of his airships if he will only leave the bombs behind.

If a dog without a license can be shot in the public streets, why can not he be shot in the parks when he is attacking the deer?

Once more the attempt to hold religious meetings in the public school houses has failed, and it should fail every time it is made.

Bread a day old can be freshened by moistening it and putting it in the oven for a few moments; but what can be done to relieve a hunger 24 hours old?

The rich men who have appeared as witnesses before the Industrial Relations Commission took what was coming to them—in the shape of fees and mileage allowed.

As to segregation, there are times when it seems as if the problem could be solved most easily by providing separate quarters for the level-headed—there are so few of them.

The anti-suffragists who object to prayers in the General Assembly for the passage of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution are only asking that their opponents play fair.

THE PRESIDENT'S REFUSAL TO PLAY WITH THE TEAM. Hardly a Dozen Democratic Senators Are at Heart in Favor of the Shipping Bill—The Party Objects to Too Much Wilson.

By J. C. HEMPHILL. I WAS told the other night by a Democratic Senator this: "There are not 12 Senators who are at heart in favor of the ship purchasing bill, which is delaying the public business and threatening the dissolution of the Democratic party. I don't want it and will not vote for it; my people do not want it; the business interests of the country will not be served by it; it is wholly un-Democratic because it is purely Socialistic; it seeks to do by indirection what the Democratic party has always fought against—the granting of subsidies to ships; it is time-serving because the best that is claimed for it by its most mouthy advocates is that it is intended only to meet a passing emergency."

"Congress is asked to authorize the expenditure of something like \$20,000,000 in the purchase of ships, of which the Government is to be part owner. These ships are to be used for the transportation of American goods and produce to foreign markets at rates for carriage that will be less than the rates charged by the owners of ships that are engaged in the sea-going trade. The rates are said to be extravagant and the United States Government is to spend an enormous sum of money to set up in business for the space of two years or 12 months, in competition with the people who are employed in this trade. And the whole people are to be taxed to enable the Government to do this un-Democratic thing."

The Spell of the White House. "It is worse, far worse, than the Government ownership of railroads and the telegraph and telephone industries of the country, because it will subject us to the danger, at least, and not a remote danger, of complications with foreign nations engaged in the sea-going trade. All this has been pointed out by the Senators who have spoken against this new and very dangerous departure in the functions of the Government."

"If the President should advise Congress to appropriate \$20,000,000 to be expended with the shipbuilders of the United States in the building of ships to be used under Government direction and ownership in the business of carrying the manufactures and produce of this country to foreign markets, don't you know that would raise a howl? If a vote should be taken in the Senate on the question of voting direct subsidies to shipbuilders, do you think for a moment such a proposition would meet with favor from the very Senators who are now backing the present measure, and backing it, I believe, simply because they are under the spell of the White House?"

This, in substance, is what one of the oldest of the Democratic Senators said about the shipping bill which is impeding the public business that the President may score another personal triumph. The "team" does not want it, the country does not need it. As one of the Elder Statesmen said last night: "Government ownership of ships is the first step toward Government ownership of railroads, and ownership of railroads means, in fact, railroad ownership of Government. There are over 2,000,000 railroad employes in the United States and 'team work' among them would not leave very much for the rest of us."

Not the Same McAdoo. There was a great outcry last summer and fall for relief for the cotton growers of the South and the efforts of Congressman "Bob" Henry, of Texas, to have the Government issue \$250,000,000 special currency to help them in their distress constituted one of the most pathetic spectacles in the legislative history of the country. Secretary McAdoo prevailed against the raiders and the Treasury was saved, and the conditions have so much improved in the South that there is little or no talk of the starvation and ruin from which it was contended there could be no escape. The McAdoo who was so strong and effective in saving the situation then was not the same McAdoo who now stands for the shipping bill.

Why should the President insist upon doubtful, unnecessary and un-Democratic things? This shipping bill is not in any sense vital. It is Socialistic in its tendencies; it has not been demanded by any considerable number of people; it is designed to relieve a manufactured emergency; yet the President fights for it just as if there was some great principle involved in it and as if without it the prosperity of the country would be utterly destroyed. He has done many good things for which he is commended of all men. He could rest his case on the new currency system which John Jay Edson, one of the high financial lights in this community, declared last Saturday night would give the United States the greatest financial system the world has ever known, but he insists upon doing things that are unnecessary and of doubtful expediency, if not utterly indefensible.

The pundits say that there will be a deficit of something like \$80,000,000 at the close of the present fiscal year, and this in spite of the fact that we have a war tax, an income tax, a corporation tax and greatly increased revenue from internal taxation. How much better it would have been had the President not insisted upon free sugar, which gave us a rather steady revenue of about \$50,000,000 annually, and had he regarded the suggestion of Oscar Underwood that this sugar tax should be retained, and that a small duty on wool would be of advantage to the Government. And how much better would it have been if Mr. Underwood had insisted upon his views on these matters instead of yielding to the President's opinions on the ground that this is Mr. Wilson's Administration.

The President's functions are executive, administrative, advisory; Mr. Underwood's business was legislative, and whatever the failure of the tariff legislation the blame is to be attached to the man who made the law rather than the man who advised it. If the President would play with the team now and then instead of requiring the team to play with him always there would be less friction and discontent among many of his ardent supporters in Congress.

DEAF



"SUCH WAS HE, OUR MARTYR CHIEF"

The Man Who "Bound the Nation and Unbound the Slave"—Stories of Lincoln That Reveal Something of a Many-Sided Personality.

IN LIVING words Robert G. Ingersoll spoke of Abraham Lincoln: "Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Aesop and Marcus Aurelius; of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of a tragic end."

We cannot look upon a great man, however imperfectly, said Carlyle, without gaining something thereby. In the hundreds of anecdotes that have been told of Abraham Lincoln we may find something of the great man's nature and golden worth. Even those which have been most frequently repeated are still profitable. The few stories which follow do not comprehend the whole man—but who, indeed, may compass his many-sided personality?

An Unfettered Lawyer. Lincoln the lawyer was known for more than his displays of rough and ready wit. Says Doctor Oberholzer, in his excellent biography: "In cases where wrong and injustice had been committed upon the clients whom he represented his notes covering that portion of his argument were brief: 'Skin the defendant.' He was a master of the fiercest invective when aroused, and if he could once rid a case of its technicalities he and his clients never feared the result. He could sway a jury at will when his heart was in his work. A lawyer who accompanied him on the circuit has related that Lincoln could take greater liberties with the Court and still keep within the bounds of orderly procedure than any one else then pleading at the Illinois bar, and this was largely because of his deep sense of justice and his cleverness in the use of apt and humorous anecdote."

"In the law, as in every field he ever entered, Lincoln was original and unfettered by the conventions of the world. To a man who entered the office of his firm in Springfield one day to state his case, Lincoln made this memorable reply: "'Yes, we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it seems to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way.'"

A Rivalry in Height. Many stories are told to illustrate the unconventional democracy of Lincoln. The experience of Joshua Douglas, a lawyer of Meadville, in this State, will serve as well as any. Mr. Douglas had business in Washington and while there he went to the White House to pay his respects. He entered the President's office, where Mr. Lincoln was busy at a desk. Mr. Douglas was a man as remarkable as Lincoln for his height. Mr. Lincoln looked up after a few moments and saw the stranger. "Who let you in here?" he demanded, with a fine show of indignation. "I never let any man come in here who is taller than I am." Then with a smile he arose, held out his hand, and asked, "How tall are you, anyway? Let's measure."

So the two stood back to back, and another caller acted as judge and decided that the two men were of the same height. "I would not have believed it," chuckled the President. "Well, how are you, anyway, and how did you grow so big?" and they sat down and had a pleasant chat together. He was equally unceremonious when he came upon George Bancroft at a reception at the White House. He seized Bancroft's hand in one of his and waved the other high in the air and shouted: "Now, don't tell me who you are. I know you. History—American history—Bancroft—George Bancroft! That's who you are, George Bancroft, author of the History of America," and he beamed with delight, while the guests around him shouted with laughter.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells, Rise up for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle thrills, For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding, For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning; Here, Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head! It is some dream that on the deck You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will, The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage close and done, From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won: Exult, O shores, and ring O bells! But I with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

Sometimes Lincoln was pestered with visitors who came on foolish errands. Once, when his burden of sorrow and toil was almost greater than he could bear, a woman came to him and said in an imperious, declamatory manner: "Mr. President, you must give me a colonel's commission for my son. Sir, I demand it not as a favor, but as a right. Sir, my grandfather fought at Lexington. Sir, my uncle was the only man who did not run away at Bladensburg. Sir, my father fought at New Orleans and my husband was killed at Monterey." "I guess, madam," Lincoln replied dryly, "your family has done enough for the country. It is time to give somebody else a chance."

Lincoln had little conception of his own greatness or importance. When General Fry called at the White House to escort the President to the train which was to carry him to Gettysburg for the dedication of the national cemetery he found that Mr. Lincoln was not quite ready to start. The General suggested that they had better hurry. "I feel about that," said the President, "as the convict in one of our Illinois towns felt when he was going to the gallows. As he passed along the road in the custody of the Sheriff, the people, eager to see the execution, kept crowding and pushing past him. At last he called out: 'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry to get ahead. There won't be any fun till I get there.' After delivering that beautiful and immortal address at Gettysburg he sat down, thinking he had not done himself credit, and said to his friend Lamon: 'Lamon, that speech won't scour.'"

Sorrow Mixed with Humor. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, after the battle of Fredericksburg, was summoned to the White House. The Governor had just viewed that field of national disaster. Lincoln showed great anxiety about the wounded, and asked many questions about the interview. Governor Curtin replied: "Mr. President, it was not a battle, it was butchery," and proceeded to give a graphic description of the scenes he had witnessed. Lincoln was heart-broken at the recital, and soon reached a state of great nervous excitement.

"Finally, as the Governor was leaving the room," says Mr. Rice, "he went forward and, taking the President by the hand, tenderly expressed his sympathy for his sorrow. He said, 'Mr. President, I am deeply touched by your sorrow, and at the distress, I have caused you. I have only answered your questions. No doubt my impressions have been colored by the sufferings I have seen. I trust matters will look better when the official reports come in. I would give all I possess to know how to rescue you from this terrible war.'"

"Lincoln's whole aspect suddenly changed, and he relieved his mind by telling a story. "This reminds me, Governor," he said, "of an old farmer out in Illinois that I used to know. He took it into his head to go into hog-raising. He sent out to Europe and imported the finest breed of hogs he could buy. The prize hog was put in a pen, and the farmer's two mischievous boys—James and John—were told to be sure not to let him out. But James, the worst of the two, let the brute out next day. The hog went straight for the boys, and drove John up a tree. Then the hog went for the seat of James' trousers, and the only way the boy could save himself was by holding on to the hog's tail. The hog would not give up his business nor the boy his hold! After they had made a good many circles around the tree, the boy's courage began to give out, and he shouted to his brother, 'I say, John, come down quick, and help me let this hog go! Now, Governor, that is exactly my case. I wish some one would come and help me let this hog go!'"

A Quakeress' Achievement. From the Rochester Post-Express. An interesting fact is recalled by the London Chronicle that the first English Sultan was an interview with a Turkish Sultan was a Quakeress named Mary Fisher, who in 1661 tried to convert Mohammed IV to Christianity. It appears that the sultan's women traveled in Smyrna by water and from there traveled to Adrianople—600 miles away—where the sultan was encamped with his army. Though he refused to become a Christian, he requested her to remain in his dominions, and when she insisted on going back to England, offered her an escort. The Quakeress has always been a remarkable for moral courage as far as women go.