

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Published daily at 1000 Locust Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Editorial Office: Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business Office: 17th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertising Office: 17th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Subscription Office: 17th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Subscription Terms: By carrier, Daily Only, six cents. By mail, postal note or check, in advance.

Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1877.

Philadelphia, Monday, February 22, 1915.

Men can be moved by an appeal to their courage and unselfishness as well as by interest and fear.

Find Out Where Your Councilman Stands

The great meeting of protest against the "fake" transit ordinance will be held in the Academy of Music Wednesday night.

Before then the citizens of every ward in the city should call on their councilmanic representatives to declare themselves, not generally but specifically.

At that meeting should be read the name of every Councilman who is openly for the betrayal or secretly for it by refusing to commit himself.

It is up to the individual Councilmen. They are for Philadelphia or against Philadelphia, for their wards or against their wards, for the public interest or for some concealed and hidden special interest.

Bring them into the open. Make them stand up. Let the city know who the men are who back up the betrayal and expect to assist in it.

Let the roll be read and published. Let Philadelphia know what Councilmen have their knives out for rapid transit. Separate the friends of the cause from its enemies.

The people want to know whom they have to fight.

Of Course He Opposes Fusion

SENATOR PENROSE announces that he is in favor of a law to prevent the fusion of political parties. He believes, according to his statement, that after a man has accepted a nomination he should not be allowed to withdraw in the interest of another candidate on another ticket.

Of course Senator Penrose favors a law forbidding this practice. So does every other Organization politician. If strong opposition to them and their system develops they can very easily evade that opposition by securing the nomination of an "independent" ticket, and if the candidates on that ticket are not to be allowed to withdraw the machine ticket is safe.

But the people who are interested in decent government believe in a union of all the forces that can be mustered to fight under one banner whether before a primary or after.

The Mishap Off Borkum

ALL the known facts indicate that the sinking of the American steamship Evelyn off the German island of Borkum was accidental. The sea thereabout has been strewn with mines for the protection of the German coast.

The Evelyn carried a cargo of cotton and was bound for a German port. The German authorities were aware that she was about due. It is inconceivable that the ship was deliberately attacked in German waters by German submarines.

And it is also inconceivable that British or French submarines were in that vicinity prepared to blow up an American ship carrying a cargo of noncontraband goods. The ship undoubtedly came in contact with a floating mine.

There is no occasion for excitement, therefore, in this incident, so far as present evidence reveals the conditions. The crew of the ship were saved and the ship and cargo were insured. Those alarmists who have been threatening dire things if a single American ship were sunk may now husband their superlatives and pack their heated expetives in cracked ice. Uncle Sam will keep his head for the present at any rate.

A Job for a Patriot

WHO would not be superintendent of Independence Hall? The job is vacant, and the Civil Service Commission is about to hold an examination to test the fitness of applicants. The salary is not large—only \$300 a year—but the privilege and distinction could be made to earn a much larger sum every year.

Edmund Gosse is Librarian of the House of Lords, but his fame does not rest on that. His office is the easy chair in which he writes. Woodrow Wilson was a college professor at a small salary, but he doubtless doubled his salary by his historical writings. His professorship was the pedestal which raised him high enough to attract the attention of publishers to him. Likewise the superintendent of Independence Hall, which would not make too great demands upon the time and attention of its occupant, ought to appeal to some ambitious young man seeking an assured income while he devotes himself to serious study of the origins of American liberty. The possibilities of the office are too great for them to be wasted upon a mere official underling who will be content with the petty salary offered.

Vouching for the Bridegroom

MARSHALL MANTILLA has set an example to fathers, which if generally followed would automatically establish a practical system of agencies better than any that can be set up by law. Gennaro Demoro had gone to the Marriage License Bureau to get a permit to marry the daughter of Mantilla. The father objected, however, and insisted that he should be given "until a man whom he would like to marry and swear that he would be a good husband."

The father's name after a delay of some time was given as "John J. Mantilla." The bride and groom were married.

It may be proper for Secretary Garrison to insist that an army captain explain why he said in public that it would take a year for the United States to train an army of 1,000,000 men, especially as Great Britain has trained an army of 5,000,000 in six months. Such a disparagement of the ability of this country would not be allowed.

that he would be glad to have the man marry his own sister.

Parents should not find it difficult to establish this custom of sponsoring those who would wed their daughters. It is needed among the well-to-do as much as among the poor, for the dissolute and the adventurer are found everywhere.

Where Are the Washingtons of Today?

NEARLY all of the solid citizens of George Washington's day were loyalists. They were opposed to stirring up trouble.

They insisted that the mother country was justified in her course, or that if mistakes had been made in London the colonists should possess their souls in patience until the abuses of power were corrected.

They were conservatives, absorbed in their own affairs and did not want business unsettled by war.

The Revolution was the uprising of democracy. It was a people's revolt.

The men who had nothing to lose but their liberties were willing to lay down their lives rather than be deprived of their most precious possession.

The rest were indifferent to ideals so long as their investments were not seriously impaired.

Washington belonged by birth and association to the loyalist class. He was a landed proprietor. He had a splendid estate in Virginia. He could sit at his door and look over an entrancing panorama of hill and valley, with the silvery Potomac winding in and out as it found its way down to the sea.

It would have been easy for him to say that the discontent of the people was no concern of his.

He could have remained on his estate, managed his slaves, rested in the evening with a company of congenial friends on the lawn that sloped down to the river, and let the Revolution fall.

But he led the people to freedom. There is a revolution brewing in this city today.

The Tory class is indifferent. It sits idly in its homes or lounges in its clubs, plainly bored by the agitation for popular rule.

"The Organization does well enough," these men say, "so why take the trouble to force it to be decent?"

They get their dividends. They have their understanding with the gang leaders that they are to be protected, and they do not care whether the children of the poor die in disease-breeding tenements or whether the money that should be used for public improvements is appropriated to pay the salaries of political workers.

They do not care whether the working people have to spend one hour or half an hour in getting to their work, or whether they have to pay eight cents fare instead of five cents.

They do not care whether the rapid transit system is developed in the interest of the whole city or for the benefit of the Rapid Transit Company and a few real estate speculators.

Where are the Washingtons in Philadelphia today?

Where are the men with public spirit enough to give their time and their energy and their money to making this city the best governed on the continent, and the most attractive, both to working people and to large industrial enterprises?

Where are the business men who will surrender a small temporary advantage for the greater good of the community at large?

If they are here it is time that they came into the open so that they may be counted and weighed.

Let every "big man" look into his own mirror this afternoon to see if he can find in the face reflected there any of the spirit that transformed Washington from an aristocratic Virginia planter into the successful leader of a great popular revolt.

One Man Rule

The whole purpose of democracy is that we may hold counsel with one another, so as not to depend upon the understanding of one man, but to depend on the counsel of all.—Woodrow Wilson in "The New Freedom."

THIS is what Woodrow Wilson thought before he entered the White House, but he has learned better. When one man is equipped by years of study of public questions in the quiet of his library, and is imbued with the belief that the British parliamentary system is superior to the American system with its division between legislative and executive branches of the Government, that man, when put to the test, discovers that his theory of universal counsel preceding action breaks down; and more or less direct orders must be issued, if Congress is to carry out the program decided upon by the elected head of his party.

Mr. Wilson does not consider himself President of the United States. He is an elected premier, commissioned with the duty of carrying out the policies which he thinks best. It is the Wilson Government here, as it is now the Asquith Government in England, and was the Balfour, the Salisbury or the Gladstone Government. It is Wilson who holds Congress in session and who decides whether the new Congress shall meet in March or in December. It is Wilson who has forced the ship-purchase bill through the House, and who decides what measures are to be considered for the next two years. We are dependent "upon the understanding of one man."

The Queen of the Belgians has pawned her jewels, and no one thinks any the worse of her for it.

Naturally Villa wants to meet President Wilson. He would not be half a man if he were not anxious to express his gratitude in person.

Alliteration seems to be all there is in A. J. Dreese's remark that the German blockade is a bluff. Four ships have already been sunk since Thursday by something more effective than bluff.

The Kaiser is setting a good example to those who complain of the high cost of living, by having his potatoes boiled with the jackets on. They say that he eats the jackets, too, but that is an example to be avoided.

Samuel Gompers said that if the Federation of Labor paid the Danbury Hatters fine it would encourage more suits. Representative Fitzgerald wanted to know why payment of the fine by Government appropriation would not also encourage such suits. And the matter rested right there.

LAST HOPE OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

Subsidies and Revision of Navigation Laws Could Not Save It, in Opinion of Believer in Government-Built Trade Ships.

By A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER

THE reason that private capital in the United States has not invested in merchant ships under the United States flag is because American capital has found that it can earn larger dividends by investing in ships flying foreign flags. The war in Europe, however, has made all investments in German and Austrian vessels a dead loss; and it would be very interesting to know just what percentage of the stock of the German and Austrian ships now interned in the ports of this country is owned by American capital, for this may account for the desire in some quarters to have the United States Government purchase these ships.

As the operation of a merchant marine by private capital is a matter of dollars and cents, and not of sentiment or public policy, we may be sure that private capital in this country will never of itself establish an American merchant marine, unless the Government comes to its assistance and provides a subsidy of some kind in order that the difference in the cost of operating the ships, which is claimed, may be made up.

Foreign Advantage Is Insurmountable

It is very doubtful, even after a careful revision of our navigation laws and antiquated steamship inspection requirements, which impose unnecessary expense on owners, whether we can make it possible for private capital ever to compete with foreign ships and give a good, safe service without a subsidy; for, not only are these ships subsidized, but in order to make larger profits, a great many foreign ships are operated in the cheapest and most unsafe way, with the exception of some of the first-class passenger and mail lines. There is no doubt that the manning of these ships, almost without exception, could be greatly improved.

About 20 years ago, in conversation with a friend, the writer remarked that in time the Government would own and operate the railroads of this country. The reply was to the effect that this would be very bad on account of the amount of Federal patronage involved, and my answer was, "This is a choice of evils—the Government had better own the railroads than have the railroads own the Government."

Why Shouldn't Uncle Sam Make Money?

Railroad and steamship transportation, the mail and telegraph service, are natural monopolies, and as such they should be owned and operated by the public—municipality, State or nation. It is strange that no one ever objects to the public engaging in the operation of necessary utilities where there are no profits involved. For instance, there is no voice of protest against a city maintaining and operating the sewers, which service occasions a very large outlay, but brings no revenue to help defray the expense. It is only when profits are involved that a cry is raised against public ownership and operation.

Now, in regard to the shipping industry, let us examine for a moment the enormous outlay that the United States Government, through the taxpayers, makes each year to benefit American shipping of all kinds. The only protest we hear is about the expenditures for rivers and harbors. Notwithstanding this, we know that by far the greater part of this sum for rivers and harbors is necessary, and is properly expended; however, for the sake of the argument, we will assume that \$25,000,000 is expended for rivers and the balance for improvements to salt water harbors. Then the annual expenditures which may be properly charged to the account of the American merchant marine benefit fund stands as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Harbor improvements \$25,000,000; Lighthouse service \$1,150,298; Coast guard service \$5,000,000; Coast survey \$97,220; Ocean surveys, Hydrographic Office \$6,000. Total \$31,253,518.

Hence it surely does appear to the casual observer that when we consider the size of our merchant marine under private capital, the Government is certainly put to an enormous expense. Why not let it go a step further and invest sufficient working capital in ships to get some return for its money in the shape of an efficient mail and passenger service over the principal trade routes of the world? Even if this business was not run at a "profit," the additional cost compared with the present expenditures and the service rendered would amount to an exceedingly small percentage.

One More Chance for Private Capital

To do this, however, there should be no partnership between the United States Government and private capital. Nor should any old ships be purchased by the Government. Some might be leased for the present, but if the Government goes to buying up these old ships it will be very apt to get some scrap iron in some of them. Let the Government build its own ships or have them built. By working night and day these could be turned out rapidly. There is no logical reason why a Government should not operate a merchant marine as well as a navy, and in this way a naval reserve could be established that would be valuable both in ships and men, which would earn its living in time of peace and be immediately available for service in time of war.

Now, if this proposition offends the democratic ideas of governmental functions, and it is thought best to give private capital one more chance, let the Government establish a first-class mercantile shipyard and build ships at cost for the foreign trade, sell them to parties in that trade, revise our navigation laws and steamship inspection regulations and service, bring them up to date by removing all useless restrictions on shipping and allow the nationality of the owner to determine the nationality of the ship and not the country in which she was built; in other words, allow Americans to buy ships where they please without any restriction. It is time the American shipbuilder ceased to play the part of the dog in the manger, as he has done for the last 50 years to no purpose, when, as a matter of fact, the stimulation given to trade by the plan outlined above would greatly benefit his business.

LINCOLN AND STANTON

Much has been written of the difficulties between Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. But here are two anecdotes which set the matter in a light favorable to both men. Somebody came to Lincoln and bitterly denounced Stanton for some act or other. The President re-

HIGH TIME TO CHANGE THIS ATTITUDE



plied: "Go home, my friend, and read attentively the 10th verse of the 13th chapter of Proverbs." The verse reads: "Accuse not a servant to his master lest he curse thee and thou be found guilty." John Hay in his diary tells of Lincoln's death:

A look of unspoken peace came upon his worn features. At 22 minutes after 7 he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying: "Now he belongs to the ages."

PLAYING AT "HAIRPINS"

The New Springtime Sport Which Has Set Boston All Agog.

Newton Newkirk, in the Boston Post.

THE Goat Editor, whose desk is next to mine, thinks he is quite expert at this new outdoor sport, and yesterday morning he challenged me to a game of hairpins. Never having played the game I stalled along and told him to take the matter up with me again in a day or two and I would talk business with him. Then, when he went out to lunch, I went out for an hour's practice at "Hairpins."

This ruse of practicing the game myself before taking him on was decidedly clever of me, was it not?

I started in on Tremont street at Winter and walked slowly toward Boylston; and as I walked along my bright little eyes were searching every foot of the pave. I hadn't gone but a rod or two until a well-dressed gentleman stepped up to me and said, "Pardon me, sir, but have you lost something?" "No, sir, I have not," I replied curtly. "If you have not lost anything," he resumed, "may I make so bold as to ask you what you are looking for?" "I am looking for hairpins," I retorted. "Ah, I see!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with an intelligence that was almost human, "ah, I see—your wife lost the hairpins?" "My wife did NOT lose the hairpins!" I snapped. "What would you do with a hairpin if you did find one?" he asked.

"I would stab you with it," I hissed, stopping and glaring at him. Thereupon he grew slightly pale and drew away from me. I heard him say to another passerby, "Crazy as a loon—escaped from Danvers, probably."

Before I reached West street, I had found seven hairpins.

I was standing on the curb with the hairpins in my hand when suddenly two beautiful girls passed before me and one began to open her pocketbook. "Ask her if he's deaf and dumb, Mary," said one, "and then if he says 'yes,' why he isn't and we'll know he's impostor." "Clara," said the other, "you're so suspicious—I'm going to give him something anyhow."

Then before I could protest, "Mary" dropped a quarter into my hand, patted me on the shoulder and said with tear-filled eyes: "There, poor man—that will get you a sandwich and a cup of coffee. I won't take your hairpins—sell them to some one else."

Suddenly I saw a nice, new hairpin that had just been lost, and I pounced on it. As I stood examining it a great big, beautiful doll who had just passed me turned and came back. "Sir," she said, pulling herself up to her full height, "if you don't give me back that hairpin I just dropped, I'll have you arrested!" "Pretty creature," I replied, bowing low, "pray do not talk to me in such a harsh, cruel manner. What do you wish to do—spoil my whole afternoon?" "Are you going to give me my hairpin?" she demanded. "Take your choice, my dear lady," I replied, holding out my handful of hairpins. She took three of the best hairpins I had found, and deftly tucked them into her hair. Then with a remark about what she thought of a man who was engaged in the business of tagging along after ladies in order to pick up whatever hairpins they dropped, she sailed on up street with her chin in the air.

You will see that my meeting with this charming woman set me back three hairpins. I hurried along until I saw another hairpin. When I stopped to pick it up somebody ran into me from behind and I nearly cracked the pavement with my poor bean. When I got straightened up I made another effort to pick up the hairpin, but a passerby stepped on my fingers and nearly smashed 'em. Then I left the hairpin and proceeded on my way.

By the time I reached Boylston street I had only 19 hairpins and my hour was about up. So I dropped into a smallwares shop and purchased a quarter's worth of hairpins with the 25 cents the kind-hearted lady had given me.

When I returned to the office and told the Goat Editor I found 213 hairpins between Winter and Boylston streets, he got cold feet right off and refused to play "Hairpins" with me.

THE CHERRY TREE AND THE HATCHET

The Famous Story as Mason Weems Told It—The Mythical George Washington, Despite the Higher Criticism, Remains a Valued Inheritance, and the Legends Are Worth Keeping.

IT IS not by any means strange that George Washington became something of a myth to later generations of his countrymen. Popular imagination, mixed with gratitude and sentiment, could hardly have failed, in any era or place, to have clothed the national hero with mythical attributes and surrounded his name with mythical anecdotes. It has been so from the dawn of history even to the present. We must remember, moreover, that it was a long time after Washington's death before America ceased to be a pioneering country. The people were battling with wilderness, wresting a living from the plains and prairies, from the mountains and valleys, until well along into the 19th century. The period, with its intellectual simplicity and comparative lack of that literature which reflects culture and scientific judgment, was remarkably favorable to the growth of legends concerning the character and deeds of so great a figure as that of George Washington. The higher historical criticism of recent decades has analyzed and labeled these tales, without at all lessening the world's admiration of the noble American, and, of course, without in any wise vitiating the value of his memory to the people for whom he wrought more than a hundred years ago.

To the stock of fictitious stories which made of Washington, the boy and man, a faultless demigod, the principal contributor was the Rev. Mason L. Weems, "Rector of Mount Vernon Parish" he called himself, but there never was a Mount Vernon parish. Weems used the title to convey to his readers a suggestion of his intimacy with the hero of his book. It rests on the fact that Weems had once preached to a congregation which included Washington. The author, indeed, was hopelessly given to overplaying his facts with fiction so deeply that the facts were well-nigh covered up. He revealed in his biography of Washington the almost complete absence of what Henry "Abot Lodge has called "historical morals."

Weems "Fond of a Good Story"

Weems wrote the book for the pioneers and frontiersmen, the hard-working "plain people" of an age of strenuous battle with an untamed continent. It was not intended for the educated and cultured society of the older communities. It was written in the period of the pale didacticism of Maria Edgeworth, Hannah More and Jane Taylor. His account of the boyhood of Washington was mostly sheer fabrication, but he borrowed complete stories from Doctor Beattie's life of his son, published in England in 1799. The famous incident of the flower bed is a plagiarism from Beattie's book.

It can be said for Weems, the itinerant parson, book writer and book peddler, that he wrote, not only to make money from his books, but to instruct and edify. The liberties that he took with truth seem not to have troubled him. Apparently he had no literary or historical conscience. When somebody took him to task for inventing the cherry-tree story, he sweetly smiled and asked, "Was it not good for the boys?" Weems was a clergyman only in the sense that in his constant wandering he sometimes preached. For the most part he spent his time writing books which he intended to be popular and peddling them about the country.

Perhaps the most famous of Weems' tales is the one which concerns the cherry tree and the hatchet. It follows, just as Weems wrote it:

George Receives Instruction

"Never did the wise Ulysses take more pains with his beloved Telemachus, than did Mr. Washington with George, to inspire him with an early love of truth.

"Truth, George," said he, "is the loveliest quality of youth. I would ride 50 miles, my son, to see the little boy whose heart is so honest and his lips so pure, that he may depend on every word he says. O, how lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of everybody! His parents dote on him. His relations glory in him. They are constantly praising him to their children, whom they beg to imitate him. They are often sending for him to visit them; and receive him, when he comes, with as much joy as if he were a little angel, come to set pretty examples to their children.

"But oh! how different George, in the case

with the boy who is so given to lying that nobody can believe a word he says! He it looked at with aversion wherever he goes, and parents dread to see him come among their children. Oh, George! my son! rather than see you come to this pass, dear as you are to my heart, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin, and follow you to your grave. Hard, indeed, would it be to me to give up my son, whose little feet are always so ready to run about with me, and whose fondly looking eyes, and sweet prattle make so large a part of my happiness. But still, I would give him up, rather than see him a common liar."

"Pa," said George very seriously, "do I ever tell lies?"

"No, George, I thank God you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope that you never will. At least, you shall never, from me have cause to be guilty of so shameful a thing. Many parents, indeed, even compel their children to this vile practice, by barbarously beating them for every little fault; hence, on the next offense, the terrified little creature slips out a lie, just to escape the rod. But as to yourself, George, you know I have always told you, and now tell you again that whenever, by accident, you do anything wrong, which must often be the case, as you are but a poor little boy yet, without experience or knowledge, you must never tell a falsehood to conceal it; but come bravely up, my son, like a little man, and tell me of it; and, instead of beating you, George, I will but the more love you for it, my dear."

"This, you'll say, was sowing good seed."

"Yes, it was; and the crop, thank God, was, as I believe it ever will be, when a man acts the true parent, that is, the Guardian Angel, by his child.

The Boy and His Hatchet

"The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George, said she, was about 6 years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?"

"This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out:

"I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms, glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."

Such is the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree. Weems intended no harm by it, and probably no harm has come. As to its style, the reason why it has usually been told in other words in the reading books is quite obvious. But with all its faults the story will always have its place in the national traditions. We cannot part with it. Some of us even regard it with a real affection.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Day has a kindly, loving heart, they say. While night is made of cold and silent hours— But often, after night has gone away, I've found her tears upon the grass and flowers.

—Advertisement for C. C. Patterson's "The Boy and His Hatchet"