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For them a mass of pertinent information about the extent and variety of our manufactures, our accessibility to the raw materials so that we can manufacture cheaply, and our proximity to the sea and to the great international trade routes so that we can ship economically and quickly.

MEMORIAL DAY
FIFTY YEARS AFTER

It Has Been Transformed From a Time of Mourning Into a Festival of Spring in America—Europe Is Preparing for a New Day of Grief.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS

Republican Party Must Evolve Policies for a New Era

NEVER has the Republican party been confronted with a greater task or a greater opportunity than at present. It came into being as the result of a great crisis. It will come back into power as the result of another crisis equally as great.

Our domestic concerns are being relegated to relative unimportance in comparison with the paramountcy of national policies that affect our international interests. There is needed a strong party, pursuing a definite policy, to take command of affairs and steer the nation with practical acuteness through the crucial period which is already at hand.

First—A great navy commensurate in strength with the wealth and standing of this nation among other nations. Second—A constructive program for the quick rehabilitation of the merchant marine, by subsidies if need be, and the strengthening of our trade relations by a comprehensive consular and trade-expert service throughout the world.

All Europe is engaged in a commercial war. Our growing trade imperils our friendly relations. What the Powers abroad are fighting for they expect to get. They will regard us as an interloper. We expect to keep what we acquire and to reach out for more.

THE Wilson ship purchase plan, which Congress refused to approve, has been recommended to the South American Governments by the Transportation Committee of the Pan-American Conference.

Real Kultur
AMERICA holds at least one German patriot who keeps his head—and Kuno Francke, Professor at Harvard, has a head worth keeping. Regretting the failure of Dernburg's mission, the New Republic picks Professor Francke as one of the few men who might have put Germany's position persuasively before us.

Toothbrush Drill
IT ISN'T pleasant to admit that Manhattan has the lead on Philadelphia in any field of human endeavor. But certain events last week in the schools of New York shouldn't be overlooked for a mere matter of local pride.

The Proper Commercial Hosts
WHEN the new Chamber of Commerce is thoroughly organized and in working shape it is expected to act as the commercial host in behalf of the city in welcoming and entertaining business delegations such as are here or to be here this week.

It is always the fellow who is not doing it who knows how it ought to be done. Are there not easier ways of getting rid of money than putting it in baseball pools? Seventeen-year locusts are on the way, but they are not nearly so troublesome as the every year mosquitoes.

Perhaps that young woman would not have been promoted so rapidly in the office of the Board of Health if it were as easy to be a bacteriologist as a tipstave. Sir Henry Jackson is not the only man of his name to serve as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. There was once a man named Andrew Jackson, who was First Lord, not only of the Admiralty, but of the military and of everything else in sight.

Senator Kern thinks there should be an extra session of Congress so that the Senate may decide to adopt a rule to shut off unnecessary talking. But what would he say to the opponents to the rule should occupy all the time of the extra session talking the rule to death?

At a grave; a young widow, leading small children who placed a wreath on a monument marking a spot where there was no grave, but only a memorial; and youths, motherless once, and fatherless now, standing sadly beside a mound in the cemetery—these are what were seen on the first Memorial Days. There was no set time for decorating the graves of the dead soldiers fifty years ago. But they were not left unadorned. There was hardly a family in the North or the South from which some member had not been taken. Grief covered the country like a pall, not the sorrow for a great national calamity, but the personal and poignant sorrow that pierces the heart.

So the early Memorial Days, observed at the convenience of the different mourners and the different communities, were personal and intimate. Grief was very near to the friends of the dead. It was a bond which joined rich and poor and buttressed the foundations of our great American democracy.

It was inevitable, too, when so many families were mourning, that there should be a demand for a concerted arrangement for decorating the graves. This is how Memorial Day as an institution came into being. The Grand Army of the Republic took first formal notice of it in 1868, only three years after the close of the war.

But Time heals all wounds. The heartrending grief of the years following the war, when mothers could not be reconciled to the loss of their sons nor widows to their widowhood, has been spent. The mothers, alas, are dead. There cannot be more than a score of women yet alive whose sons were in the armies of the Civil War, and such of them as have survived are so old that instead of grieving over the partings of the past they are yearning for the reunions of the future and regretting that they are delayed so long.

A Day for Outdoor Sports
The transformation in the character of Memorial Day from a time of funeral observance to a day for outdoor sports and the formal inauguration of the season of summer amusements is human and in accordance with historic precedent. The saints' martyrdom of the church, the anniversaries of the martyrdom of the holy, are not times of mourning, but of rejoicing over the translation of a human soul from the troubles of this world to the peace of the next.

The graves of the soldiers are no longer decorated on the day unless it be in the smaller communities. In all the larger cities the preceding Sunday is devoted to the task, and committees of the different Grand Army posts visit the cemeteries where their comrades are buried, and lay upon the graves the symbolic flowers. The day itself is given up to other occupations. In some communities there is still a parade, with patriotic exercises in the cemeteries. But the festive character of the time is more prominent than its memorial aspect.

The War Is History
The war has been over for 50 years. It is a historic event, and not a memory, to every man of 55 and even of 60. Two generations have come upon the stage since the peace of Appomattox. The Union and Confederate veterans fraternize as though they had not fought. There is hardly an unconstructed Southerner left, and there is certainly no Northerner who would ever think of hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, as they all wanted to do at one time. We cannot understand the feeling of the nation 40 or even 20 years ago. The old men remember it, but the younger men have to read of it in the histories. They know the purpose of Memorial Day, but it is no easier for them to mourn for the dead of half a century ago than to weep at the tomb of Washington or before the monument to Lincoln.

When one thinks of the slaughter going on in Europe at present, and reads the reports of battles and the descriptions of the scenes in the hospitals, and sees in the illustrated papers pictures of the mourning friends as the dead are taken from the train which has carried their bodies home, it is possible to get an impression of what was happening for four years right here at home half a century ago. We thought that we had a great war and that the national Memorial Day was a beautiful institution. The nations across the sea are planting the seeds of mourning that will outlast the present generation, and justify in every one of them the establishment of a holy day, when all shall go to the cemeteries together to place a wreath on the green earth which is resting lightly on the bosoms of the men who have loved their country well enough to die for her.

TIME TO COOL OFF
From the Washington Star.
The course of diplomatic correspondence must be credited with occupying sufficient time to permit any overheated blood to cool.



"Oh, men who died in battle and in prison, Or on the long march fell beside the way, From those far heights to which your souls have risen Look down, look down, and counsel us today."

BULGAR DREAM OF A GREAT EMPIRE

It Is Partly a Memory of a Glorious Past—Folk Traits Which Set the People Apart From the Slavs—A Characteristic National Proverb.

BULGARIA, the world expects to hear, will join before long in the great war, but it is quite certain that her actions will be neither pro-Teuton nor pro-Ally, but solely in furtherance of her dream of empire. When the European war broke out Bulgaria was keeping steadily in mind the words spoken to the army by the Czar Ferdinand after the peace of Bucharest, "Exhausted, but not vanquished, we have had to hurl our glorious standards in order to wait for better days."

As Italy has its Italia Irredenta and Greece its Unredeemed Hellas, so Bulgaria looks for a great national revival which shall extend beyond the present national boundaries. Like Italy and Greece, moreover, Bulgaria remembers a great empire of the past. In a most interesting and timely article in the Century Magazine, T. Lohr Stoddard, a writer of exceptional familiarity with international politics, treats of modern Bulgaria as "one of the most extraordinary phenomena of human history."

"No one should minimize that generous enthusiasm of the Russian people for the liberation of the 'Little Brothers of the South' which fired the Russian armies with crusading fervor in the Russo-Turkish war. The Russian Government, however, looked at things from a far less idealistic point of view. Not dreaming that these downtrodden peasants could, after five centuries of combined Turkish and Hellenic domination, possess an intense national consciousness, official Russia saw in the Bulgarians only an amorphous Slav mass easily moldable into 'neo-Russians,' faithful marchmen of the empire, much as the Cossacks had once been."

"The Bulgarians soon showed the world the fallacy of the neo-Russian idea, based as this was upon utter ignorance of both their historic past and their ethnic composition. During the Middle Ages the Bulgarians had cut a prominent figure on the Balkan stage, building up a powerful empire that threatened even Greek Constantinople. Of course, this was long ago, and it is not surprising that a world which had almost forgotten the Byzantine Empire should have entirely forgotten the Bulgarian one. Nevertheless, in the retentive minds of the Bulgarian peasants, the memories of their old Czars lived fresh and green, and when the hour of liberation struck the glories of the medieval Bulgarian Empire were trumpeted forth over the land, rousing the folk like a clarion call to a great destiny.

"This was much, but there was more behind. The Bulgarians are normally classed as Slavs. So they are—partly. Yet the world too often forgets that the primitive Bulgarians were not Slavs at all, but an Asiatic people of Turanian stock, who in the seventh century burst upon the primitive Slavs recently migrated south of the Danube and settled down as masters. Less numerous than their subjects the conquerors were soon absorbed, losing their speech and peculiar identity. Nevertheless, the blood was a potent one, for those Turanian Bulgars left behind far more than their names; they stamped upon the new folk traits which set it distinctly apart in the category of the Slav peoples.

this. Your typical Slav, whether he dwell on the Russian plains or the Servian hills, is an idealist, prone to lose sight of hard facts in day dreams. Capable of great accomplishment when under the stimuli of his enthusiasms, in ordinary times the Slav is an easy-going, improvident, open-handed person, essentially likable, but lacking that practical characteristic efficiency. How different the Bulgarian. Restrained, sober, but usually taking even his pleasures sadly; intensely practical and hard headed; without a trace of mysticism; frugal to the point of avarice; so solicitous about his future that this frequently becomes an obsession; above all, possessed of a dogged, plodding, almost ferocious energy translating itself normally into unremitting labor—such is the folk. 'The Bulgar on his ox cart,' says the national proverb, 'pursues the hare and overtakes it!'

That destiny for the Bulgarians resisted the doctrine of Pan-Slavism, except in so far as it smoothed their path toward its realization, was what? "It was, first, the reunion of the whole Bulgarian race from the Black Sea to the Albanian mountains, and from the Danube to the Aegean. Then, strong in its central position, this 'Big Bulgaria' would force the other Balkan peoples to acknowledge its hegemony. Finally a united Balkan Christendom would expel the Turk from Europe, and a new Bulgarian empire seat itself at Constantinople, always significantly known to Bulgarians as 'Tsarigrad,' the 'City of the Czars.' Grandiose almost to absurdity appeared this ideal of the devastated little peasant State created by the Congress of Berlin. But, if Bulgaria's dreams were great, her waking hours were long, and all were given up to strenuous endeavor and rigid self-denial. These high hopes became part of the national consciousness. They braced every Bulgar to gigantic efforts. Before long a whole series of startling successes showed this folk to be possessed of a sombre power and reckless courage which undoubtedly made the goal seem less impracticable."

Bulgaria's Czarism
But the diplomacy of the Powers interfered again and again, as it did in Balkan affairs generally. Finally came the Peace of Bucharest, which was most intolerable to Bulgaria, as it established what its dictators considered "the principle of Balkan equilibrium," "Balkan equilibrium," as Mr. Stoddard remarks, "means in practice that when one Balkan State gains others must gain, too. This cuts like a scythe, mowing down any head rising above the dead level of Balkan equality. Obviously there is here no place for hegemony, no room for the mighty czarism of Bulgaria's dreams."

DANCING AS A PREMIUM
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—You say in your leading editorial tonight, "The city must have the joy of dance for its youth. But the saloon-cabaret, never!" Either you or I misconceive the present opportunities for occasional dancing in this city by young folks of good breeding, except at "elaborately prearranged balls." Where, among our "better" hotels, can a man drop in with a girl or two on a Saturday afternoon for a few dances and a little chat, and pay for the privilege as such? Rather, he must accept the dancing as a premium thrown in with a meal or some drinks that he does not want. And he will feel that he is cheap if he accepts it without seeing to it that his check, representing his consumption, is large enough to interest the management.

I dropped in one Saturday afternoon last winter at a hotel, expecting that my little party of two could dance an hour or so and pay for it the proper price to insure desirable surroundings. Instead, I found that the dancing was wholly subordinated to the consumption of alcohol. Girls in little groups, with men and without, some older women and a few lone male onlookers, all were sipping highballs. Not any of them that I saw drank till they appeared the worse for it. But all drank, for it was by their bar checks that they were to pay for the music and the use of the floor. Almost all of them

enjoyed the dancing and were there to dance. Almost all of them, were this a prohibition State, could forget in six months that they had ever had the drinking habit, and would go there just the same on Saturday afternoons, enjoy their dancing and refresh themselves with a little tea cream or lemonade or other incidental. They were drinking that day, not because they craved the drink—as yet—but because it was the accepted thing for that time and place, and less conspicuous than and there than not to drink. And half of those young and pretty girls are in a few years from now going to be hard drinkers, a jest on men's lips, objects of pity or of no one's respect, because of this modest beginning under the sanction of a most attractive and respectable environment. J. Philadelphia, May 28.

THE FUNERAL GAMES
By HERBERT S. WEBER.
Head down, with the swift, machine-like swing of muscular arms, Tense and trim, the runners, served to the exquisite test, Round the track and the thousands Cheer as the winded winner Gasp and droops and falls at the goal; and he lies where he fell.

But see! He is up, though shaken; See! He can walk again! See! He is clasping the hand of his friend! See! He is smiling again.

Ah, but it was not that way, the day his grandeur ran Up the hill at Gettysburg, weighted with musket and sack, Weighted and wounded he ran, on up to the goal, and fell, Gasp and drooped and fell at the goal; and he lay where he fell.

None let us play, not weep, for he would have us play On this the day of his Funeral Games. He is here today! With us again, alive, in our youth and our strength, alive In the lightning muscles and speeding feet of the men who strive; Let the discus spin and the javelin sing, as of old, For the strength of their sons is the honor that's bought with the breath of the bold!

AMUSEMENTS
ARCADIA
CHESTNUT, Below 16th St.
Photoplay 10:15 to 11 P. M.
10 A. M. to 11:30 P. M.
MARY PICKFORD
IN "Fanchon, the Cricket"
B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS
GRAND JUNE JUBILEE!
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
With PATRICIA COLLINGE & CO.
Ernest H. Ball; Abner's Comedy Co.; Miss Campbell; Avon Comedy Trio; Others.
GARRICK
10c, 15c, 25c.
Photoplay 10:15 to 11 P. M.
FIRST TIME IN PHILADELPHIA
JAMES BARNES (Hiss) Presents
THE WONDERFUL NOVIOR PICTURES
THRO CENTRAL AFRICA
Real Dangerous and Thrilling Expedition
Ever Conducted by White Men
Mr. Barnes Appears Personally at 2:15 & 8:15 P. M.
GLOBE
MARKET ST. ABOVE 16TH
11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
FIRST SHOWING
FLORENCE REED
IN CLYDE FITCH'S HER OWN WAY
ROMANCES
Comedies—Traveltunes—Dramas—Educational
Plays Obtained Thru Stanley Booking Co.
THE
MARKET ST. ABOVE 16TH
P. C. T. U. S.
11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
Stanley
Marguerite Clark
in "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE"
Added Attraction—INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES
CHILDREN'S MATINEES, SATURDAY, 10 A. M.
GLOBE FLORENCE REED
"HER OWN WAY"
Cross Keys Theatre
MARKET & BROAD STS.
ALL VAUDEVILLE
and Spectacular
STAR
Production
"HYPOCRITES"
MAY DAILY
EVG. 7 AND 9
NIKONS
CALIFORNIA ORANGE PACK
SERIES: MHOPE, CONN & CORREY
GRAND
LARRY & ALLINE, VALENTIN
BELL, REDDY & CUSUMANO
TODAY 2:15, 7:30, 10:15
LYRIC
SPECIAL MAY TODAY, 2:30
LAST WEEK—EVG. 8:30
"THE SEASON OF THE PUNKET PLACE"
"THE WOMAN" WITH RALPH HERS
NEW WOODSIDE PARK THEATRE
MAT. TODAY, 2:30 "The Red Rose"
TODAY AT 5:15
Trocedoro of the New Princess Wachtla