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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1916

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees.—Henry Clay.

Whatever has become of Sir Edward Grey? Bryan out for Governor.—News Item. Never mind. It's only his brother.

Senator Cummins can qualify as a native, even if he is not accepted as a favorite son of Pennsylvania.

Senator McNichol might run for the Vice Presidency on a ticket with Colonel Roosevelt on an anti-race suicide platform.

Hoke Smith, in an effort to get the Government to protest more vigorously against the British embargo on cotton, is telling the Senate that cotton is no longer used in making explosives in Germany, but that cellulose has taken its place. The German chemists are apparently equal to any emergency.

The National Association of Merchant Tailors has decided that no American can be a gentleman unless he has at least 14 suits of clothes and 10 overcoats. Now we know what a narrow and unrepresentative thing a "gentleman's agreement" is, and do not wonder that all the men with only a single pair of trousers and one suspender are opposed to the trusts.

If the taxpayers of Philadelphia are dissatisfied with the management of the schools the taxpayers of Philadelphia are justified in showing their dissatisfaction. If the school children of the city grow peevish about the school system their parents, and not themselves, are the proper authorities to protest. Teaching is by no means so pleasant a profession that the added burden of pupil-censorship can be added to it.

A bridge across the Delaware which the Camden people are demanding would transform that part of the city between the river and the bridge terminus, half a mile inland, so that you would not know it. If Camden people want to know what effect a bridge has upon real estate values in the district from which the ferry traffic is diverted they might ask the owners of property along lower Fulton street in Brooklyn. But we all want the bridge.

Among the persons who will regret that the hearings on Mr. Brandeis are public will be some of the gentlemen who have rushed to Washington to testify against the nominee. In successive days Mr. Brandeis has been accused of being too friendly to capital and of being too hostile to capital. One eager to testify considered himself fit because he had read editorials on the subject. Another, whose testimony received unhappy publicity, found himself vigorously and convincingly denied within 24 hours. The only ones who will emerge from the ordeal clean will be the Senators who are insisting for a fair trial—and possibly Mr. Brandeis.

The decision of Judge Barratt, that "with the well-understood aversion of the American people to the unlimited and unrestrained administrative power, it is most natural to read the statute as conferring judicial power upon the courts to review and examine the regulation of this enormous motion-picture industry," is a triumph for Americanism and that freedom of publicity which has been an essential feature of our institutions since the Union was formed. As the Judge declares, the Mayor and the Director of Public Safety have ample power and authority to protect the public if they deem a motion picture improper or immoral. The board of censors will be a far more capable body and will command far more respect when it is understood that its decisions are subject to review by the courts, for this will tend to make the board more careful in its consideration of offerings. It is undemocratic that a few persons should be able to decide absolutely what millions of others should or should not see.

GARRISON HAS PRICKED THE BUBBLE
WHEN statesmanship and efficiency run into the mire of politics and inefficiency; when experts find themselves bound hand and foot by a coterie of popularity hunters; when pacifism, bemoaning the expenditures for preparedness, yields to public sentiment but insists on shoving the money through the large end of a pork barrel; when men who have the substance in their hands are asked to give it up for the shadow; when apinelessness attains the supremacy over backbone, then it is time for a Secretary of War to resign.

There has been no stronger member of the Cabinet than Mr. Garrison, none in whom the public has had more confidence. Yet his services to his country glow in his resignation as never before. His act throws a calcium light on the utter uselessness of the kind of preparedness Democratic leaders in Congress want and opens the eyes of the country, in a way otherwise impossible, to the foolishness of preparing by not preparing.

Want of confidence in the Administration plans will be immediate and lasting. There was but one way to cure Mr. Hay and his associates, and that was to expose the hollowing of their program. This Mr. Garrison has done with telling effect. He deserves and will get the thanks of millions of his countrymen, who have set their hearts on the proper defense of this country and feel

that to him is due in a very large measure credit for pricking the bubble in the program of "plenty of money for preparedness, but no preparedness."

QUIT JUGGLING: SETTLE THE TAX QUESTION

In proportion to what Philadelphia might have been, it is a city of wasted opportunities. It has always remained one of the cities of the future by the ill-luck of its past. It might have remained the capital of the nation had not its petty politicians of that day sold the birthright of this historic city of America for a mess of pottage. This opportunity, which would have made it one of the four great capitals of the world, was lost forever, as so many other opportunities have since been lost, by the shameful way in which the future of the city has at times been sold for personal advantage.—From the address of James M. Beck at the unveiling of the McKean statue of Franklin, June, 1914.

PHILADELPHIA, it is true, has been the victim of politics, but never yet has politics successfully hobbled a community where business men had bone in their spines. What the politicians of their own accord do is of comparatively little importance, for their purposes are generally petty. What they fail to do, what the leaders of industry fail to compel them to do, is the barometer of prosperity.

Today the city is staggered by a bogey. Purposes will before it. The tax question hangs like a sword of Damocles over the necks of the lawmakers. "Halt!" says the bogey, and Councils presents arms.

These facts are apparent: The city faces an annual deficit. The pay-as-you-go act of 1870 is being ignored and there is a heavy floating indebtedness, represented largely by municipalities which bear 6 per cent. interest. City financing is a haphazard jumble, characterized by lack of co-ordination and representing inefficiency at its maximum. Provision must be made for adequate revenue. The imposition of larger taxes on small real estate owners, on Philadelphia's two-story homes, would be intolerable and detrimental to the best interests of the city.

The way out is through the levying of special taxes, the increasing of certain rates, and a commission should be appointed to consider them. While new sources of revenue are being sought, wise statemanship requires the abolition of the 25 per cent. tax on gas, a tax which is exorbitant as well as unjust.

There is no reason why loans for permanent improvements should be held up pending the solution of the revenue problem.

The Administration, with some justification, hesitates to tackle the revenue problem. New taxes are unpopular and the party responsible for them generally suffers. But the point has been reached when something must be done. This bogey of new taxes has paralyzed our statesmanship and threatens now seriously to impede the progress of the city, if not to hog-tie it for years to come.

There are thousands of small-house owners in the community, many of whose equities are small at present and to whom the imposition of new taxes on real estate would be ruinous. They must be protected, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the city at large, of which they are the great stabilizing factor. This must always be a city in which the man of moderate means can own his own home at small cost of upkeep. It may as well be understood from the beginning that the integrity of the two-story home must not be attacked.

An increase in the yield from real estate is possible, nevertheless, through equalization of assessments.

The most feasible method of procedure, we may suggest, is the appointment of a commission of experts to study the finances of the city in their entirety and report back to Council's recommendation as to the proper course to be pursued. Such a commission could give hearings to all citizens interested in any particular method being considered and would be able, after exhaustive inquiry into all phases of the situation, to arrive at a solution acceptable to the city.

It is time to stop trifling with the situation and to get to work.

If the bogey of unpopularity which staggers the authorities and has staggered them for years were productive only of an unbusinesslike situation in reference to current outlay, further neglect might possibly be tolerated. The injury to the city, which is really incalculable, is, however, of another character.

The people of the whole State, realizing that an ample capital investment was needed at once to put Philadelphia on a parity with competing cities, authorized the borrowing of large sums for two specific purposes, to wit:

- 1. The attainment of proper transit facilities.
2. The improvement of the port.

On these two projects the future of the city rests. The need for both of them is immediate. The port must be ready when peace again releases ocean fleets and the new and inevitable battles for trade begin. Nor is the distribution of our products over the world more important than quick passenger distribution within the city itself.

Yet the financial bogey has so frightened lawmakers and others that they hesitate to make use of the authorization granted by the State. One section, and no other, of the Broad street subway is in process of construction. The rest of the undertaking must wait a supply of funds, and port improvements are held up for the same reason.

The Mayor is earnestly desirous of going ahead without waste of time, as he announced yesterday.

We suggest to him the propriety of taking the bull by the horns, of settling this tax rate situation once and for all, of moving ahead vigorously on the loan. Let him see to it that whatever the lost opportunities of the past, there shall be no lost opportunities now. Let him help to disillusion those citizens who "view with alarm" any proposal to move forward. Two hundred years ago England was said to be on the verge of bankruptcy because she owed a few million dollars. Today her debt is in billions. Credit is the lever that moves the world, and we scarcely comprehend yet the possibilities of it, the principles back of it, its healing virtues when rightly used.

Citizens must get it into their heads that they are not going to make this city the great metropolis it ought to be without spending money. The way to make money is to spend it on permanent investments. They constitute the machinery of prosperity. They must be got.

Controller Walton's report, instead of causing a retreat, should make the city take the bit in its teeth. If we must have more revenues, let us get them. And we need not stand still in the meantime. The way to go ahead is to go ahead.

Let us have a "Do-Something" Administration.

Tom Daly's Column

NOBODY knows where the new slang or the new stories come from. A few years ago, several readers will remember, Everybody's Magazine published this joke:
Seminole young man says to drum clerk: "A two-cent stamp, please." In passing the stamp on his letter he goes through a deal of maneuvering to get just what he wants. "What's all that you're doing?" "My goodness! don't you know?" "What?" "Well, you see, I'm afraid of a Correspondence School and that's our college yell."

VARIATIONS ON A VASE
A lovely woman in an evening gown
Shining toast of an admiring town,
At you I must gaze with great amazement,
You, like roses rising from a vase!

Lovely woman in décolleté,
Really, truly, there's no other way,
You I hail with many wild huzzahs,
You, like roses rising from a vase!

Lovely woman robed in shimmering silk,
Handsome than others of your ilk;
Only once to me your eyes abase,
You, like roses rising from a vase!

Lovely woman, butterfly of night,
Happy were I if I only might
Catch you in my shining net of gauze,
You, like roses rising from a vase!

WILL LOU.
The above, calling to memory James Jeffrey Roche's famous poem on the Vase, reminds us to ask if any reader knows where we can get hold of that genial author's "Her Majesty the King."

Revision Wouldn't Hurt
Sir—Just a casual glance caught this: "A good formal dinner, 15,000, strong, unless General T. W. Sherman, in the article on "Confederate States" in Appleton's Universal Encyclopedia. I didn't look for more, but at the end of the article is this note: "The above account was compiled for the most part from the author's (Horace Greeley's) 'American Conflict' and is generally so free from errors that it has not been thought necessary to give it any revision whatever." Bookworm.

Ge! He Knew Thos. E. Hill
(Continued from yesterday.)
I was then the editor of the little local evening paper. Thomas E. lived in rooms over a store directly across the street from my office. Once or twice a week he would come over late at night the light of much midnight oil was reflected in my editorials with a sheet of fresh manuscript in his trembling hand. At such times he was pink with enthusiasm. He just had to read his latest chapter to somebody. He said he wanted my criticism, but he didn't; for when I sometimes said what I really thought, that nobody on earth would buy such a book—he straightaway became a wellspring of imminent tears and wasted large segments of the circling night trying to convince me that I was wrong.

When the compilation was complete he told me that Moses Warren and I were to publish it, that the frontispiece was to be a portrait of the author and that if he were elected Mayor of our city he could write "The Hon. Thos. E. Hill" under the picture. He said I could elect him if I would, and believed that, for I knew, and had sometimes encouraged, the fondness of our electorate for practical joking.

Some of our boys were for putting up an opposing ticket headed by "Crazy Jim," a notorious half-witted dandy, but the finer sense of humor prevailed and Thomas E. was elected without opposition. Of course, the most natural thing in the world followed. He made the vainest, most energetic and in many respects the most useful Mayor we ever had. For some reason, known perhaps to his publishers, he signed the portrait simply, though flourishfully, "Y's Respectfully, Thos. E. Hill." And for reasons which I hate to contemplate the book sold by the million and has been a copy, according to binding, bringing so much money to the author that he bought whole townships and beautified them after the most approved manner of freed-hand farming.

Do you happen to know anybody who would pay, say, \$4.98 a week for the services of an old and experienced prophet with his hand upon the public pulse? If so will you kindly, my charitable, tell him to address W. B. H.

"EVIL ASSOCIATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS"
In spite of all we have said and done, our own dear paper goes and catches that malady from the P. L. A few nights ago we read:
Miss Frances Starr, who plays the part of the novice, etc.

Some Methuselah
In the Axis, or Upper Burial Ground of Germantown, there is a tombstone which gives the age of him who lies beneath it, one John Adams, 187. The records, I believe, show that his age was rightly 69, and the explanation given is that the stone cutter cut his nine first and then found he had no room for his six; so he filled in the nine with cement and cut behind his first markings. Time having worn out the cement reveals apparently the tomb of an ancient, fit to be classed with those mentioned in Genesis. Morris.

WHO WANTS TO ANSWER HIM?
This clipping was abstracted from a Philadelphia evening newspaper.
Cummins is 65 years old. He was born on a farm near Carmichael. His mother was Scotch-Irish, his father Scotch. I believe, is a Scotch-Ireland related in any way to the Banahoe family, which, I understand, emigrated to Ireland from Loch Lomond? What is a Banahoe? Willie Wilson.

Dear Sir—Your reference to an amusing incident in an elevator at the Land Title Building reminds me of another in the same building several years ago:
A gentlemanly farmer person, with umbrella strapped to his waist, entered an elevator and named "eighth floor" as his destination. Arrived there, he stepped out of the car, set down the suitcase, drew a purse from his pocket and said to the operator: "How much do I owe you?" Hugh Merr.

WOMAN has always been much of a mystery to us. It strikes us as not at all strange, therefore, that a poem upon her should be hard to understand, too. Such a poem comes to us from Joseph W. Skill. We can't give all the ten stanzas, but these, while throwing no great light upon the mystery, will serve:

"WOMAN"
Woman would be Angelic
If her tongue but voiced her heart
If her behavior boded of gold
If from Justice she would never part.

Her tongue is but a weapon
Controlled by the thought of mind
And being used to slay the truth
Leaving not the truth dead.

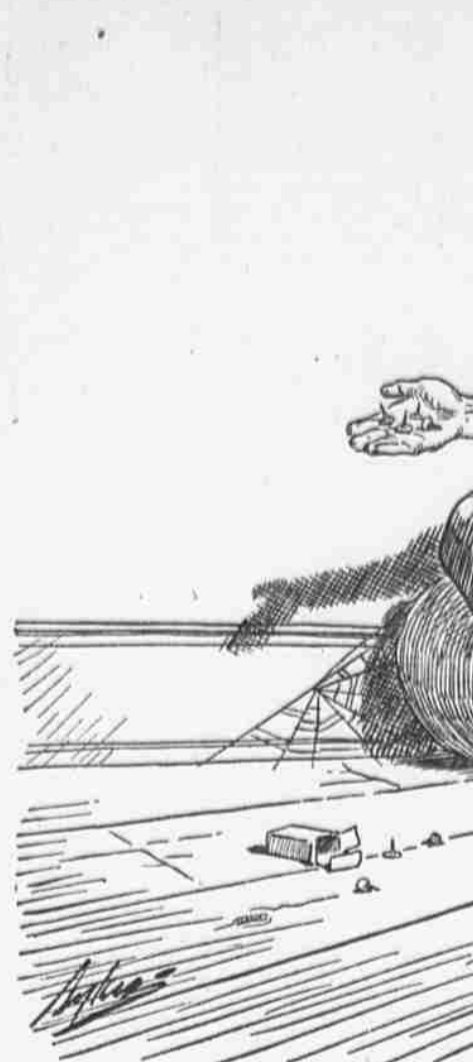
Her cause is without a founder
Her logic without a staff
As she thrives her sword-like tongue
Along life's beaten path.

She smiles then with no thought of pity
And with the heartiest words
That bleed with the unmet message
That she intended for the mind.

But in truth for her that give comfort
And sorrow at her will
She is the best of things
Easy to stick and easy to kill.

Will she view you in your passing
To where she knows how women
The spot like his better brain.

WELL?



MARK TWAIN A HELP TO ENGLAND

His Services in the Present War Are Greatly Underestimated. Some Achievements of Humor in Other Times and Places

THE encyclopedia offers no aid to a definition of humor. The encyclopedia is much concerned over its own sense of proportion. It doesn't consider the subject of humor worth an article. There's proportion for you. The consequence is that whatever humor you may find in the encyclopedia is dry and not at all aqueous.

Proportion is only another name for the fitness of things. Violating all the rules of the fitness of things was Mark Twain's method. If Mark Twain had written an encyclopedia it would have been a very interesting encyclopedia.

Mark Twain's peculiar sense of the unfitness of things didn't always pan out as he intended and hoped. He confessed as much in his autobiography. In 1877 a company of the leading geniuses of New England gathered to celebrate the birthday of the poet Whittier. There was a banquet. Mark Twain was one of the speakers. When his turn came he arose and entered upon a reminiscence tale. According to this tale, he had knocked at a miner's cabin in southern California and announced himself as a literary man. With marked ill humor the miner replied that he had just got rid of three of them—"Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, confound the lot! Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed; Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize fighter. . . . They had been drinking, I could see that!" The story was a dismal failure. Not a smile, not a flicker of a smile, from Mr. Holmes or Mr. Longfellow or any of the company. Just a hard New England frost. It took years for the author to recover from the shame of it. But after a while he himself wrote of that speech:

Refuses to "Crawl"
"I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There isn't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? . . . If I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here I would melt them till they'd run all over the stage."

He fared better with his remark that the reports of his death had been greatly exaggerated. And about the same with the Pudd'nhead Wilson story, wherein Wilson says, "I wish I owned half of that dog." "Why?" was asked. "Because I would kill my half."

The humor of Artemus Ward was also that of a funster, a Jokester. His will was regarded by many as his greatest joke. Somebody looked it up a little while ago and found that its most interesting parts are as follows:
I desire that my body may be buried in Waterfall, Me. I give the library of books bequeathed to me by my late uncle, Calvin Farrar, and those that have been added by me to the boy or girl who at an examination to be held between the first day of January and the first day of April immediately succeeding my decease shall be declared to be the best scholar in Waterford Upper Village, such scholar to be a native of that last mentioned place and under the age of 18 years.

I beguile the residue of my estate toward forming a fund for the founding of an asylum for worn-out printers in the United States, and I direct that the same be paid to Mr. Horace Greeley, of New York.

Humor in War and Peace
But we were speaking of Mark Twain. Mark Twain is helping the Allies win this war. Mark Twain is the favorite author in the British trenches.

The story of the New England banquet shows that Mark wasn't afraid of being vulgar. The defense which he afterward made shows that he refused to see any vulgarity in his own humor. In his defense he scorned defense. Until recently that was the very opposite of the Englishman's attitude toward humor, but Mark has conquered England. It's a mighty good thing for England. Heaven knows it has taken the country long enough to wake up, but it would have taken longer if Mark's influence hadn't helped break the awful respect supposedly due bishops and butlers, even in the comic papers.

So, in the trenches, the books of Mark Twain are the bible of real business. In the common, everyday walks of life, in times of peace, humor is helpful. Bewell Ford tells a story to illustrate this point: "I remember

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- 1. What Secretary of War resigned as a result of conditions existing during the Spanish-American War?
2. How many days is it by express steamship from San Francisco to Chicago?
3. Who is the Governor of California?
4. How many members of the Cabinet are from Texas?
5. How did Germany acquire Heligoland?
6. Name three great American college presidents.
7. Which is nearer the open sea by river, Philadelphia or New Orleans?
8. What is meant by Agrarianism in Great Britain?
9. How much in cash did the United States pay for the Philippines?
10. What great city of the world has had its name changed within the last five years?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. About 55,000,000.
2. Betsy Ross.
3. William R. Day.
4. Yes, on \$600.
5. Munster gun used by the Germans.
6. One-quarter.
7. Entry connected with the paper.
8. Claude Kitchin.
9. No.
10. No.

Pukka
Editor of "What Do You Know"—What is pukka? Pukka is the real, right thing, genuine. The preferred spelling is pukka and pukka is also given. It is an Indian word introduced into England, and was considered smart at one time.

Alaska
Editor of "What Do You Know"—I am thinking it would be a good thing for me to pull up stakes and go away from here. My idea is Alaska, but I don't know any too much about that country. Can you give me some information?

Statistics would hardly be of much value to you and are not very interesting. For information which explains the facts write to the Department of the Interior for Secretary Lane's pamphlet "General Information Regarding the Territory connected with it." It is considered valuable for prospective settlers.

Order of the Blue Goose
Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me whether there is any such society as the Order of the Blue Goose, to which I heard an elderly friend refer? It is supposed to be a good one, but some one says he was not. SKEPTIC.

The Order of the Blue Goose is a national social organization of fire insurance agents. Each State organization is known as a "Blue Pond" and the general organization is called the "Grand Nest."

"The World Would Be the Better For It"
Editor of "What Do You Know"—In last evening's EVENING LEDGER Mr. John Lum, of Lansdowne, asks who wrote "The World Would Be the Better For It." The inquiry brings to my remembrance Mr. H. Cobb, for nearly half a century connected with the Mint in this city, who died about two years ago; a man with the soul of a poet, an author of ability, who wrote for his own pleasure and that of his friends, and who soon became a famous poet. You know Cobb came to Wellsboro in the summer of 1881, and he was editor of when he wrote the poem. Mr. Roy writes:

"I have heard Mr. H. Cobb tell more than once how he came to write 'The World Would Be the Better For It.' It came to him almost suddenly on a December morning in 1884, when he lived on the hill near the old academy. He had been and thought out the whole poem. Then he got up and, in dressing gown and slippers, wrote it out. He sent it to the New York Tribune, where it was first published early in 1885, and it soon became a famous poem. You know Cobb came to Wellsboro in the summer of 1881, and he was editor of when he wrote the poem. Mr. Roy writes:

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THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.
If men cared less for wealth and fame
And less for battlefields and glory,
If men were kinder and more true,
If men were wiser and more true,
If men were kinder and more true,
If men were wiser and more true,
If men were kinder and more true,
If men were wiser and more true.

AMERICANISMS AND LOCALISMS
Many words and phrases are used by Americans with significations different from those attached to the same words and phrases by Englishmen. "Corn" means wheat in England, oats in Scotland and barley in Ireland. A "back" in England is a tired horse; "homely" means homelike or unadorned; "lumber" means timber; "notify," to make known; "pond," an artificial pool; "ugly," ill-natured; "vision," the meat of any wild animal. The Englishman speaks of a guard, not a conductor; a leader, not an editorial; a lift, not an elevator.

Some New England localisms are: "I should admire to go," meaning, "I should like to go"; a child's hoop; "pik," for "arrow"; "a scup," for a swing. The West has brought into its vocabulary many peculiar words and expressions, such as "Arkansas toothpick," for a kind of bowie knife; "to buss," for "to strike"; "doggerly," for "groggery"; "icooned," for "frenzied"; "sun-fer," for sunrise; "tenderfoot," for newcomer; "to raise," for "to obtain"; "to pack," for "to carry." In the southwest they "pack" the baby down street. The Eastern paper-bag is the Western sack and the scuttie or peck is a basket. The hired girl of the country is the mistress of the city and suburbs.

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.
If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If men were kinder and more true,
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