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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1916.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal soul.—Ovid.

"Corn on the hoof" is selling at high again in Chicago. Pork has become familiar to the commissaries of Europe.

There is such a thing as a city's being so economical that prospective citizens pass on to another town "what ain't."

The President writes shorthand, but recent events in Washington prove that he has a long reach when he gets after Congress.

As we understand it, the German U-boats reserve the right to fire on any merchantman which makes a motion toward its hip pocket.

Astronomers report that Taylor's comet has been split into two parts. Some Mayor Smith of the heavens must have been monkeying with it.

It is a singular coincidence which shows in the dry goods news a story of scarcity in garters, followed by a report of a falling off in hoisery.

Those Democrats who opposed the President in Congress may now prepare to do penance, not for forty days, but for the rest of Mr. Wilson's term.

The Ten Commandments are to be edited by the Episcopal Commission on Revision and Enrichment of the Prayerbook, and a lot of people are wondering whether they will leave out any of the notes.

There are a lot of Congressmen who never heard of International Law until a few years ago who now want to interpret it. Let 'em, but the interpretation should be for the folks at home and not for foreign Governments.

There are more than 10,000 public school teachers in New York. Fifty-four of them went to a meeting at which Samuel Gompers urged the formation of a teachers' union to be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

When the Fairmount Park Commissioners got busy they showed Councils' Finance Committee how the money could be secured for building the Art Museum. What is lacking is not money, but a disposition to use it in the right way.

More than \$2,000,000,000 a year are spent for drink in the United States. If this sum were diverted to paying for a bigger army and navy the nation would be better prepared to hold its own in the world, both economically and otherwise.

There is something decidedly humorous in the Mayor's statement that so far as transit is concerned he is willing to let the people decide. It seems not to occur to him that the people did decide last May. How many decisions does he want?

The feeble-minded exhibit in the Widener Building closed last night, but the exhibition of feeble-mindedness will continue in other parts of the city, participated in by men who ought to know better than to make public spectacles of their incompetence.

Must the upstairs or downstairs tenant in a two-family house shovel the snow from the sidewalk? When this question was put to the Brooklyn police they dodged it by saying that the tenants must settle the matter themselves. In West Philadelphia they sometimes settle it by leaving the snow where it fell.

When the rest of Pennsylvania is made to understand that the port of Philadelphia is not a local institution, but one of the most valuable assets of the Commonwealth, there will be no difficulty in persuading the General Assembly to do its share in appropriating money for its development. The traveling commission of the Chamber of Commerce which is now touring the State is planting the right kind of seed.

The head of a lighted match flew off and fell in the lap of a young woman dressed in flimsy draperies. Her gown caught fire and she is now lying in a hospital terribly burned. It would be easy to say that the responsibility for this accident rests upon the person who lighted the match, but responsibility rests farther back than that. The man who makes and sells matches which are apt to act that way is the real culprit. There are too many such matches on the market. They cause disastrous fires. Matches which ignite when stepped on are about as unsafe as those the heads of which will fly off when lighted. In some cities there are prohibitions on the sale of dangerous matches. The inspectors of combustible size all which do not come up to the standard of safety fixed by the fire department. If there are such regulations here they have apparently been ignored.

"GOING SOME"

GREAT was the intellect that devised the scheme to recall Mayors, city commissioners and other executive officers of government. Greater still was the talent of the genius who went one better and yelped for the recall not only of Judges but also of judicial decisions.

But they were pitiful. For in Philadelphia came a few worthy gentlemen, some whoholders and some not, who deigned to re-

call not a judicial decision but a decision of the whole electorate, and they decide to do it without asking or caring what the electorate thinks. The recall of the verdict of the people! Ah, now we are getting down to the nth refinement of government. The people were to recall the officers, now the officers are to apply the recall to the people. It is a scream.

The people voted money, millions, for a certain kind of subway between particular points, but along come a few men who calmly announce that this "particular kind" does not suit them and they intend to change the "particular points."

Some recall, others are called.

PATRIOTISM DAY!

It is time for a great coming-together of Americans, to express in a monster and solemn celebration their devotion to Americanism and the principles of government which have been developed on this hemisphere. Let this be held in Philadelphia, the birthplace of American liberty, during the week of the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

THIS nation, conceived in liberty and brought forth in the throes of a mighty revolution, nurtured by men and women who offered their lives gladly at the altars of patriotic devotion, has in the last few months been humiliated by the uprising of men who have taught that nationalism is a vicious and deplorable thing, to be reprobated rather than applauded, and in the very penetralia of our Government there have appeared evidences of a purpose to abandon American principles and American rights rather than face the vindication of them in any and all circumstances.

The time is ripe for a demonstration of patriotism such as has never been witnessed in time of peace within the borders of the nation.

In June the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World will hold their convention in Philadelphia. The publicity experts of America will assemble within the ancient sound of the Liberty Bell. There will be gathered here the makers of public opinion, leaders of commerce, of thought and enterprise, from all over this vast country. They will come to fight again the battle for truth, for honesty, for principle as opposed to expediency, in the conduct of their own business, from which it is but a step to the broad and comprehensive patriotism which must inspire any man who is worth while in this great Republic.

It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that this body of patriots should set aside a particular day of their Convention Week for a truly magnificent demonstration of patriotism, that they should bring here to join with them the leaders in other great lines of industry, of art, of statesmanship, for all alike to participate in a splendid exhibition of the oneness of this people and the enduring quality of their love of country.

Patriotism Day! A Day of Days for the soul of America to express itself in the historic shrine of the nation, a new Declaration of Devotion from the spot whence issued the Great Declaration generations ago!

Let it be a demonstration thoroughly non-political in character, in which will join men and women of all parties, united by the one controlling thought of love for the nation and for the flag, a grand and inspiring re-dedication of citizenship to the system of government which has been cultivated and nourished on this side of the Atlantic.

It is exceedingly proper that the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World should undertake this splendid enterprise. With becoming humility we suggest it to the Poor Richard Club, that organization of doers and thinkers. It can assemble here great cohorts of inspired Americans, who will give their answer in terms not mistakable to the challenge that this is a "mass-meeting," not a nation.

There is ample time to arrange for the undertaking. Already the suggestion has met with hearty applause from far parts of the country. Already eminent men have seen the possibilities of so unique and spectacular a coming-together of citizens. It is an opportunity for a lesson in patriotism which will reach down into history, inspiring not only the youth of this generation, but their sons and sons after them.

Patriotism Day!

We must have it. Will the Poor Richard Club give it to us?

THE VOTE ANALYZED

AN ANALYSIS of the vote on the McClellan resolution shows that the President was supported by a majority of the Representatives from a majority of the States.

The fact that the delegations from Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin voted solidly against Mr. Wilson regardless of party does not weaken the force of the indorsement. Indeed, it is counteracted by the almost solid vote of New England in favor of permitting the President to conduct the foreign affairs of the nation without congressional meddling.

Twenty-four votes in support of the President and 12 against him, ought to have made a better showing, because the Pennsylvania Congressmen ought to be able to understand the gravity of the issues and to remember that where salt water begins partisanship ends. After all, many of those who voted against the President thought they were expressing their opposition to war. They did not want American citizens to run needless risks which might produce complications that could be unraveled only by resort to force.

It is unfortunate that the issue of support of the President was raised in this shape, because the indorsement of him was less emphatic than it might have been if it had not been complicated with the armed merchant ship question. The President himself, doubtless, believes that it would be unwise for any American to embark on a merchant ship which Germany has threatened to sink if possible. But he knows that there is a wide difference between thinking that such a course would be imprudent and agreeing with Germany that an armed merchant ship is a war vessel.

Tom Daly's Column

HARRY P. TABER, cosmopolite and poet, now living in Wilmington, blesses our morning mail with this:

My dear Tom—We were speaking the other day of the good ship Mewee, most recently arrived at Philadelphia with the news dispatches "after raiding the seven seas for months." Many times the question has been asked as to the allusion "the seven seas." A correspondent of the New York Sun a few weeks ago made the flat-footed statement that the phrase was biblical, but he quoted no verse and chapter for the simple reason, doubtless, that no such allusion occurs in the Bible.

When I am in doubt as to any question whatsoever I refer the matter to my friend and co-worker in the vineyard, Col. William Churchill, eminent geographer and linguist. (A voice: "You say something, Col. Churchill, quotes from 'Recollections of Travel in the East,' by John de Marignoli, Papal Legate to the Court of the Great Khan, and afterward Bishop of Bisignano, Italy.")

"In 1288 however there arrived at Avignon an embassy from the Great Khan of Cathay, consisting of Andrew, a Frank, and fifteen other persons. They brought two letters to the Pope. The letter is most interestingly short:

"In the strength of the Omnipotent God 'The Emperor of Emperors' commands: 'We send you, Andrew, the Pope, with fifteen others, to the Pope, the Lord of the Christians, in Frankland beyond the seven seas back of the sun, to open the way for the frequent exchange of messengers between us and the Pope, and to request the Pope himself to send us messengers and always to remember us in his holy prayers, and to commission some of his own envoys to carry our 'Christian' sons. Also we desire that our messengers bring back to us horses and other articles from the sun-sets.'"

(Written in Cathay, in the year of the Bat, in the sixth month, on the third day of the Moon—(About July, 1288).")

(Note: I must suppose these seven seas to be the Aral, Caspian, Sea of Azov, Black Sea, Sea of Marmora, Archipelago and the Mediterranean. It may be noted that Edward also reckoned seven seas behind the Great Ocean, which was the Indian Ocean, Green Sea (Persian Gulf), Sea of Damascus (Mediterranean), Sea of Venice, Sea of Pontus and Sea of Jordan (Arabian). The Arabian Sea, which in the fifth century also reckoned seven seas between India and China, but any such scientific precision here is highly improbable. The reference is more likely to be the seven annual seas of the Buddhist cosmogony, and 'the allusion' means that the Pope lived at the Back of Beyond.)

Our Uplift Series

LITTLE LESSONS FROM CLASSIC LIVES.

"TAKE THIS," said the leech, pushing a pill into the mouth of his patient.

(Oh, Fauci, pausing daintily!)

"Take this," snapped the Business Man, pouring a mess of frenzied, unintelligible gibberish into the ear of his stenographer.

(Oh, Sea, thou art at the flood!)

"Take this," murmured the burglar, handing a swift, juicy punch to the bewildered householder.

(Oh, Star, beaming daintily!)

"Take this," whispered the veiled lady, slipping an infant to the benevolent looking man during the rush hour at the ferry.

(Oh, Stranger, thy name is Mud!)

Reflection—Some are born babies, some achieve babies and some have babies thrust upon them. A. A.

In its report of Mrs. Brumbaugh's first "at home," as mistress of the Governor's mansion, a local morning contemporary said:

She "crimes true," and she did the honors graciously and with firm cordiality.

We have only a vague—what-her-might-call a bu-collicity—notion of what's meant by "firm cordiality," but with M. A., who calls the matter to our attention, we share the "hope that Mrs. Brumbaugh's new-found joy will make her forgiveness divine."

And speaking of "divine forgiveness" reminds us:

When Pat Devine kissed Kate Magee

She was as mad as she could be;

But when he whispered: "Kate, be mine"

To'er 'twas human to forgive Devine.

"Wouldn't Senator Penrose have been serving better the citizens of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania had he occupied his empty seat in the United States Senate the latter part of last week?"—Senator Vane.

Whichever mean, "occupying an empty seat?"

THE woman waved a frantic umbrella—if you know what we mean—and the conductor experienced an unwanted spell of loving-kindness. At any rate, he yanked the bell-rope, the car stopped and the woman promptly clambered aboard. She handed her fare to the conductor and he held it in his hand while a look of disgust spread over his countenance: "Dog-gone it!" said he, "I never knew it to fail. Whenever I do a kindness like that to a woman she always gives me pennies!"

Sir—Lines in last night's column prompt me to submit to you the following:

Why all this "guff" about "New Yawk?" It makes me sick to hear such talk.

You was in "elbow" old Philly flop

Can't understand that just to stop

In dear Manhattan's genial ale

In bread of life to "dis yer chile."

Why simply to walk up and down, and in and out around the town;

And breathe the ozone from the Bay,

And see the folks on Old Broadway;

Walk 'em back and forth,

Then up Sixth Avenue—going North—

Thru Harlem thence to Riverside;

Across the Ludly Hudson ridge;

The Palisades; West Point, and then

The Hudson Day Line back again.

Ah, that's the life few understand,

Unless they've lived in that good land!

An Exile.

WE DON'T know whether the typewriter of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, Minister to Denmark, slipped, but this is what he writes from Copenhagen:

"Fisher Unwin is thinking of bringing out a book of my lighter essays, the 'Infernal Femine,' etc."

Also, incidentally, he tells us of his love for old Philadelphia. Says he: "I have the old brass knocker from my father's white-painted door, to which three marble steps led. There was a fine garden behind the house, full of larkspur and bergamot and pansies."

SOMEHOW this postscript to Harry Taber's letter slipped 'way down here:

Col. Churchill continues: "You see this carries the Septem Maria back a century and a half before Columbus, so far as dates go—definitely more remote in Note what we owe to Henri Cordier, editor of the Chronicle."

"I mustn't omit such of the names of the other fifteen blessed Christians as have been preserved in this record"

—St. Paulin Jacca, Chastion Tugel, Gemonga Everel, Janassa Lucher and Buisess Pissanau with our heads in the dust salute our holy Father the Pope.

Thus we see how Futim Jones goes to prove the measureless respectability of the Jones family.

Having traced to its source the earliest reference to the seven seas, and realizing the indefiniteness of the collocation, the question is still insipidated and more or less befogged. Yet one may conclude that the phrase is become generic and place. The Wise Men of Gotham sailed the seven seas in a bowl of blessed memory, and Mr. Kipling in the most wonderful of all sea poems in the English language has sung gloriously of the Seven:

Then stood the Lord and he called the Good Sea, up to him.

And established his borders into all elements;

And he abided to the glory of the Lord

Who heard the silt seller sing and gave them back their Ben.



WHERE MASEFIELD HAS MANY RIVALS

It's in the Field of Epitaphic Literature—Examples of a Passing Art Cited in Pseudo-serious Mood, With Charity for All

SOMEbody exulted the other day a mock epitaph that John Masefield once wrote on the back of his own photograph. It may add nothing to the poet's fame, but it adds something to popular appreciation of the man. For the ability to write an epitaph in jest commends its author to the liking of the world.

Other men have written their own epitaphs, as did old Tom Clatterton, whose appeal to charity was quite serious—and pathetic. And many a literary personage, as such, has written epitaphs. Epitaph writing, indeed, was once a favorite literary diversion. Not long ago we presented some exhibits from the rival pens of Aleck Pope and Lady Montagu. From the time of the ancient Egyptians epitaphs have engaged the interest of mankind, and choice examples may be found today in any churchyard.

Should you happen to be strolling about the little town of Rockville, Mass., don't miss this brief inscription on an ancient tombstone:

In memory of Jane Bent, Who kicked up her heels and away she went.

The Parson Speaks Out

Presumably it wasn't Jane's pastor who wrote the inscription, but if you wonder what a minister might write for his own epitaph, consider the following lines by a Boston clergyman:

Beneath this stone lies the body of one Shamefully treated in life

By his wife and Dr. Thom

And Daniel Seavey's wife.

Such confession is good for the soul. But some epitaph writers are of little faith, as you may see from this pessimistic brevity:

The chisel can't help any here.

On the other hand, you'll sometimes find real cheerfulness carved in stone:

Cold is my bed, but ah, I love it!

For colder are my friends above it.

"Let's talk of graves and tombs and epitaphs," That's from Shakespeare, and a poor excuse is better than none.

And besides, we think an expose of graveyard literature a beneficial thing. Take, for example, the matter of grammar. Over in Tom Daly's column the other day asperata were cast on a dyeing advertisement—no pun intended, thank heaven!

We do,

To please

Both you and I.

Or something like that. But listen here—it's an epitaph:

Here lies I,

Killed by a sky

Rocket in my eye.

But speaking of advertisements, here's one:

Sacred to the memory of Jonathan Thomson,

A phlegmatic and affectionate husband,

His discomfiture with our country, to carry on the Trippe and Trotter business at the same place as before her decease.

Too Much Politics

While we're in critical mood let us remark, apropos our general subject, that politics can be carried much too far. In Texas, anyway, for there you may read on a tombstone: "He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of Democratic principles and measures. Hessed are the dead who die in the Lord." According to an inscription in Baton Rouge, the last words of David Jones were: "I die a Christian and a Democrat."

The names bestowed on children have in previous articles come in for our serious concern. Our feeling in the matter is not diminished by reading this:

Forswell this little charming son;

We never shall hear of him again;

Forswell little E Pluribus Unum;

May we, together in Heaven, rich blessings share.

So it goes. If you want to criticize writers always something to criticize. Epitaph writers are critical, too. We don't much mind what they say about the doctors, but why they should pick on such good friends we don't know. Anyway, the epitaph on little Johnny Smith appeals to us:

Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith;

They blistered and they bled him;

With squills and anti-bilious pills

They stirred him up with calomel

And tried to move his liver;

But all in vain—the little soul

Was waffled 'er the river.

Then there's this, on the doctor himself:

This dapper doctor was so small,

So small his sugar pills,

That all his patients looked aghast

To see his monstrous pills.

Of a dentist it is written that "he is filling his last cavity," and of a coroner that "he lived and died by suicide."

The manner of death, or cause thereof, is often the subject matter of an epitaph. In Oxford, N. H., this strikes the eye:

To all my friends I bid adieu;

A sudden death you never knew;

As I was leading the old mare to drink,

She kicked and killed him quicker 'n a wink.

Somebody in Schenectady:

He got a Sabbath in his throat

And then he sang an earnest note.

A colored lady who was buried in the fire that destroyed her house is remembered thus:

Well done, good and faithful servant.

Whether the following is a knock or a boost for Cincinnati let the reader decide:

Here lies

Who came to this city and died

For the benefit of his health.

If he'd gone farther west, even to a California gold-diggings, this might have been his fate:

In memory of

John Smith, who met

Worsted death near this spot

18 hundred and 40 ton. He was shot

By his own pistol.

It was not one of the new kind;

But an old-fashioned

Brass barrel and in the

Kingdom of Heaven.

PATRIARCHAL SOCIAL SYSTEM

Perhaps the most distinguished characteristic of the Kurds in great devotion among the members of families. This is exemplified in the following incident: A chief from the mountains of Kurdistan descended into the plains of Trumuh and there engaged in plundering the property of the citizens of the State of Azerbaijan. The militia was ordered to trap the culprits. The chief was subdued. They were brought into the city, and all were sentenced to death except the chief, who was spared for his gray hairs.

Among them was a youth of 20, strong and healthy; his rugged appearance made an instant appeal to every spectator, and the cry rose, "Save him." This was his first offense. He is young, and his chief, whom the Governor had forgiven on account of his age, rushed forward and demanded, before they proceeded with the execution, to speak to the Governor. After the poor old man had experienced much rough treatment at the hands of the crowd the permission was granted. In true Oriental fashion he thus addressed the Governor:

"O, eye of my home and of my family. We did come from the mountains to carry some food to our families and to our herds. We admit that we have done harm to your law-abiding citizens. You have sworn that the guilty men should die, and it is just, but I, who am pardoned on account of my age, come here to demand a favor of my lord. The youngest of my family is with me; he came here because I asked him. This is his first offense. He is young, and has hardly tasted the sweets of life; he is just betrothed. I am here to die in his stead. In-shallah, in-shallah (in the name of God) let a worn-out old man perish and spare a youth, who may long be useful to his family; to feed the flocks and tend the sheep. Let him live to drink of the waters flowing from the fountains and savor the streams of Kurdistan and to till the ground of his ancestors."

The Governor was greatly moved by the old man's appeal. He granted the chief's wishes, and the old man went to meet his fate, while the youth cried wildly and became distracted with grief because the Governor reversed his decree and took the more valuable life of the aged chief. This is characteristic of a system which bears today more clearly than any other traces of the patriarchal government.—Yousef B. Mirza in the Review of Reviews.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Renewal of discussion of the tariff supplies testimony that removing protection from articles of general consumption fails to lower their cost to consumers and to reduce the expense of living.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Not since the time when the fathers of men now carrying the obligations of American citizenship found determination in patriotism to save the Union has the United States asked so much of its people.—Chicago Tribune.

What the world needs is not huge mouthfuls of hard words and scintillating philippic, but restrained speech, coupled with actual, prodigious and unremitting efforts to set wrongs right.—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

We talk about preparedness with great sea power and great land power yet to be acquired. We don't know what preparedness is, even with the puny navy and the negligible army already in existence.—Washington Times.

But for protection we should not now be enjoying our great and prosperous foreign trade. We built our industries in face of the protests of the free traders and we made them successful, and with them the country.—Dayton Journal.

OH, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

Oh, may I join the choir invisible