Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
BRANCH OFFICES:
Atlantic City.....Press-Union Building
New York.....206 Metropolitan Tower
Detroit.....826 Ford Building
St. Louis.....409 Globe-Democrat Building
Chicago.....1202 Tribune Building
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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS
By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postpaid outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, one month, twenty-five cents; one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.
Notice—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.
BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000
☞ Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR APRIL WAS 117,310.

Philadelphia, Monday, May 15, 1916.

MAKE YOUR VERDICT RING THE BELL

Philadelphia, big or little, metropolitan or provincial, hog-tied or free, inert or militant, backward or forward: that is the issue.

THIS newspaper was launched to serve the people of Philadelphia. Its most conspicuous public service up to this time has consisted in fighting with every ounce of brain and brawn that is in it for a comprehensive transit system.

It entered on this fight only after an exhaustive study and analysis of the Taylor plan. It took into account the thousands of innocent investors who hold stock in the P. R. T., and it reached the deliberate conclusion that the P. R. T. was being offered as fair and square a deal as any municipality, not coerced, ever offered a public service corporation. A year ago the Philadelphia Electric Company was sure that a reduction in rates would ruin it, yet it voluntarily agreed to that reduction a few weeks ago. The Taylor transit system will help, not ruin, the P. R. T.

The EVENING LEDGER analyzed the terms of the Taylor plan with due consideration for the thousands upon thousands of owners of small houses, men who from their earnings, by the sweat of their brows, have managed to buy their own homes and on whom the imposition of new taxes would be a real burden. It was quickly apparent that the Taylor plan, instead of penalizing these citizens, would make them its particular beneficiaries.

Not the least valuable feature of the Taylor plan is the method of financing proposed. For not one dollar of interest shall the city be liable until the particular lines have been completed and in actual operation for one year. No man doubts that the two main arteries to be built, the Broad street and Frankford lines, will be revenue-earners from the beginning. Any deficit from the other lines will be more than compensated for by new sources of revenue.

The present elevated-subway line has proved its earning power; it is an augury of what the others will do.

Were the proposed lines about to be built with private capital, the estimates of cost would doubtless be far in excess of present estimates, for leaks through which to let water in would somehow be found. Under the present plan of city ownership the people are to be given its worth for every dollar spent. They will pay no taxes, direct or indirect, on water that has been engraved into stock.

Get that point clear, citizens. You lend your credit only for what you are to get.

Defeat the loan, let private capital build even one of the lines, and you will pay in fares, for dividends on watered stock, many times the losses your enemies in friends' garb tell you may accrue from city ownership. They are not afraid that you will lose; they hate to see slipping from them a plum they want for themselves.

When the gang stood together there was no talk of voting against loans because public money would be squandered. Then there were no watchdogs of the treasury, for both factions dipped their hands into it together. Now, as if Providence were guarding the interests of the people, the factions are at each other's throats. They are so nearly matched in strength that each holds the veto power over the other. There has not been a time in years when the voter could favor a loan with so great certainty of expenditures being watched.

We will not hobble this city because one hoss does not like another. We will not sell our heritage to serve the political ambitions of one or another puny obstructionist. We will not, by our votes, push Philadelphia back into the ranks of second-class, unprogressive cities.

We are done with the vision that ends at yesterday. We are done with the men who would draw a circle about this city and hold it up. We want no Chinese barriers. We do want the breath of life, the food wherewith cities grow and expand and nerve their puny limbs into the giant sinews and mighty muscles and splendid bodies of mature power. We want the facilities to which as dwellers in this great metropolis we are entitled. We will not be choked and strangled and starved and beaten down.

There can be no period of watchful waiting for Philadelphia. It must go forward or it must go back. We are not misers. We are the greatest builders in the world, the greatest creators of wealth, and we know that we must spend money to make money, that we must have the machinery of distribution, the facilities for growth, or stagnation will crumple us up.

This is not a party contest and there is no personality involved in it. The well-being of Philadelphia is the sole issue at stake. Were this transit loan not a good loan, were this transit plan not a good plan, the EVENING LEDGER would be first and foremost in opposition. But the loan is a good loan and the transit plan is a good plan. Engineers, financiers, experts of all sorts and conditions have indorsed both. There is no open and aboveboard opposition to the loan as such; the only open opposition is an opposition of delay, of postponement, of shunting transit off on a side-track.

Tomorrow is your day in court, citizens. Tomorrow, at last, after a long fight of months and years, you have the whole question of exchange tickets, of excess fares, of intolerable transit conditions in your own hands.

Make your verdict ring the bell.

In this issue a cartoon by Sykes takes the place of the usual full back page of pictures. The EVENING LEDGER considers the transit question to be the most important which the citizens of this community have faced in years. It has taken special pains, therefore, to visualize the situation for the benefit of any citizens who may yet be in doubt as to the full meaning of the issue. The threats of obstructionists and factionalists to defeat the loan make it all the more imperative that the people flock in overwhelming numbers to the polls to make certain that the verdict shall be in their favor.

You had to stand up in the crowded trolley car going to work today, did you? Well, one can stand up in a polling booth, too.

The Colonel, after all, is not to be summoned to dam the River of Doubt as to the expediency of nominating him which seems to be running through the Union League.

The younger generation would seem to be pressing unusually hard for recognition, with more than half the girls seeking marriage licenses in one city still in their 'teens.

It would be looked upon as joyfully significant in London and Paris if the German War Minister resigned. But it is probably just as significant that the German Food Minister has resigned.

Yesterday was called Mother's Day, but no mother was beguiled into thinking that she could get off so easily. She knew that Saturday and Tuesday were her days also, together with Monday, Friday, Thursday and Wednesday.

At the Commercial Museum there was opened today a civic exposition, showing the great possibilities of the Philadelphia of the future. Before they can be realized there is work to be done immediately to realize the great possibilities of today—and tomorrow.

Governor Brumbaugh is the only presidential candidate on the ballot for whom the Republicans are asked to express a preference tomorrow, but does any one think that the vote for him on Tuesday will indicate that he is the choice of Pennsylvania for the Presidency? The farcical nature of the whole proceeding was made apparent when the Governor denied that he was a candidate for any office.

The people would have more faith in Attorney General Brown's anxiety to get rid of Penroseism if his zeal had been exhibited at a time when his cooperation would have amounted to something. It is not recorded that Mr. Brown did anything to keep Mr. Penrose from being sent back to the Senate, and it is not apparent that Mr. Brown desires anything now except to step into the Penrose shoes, substituting piggeries for booze joints and Vareism for Penroseism. There is no room for decent, forward-looking Republicans in either camp. A man can play politics and be Attorney General, but the more playing there is in the first case the more playing there is likely to be in the second.

An intelligent woman indulges in a reasonable discussion, in another column on this page, of the causes for automobile accidents in the streets. Other mothers, the city fathers and the police ought to read it and profit by the suggestions. There is no doubt that many persons are killed every year by automobiles and other vehicles because of their neglect of the warning against stealing rides. They jump off the dray or truck at the rear in the path of an approaching street car or auto or horse-drawn wagon, the driver of which is unable to stop in time to prevent an accident. The police have power to put an end to this dangerous practice of stealing rides. The mothers can do something toward preventing their children from playing in the street. The highways of a crowded city are not intended to be used for young people's games. They are as unsafe for such uses as a railroad track. But the children have a right to play. If no open places are provided for them they are forced to the streets, and the most careful mother has to yield to the importunities of youth. When more playgrounds are opened there will be fewer accidents to children. But the adults will continue to fall victims to their own carelessness and to the recklessness of the chauffeurs so long as the police are indifferent about the enforcement of the traffic regulations.

Tom Daly's Column

Communique!

WHEN the editorial page was enlarged to seven columns we were pushed back to the seventh trench. Whereupon, we issued this defiant note:

THE LAST STAND

They've pushed us back a trench or two,
And this one's pretty tight,
Much tighter than the one we knew
When we began to fight.
But, goshallhemlock! watch us spiel!
Some scrapping now you'll see,
For if they drive us further, we'll
Be in society!

Our preparedness discomfited the enemy and we promptly regained our old position.

Here's a Mystery

AT THIRTY minutes past high noon Friday, May 12, we took possession of Room 308 in the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati. The room had just been vacated, the outgoer passing us in the hall. There were three pictures in the room, but their faces had been turned to the wall. We assisted the chambermaid to right them. They were "Haying Time," an etching, by Emile Muzelle; [illegible] popular picture of Dante grieving for Beatrice, and a photogravure, unfamiliar to us, of the heads of two young belles of the early Georgian period. "What on earth did he turn these for?" we asked. "Folks often do," said the chambermaid. We wonder why.

FINDING'S LOSING

Hard luck! I found a dollar bill
In my last summer's suit.
For joy, I went and blew it in
With several more to boot.
A. Grouch.

Nifty Nicknames for Ball Tossers

SIR—Noticing that certain of our national gamesters were nicknameless or, if not utterly so, at least wearing ill-fitting monickers, I have manufactured a few, thus:

"Sooth" Saier.
"Buck" Wheat.
"Chippy" Chase.
"Whooping" Kauff.

This last, of course, would be much more clever if this here Kauff was catching instead of c. f., and if it wasn't pronounced "Kowf." Oh, well, perhaps some of your young men may suggest better ones.

Fowle Bunt.

DATELINES ON THE NEWS

Towns, as well as men,
Like to do their stint
That will, now and then,
Get their names in print.
Some, of course, there are—
Many we might name—
Try to go too far
In their greed for fame.
On the other hand,
There are many score
Places in the land
We would hear from more.
"Washington, D. C."
Daily stares at us;
Never will it be
Too monotonous.
"Berlin," "London," "Rome"
Seek the primal page,
Where they'll be at home
While these battles wage.
Ah! but less we'll see
In the public eye
"Lincoln (N-e-b.)"
"Oyster Bay (N. Y.)."

The high cost of gasoline concerns us not at all, but we would like to know why John D., adding insult to injury, should be permitted to knock its "l" out. Many of his ads call it "gasolene."

IT SEEMS to us the ice-cream industry is freezing right on to the heels of the munition millionaires. It may be that since we heard of the brewery that blew when West Virginia went dry several years ago and started in making more money out of ice cream than it ever did out of beer—it may be that we've been looking for the ice-cream delivery wagons, as our train flies through the country; but we know we see them, at any rate, and they're surely multiplying.

With many hostelries the words "hotel" and "house" are interchangeable, but that wouldn't do in the case of the Alms, in Cincinnati.

Pete.

Wishes: For My Son

BORN ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1912

(The following verses, by Thomas MacDonagh, who was executed May 3, appeared in May, 1913, in the literary magazine of St. Enda's College, P. H. Pearse's School.)

Now, my son, is life for you,
And I wish you joy to it—
Joy of power in all you do,
Deeper passions, better wit
Than I had, who had enough;
Quicker life and length thereof,
More of every joy but love.

* * * * * * *

For I wish you more than I
Ever knew of glorious deed,
Though no rapture passed me by
That an eager heart could heed,
Though I followed heights and sought
Things the sequel never brought.

Wild and perilous holy things,
Flaming with a martyr's blood
And the joy that laughs and sings
Where a foe must be withstood,
Joy of headlong, happy chance
Leading on the battle dance.

But I found no enemy,
No man in a world of wrong
That Christ's words of charity
Did not render clean and strong—
Who was I to judge my kind,
Blindest groper of the blind?

* * * * * * *

But for you, so small and young,
Born on Saint Cecilia's day,
I in more harmonious song
Now for nearer joys should pray—
Simple joys: the natural growth
Of your childhood and your youth,
Courage, innocence and truth:

These for you, so small and young,
In your hand and heart and tongue.

To old Bert Taylor, who is pleased to call this column our "spire of spaghetti," we are indebted for the verses given above.

IN THEIR ELEMENT

(Reprinted by Request.)

SPEAKING THE PUBLIC MIND

Demand for a National Leader Who Shall Be a "Psychologic Purge"—Roosevelt's Popularity Disputed. A Mother on Automobile Accidents

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—Your editorials, "A Nation of Villagers" and "Better a Panic," sum up the situation in the United States in an accurate and masterful manner, and it is to be regretted that the indictment cannot receive nation-wide publicity.

It would seem that the country is poorly represented in Congress, and that the people's representatives are outrageously inefficient. Such inefficiency in any private business organization would be thrown out bodily. Unfortunately for the country, it cannot discharge at will its servants in Washington. It would seem that nothing short of an armed uprising would, or could, bring about any change or the substitution of efficient legislators for those in place at present; but a mere editorial will not bring about a change. A national concerted movement on the part of influential newspapers might be a great step in the right direction.

What the country needs is a great leader—and a psychologic purge. If it requires a force of arms to put in proper condition, I do not believe these would be lacking.

The time is ripe for the man who has the idea, the power and the will to start a movement which will clean out the dry rot in Congress and install businesslike administrators who will work for the country's good.

W. L.

Philadelphia, May 13.

A MOTHER'S POINT OF VIEW

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am a daily reader of your paper, and last night read the article in reference to the terrible toll of lives which the automobile has been the cause of. But I wonder if the writer of this article ever looked at the question from the motorist's point of view. I am a woman driver of two and one-half years' experience, also a mother of two dear little girls of 10 and 11½ years. I drive four days a week every week, rain or shine, summer or winter, always drive through the city, and I wonder, when I think of it, that there are not more children killed. They never in the majority of cases look right or left, but dash ahead, many times escaping injury by the narrowest margin. I myself came very near injuring two children about 4 years of age; only that I was running slowly and had my car under perfect control saved them. Now will you tell me what kind of a mother they had to allow such young children to play in the street? This occurred not on some side street, but on Venango street near Broad. The majority of accidents occur on main streets, where children should be kept from playing. On little side streets they have to play in the streets, as pavements are narrow. How many are killed or injured stealing rides? A gentleman, also a father, killed a little boy with his car. The boy was stealing a ride and he fell from the wagon directly in front of the car. That man was a wreck for months after. Whose fault was it? There are, I admit, reckless drivers, but children especially should be made to understand that the street is for vehicles, and every child caught stealing rides should be arrested. There must be provision for increase of traffic. Therefore, let the city furnish more playgrounds where the children can play in safety, for I never yet found the street the place for a child to play. It is up to the city to provide for the children in every section some place where they can have freedom without danger. There is more than one side to this question and each should have a fair hearing.

MRS. LILLIAN E. PINKERTON.

Philadelphia, May 11.

DISPUTES T. R.'S POPULARITY

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—S. V. S. writes his fine opinion of T. R. in tonight's issue, and we will give him the satisfaction to say there are considerable others who have irrevocable opinions as to him being the only pebble on the beach to run this country. However, just as he has such ardent followers who would "follow Teddy anywhere," so has he the opposition, and every person who is in opposition to him is as strongly so as his followers are for him. It seems natural that such is the case. In other words, with some it is nobody but T. R., while with others it is anybody but T. R. All T. R. followers make an awful noise and engender in the opposition the desire to fight, hence the commotion he speaks of.

He says T. R. is known as the war lord of America by the "peace-at-any-price men." That is known by everybody, not only the extreme pacifists. He is the leading exponent this country has of the ideas of Prussian militarism.

But, foregoing any further description of the "man who put the I in It," who promised us he would "under no circumstances be a candidate for or accept another nomination," I want to call S. V. S.'s attention to something I have been "watchfully waiting" for for some time, viz., the sentiment of the voters of the one single State in the Union at this time which remained loyal to T. R. after every other State threw down the still-born Progressive party since his great popularity in 1912. This description tells any one familiar with political current events since that time to what State I refer, which is California, the strongest Roosevelt State in 1912, so much so that "Hi" Johnson was made "best man" beside the terrible Teddy. The Governor of California, I suppose, thought he was going to slide into the Vice Presidency. "Hi" had a good machine, and therefore it lasted the longest of any. The point is that the spring primaries in California went 69,532 for the regular Republican ticket, as against 47,582 for the "United" Republicans, for whom Governor Johnson was sponsor, and a beggarly 5803 votes for the Progressive ticket. This is more significant and more emphatic against any revival of the Roosevelt candidacy than the way T. R. was "bottled up" by the Massachusetts primary, especially as the contest was reversed in respect to the machine. The Massachusetts "little four" had the regular Republican organization to combat against, with Lodge, Weeks, Crane and McCall to reckon with as the "big four," whereas the regular Republicans beat the Johnson machine, thought to be unbeatable. The reason lies in the fact that Johnson's "united" party ticket was out for a "straightout" Roosevelt slate for Chicago. California finally having awakened in conformity with all the rest of the country's return to conservatism, which was the sole reason William Howard Taft remained in the way of the ambition of the dangerous revenge seeker, who would have made sorry work of the sound principles of the Republican party with his obnoxious progressive nostrums of 1912. With his new pet, "heroic" Americanism, so easy to shout these days, he has forgotten (apparently) his former pets, such as the recall of judicial decisions, presidential preference primaries, which he refuses to use (there's a reason); initiative, referendum and recall, and so on. He is not simply ignoring all his "Armageddon" policies of 1912 now just because "Americanism" needs all his energy, but also because he saw the reaction set in immediately after 1912, as admitted by him to the State chairman of the Progressive party in Washington in these words, "The people are tired of hearing of reforms, of hearing reformers and especially about me." That's the reason he was afraid of the primaries this year.

So I would say to S. V. S. there are more against T. R. in the Republican party than there are for him; the "rank and file" he "loved" so well have got his number.

Philadelphia, May 11. H. M. B.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—General Carranza's proposition that the United States agree to withdraw the punitive expedition from Mexico shows two things conclusively: First, that Carranza's policy never had a footing in Mexico except with the element that could dictate to him. So long as Carranza danced to their music and was their tool they tolerated him. That is the power that is backing Villa against the United States today and caused the power of the Carranza army being transferred from Carranza's hands to the more willing tool, Obregon. This is virtually what has happened since the punitive expedition went into Mexico, and the incident of Parral and the Big Bend raid have proved that Carranza is only a figurehead in the Mexican affairs. Second, it never was intended by any faction of Mexico that the United States forces should meet with success. They have been a hindrance instead of a help since the expedition started. The biggest help the Obregon army could have given would have been to disband and go home. Instead of doing so, Obregon raises an army of about 35,000 men and says "Stop." Now, what is the next move? From all indication the border conference has been a waste of time and the expedition has been marking time in the mountains of Mexico. According to reports, President Wilson has come to the end of his patience, and no matter what the Mexico official attitude, the expedition will go on; and Carranza, in order to hold his figurehead position, will plunge in as Villa's champion, virtually committing suicide and taking his country with him.

WILLIAM H. GUTHRIE.

Philadelphia, May 13.

WAR AND THE BISHOP

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—I read the article headed "Episcopalians Hear War Talk by Rhinelander." Of all the ambiguous talk I have ever tried to wade through, this was the limit. The statement that the war "is in our behalf" is ridiculous. What have we to do with the European war? Who is interested in prolonging it outside of a few millionaires, and whom do they represent?

Do they believe in "right against might"? If these European nations want to tear each other to pieces like a lot of wild animals, why should we emulate them?

We have a "little bit of Heaven" in these United States, and I say damn any man, or set of men, that wants to plunge us into war unnecessarily! The uneducated people are not the ones who are responsible for the European war, or for the senseless intervention talk in this article you print today. Any attempt at intervention would be almost sure to meet with tremendous opposition—in fact, I believe it would cause a civil war—and any man who would advocate it should be placed under restraint as a dangerous character to be at large.

JOHN J. FLEMING.

Philadelphia, May 9.

A PRAYER FOR EDITORS

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—For a long time I have been contemplating the suggestion of putting into the litany of the Episcopal Church a special prayer for the editors of newspapers. It seems to me they fill one of the most important places for the guidance and instruction and upbuilding of the masses.

Boston, May 13. J. M. H.

DISCOVERIES

But the Washington Administration played into the hands of Villa, who was exalted as a great "constitutionalist." When it was discovered Villa was a crook, President Wilson coddled Carranza, and now Washington is awaking to the fact that the "First Chief" also is a deceiver. Carranza never co-operated with the United States except on paper. After betraying our troops at Parral, he demanded the withdrawal of the American army from Mexico. Recent raids, however, have determined President Wilson to continue the chase after Villa and to hold the field until border banditry has been stamped out—Peoria Transcript.

IVORY!

They claim to have discovered that the foundations of the Philadelphia municipal building are made of rubble. But what did the taxpayers expect—Italian marble?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

QUIZ

1. **Why has a milking stool three legs?**
2. **What is a shot tower?**
3. **What are the four kinds of cloud?**
4. **What is the correct pronunciation of "kiln"?**
5. **Is it safer for an aviator to fly at a height of 200 feet above land or 1000 feet, and why?**
6. **Why is a piano so called?**
7. **Why does smoke ascend more readily in dry weather than in damp weather?**
8. **Who is supposed to have invented the wheelbarrow?**
9. **Name two Emperors resident in America in the nineteenth century?**
10. **Are any plants carnivorous?**

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. **Midshipmen receive the rank of ensign on graduation.**
2. **For quartered oak the log is cut longitudinally in quarters and then into boards in order to show the light markings of the grain.**
3. **Black lead pencils are made of graphite or plumbago, which contains no lead.**
4. **The diagnosis is determining the nature of an illness, the prognosis the nature of its course.**
5. **"German silver" is an alloy of copper, zinc and nickel.**
6. **The Speaker receives $12,000; other Representatives get $7500.**
7. **The Conscience Fund was established in 1811. It is made up of sums which persons who have cheated the Government return.**
8. **A traveler journeyed about the world in 35 days 21 hours 48 minutes in 1913. This is the record.**
9. **Splicing a rope is the joining of two ends by intertwining their strands.**
10. **A ship is square-rigged. A schooner is rigged fore and aft.**

"Coming Events"

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me who wrote "Coming events cast their shadows before"? W. H.

The line occurs in "Lochiel's Warning," by Thomas Campbell.

Duties of a Consul

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me what are the duties of a consul? T. W.

A consul has for his mission in the country to which he is assigned the supervision and protection, within certain lines, of the commercial and national interests of his country and countrymen, in accordance with the treaties existing between the two countries, the principles of international law, the regulations of his own Government and the usages of his consular jurisdiction.

The Father of Henry James

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Will you kindly tell me who was the father of Henry James, the novelist, who recently died? Was William James, the philosopher, related to them? What was the occupation of the elder James and what was his religious belief? MILES.

Henry James, born 1811, died 1882, was the father of William and Henry James. He was an American Swedenborgian theologian, lecturer and author. He was born in Albany, N. Y., was graduated from Union College in 1830, studied at Princeton Theological Seminary until 1835 and then traveled abroad, where he met Sandeman, whose "Letters on Theron and Aspasia" he had edited in 1839.

"Police" and "Politics"

Editor of "What Do You Know"—I see so much in the paper these days about getting the police out of politics. The words seem so much alike and yet have such different meanings that it occurs to me I would like to know if there is any similarity in their derivation. SOL.

The words are both derived from the Greek word "polis," a city. In their history they are closely related; and, indeed, the policing of a civilized community and the "politicising" of it are really closely related ideas. It must be remembered that the word "politics" is often used in the debased sense, quite contrary to its original sense, of unpatriotic rather than patriotic dissension.

Newspaper Clippings

Editor of "What Do You Know."—Could you inform me if there is any place in this city where I can dispose of newspaper clippings? Several persons whom I have asked tell me there is a market for them, but they do not know just where. In my own country (Norway), also in Paris and Stockholm, I have sold three collections of clippings, receiving for them on an average for each a sum equivalent to $250. These clippings are classified, from four leading New York and Philadelphia papers, and though I have been advised to keep them till the war enhances their value, I would like to dispose of them at once. THELMA.

It is interesting to note that such a sum as you mention can be obtained abroad for a private collection of contemporary clippings. In this country there are a number of clipping bureaus, which cover the ground fairly thoroughly, and, of course, all newspapers keep complete files of their back numbers. You might consult some person interested in the subject to which your clippings refer.

"I Miss You, My Darling"

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me in whose works I can find lines that go something like this:

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household
And hushed is the voice of its mirth.

I should like to know what the other verses are. F. L.

Perhaps some reader will be able to furnish this information.

JOHN G. JOHNSON AS A MILITARY MAN

With Other Philadelphians He Was Prepared in 1863 to Save the City—Value of Taking Law Books to Gettysburg

IT IS rumored that when John G. Johnson went to Gettysburg to save Philadelphia from the Confederates, he took his law books with him and conscientiously studied them at odd moments during the stress of those stressful days. It is probably untrue, but the story is valuable because nearly every story that lasts 50 years or more has some basis of truth. Few barefaced lies have a standing in the community for more than a decade or so. So, while it may not have been the great lawyer who had the law books in camp, it is a pretty safe bet that many other students of those days had two ideas of preparedness confused and carried to the battle front very excellent preparedness for the battle for their future incomes along with very poor preparedness for the battle for the Union.

J. G. JOHNSON

Today it is the thing to say that it is equivalent to sending young men out to be murdered to send them out without six or eight months in a training camp. And it is true; but in the Civil War there was not one soldier in ten that had any training worth speaking of. They were sent to the front like lambs to be butchered, and if they were not butchered it was because the other side was an equally raw set of lambs.

The Home Guard

Philadelphia was a mighty scared city the summer day that it learned the rebels had crossed the Maryland line. There was gold in the banks, which the men in gray could use very well. Shops were boarded up, families sat trembling in their parlors, awaiting doom. Worst of all, the industrial life of the city and section, which had gone on peacefully in spite of the war, would be suddenly wiped out for heaven knew how many years. Promissory notes, contracts, careers seemed to have dropped into the abyss of worthlessness over night. It seemed perfectly absurd that youths like Mr. Johnson should drop their studies—as absurd as it seemed to the London clerk who went to work as usual one day to find that a Zeppelin bomb had eradicated his office and the placid routine of existence.

The youth of the city were not altogether unprepared. There were emergency regiments that used to parade about the streets now and then; but were rather innocent of target practice. In one of these were the late Chief Justice Mitchell, the late David W. Sellers, Frank H. Rosengarten and Mr. Johnson. These Home Guard men were ordered to the front, which had unexpectedly been brought so near home. They thought they were going to be massacred.

For we read history backward. We are taught that the Union army won at Gettysburg before we are taught that it looked as if the Union army was going to be beaten at Gettysburg. We ought to be taught history the other way round—in the sequence in which it happened. It is so easy to talk about the mistakes of leaders in the past, seeing that we have the advantage of knowing what was going to happen. But we wouldn't have known what was going to happen if we'd been in their shoes.

The Home Guard wasn't slaughtered. The Union line held at Gettysburg. Fate said that others, who would have been famous men, should do certain things which saved Philadelphia; and then get buried. The young Philadelphians saw hardly any action; it seems that they did little more than exchange a few hazy shots with the foe. While in the field they received their daily mail from this city regularly, and one of them, so the story goes, got a letter from his mother every day. One day his comrades heard a bull bellowing. They looked around for the bull. There was no bull. It was their comrade bellowing. What was the matter with him? He hadn't gotten a letter from his mother that day.

A Digression on Penmanship

They returned to the city and went back to work. In the case of the great lawyer, who, as so few persons seem to know, has had a military career, the incident must have been a rather welcome diversion. For he had some dismal tasks to perform in his apprenticeship. Mr. Johnson was a "typewriter" before the days of typewriters. Nowadays a lawyer tells the young lady at the machine to make five copies of a brief—one for each side and three for the Judges. She does so, with ease—and with carbon paper. She has to write it only once. But in the '60s (and '70s and '80s, too), it all had to be written in long hand—very long hand, at that. The lawyer would dress in and strike the young amanuensis dumb by tossing down a 30-page brief and ordering five copies by 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. That would mean sitting up all night long, writing with pen and ink and in Spencerian handwriting the same thing over and over again.

Sickening task; no wonder Mr. Johnson lost his interest in penmanship. He wrote a beautiful hand. It is said to have been a perfect hand by those with good memories. He still writes a beautiful hand, but it is not a perfect hand. Its beauty is the beauty of the wild tangle of bared boughs and twigs against the winter sky. It has the stamp of true greatness—illegibility.

Mr. Johnson is the most modest man in the United States. He knows how good a lawyer he is; but it is not impudent to know one's capabilities—and limitations. And, by the by, his preeminence is of long standing, for as long ago as 1873, as a Judge recently remarked, there was no lawyer better than he in Philadelphia. But he is really modest. In proof of which, read his autobiography in "Who's Who." Most men put to fill a page in that volume with their importance. Here is his report of himself:

JOHNSON, JOHN G., corporation lawyer. Address, Land Title Building, Philadelphia.