

WEIRD WAYS OF KEEPING SECRETS

The "Lemon Rub" Given to Folk Leaving Germany Suggests Many Curiosities of Code and Cipher

THE latest from Germany in the "lemon rub." According to dispatches...

Caesar's Simple Code History is full of curious codes and methods of sending secret messages...

Chamilly obeyed, although he thought he was being made a fool of. On the bridge this is all he saw that seemed to drive him...

The message read: "Le prisonnier est mort; il n'a rien dit." That is, "The prisoner is dead; he has said nothing." De Rohan's accomplice had died without confessing...

In 1650 De Louvois, French Minister of War, summoned one day a gentleman named Chamilly, and said:

"Go to Basel, in Switzerland; you will be there in three days; on the fourth, at 2 o'clock, station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine with pen, ink and paper. Write down everything that happens for two hours. At 4, mount and return to Paris."

Complexity of Simplicity Poe came to believe that he could read any cipher based on a principle that did not change in the course of the message...

Another remarkably easy method of sending a secret message is to write it in milk on a piece of white paper. It appears to be a blank sheet of paper until held before a reddish light, which brings out the milk writings several shades darker than the paper.

PLAYING SAFE Hughes will positively not take it, unless he can get it—Indianapolis Star.

IT CAN'T BE DONE How did the world get started, son? Why, one said, "it can't be done!"

That settled it. The troglodyte. Came out of darkness into light.

"It can't be done!" somebody said. And lo! the green fields gave us bread. With that taunt ringing in his ears...

They said it, and Marshall sent. He sent it through the instrument. This is the way it happened, son. I've heard that. "It can't be done!" said the ...

"I'D LIKE TO NOMINATE THE WEATHERMAN FOR SOMETHING!"

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET Whenever it's a Saturday, when juicy June is here...

It's great to get a little rest from those important gentry Who yearn to bleed "America, our great and glorious country!"

Right off the bat, first thing you know, I met with Billy Thunder; At tickling of piano keys, or organ, he's a wonder.

Who has no thought for anything not musical or mystic; I was prepared to talk to him of scherzo, fugue or largo—

But he waved that aside and said, "What's latest from Chicago?" Josiah Harman Pennington, vice provost out at Penna,

When I met him on Chestnut street he asked the self-same question. Indeed (and I may just as well get close to this at once,

When national convention news usurps the primal page An' hot-air bunk an' gas an' puff an' bull are all the rage,

It's said in them that's left behind blamed little news that's new!

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Albert Kelsey Writes That the Architects Would Be Glad to Assist in the Production of a New Scenic Background for the Orchestra—Other Matters

This Dissertation is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is our friend and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents.

BACKGROUND FOR ARCHITECTS To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—Learning that money is available for a new and much-needed scenic background for the Philadelphia Orchestra...

It is my belief that the subject is essentially architectural, and that therefore each painter should collaborate with an architect in evolving this scheme.

ALBERT KELSEY, President of the Pennsylvania State Association of the American Institute of Architects, Philadelphia, June 8.

AMERICANISM To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—In 1876 when everybody was talking about the great Centennial Exposition...

BRUMBAUGH'S OPPORTUNITY To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—"Opportunity has been knocking loud and long at the door of Martin G. Brumbaugh, and its last and loudest knock was made on Tuesday, June 6, 1916, in the city of Chicago, when it demanded his presence at the meeting of the Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican National Convention...

QUICK-LUNCH LINGO Another man asked for hash. "Hash of moo—let him chew it!" the waiter called. "If you see Jim," he went on, "tell him I was asking about him, will you?"

"A bowl of tomato soup," began the man who grabbed my stool. "I told him I would and did of my stool. 'I want a bowl of tomato soup,'" began the man who grabbed my stool. "I told him I would and did of my stool."

DISASTERS OF PEACE It is officially estimated at Washington that 75,000 persons are accidentally killed in the United States every year. In four years of Civil War 67,683 Union soldiers were killed in battle and 43,012 died of wounds. It is further estimated that not fewer than 3,000,000 people are accidentally injured in this country each year.

FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

The Philadelphia of the future and the America of the next generation will be no better than they can be made by the babes in arms today.

DURING the Boer war the British discovered that hundreds of thousands of their young men were physical weaklings. They volunteered for service in South Africa, and were rejected because they were too short, or because their teeth were too poor to eat army food, or because their sight was defective, or because they could not hear.

The nation had been so busy manufacturing raw wool and cotton and steel into a finished product to be sold in the markets of the world that it had neglected to give proper attention to the production of strong, vigorous and well-developed adults.

After the war the people who realized the gravity of the situation in which the nation found itself began to advocate athletic training for the young. They succeeded in persuading large numbers to take physical exercise. It was not long before they discovered that no number of flexions of the leg and arm muscles could produce teeth in a jaw from which they had disappeared through early neglect, and that a man might stand with his knees stiff and touch the floor with his hands innumerable times without restoring hearing to ears which had become deaf from an attack of the measles in infancy.

They discovered that if they were to have the finished product that they wished they must start earlier. So they went into the schools and had the children examined by expert physicians. They detected many cases of contagious diseases, and they cured many incipient ailments which if allowed to run on would have resulted in permanent injury.

They started baby clinics. They caught the adult while it was young, and set out teaching the mothers how to care for their children. They showed them how to feel their babies; they told them of the permanent disabilities that were likely to follow careless nursing of measles and scarlet fever; they established dispensaries where free treatment was supplied for children whose parents were too poor to call a physician.

They acted on the theory of the Spartans, that it is the business of the State to develop citizens able to maintain themselves and able also to defend the nation in time of peril. The strength of a nation is no greater than the strength of the men who constitute it. The prosperity of a nation depends on the physical ability of its workers to hold their own in the fierce competition of modern business.

Philadelphia is engaged in the same kind of work that the Boer war taught the British was essential. We have medical inspectors in the schools, and have within three years decreased the number of cases of diphtheria by 1000 and other diseases in proportion. But it has been possible to examine not more than one-fourth of the pupils. Health Director Krusen has asked for the appropriation of \$30,000 for the employment of additional inspectors, in order that the work which has been undertaken may be thoroughly done. No argument is needed to prove that the money should be appropriated. The Philadelphia that is to be will remain a vision of a few optimists, unless the Philadelphians that are to be the masters of transportation and the captains of industry in the next generation, and the Philadelphians who are to fill the ranks of the workers, are protected as carefully in their youth as the raw material that feeds the machines in the factories.

We are not neglecting the babes, either. A demand has been made for money for emergency hospitals in the poorer sections of the city, where the babes can be taken for treatment during the hot and trying months of summer. And money is needed also for nurses to visit the homes where the sick babies are. A little timely advice will save a life, and a little attention at the right time will prevent deafness and defective sight.

We have discovered that there can be no adults unless there are babes first, and that self-sustaining adults cannot be produced from material that has been allowed to spoil at the beginning. We are headed in the right direction, but we are not moving that way quite fast enough.

CIVILIZATION'S RECRUITS

THIS is the month when thousands of young men and women enter upon a new phase of their life. They complete their formal education, during which the greater number of them have been dependent on others for their support, and they begin to become self-sustaining.

The youth who will go the farthest and rise the highest is the one who lays out for himself the most ambitious program. No young man who decided at the beginning that he would be content with anything but the highest prizes in his business or profession ever got those prizes. The man who gets there is the one who does what he thinks ought to be done, instead of wasting his time and energy wondering why some one else does not do it. He takes responsibility upon himself. He plans for the future. When the emergency arises he is ready for it.

O HELL

S-o-h-h! Calm yourselves, brethren! I also thought I was a cursed wretch when I saw it on a 7th street billboard. But it isn't only a damaged advertisement of "Othello" by a colored troupe lately at the Walnut Street Theatre. It may have expressed the manager's sentiments, at that. J. F. T.

The Fine Art of Punctuation

Perhaps your soul is often stirred To dreams of fond Utopian dells By tales, that soar swift as a bird, Of Rhinoceros and G. Wells.

L. too, old hanker for a style; When thoughts run out or go amiss, I'd like to write on all the while With stuff like this. WILL LOU.

MENICHELL HAS NEW GRANDSON

State Senator James McNickel has another grandchild, the boy's father being the vice president of the McNickel Packing and Construction Company. Although the baby was born a week ago it did not become generally known until today.

It does indeed seem somewhat strange that in these days of expert publicity, baby names should be so prominent. It should take the baby an entire week to achieve notoriety. Particularly the child of such a well-known pa. F. L. W.

DR. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, in the course of his travels through the colonies in the month of June, 1744, met a famous character of the time, Dr. Thomas Cadwallader, who lived in Trenton, and practiced medicine in Philadelphia and was a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania. It will be noted that Doctor Hamilton mispells the distinguished gentleman's name, but that seems to have been a habit with him:

I took horse about 5 in the afternoon, crossed the ferry of Delaware about 7 o'clock and a little after arrived at Trenton, in East Jersey. I was treated at my entry into the town with a dash of starting and gaping from the shop doors and windows, and I observed two or three people laying hold of Tromo's stirrups, inquiring, I suppose, who I was and whence I came.

His college has not taught him to do this. It cannot put in him qualities which he does not possess. All that it can do is to train him in the exercise of his native faculties. The one thing essential is the will to do and the determination to overcome all obstacles. A small will can be developed into a great one if a man only thinks it worth while, and the young graduates just beginning their new kind of work can become as great as they think they can, if only they think hard enough and remember that they do not know it all.

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Philadelphia, Saturday, June 10, 1916.

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better—Carlyle.

He will not get the nomination, but it seems to have been Fairbanks weather all week.

As Connie Mack says, the fewer games before July 1 the higher the percentage in October.

Not even the nominating speeches were dry enough to absorb the moisture in which Chicago was enveloped yesterday.

The chances are that in a poker game the Colonel wouldn't need more than a pair of deuces to beat a royal straight.

Hereafter, it might be just as well not to announce that Joffre is attending a war council in London until he is safely back in France.

The great mass of American citizens are right alongside Carranza in his desire to learn what the President intends to do with the troops in Mexico.

"Hughes and Whiskers will beat Wilson and Watchful Waiting," shouted a delegate. That's the point—to get somebody to beard the Jackass in his den.

What difference does it make where a man lives? Well, there is Borah, of Idaho. Had fate put him in Illinois, for instance, he might have been President.

They seem to have smothered the chance for a stamped by the very simple device of not permitting a State to change its vote during a particular ballot. Once having voted a State must wait for the next ballot to make a change. Four years ago such a ruling would have caused a riot, but things are different now.

There is but one fact in the wilderness of fancy. That one fact is that Charles Evans Hughes is the leading candidate as the spellbinders begin to snatch mighty plumes from the forested sides of the eternal hills and drape them in the liquid fire of the everlasting stars, write the names of their favorite ones across whatever in the way of empyrean has been provided by the local committee at the Coliseum on Washaw avenue—Sam Blythe.

A gentle satire on buncombe and bot air.

When a couple of weeks ago the EVENING LEDGER dug up Mr. Hughes' 1898 speech, in which he dealt smashing blows for Republicanism and Americanism, the effect was virtually to give the Justice a platform. The speech has since been copied from the EVENING LEDGER in most newspapers of importance in the United States and an extract from it was used by Governor Whitman in his nominating speech. Three or four days after it was published in these columns it appeared as a special dispatch on the front page of one of the great Philadelphia morning newspapers.

A Boston paper, commenting on the Philadelphia Orchestra endorsement, remarks, without malice, that Philadelphia has no Major Higginson. The beneficence of Major Higginson has done so much for Boston's finest artistic organization and so much to the credit of this city from the Symphony visits that criticism is impossible. But it is worth pointing out that, lacking such a benefactor for the particular purposes of music, the city has a splendid opportunity for a more striking phenomenon—a devotion of many individuals, a democratic generosity. On that the Orchestra endorsement counts—and may count with assurance.

The political emancipation of woman throughout the length and breadth of the United States is now merely a matter of time. In the evolution of public opinion there is not now any political party of importance opposed to it. The opposition is concentrated in ward bosses and professional politicians of the type that defeated the suffrage amendment in this State. This will be the last presidential election in which the female vote will not be an important factor. This does not mean that it will be a solid vote, for it never will, but that in mere numbers it will approach in magnitude the vote cast by men.