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Philadelphia, Wednesday, July 19, 1916.

THE SYSTEM: BEAST, VIPER OR SAINT? DIRECTOR WILSON has no confidence in his police force; the public has little confidence in Director Wilson.

Persons who happened to be downtown the night of Mayor Smith's election were under no delusions as to how the underworld viewed the result. The parade of jubilation seemed to mark the high tide of bacchanalianism.

This exhibition was important only as showing that, while the wires above ground were telling the world that Smith was elected, the wires under ground were spreading the invitation far and near for the brothel keepers and the disowned and the degraded of the earth to come to Philadelphia and ply their several trades.

IT MAY well be that Mr. Gibboney's investigation was begun long ago. Certainly it is true that conditions were becoming so disgraceful that Director Wilson realized he must stage a spectacular raid or do something equally dramatic to forestall the revelations which were imminent.

THE Philadelphia that is Philadelphia is a clean, wholesome, splendid city, because its homes and the character of its people make it so. Only in the bounded district, where vice keeps step with political depravity, was it possible for wantonness to strut and wickedness to thrive.

Director Wilson now announces that he is going after the gambling fraternity. Good luck to him. But will the palaces by some miracle of providence escape the dragon while the shrines of the business are gathered in and brought before the hall-givers?

THE Public Ledger demands that Director Wilson be ejected with becoming speed from his office. That is what ought to happen; but the stars in their courses seem to be no more firmly fixed than the Vares in control of the instrumentalities of order in Philadelphia.

Yet he should go, and there should go with him the whole system of police degradation. The system of a police force out of politics has been wrecked in a few short months. But it is a system which must be revived, not only because it is inherently the right system, but also because without it there can be no guarantee of justice and honesty and progress in Philadelphia.

NOT a million raids could close a district the filth of which flowed from the identical source whence came the orders for the raids.

A "dollar revolution" may or may not save Mexico, but it would not be useless if it prevented, in the future, diplomacy that looks like 30 cents.

Mr. Hughes is a great diplomat. For the first time in two years a "separate peace" has been concluded with satisfaction to at least two of the contracting parties.

It is typical of the supreme self-confidence of the Berlin Government that it should see a silver lining even in the black cloud of Austro-Hungarian defeat and disaffection.

THE Philadelphia that is Philadelphia is a clean, wholesome, splendid city, because its homes and the character of its people make it so.

Only one thing can save Sir Roger Casement from an ignominious death and England from inflicting a punishment which, however just it might be, would only aggravate the bad impression already created in neutral countries by the swift vengeance upon fourteen other Irishmen.

ASK somebody else. The Misus makes us hurry so when we're taking in the clothes we never noticed.

A sleek calf, born on the farm of Frank J. Conroy, has been found with two heads, two necks, two sets of legs, and two tails.

Tom Daly's Column

BRITISH SLUMBER SONG... I will guard you from the wave... Which is not the place for you; Nestle in your little grave.

WE RATHER expected a lot of noise to be made over our attempt at a national anthem, "Flag o' My Land," but everybody seems to have been busy with less important matters.

WE never could evince vast enthusiasm for whistlers, and even the scapions appearing to those of Mr. Hughes fail to move us to emotional applause.

Mary Pickford, attending the theatre to see herself in a recent film, learned that she is 42 years old, has been married five times, wears store curls and drinks like a fish.

Two heads with but a single thought—A silly one at that: "On ten per week, a couple ought to rent a cozy flat."

Harry P. Taber, of Wilmington, complains: "Admiral Wyle T. Wilson, the most remarkable paper boxer on earth, is the former president of the Annapolis Club, of Philadelphia, which is composed of more or less fishermen."

STRONG IN DEATH. I have fished in brook and river, quiet pond and mountain lake, Where the sunlit ripple quiver and waves with music break.

PHILIP P. PERNA. Co. L, 6th Penna. Inf., N. G. U. S. Fort Bliss, Tex., July 14, 1916.

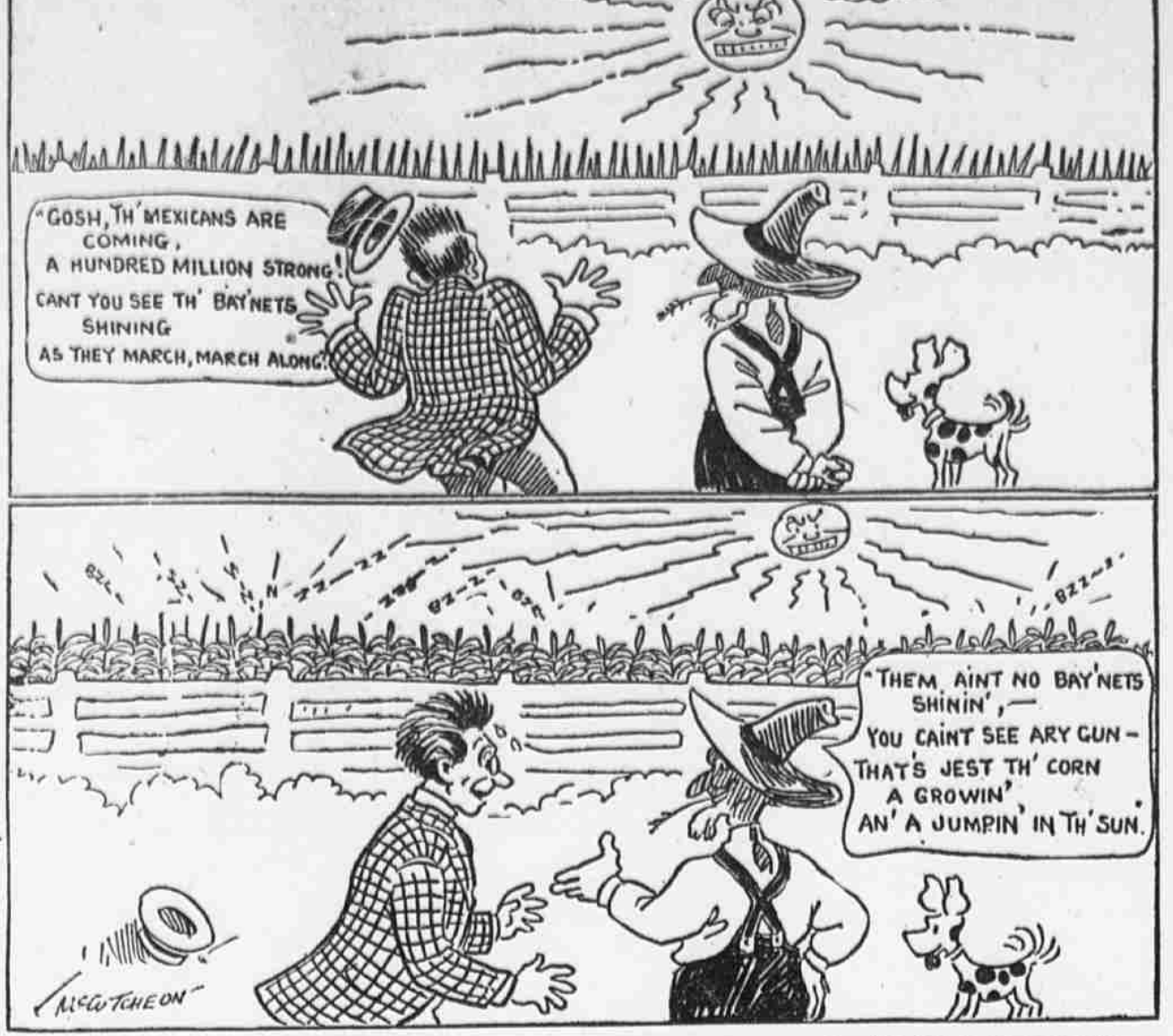
SHARK STORIES. To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—Last Sunday I went to Corson's strait on an excursion.

A PACIFIST PARABLE. "A stranger has come among us to teach us a new religion. There are among the doctrines which he preaches a great many things which are indifferent to us, but there are also some very dangerous for our tribes."

DEAR T. D.—Does not the W.B.Worthy sentiment of Prex Wilson, that we are in Mexico "not to fight but to help," smack somewhat of a W. K. popular song of some ten years ago, viz: "Mexico, my dark-eyed Mexico, Tho' years may come and go, I'll constant be thy Mexico, I dearly love you so, And I would like to know If you love me."

HAMMOCK LITERATURE. Just how much of the whole truth did the New York Tribune tell in this bubbling surge of speech? "Let us have been the American magazine in the gods, fountain of our literature; and for the reverse, it is a pretty accurate picture to think of our magazine editors, dressed in white before a great polished mirror."

OUR LAND FORCES ARE BUSY THESE HOT DAYS



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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

More Shark Stories From the Jersey Coast—A Letter From a Pennsylvania Guardsman on the Border

This department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. The editor assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents.

WORD FROM THE BORDER. To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—Inclosed you will find a little sketch of our life both in a song and a few words here in the deserts of Texas.

On another occasion some one caught a shark six feet long, and after it was dead a doctor opened its mouth and propped it open with a stick, then began to explore its throat.

Another time, while fishing up in Egg Harbor Bay for weakfish, the fish stopped biting, and some one suggested that a shark was lurking in the bay.

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ENGLAND'S RARE TREASON TRIALS

Precedent of a Century Says That Sir Roger Casement Will Not Hang for His Work

THERE is one man in the House of Commons who has watched with more than passing interest the trial, conviction, appeal and advocacy of Sir Roger Casement. The member for County Cahir is that man, and his interests in the most natural thing in the world. He has been there himself.

Arthur Alfred Lynch is one of the very few who have been tried for treason in England since the beginning of the 19th century. In the early days the very grounds of treason were varied with the whim of the sovereign. At one time it was treason to question the legitimacy of Mary, at another to question that of Elizabeth. Later, the high ground of treason was questioning the legitimacy of these children. To get rid of Katherine Howard the monarch of the many wives put on the statute books a most outrageous law on treason. It was always possible, after any act, to call it treason.

Recent Legislation. More recently the grounds for treason have been codified, simplified and brought into contact with the actual feelings of the people who are governed by them. Those of the United States are a model of simplicity, and the constitutional definition is virtually all one needs to know. In England the person of the sovereign and the safety of the State are equally protected, and the right of succession is held unimpeachable by print or spoken word. Aiding and abetting the enemy, the grand charge against Sir Roger, is the one of most frequent occurrence. The last trial before that of Lynch was for attempting to assassinate Queen Victoria. The assassin was caught, acquitted on the grounds of insanity, sentenced to confinement at Broadmoor and finally released. To get a case of actual execution we must go back nearly a century, to the days when the Cato street conspirators, arrested when about to murder the members of the Cabinet and plotting against the life of the monarch, met death on the gallows. Since that time every precedent favors the life of Sir Roger Casement, and none of these more so than that of Arthur Lynch.

Lynch's Wild Career. Arthur Lynch is a man of extraordinary gifts, and before the Boer War was considered one of the ablest politicians, one of the most distinguished journalists of the British Empire. He was born, of Irish parents, in Australia and gravitated, after taking his master's degree at Melbourne, to Ireland. He was an ardent Parnellite, vainly contested Galway against the anti-Parnellite candidate and then burst suddenly into journalism. He had been a civil engineer, but craving excitement, got a letter to the famous T. P. O'Connor and became a writer on the Sun. His style was trenchant and bitter. His interests varied from cricket to cricketers. His ferocious attacks on the sloppy literature of his time are still remembered. "Our Poets," a caustic commentary on minor versifiers, made him a joyous host of enemies. He was, when the Boer War found him in Paris, a man of high promise.

He went from Paris to South Africa as correspondent for Le Journal. Michael Davitt, in his book on "The Boer Fight for Freedom," takes up Lynch's history at that point: "Mr. Lynch was captivated by the heroic character of the Boer struggle against such cruel odds and he threw away the pen for a Mauser rifle. He was elected to the post of Colonel, and being an able linguist, speaking French and German with fluency, succeeded in enlisting 150 'Irishmen' from several European nationalities not hitherto reckoned as subordinate members of the Celtic racial family." Colonel Lynch earned an excellent reputation for bravery, and so inspired his men that members of several other commands chose to fight under him. General Botha spoke of Lynch as "one of the very best of my officers," and Lynch enjoyed the General's confidence until, when guerrilla warfare broke out, Lynch returned to Paris.

Irrepressible Impudence. The most thrilling episode in his career is what followed. He had fought against Britain, had sought to become a naturalized citizen of an enemy country, had violated the first law of the land, and yet he had the "nerve" to stand for Parliament. While still in Paris he was elected member for Galway against Horace Plunkett, elected with a great majority, and disregarding all warnings, proceeded to London to take his seat. He was promptly arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced. His sentence was even more promptly commuted and finally, after a brief sojourn, he was freed. He is now a loyal citizen of Great Britain, sits in the House of Commons and will probably do all he can to save the life of his fellow Irishman.

In fact, the excitement caused in this country by the sentence passed on Sir Roger is not paralleled in England, even by those who heartily held the idea of legal murder. They simply have an aboriginal background which we lack. They know that the appeal of Sir Roger could hardly have been granted without impugning either the honesty or the ability of the Lord Chief Justice of England. Merely out of consistency the appeal must have been denied. But they know that "the King's mercy," upon which all traitors are thrown, has not failed to act for a century, and they do not expect to see it fall now. Arthur Lynch was said in the indictment to have been seduced and instigated by the devil. The instigator of Sir Roger is popularly supposed to be the Prince, not of Darkness, but of Potsdam. But even that anger must die down and the probable as well as the desirable thing is that Sir Roger will lie in a British jail until the war is over and then be pardoned.

THE REASON. And it may be that the German navy is waiting for another assignment of low visibility before getting to sea again.—Miss Daily Telegraph.

What Do You Know?

- Quizzes of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten answers to the queries to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.
- QUIZ. 1. What, if any, is the difference between a mechanic and a machinist? 2. What is the function of an Appellate Court? 3. Explain the initials P. O. S. of A. 4. Which is lighter, moist air or dry air? 5. Why is the eagle called a "changeling"? 6. Whose was the sword Excalibur? 7. What is the name of the British air symbol, held by the British Lion and John Bull? 8. What do seamen mean by "roaring through the rigging"? 9. What is meant by "A Greek gift"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Rotten Row derived from "Route du Roi". 2. The difference between a mechanic and a machinist is that the former repairs and the latter makes. 3. The function of an Appellate Court is to hear appeals from the lower courts. 4. P. O. S. stands for Post Office Savings. 5. Moist air is lighter than dry air. 6. The eagle is called a "changeling" because it is said to have been changed by a witch. 7. Excalibur was the sword of King Arthur. 8. The British air symbol is the Union Jack. 9. "Roaring through the rigging" means to sail through a storm. 10. A Greek gift is a gift which is a curse.

Race Tracks

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me where is the location of the race tracks Windsor and Hawthorne? Could you tell me of any place around Philadelphia where I could buy race horses?

Windsor is in Windsor, Canada, across the river from Detroit. Hawthorne is in Chicago. There are no breeding stables in Philadelphia, but many horse markets which might supply you.

Facts About Nathan Hale

H. P. D.—1. Nathan Hale was born in 1755. He was graduated from Yale University in 1779 and became a teacher. 2. The purpose of his expedition as a spy was to find out at what point, if at all, the British intended to attack New York. 3. He assumed a disguise and passed through the British lines in Long Island in the character of a schoolmaster who had become disgusted with the course of the Revolution. 4. He was captured by the British on Long Island and drew up memoranda, written in Latin in the privacy of his room at night. Meanwhile, the British captured New York City. 5. He was executed by the British on September 21, 1776. 6. He is now buried in the British cemetery in New York City. 7. He is now a national hero.

The Old Guard

T. G.—The flower of Napoleon's army was known as the Old Guard. In the battle of Waterloo they were ordered to make the final charge, which, though gallantly carried out, was unsuccessful. All hope of a French victory was lost, and retreat was ordered. The Old Guard was surrounded and called on to surrender. Then General Cambronne is said to have replied (though the phrase is claimed by some to have been an after surrender), "and they were overwhelmed. In our political history the supporters of Grant in the Republican Convention of 1860 were known as the Old Guard, and this famous but unsuccessful "60" it was said, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders."

Turks

Editor of "What Do You Know"—I would like to know whether the Turks belong to the Mongolian or White race. We have been having a big controversy over it and would like to settle the question.