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HOW AMERICA HONORS HEROES

There Never Was Much "Fuss" Made About Our Medals, but There Is Now Quite an Array of Them

FROM the times of the Crusades, emblems in honor of personal bravery have been the rewards of fighting men. And customs, so changeable in most matters, change little in this regard.

"YOU SHALL NOT HOBBLE ME"

THERE are men who in their prayers nightly thank God that the President of the United States can identify insincerity when he looks it in the face and seldom has difficulty in tearing the sham from the statesmanship which masquerades as patriotism.

Uncle Sam has a man's job on his hands. He needs free use of the limbs Providence has given him. He cannot win this fight with his hands tied or his feet hobbled.

The insistence of the Senate on what it considers its time-honored privileges translates itself too often into a mere meddling policy, certain to impair efficiency and halt progress.

We have, as most Americans have, a supreme confidence in our ability ultimately to pry the Hun's hold loose, tear out his teeth and send him whimpering home.

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There are references in the press occasionally to "hot air" in the Senate. The indictment is general, but there are specific instances which prove the accuracy of the situation complained of.

Mr. Stone: Mr. President, in what I have to say I have no thought of saying anything that will especially contribute to the pleasure, still less to the enlightenment of the Senate, but what I have to say I wish to say because I desire on my own account to have it constitute a part of the record.

There are other Senators as competent as Mr. Stone to say nothing in the maximum number of words. They prove it repeatedly.

What a pity the President cannot ask a dozen or so Senators to resign!

We rather suspect that Mr. Gerard has something to say, and is going to say it.

According to Congressmen, every appropriation the other fellow gets is "pork."

Outlawing champagne seems somewhat unnecessary. The income tax will be sufficient.

Historians will decide between Goethals and Denman. But Mr. Wilson is not a historian just now.

If some street-cleaning contractors were as efficient in that job as they are in voting dead man on election day our streets would be models.

Not so much fuss is made about military decorations in the United States. Yet we have quite an array of them, covering many branches of the service.

The historical vista in this connection is as interesting as most historical facts that are tinged with the romantic fire of the early days of a nation and with the "paths of distance" that great men take on after they are dead.

"On one side, head of General Legend; Gergo Washington Supreme Ducl Exercitum adsertion Libertatis conitita Americana—on the reverse, taking possession of Boston. The American Army advances in good order toward the town, which is seen at a distance, while the British Army flies with precipitation toward the shore to embark on board the vessels with which the harbor is covered.

In front of the American Army appears the General on horseback in a group of officers whom he seems to make observe the flight of the enemy—Legend—Hosibus Primo Fugatis.

"EXERGNE—Bostolium Recaperatum "DU XVII MARTH MDCLXXVI."

The quaint phraseology depicts in few words the cause for the bestowal of the medal, which was described as high-grade art. Possibly because of the cost of it, and possibly because the members felt that no such honor ought to be cheapened by too frequent usage.

In the War of 1812, however, the Government abated its stricter rules and paid more ample tribute to the country's defenders. The navy came out on top. It is a commentary on the attitude of the times that in all the years before such a character were voted to men in the ranks.

Then came the Sons of the Revolution to remedy that evil of forgetfulness of the mute but glorious nameless ones.

The present-day system of medals in this country, without boasting of any violent elaboration of character, is still fairly comprehensive and calculated to serve for a time in the present conflict.

The medal of honor for the army is made in silver, heavily electroplated in gold. Its form is a five-pointed star, in the center appearing the head of Minerva, goddess of wisdom.

Surrounding this central feature, arranged in circular form, are the words "United States of America," representing nationality. The medal is suspended by a light blue watered silk ribbon spangled with thirteen white stars, representing the original States, and is attached to an eagle clasp supported on a horizontal bar, upon which is the word "Valor."

The elaborateness of this design is somewhat modified in the medal of honor for the navy. Made available by act of Congress, approved December 21, 1861, this decoration is bestowed upon petty officers, seamen, landmen and marines who distinguish themselves by gallantry in action or other seamanlike qualities during warfare.

Badges for proficiency in small arms practice, while possessing interest for their possessors, are hardly as picturesque as the other forms of metallic tribute. The army and marine corps have a similar set of distinguishing badges. The navy issues but one such medal, the sharpshooter's.

By gazing back over the list of special legends one can almost trace the vital moments in North American history. Indeed, this part of the system of personal decoration is the most vividly reminiscent and picturesque of the lot.

Each division is connected in the common mind with great events or small that have contributed some interesting chapter to American action and thought.

There is, for example, the Philippine congressional medal issued to volunteer officers and men who served beyond their enlistment with the army in the Philippines. It has a ribbon, with a broad band of blue and a narrow white stripe separating it from narrow stripes of red, white and blue on either edge.

The Civil War campaign badge has a ribbon in which the national colors are used, suspending a medallion of Lincoln. The Indian wars campaign badge discloses a redman on his steed. Contrast shades of red compose the ribbon.

The Spanish-American war campaign badge portrays what seems to be the entrance to a fortress—perhaps Morro Castle—with the legend "War With Spain." Yellow, red and blue are the ribbon's tints. A decoration for service at the same period is given the navy and marine corps. It is similar, but more delicate in design, and has a red and yellow ribbon.

Other decorations of various periods include the Philippine insurrection campaign, the China relief expedition, the Dewey congressional, the West Indies campaign, the Philippine campaign and the Cuba pacification badge.

Tom Daly's Column

YESTERDAY IN CAMDEN A day of cheers and woman's tears and when the sun went down The consciousness of right to bless the homes in Camden town. Oh! Gotham loves her Sixty-ninth and Philly loves her First, And many another gallant corps her peaceful breast has nursed; And east and west will love the best the land that each beget, And pray the Lord to stay the sword that it may harm them not. Ochohne! Ochohne! each speeds its own in its peculiar way, But there wasn't an eye in Camden dry when the Battery went away.

Footnote—Which includes the Third and the Engineers, too polysyllabic for inclusion in our rhyme.

WE HAD an argument with another graybeard the other day over the color of the one-horse (or bobby) car which used to run west on Spring Garden street to Twenty-third when General Grant's last illness at Mount McGregor was the big news in the papers. The other old codger declares the car was painted yellow all over, while we contend that it was red with a plaid dasher. We have particular reason to remember that dasher. It was our delight after depositing our four cents in the box (we were always small for our age) to retire to the black platform and squat on the wooden rail atop of the dasher. One day something scared the horse and we lost our balance—but only partially. We clung with hands and knees hooked over the rail and with the bosom of our seersucker trousers violently renewing acquaintance with the dasher at each jump of the startled horse. We never took things seriously in those days, and we laughed so hard as we hung there that we couldn't right ourselves and finally dropped off into the street. The dasher, we repeat, was plaid of a purplish cast.

Rigors of War

The young daughter of the man at the next desk returned home from Red Cross headquarters on Tuesday night and reported: "Great time doing Red Cross work tonight. A June bug crawled down Catherine Wilson's back and some of the chairs were newly varnished and when the girls in them tried to get up they stuck to them and couldn't."

WHILE we're dabbling in ancient history, and there's so much talk of war, let's ask grandpa what gang he belonged to when those widely advertised cigarettes were being smoked. The Schuyler-Rangers, for instance, held that sector bounded by Spruce and South streets and Twenty-third street and the river, with the Skinners, a subclan, holding Twenty-third and Pine. The Strapholders centered at Twenty-fifth and Spruce, the Pollywogs Twenty-fourth and Locust, the Ramblers Twenty-fourth and Walnut, the Badgers on Market from Twentieth to the bridge, the Blue Pigs Twenty-first and Vine and the Eagles in West Philadelphia. There was no No Man's Land, but some fights were likely to bloom on any street on slight provocation. Grandpa was a tough old guy!

Strict Rules Relaxed

In the War of 1812, however, the Government abated its stricter rules and paid more ample tribute to the country's defenders. The navy came out on top. It is a commentary on the attitude of the times that in all the years before such a character were voted to men in the ranks.

ALHAMBRA VOICES

The shiver of leaves on Alhambra, faint music that falls Through the fountains the pale moon is haunting; night nymphs and calls Unto rattling ghosts down the twilight of gardens and halls. Out along the steep ramparts there is fire upon cactus and thorn As the sun lies some red taborine the mad autumn has borne Seens snatched from a revelry ended with pasture of scorn. And after of sunset and samite in the thorns on the breeze Show where autumn and caliph went forth unto fortune's decrees, With their shields and their banners and litters, the peasant of these, Whilst behind the blood-flecked horizon the conquistadors, With plumage and pearls in high galleries of cloud, unto years And to their adventure go forth upon lonely shores. Bells! Bells of the nightfall responding from hospice and spire Of cloisters of Carmel, of canons enthroned in their choir— Till the stones of Alhambra are stirred as the strings of a lyre! Then hush on the plain; the trusting of wind and of air Through the midnight of heaven or the song of a meadow later afar— The shrill "Woe is met" and the strain of a pipsy guitar! THOMAS WALSH.

Dead Ones? Not Much!

"Looking over the Jersey news in a morn. contemp," says R. C. R., and knowing this of the lively leads in question, this morn. rather hit me in the midriff: PITMAN—The Masonic Club, comprised mainly of members of many different lodges of the order who spend their summers in the grave, has nearly 250 members enrolled this season.

GENTLE readers will remember our contribution to "Famous Sayings of Great Men" wherein we told of Arnold Bennett's crying, "I shawnt eat it!" when a dish of terrapin was set before him. Now this, by Richard Butler Glazier, in the August Bookman, isn't hawf bad!

GRIST-MILLS OF BENNETT: Grist-mill of the Five Towns: Bury's "Lovers" have so finely kneaded and so large that they have started France into overhauling him with praise; brilliant, versatile, diffuse. With an amusing nose. For the pleasure: newly so self-sufficient, like his mouth. Our fault: like the wild our laurels, Foretelling "like him" of our lairs, That his is "like him" of all flesh."

AFTER THE HIKE

Two army shoes lay resting, Dropped up by blanket roll; Their tongues hung out and wearily They viewed the soggy holes. "These are the times," the right one said, "The times that try men's soles." HORACE HOOK.

THE ROBIN IS NO CLOCK-WATCHER!

Keep an eye open for him these evenings and you'll see him hopping about in the grass in the late dusk, long after the other birds have turned in. He doesn't get

FRANCE'S FLYING SCHOOL

Seventy-two Americans, Including Ten Philadelphians, Are Receiving Instruction at the Great Airplane Academy at Avord

By HENRI BAZIN Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in France.

PARIS, June 20. TOGETHER with a number of journalists and writers, I have been at Avord, the aviateur's Paradise, since the beginning of the war. There I saw 600 young men, war fliers in the making, every man jack as fit as a fiddle and eager for his pilot's brevet.

The great majority were, of course, French, with them were Russian, Japanese, Italian, Serbian, Rumanian, Belgian and Portuguese youths, and last, but not least, seventy-two boys from the United States.

They come virtually from every State in the Union, with a brave showing of twenty from Pennsylvania, of whom ten are from Philadelphia or suburban points a few miles away. Their names are: Charles Biddle, Andriana, and Julian C. Biddle, James A. Brennan, Lewis Leslie Byers, James A. Connelly, Joseph Flynn, Upton S. Sullivan, Archibald G. McCall and Stephen Tyson, all of the Quaker City, with Charles flying permitted to here inscribed their names, and I may say every reader of this article will make them a silent salute.

Avord is in the Department of Cher and about thirty miles due south of Bourges. Before the war it was a village hardly to be found on the map, although a small aviation school had been started there from which the largest and most important aviation school in all France, with a population of 4000 people, is a vast camp of flying men, mechanics, sleeping quarters, shops and hangars, with vast fields for starting and landing points. Six hundred machines are in use and over 1000 motors. From 12 to 15,000 gallons of aviation gasoline are used daily. Expert mechanics, in the main from French colonies, quickly repair, adjust and put together motors as well as virtually rebuild the machines when necessary. There is a hospital and a fire department and all the adjuncts of a city. The buildings are of wood and cement, solidly constructed and in no sense temporary. They are, it goes without saying, in the simplest and most prevalent everywhere in France.

Like a Flock of Birds

We who were privileged to see witnessed a never-to-be-forgotten sight within an hour after our arrival, 250 flying machines being taken to the air at one time for our benefit. It was a sight that will remain in our great roars in different notes of a strange scale, and the machines themselves a huge flock of birds which flew not in flock formation, but seemingly haphazard in every direction under the control of their pilots. After dark, amid a starlit, moonless sky, 100 flew again, each with a starboard and leeward light, as a ship. About a third of this number performed a brilliant stunt as they circled the air, each executed such maneuvers as are usually only to be seen at the front, dropping bombs upon imaginary foes, shooting Lewis shells at imaginary Boches, discharging gas grenades, etc. It was altogether an unforgettable sight, demonstrating the full worth of this important branch of a service that has become an heroic reality and a stern necessity of modern warfare.

The American boys were marshaled in three squads at different points of a vast field, 1000 hectares square. Two of the squads were photographed, among them five of the boys from Philadelphia. They were invited to shake hands with each of them, and to note their eager, modest vigor and youthful manliness. If signs come for anything, these boys will be heard from.

One, Charles Kerwood, of Bryn Mawr, has the distinction of being the first American voluntarily to enlist in any branch of American army service after the entry of the United States in the war, having applied in Paris for aviation instruction within three hours after the April news came over the wire.

More Than 200 Americans Trained

It is and was at Avord that 222 young Americans were and are being trained as members of the Lafayette Flying Corps of the French and now the American Army. Twenty of these young men are members of the Lafayette cadet corps, flying the Stars and Stripes on the western front. Six are in French escadrilles, and two in Allied Army escadrilles. They rank from captain, the title in the French army held by five of the cadets, to sergeant. Sixteen have received the Croix de Guerre, and four the Military Medal, truly the proudest distinction of the French army. Three are ace, having brought down five or more enemy planes. Nine have given their lives for the cause, and one is a prisoner in Germany. One hundred and six are now at Avord, and eight at other schools in France. Of the Avord

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Socialist Defends American Law—Guardsmen Need Tobacco

TROOPS NEED TOBACCO To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am writing to find out if I could interest you in obtaining, through your valuable paper, a fund to buy cigars, cigarettes and tobacco for the boys in Company No. 3, Supply Train, N. G. P., of Philadelphia.

Most of the boys in our company are those who worked hard and were compelled to turn over a large part of their wages to their families, and, as a consequence, came here nearly "broke."

I believe if you would give the matter some publicity the public of Philadelphia would start a subscription to help us establish a fund to buy these things.

We need about \$100 or more to start our fund, and after the boys get a pay we can maintain it ourselves.

The proceeds of our fund, at the termination of the war, will be used in fitting up our headquarters for the next, and will be comfortable for the men.

Yours truly, C. HESLEY TRACY, Sergeant, Truck Co. No. 3, Supply Train, N. G. P., Mt. Gretna, Pa., July 24.

A SOCIALIST WHO BELIEVES IN AMERICANISM

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

ANTON LANG IN THE TRENCHES

He Was Found Working in Obermergau Last Year After Munich Reports of His Death in Battle

THE report that Anton Lang, of Christof of Obermergau, is fighting in the German armies is again in circulation. It first appeared in 1915 and in October of that year it was announced that he had been killed in battle while serving a machine gun. Some American newspapers printed graphic accounts of the action in which he was killed and the transformation of the kindly expression of his face into one of murderous hate for the French.

Early in 1916, D. Thomas Curtin, who was in Germany to study war conditions, made inquiries about the fate of Lang. In Berlin little was known of him. In Munich he was told that there might be a mistake in the report that Lang had been killed. Curtin went on to Obermergau. As he passed the village churchyard he went in to find the grave of the dead actor of the "Passion Play," if chance it might be there. He found a stone with the names of Hans and Richard Lang. He continued his walk till he reached the Pension Daheim, the home of Lang. As he entered the door he saw a man at work at his potter's wheel. It was the famous Anton. He had not been out of the village since the war began. Curtin lived in the house while he remained in the village and talked with Frau Lang. She showed him the American papers containing the accounts of her husband's fighting and his murderous look as he attacked a Frenchman with a knife two feet long.

"American newspapers tell stories which are not all true, don't they?" she asked. Curtin admitted that he had sensational newspapers which were not overparticular about their statements. It transpired during the conversation that Lang himself had read in a Munich paper the report of his death in battle. The American correspondents had evidently read it also and sent it to their papers.

As a matter of fact, Lang has never had a day of military training in his life. He is at present fifty-three years old, and unless it has become necessary for the Government to call to the colors men far beyond the customary military age he is no longer liable to service.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Two Balkan countries will protest against the new United States air fleet. Name them.
2. What is the name of the French editor who is known as 'the French Editor'?
3. What river is mentioned in dispatches as the scene of artillery action, preparatory to the attack on the 'A' trench?
4. Who is the chief difference between the theatres of American and English theatres?
5. Who is William Denman?
6. What was the 'Baby Hollister case'?
7. What was the name of the man who was the first to be executed in the 'A' trench?
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9. What was the name of the man who was the first to be executed in the 'A' trench?
10. The Russian national anthem forms the musical basis of Hall, Fennell's 'The Stars and Stripes' University song.

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ

- 1. About 2000 airplanes are provided for the new United States air fleet.
2. Van Vollenhoven, director of the Netherlands bank, is a member of the Dutch resistance which will come to the aid of the Dutch people.
3. Maurice Senneker, French aviator, is the man who refused to fly for the military service when a young man.
4. 'Goya' is the name of the military district in which the 'A' trench was located.
5. George Chapman, of Philadelphia, is chairman of the National Committee of Patriotic and Defense Societies.
6. 'The Greek Gods' is the name of the play which the Greeks, even when they bring their gods, even when they bring their gods.
7. Major General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., is slated to succeed Major General Hugh L. Scott as commander of the 1st Army upon the retirement of the latter.
8. In 'Whirlwind' by George Glavin, there is a prediction of a great war in which England will be involved.
9. A 'mystery' is a play in which the performer who assumes various disguises during one evening's performance. The 'A' trench was in Homer. 'The A' trench was mentioned as a creature able to assume many shapes of disguise.
10. The Russian national anthem forms the musical basis of Hall, Fennell's 'The Stars and Stripes' University song.

KOSSUTH IN PHILADELPHIA

RECENT demonstrations at Independence Hall followed precedents that go far back into Philadelphia's past. The reception of Louis Kosuth centered about the old State House in the last days of December, 1851. The building was decorated with the flags of Hungary, Turkey and the United States. It is odd that Turkey should ever have been praised at the Shrine of Liberty, and it was indeed only superficially that the Porte had aided the great Hungarian patriot. When he fled from Hungary after his revulsion of 1848 he took refuge in Turkey. The Sultan was at one time on the point of delivering up Kosuth to the Vienna authorities and only the influence of England and France saved him from this fate.

Kosuth arrived in Philadelphia on the day before Christmas. He was escorted from his lodgings by the City Troop to Independence Hall. He was in a barouche drawn by six horses. The military procession was remarkably large. So great an impression had the liberty-loving Kosuth's career made that all parts of the State sent delegates. There were twenty companies from nearby counties, and twenty-five companies of the First Division army, which Kosuth had led in the north. The existence of so many military organizations is explained by the fact that this was shortly after the Mexican War, before the martial spirit had died out.

Major Giffin addressed the visitor at the State House and then Kosuth spoke from a platform in Independence Square. A serious phase of the reception, of particular interest at this time, was the participation of many Germans—patriots who had fled from their Fatherland after the revolution of 1848. They were denouncing the Prussian tyranny at Berlin as well as the Hungarian tyranny at Vienna, and they sang a song, which Kosuth reviewed. The existence of so many military organizations is explained by the fact that this was shortly after the Mexican War, before the martial spirit had died out.

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THE ENIGMATIC ENGLISHMAN

It is a bit difficult for Americans to understand the characteristic of the Englishman who is unwilling to talk about his English, which is an expert, according to the title of the article, "The Enigmatic Englishman," his whimsical Irishman and the American, the

"The American, like the Athenian of old," says, "is forever seeking for some new thing. And when he encounters that new thing, nothing can prevent him getting to the roots of it. Consequently, when an American finds himself in the company of a man who possesses certain special knowledge, it seems right and natural for him to draw that man out upon his own man. He usually draws a blank. He is met either by a cold stare or a smiling evasion. The man may be a distinguished statesman, or a soldier, or a writer; but to judge from his responses—half awkward, half humorous—to your shrewd and most searching questions you will be left with the impression that you have been conversing with a diplomat and rather superficially, to a diplomat, who is accustomed to say his prayers to the gods of Knowledge and of Power, and who, to do him justice, is at least as well informed as you are.

That fire may have been an once superstitious folk. Not without some reason, the Englishman is a creature who is not all true, don't they?" she asked. Curtin admitted that he had sensational newspapers which were not overparticular about their statements. It transpired during the conversation that Lang himself had read in a Munich paper the report of his death in battle. The American correspondents had evidently read it also and sent it to their papers.