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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1915.

Humanity makes mistakes—tragic mistakes—makes apologies in one age for the wrongs it did in a former age and builds monuments to martyrs out of the stones wherewith it stoned them.

A National Duty: Create a Merchant Marine

APHIME duty of Congress in its work for preparedness is to put a merchant marine on both oceans. Its first move toward that end should be to repeal the seamen's law, and with the decks thus cleared, to turn the whole matter over to a special commission of experts.

There isn't an iota of doubt about the need for a big merchant marine in peace; the last year has driven home the further lesson of its essential value to a nation at war. The only question is now one of method. How can the question be best handled by Congress; how can the end be settled upon the best method?

Creating a merchant marine is a technical question. It must be settled by men who know all the many economic and commercial factors contributing to it. Therefore, Congress must take the whole thing out of politics. A policy must be framed along non-political and therefore non-contentious lines. There can be no battle of local self-interests, such as wages over the tariff. National needs cry imperatively for satisfaction. It is up to Congress to put them in the proper hands.

The New Germanic Union

COINCIDENT with the triumph of Teutonic arms in Russia is the report of diplomatic tentatives toward a new Germanic union. Meagre as the accounts are, they are unquestionably more significant than even the fall of Warsaw.

German diplomats are at work perfecting a new customs-union to embrace the two central empires. So far only a union insuring identical tariff regulations in Germany and Austria-Hungary is suggested. Already the Hungarians of the dual monarchy are in protest.

If national integrity is precious to Hungary, the protest comes none too soon. Since 1815 Prussian consolidation has followed close on the formation of precisely such unions. At that time Prussia wiped out sixty-seven different tariff schedules. In 1833 the Zollverein was formed and established a single schedule in the thirty-six boundaries of what is now the German Empire. By 1842 Austria and two interior provinces alone were outside the union. So it was that when Bismarck began to shape his empire the elements were already grappled to each other with hoops of commercial steel.

That is the new ideal—to embrace Austria and Hungary, to win to the Adriatic. But it will need a second Bismarck for its achievement.

End of the Tragedy of Errors

WHEN Mr. Wilson was inaugurated, there was an organized government in Mexico. Protection of our interests in Nicaragua and other Central American Republics had induced respect for the flag. Mr. Knox's diplomacy had put an end to much of the persecution of Americans.

The Wilson Administration at once substituted for a strong foreign policy a milk-and-water program. It began to argue about American rights, to beg instead of demand, to advise instead of order, and within a few months there was chaos south of the Rio Grande. Our Utopian method of helping Mexico assisted in making a shambles of the country. "A fool friend," said a philosopher, "is more dangerous than any enemy."

The President, it seems, realizes the futility of his former program. With the aid of other American nations, peace in Mexico is to be re-established. Good! But what a pity that the clenched fist instead of the supplicating palm was not used long ago!

No Time to Talk of Peace

NO TALK of peace for England and France and Belgium and Italy now is to cavil these nations with a contemptible willingness to be enslaved, to abandon the principles of civilization, to sink into mere bruteries and to hand the world over to a military caste whose entire purpose is utterly antagonistic to the ideals toward which humanity has been struggling for centuries.

The Allies may be whipped, but they must be sure that they are whipped before they give up. There must be left in them no vestige of resistance, no hope of preservation, before they can even consider acquiescence in the rape of Belgium or recognize the ascendancy in Europe of the Kaiser. They have to choose between the extreme sacrifices and degrading subordination, between national existence and an intolerable German hegemony. Better to be wiped off the earth rather than to succumb under such conditions.

For on what German success up to this time is based? Not on superior bravery, on better morale, on any of those virtues in which great peoples rejoice. The Germans are not better fighters; they are better prepared. There is a mechanical superiority, a result of a greater number of the instruments of war. It is a nation that has monopolized the enormous industrial capacity

into military achievement while other nations have been utilizing their factories for the peaceful purposes of mankind. It is a frightful handicap, but not one which it is impossible to overcome, and overcome it must be, no matter at what cost in blood and treasure.

Peace must be dictated not from, but in, Berlin.

Butter Your Own Bread

BE A MAN, not a goat. Do your own thinking. Find out what sort of city you live in. Search your mind and see if that is the kind of city you want. Is it giving you a just return for your money? Is it making life better for your wife? Is it doing its best for your child, in sanitation, in milk inspection, in schools, in playgrounds, in parks? Is it watching after your interests every minute of the day? Is it looking forward further than your eyes are capable, building for your future and the future of your family?

If it isn't, think out who's to blame. Yourself, first of all, for letting your brain lie idle. Then your representatives for taking advantage of your docility. Set your thought to work chastening your representatives. Think harder every day over this big problem of making Philadelphia a better city to live in.

Don't let the political boss think for you. He won't think your way. His bread is buttered by your passivity, and he knows it. He will never do anything to wake you up. While you sleep he robs the till.

Don't expect the business man to act for you. He may put your thought into action; he has done so many times. But don't fall back in dependence on stealing some of a busy man's time and energy. It is you who have the bigger stake in civic righteousness. The business man needs an honest city government; but you need that and something more—an instrument of constructive welfare. The business man has his income, his capital, to keep him and to do his bidding; you have only your fellows. Linked to them by the vote you can forge that sword of protection, that tool of helplessness, the perfect city.

And if you don't think, if you don't vote, if you only cast your ballot for the old conception of an open city till, what about democracy? Can it exist? Democratic government is a failure, a bigger failure than any autocracy that ever ruled over slaves, unless you think its way to triumph.

Munitions the First Requisite for Defense

THE Germans have the guns and the shells to put into them. The Allies' millions of men, no matter how well they are trained, cannot win unless they have in their hands the instruments of war.

Preparation for the national defense is not merely a matter of training a reserve army or of building a great navy. It is pre-eminently a question of providing munitions. We should not only have an enormous store of guns and shells to fit them, but factories capable of turning out in prodigious quantity whatever supplies might be needed in case of conflict.

That is the lesson Europe teaches the United States, and it must not be ignored.

Industrial Preparedness

PITTSBURGH'S new Public Health Service Station is out to investigate every possible factory condition that makes for ill-health. This government study of occupational diseases will ultimately go into matters of lighting, ventilation, length of hours, dust, water supply and sanitation; but its primary field will be the very interesting and essential one of fatigue. It will study the routine of work in the factories about Pittsburgh, and try to estimate just how the character of different operations, the rapidity and duration, and the alternation with other sorts of work, affect the worker's nervous stamina. From its observations the manufacturers should gain a very valuable knowledge of what methods of organization make for the least strain in their workers and biggest gain in their product. Healthy workmen mean a better output and a better profit.

Healthy workmen mean something more, something on a national scale. Uncle Sam may not realize it, but he is taking a big step toward preparedness by such efforts to protect and better the labor of the country. Keeping up the standard of the nation's health, assuring an efficient working body, was one of Germany's supreme bits of preparedness. Her vigorous, hard-marching army is one of the results of the wisdom she showed in the conduct of industry.

Thomas Mott Osborne: Victim of Success?

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE is in for tribulations. At this distance it is a little hard to determine whether he or the politicians are to blame. Nobody doubts his good motives. Nobody denies the need of prison reform, and for a good deal more of it than most so-called humanitarian wardens are ready to hand out. Nobody can be blind to the possibilities of Mr. Osborne's having raised political and personal enemies by his earnest reformers to lean over backward is just as evident.

Mr. Osborne may have made a mess of his reforms; he may be only a victim of their success. The public cannot say until his accusers present a real bill of indictment. At present mere nests are more in evidence.

As for this vegetable glut—can it!

Does "A. B. C." stand for "a bas Carannan"? Haiti seems to be the Red instead of the Black Republic.

Chorus of Jack Bull and Willie Hohenzollern: "He started it!"

Cotton is no longer king, but it is likely to unmake one or two in Europe before the big guns get through firing.

"Fads" is altogether too dramatic, sudden and violent term for the gentle and long prepared coarsening of Warsaw.

How pleasant if one might slumber till that distant day when prophecies of the Balkan's entrance into the war come true.

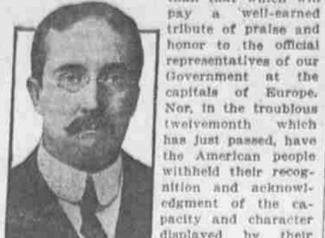
Philadelphia politicians will please recite: Organization is taxation. Division is as bad. Harmony, it troubles us. And factions drive us mad.

GERARD, A MAN WITH A MISSION

Our Ambassador to Germany Seems to Have Proved Himself the Right Man in the Right Place at the Right Time.

By ELLIS RANDALL

WHEN the story of American diplomacy during the years of the Great War is finally written, no chapter in all its splendid pages will be read with greater pride and gratification by the citizens of this country than that which will pay a well-earned tribute of praise and honor to the official representatives of our Government at the capitals of Europe.



JAMES W. GERARD.

the performance of manifold and difficult tasks. The Ambassadors to the principal warring nations have had to do of big men's size, and they have done it to their own credit and to the credit of their country. They have not, indeed, determined any of the great issues of world affairs, yet they have borne heavy responsibilities with a tactfulness and good judgment which have meant much to all nations. If we remember that it was only the tactful personal conduct of the British Ambassador at Washington which saved the United States from war with England something like fifty years ago, then, perhaps, we shall be more appreciative of the service rendered by efficient, well-qualified diplomatic agents in times of political strain.

There is no doubt that our diplomatic force abroad has been raised as a body to a new place in the estimation and regard of the American public. Events have not accomplished this change of attitude, but men. Events have brought new distinctions to Walter Hines Page, stationed at London; Herrick and Sharp, at Paris; Gerard, at Berlin; van Dyke, at The Hague; Brand Whitlock, who still serves, though Belgium is not. But to say that events have made these men is to give undue credit to circumstances.

To deny that circumstances are everything, however, is not to assert that American diplomatic posts in Europe have lacked previous incumbents who may have been much greater than their present successors and who may have rendered more important service.

Driven Out of France

At Berlin is James Watson Gerard. Whatever the correspondence between Washington and Berlin may bring forth he is destined to figure prominently in public life in the future. Ambassador Gerard is still a young man, as young men are reckoned nowadays. Born at Geneseo, New York, in 1867, of a family long distinguished in the social and civic affairs of New York city, he has won his many successes with an ease fascinating to contemplate. But before reciting the story of his rapid advance, let us note that one of his paternal ancestors was driven from France by the persecutions of Louis XIV and settled with his family in Scotland. A later Gerard came to this country in 1780. The Ambassador's father and grandfather both achieved a high reputation at the New York bar. The father was a well-known philanthropist of his generation, and established the first refuge home for women in America. He also was the first to advocate a uniformed police for New York city. He married Eliza Sumner, a member of the famous Sumner family of Massachusetts.

James Watson Gerard was graduated from Columbia University in 1890. A year later he received the degree of A. M. In 1892 he was graduated from the Columbia Law School, soon afterward entering the law office of the prominent firm of Bowers & Sands. He became a partner in 1899. During his career as a practicing lawyer he was eminently successful and conducted some of

the most celebrated corporation cases of recent decades. Before graduating from college the red blood and active spirit of his race took him into the National Guard, and with the rank of captain he served as an aide on the staff of General McCook Butt during the Spanish-American War. Before the mustering out he had been promoted to be quartermaster of the 1st New York Brigade with the rank of major.

His interest in politics was early manifested, and for several years he was on the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall. In the primary campaign in New York last fall, when Gerard won the Democratic nomination for United States Senator over Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was known as the Organization candidate, but though his name has frequently been associated politically with that of Tammany, nobody has ever questioned his personal honesty or independence. Indeed, on one momentous occasion in the history of New York politics, he repudiated the Tammany endorsement of his candidacy for office, and by his stand contributed materially toward the breaking down of machine methods of nomination and control of candidates.

This occurrence is dated 1907. In that year the people elected him Justice of the Supreme Court of New York for a term of fourteen years, expiring December 31, 1921. Gerard on the bench was exactly the Gerard of the bar, the forum and the field—frank, generous, fearless. He entered upon the duties of his position with a thorough equipment resulting from broad experience as a practicing attorney and with a scholarly understanding of the law attained through long and diligent study. He discharged his responsibilities in a way that reflected credit on the people who by their choice had elevated him to membership in the State's highest tribunal. No criticism ever attached itself to his record as lawyer or jurist, and none has been reported from Berlin.

An Enthusiastic American

A successful lawyer and a scholarly, fearless jurist, he next became Ambassador to one of the four greatest courts of the world. No qualification better justified the appointment than the earnest Americanism which has always animated this "democratic aristocrat," as his friends like to describe him. Moreover, he is gifted with the crowning grace of making friends without surrendering principle or dignity. This capacity for friendship should prove an invaluable asset to any diplomat. For in this better age the diplomacy of directness and intelligence and courtesy transcends all intrigue and scheming. The personality of the man, his graciousness, tactfulness, high character and common sense are such as to make friends not only for Gerard, but for the country he represents.

His friends call him a "democratic aristocrat." His family is blue-blood, he has wealth, he is known as a "society man." He is a member of many exclusive clubs. But he is a hard worker and no shirker of the obligations which he feels are his as an American citizen, without regard to wealth or social position. His wife, who added her splendid fortune to his own ample inheritance and joined to his equipment for social and political success the physical and mental gifts, graces and accomplishments which have doubled all his triumphs, was Mary Daly, daughter of the famous copper king, Marcus Daly.

BELIES HIS NAME

Despite his Scotch name, when General von Mackensen makes a drive he doesn't even call "for."—Boston Transcript.

EXEMPT

A son without toes on either foot and having only three fingers on each hand has been born to Mrs. Petrosky, of Passaic, N. J. Mrs. Petrosky will not raise her boy to be a soldier.

THE TELEGRAPH BOY

Death bids his heralds go their way On red-rimmed bicycles today. Arrayed in blue with streak of red, A boy bears tidings of the dead; He pedals merrily along; Whistling the chorus of a song; Passing the time of day with friends, Until the journey almost ends. Then, slowly down, he scans each gate, For the doom'd name upon the plate. That found, he loudly knocks and rings. Hands in the yellow miserie; sings His song. The maid says at the door, "No answer!" and he's off once more.

No answer? through the empty years! No answer but a mother's tears!—Edward Shillito, in the London Nation.

LIVELY COMMENTS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Settling the Ancestry of an Expatriate—That Forbidden Road Again.

Weather and Such.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—In the very interesting article on American expatriates, by George W. Douglas, in a recent issue, I was particularly attracted by the account of Albert Kirby Fairfax, now Baron Fairfax.

As his mother, Mary Kirby, and her sisters and brothers were acquaintances and friends of my youth and later years, I am able to give some additional facts of the Baron's ancestors, which may be of interest to your readers.

About 1788, Jacob Jennings Brown, son of a Quaker farmer, of Bucks County, Pa., having purchased land of an agent in New York city, which was an unbroken forest, in what afterward became Jefferson County, N. Y., near the east end of Lake Ontario, made settlement there and married Pamela Williams, of Utica. The history of his achievements is another story, but by a succession of events, he became on the death of McComb, the commander in Chief of the Army of the United States. His eldest daughter, Eliza, married Major Edmund (not Edward) Kirby, who was afterward colonel, and made a notable record in the Mexican War. His monument in Brownville Cemetery, recounts his prowess in the war, though only 24 years of age. Colonel Kirby's youngest son, Reginald Marvin, was an Episcopal clergyman, who was offered the bishopric of Utah and declined it. He died some years ago. The colonel's oldest daughter, Pamela Williams, married her cousin, William Everett, a naval engineer, who invented the paying out apparatus of the first Atlantic cable, and superintended the entire trip successfully, but the health that it was never fully restored. Another daughter, Lella, married the Rev. Henry Curby, an artist of note, who became chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York city. His daughter, Virginia, married a cousin, once removed, VerPlanck, of VerPlanck's Point, famous in the Revolutionary War in the Andre capture. All these cousins were of the Brown clan. Mary Kirby, as stated above, married Lord Fairfax.

Colonel Kirby was a descendant of Ephraim Kirby, of Connecticut, a family noted in Colonial history. Another daughter of General Jacob Brown, Pamela, married Captain Brockborough, of the navy; one, Catherine, married Captain Larkin Smith, United States Army, a Virginian; one, Madeline, married Captain Walton, United States Navy. The descendants of all these children have, in military, naval and civil life, shown the talent and the industry which distinguished their ancestors in Espagnyville, Connecticut and New York. To relate in detail the achievements of this notable family would fill a book. I may wish to call the attention of the Evening Ledger readers to the fact that the American ancestry of the

"12th Baron Fairfax of Cameron" is distinguished all the traits which history inscribes on her records as worthy of the imitation of patriotic citizens.

General Jacob Jennings Brown had three sons, two of whom were drowned, one in the treacherous waters of Black River at Brownsville, and one in Great Pelee River. The third died of disease, none of them leaving any heirs.

A. ELIZABETH WAGER-SMITH, Philadelphia, August 3, 1915.

"THE FORBIDDEN ROAD"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Was very much surprised at an article in the Evening Ledger, which would apparently indicate that the writer indulged the action of the Automobile Club in its efforts to have Drive. What do the owners of automobiles mean? Apparently they think that every one must get out of their way and give up all the rights belonging to the public. They are perfectly safe for automobiles to go along this drive, and that occupants or drivers of same should not be deprived or prevented from enjoying this beautiful scenery. What a selfish attempt to deprive, and one that comes pretty close to the line of a deliberate falsehood or attempt to deceive. Of course, it is safe for the walking along the drive! There are almost 200,000 people in Philadelphia and are almost 18,000 automobiles that are used for pleasure.

Wissahickon Drive is the one road in the Park where men, women and children can walk or drive in a carriage or go on horseback without being in danger of being killed by an automobile. I have met hundreds of people enjoying a walk on this drive, and if the drivers of automobiles want to view the scenery let them take the rest of us walk or hire a carriage. Open this drive to automobiles and hire a carriage. Thousands of men, women and children of few people who enjoy automobile and belong push things too far; they are now enjoying the privilege that should never have been granted. Wissahickon Drive is the one road in the Park where men, women and children can walk or drive in a carriage or go on horseback without being in danger of being killed by an automobile. I have met hundreds of people enjoying a walk on this drive, and if the drivers of automobiles want to view the scenery let them take the rest of us walk or hire a carriage. Open this drive to automobiles and hire a carriage. 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