

Evening Ledger
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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR APRIL WAS 117,510.

Words are the daughters of earth and things are the sons of heaven.—Samuel Johnson.

The Parkway claims are soon to be paid. Ah, yes! But where is the Parkway?

James J. Hill was not eligible to the Presidency, but he did more for the North-west than any President has ever done.

The Iowa delegates are said to think that Roosevelt is trying to "hog" things. Who could have given the secret away?

If the nation had been prepared before its past wars there would have been fewer graves of men killed in battle to be decorated today.

The chief assets of the Vares seem to be a Governor, an Attorney General, the Mayor and the police. What they need now is some statesmanship.

Commencement season is upon us. The graduates preparing to settle the world war have only one thing against them. That is the success of those who tried it a year ago.

To let the world know what their sentiments are, the advertising men are planning a great water pageant for their convention. And the water will not be diluted with a stick either.

Somehow Mr. Taft fails to appeal to the imagination in the role of convention better. Yet, by all logic, if the Republicans nominate Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft will have to find a new party for himself.

Justice Hughes would at least be able to meet Carranza on equal terms. As the two foremost spurners of the razor they would have enough in common to start a conversation without dragging in the weather.

If Mr. Ford continues to send peace parties to Europe, one of them will get there at about the time the belligerents are ready to stop fighting. Then he can claim credit for getting the boys out of the trenches.

Movie men declare that their profits are not so great as generally supposed. But when we know that some of them have risen from clerks to multimillionaires we cannot be persuaded that there is no money in the business.

Representative Farr seems to have common sense. He told Congress that it would be more economical to spend \$500,000,000 for warships to prevent war than to have four weeks of war costing \$25,000,000 a day. This is the right way to talk.

A Socialist has at last been appointed to an imperial office. Judging by the activities of Briand and other French Socialists the reason must have been that Germany needed a dictator more than anything else. A Socialist in office is usually a tyrant over there.

It is not disgraceful that Philadelphia will spend only \$6500 for a Fourth of July celebration. On far less than that if the heart be in it, a fitting memorial service could be held. But it is a little unfortunate that the city should be so impoverished that \$6500 is the maximum it can actually afford to spend.

remain on the bench while a candidate for the Presidency. The defeated Democrats would then still have a season of Congress during which they would unquestionably sanction President Wilson's choice for the vacancy, and if the Brandegee appointment still is unconfirmed would sanction that as well. President Wilson would thus have three appointments to the bench, and the interpretation of law would be strongly tinged by his views and those of his party. It is common opinion that the Supreme Court is not political, but the political course of the country has frequently been altered by its decisions, and the Republican party leaders, who are not all too keen for Justice Hughes, may well point to the danger of his candidacy. Win or lose, his seat on the bench would be vacated, to be taken by a hostile, possibly dangerous, thinker.

WE SHALL MAINTAIN WHAT THEY DIED FOR

The most precious possession of the human family is the American form of government. It must be perpetuated by adequate preparation for its protection.

TO THOSE who have passed in glory or in suffering in the caravans of the dead, we pay this day our yearly tribute of praise and gratitude. In loyalty, innumerable heroes, shrouded in prodigious deeds, have sunk into the bosom of their eternal slumber. This nation has had its share of them, brave men who laughed at death and went down smiling. The bones of some of them we have gathered into our churches and other life, unknown and unmarked, in strange fields beyond our ken. But not one of all the multitude who bled that this nation might be born and bore great agony that it might survive has died in vain. Some, truly, were plunged into the abyss needlessly, but all together, in one conglomerate sacrifice, established the institutions under which we live, gave form to the principles which we embrace and nurtured into maturity, with their blood, the ideals and the visions which now inspire and animate this nation.

We should indeed be unworthy of the splendid heritage which they have left us did we not consecrate ourselves also to the great purposes which they loved and the perpetuation of the principles for which they fought. It is a simple thing to lay with reverent hands flowers upon their graves. It is not a simple thing to follow in the paths they marked. The integrity of democratic institutions and the maintenance without dishonor of our national prestige constitute the goal of our endeavor. We can be worse than traitors to humanity if by mere simplicity of thought we jeopardize the heritage which has come to us at once the refuge and the hope of the oppressed. For there has been built on this continent a structure of government which is of more moment to the happiness and peace of the human family than all the material inventions of man put together.

The world's great failure has been government. Not until this great nation burst into bloom was there anything in any practical phase of government except tyranny or oppression of one sort or another. But here there has been raised up a government of freedom, in the elements of which each man is but a man and none by birth or accident towers above another. This fabric of liberty, which has reacted on men's minds to produce Bells and Edisons, is the most precious possession of the human race today, to be safeguarded above all other possessions and kept untainted.

It does not dovelat with human experience to believe that we can protect our form of government or the prosperity and greatness which it has induced without sane, sensible and adequate preparation against possible adversaries. So long as other people rely on the force of gunpowder to work their will, be it necessary or unjust, so long must we be ready, if necessity arise, to heed the call of the tocsin, not in the manner of an untrained mob, but fully armed and disciplined, amply provisioned with the munitions and implements of war. That is the duty the graves in the cemeteries teach. We are not worthy of our heritage unless we are strong enough to protect it. We are, indeed, only trustees for posterity, with a life interest in the civilization we have inherited and charged with the solemn duty of passing the property on, unimpaired and even improved, to those who come after us. That is what the men who died for their country did. That is the view they held. We cannot escape the duty which has been thrust upon us, and it is a duty which we must not seek to evade.

We have dawdled and wasted time. We have sought to fool ourselves into believing that we are not as other nations are; that all governments are mortal except our own. Let us have done with such childishness and face a real world with a realization of its realities. Let us see to it that the institutions which have been handed down to us by the men who died in their defense shall be protected mightily and forever against all foes, no matter at what cost.

HILL, EMPIRE-BUILDER

With the passing of James J. Hill the same factors in his greatness will be reviewed as were noted when he emerged triumphant over his rivals, time after time, in the development of success. He was born "like the rest," and the occasions for self-improvement were no more than those to millions of others. His simplicity and his devotion to the task, whatever it was, his energy and the variety of his interests, hardly distinguish him from many other famous men. In his will and in his vision lay the germs of his greatness, and of the two, the latter is the more rare and the more precious. He not only saw, he foresaw. The West was the world for him and he was persuaded of the limitless possibilities of human endeavor. To say that he built an empire, and to restrict that name to the mere district he developed, would be misleading, regardless of the importance of the work. If he built an empire he joined it to a republic. He enriched the country; but far more than that, he completed through his own initiative and efforts the consolidation of East and West which had been undertaken by the Government. His prevision was not merely of the wealth of the West, but of the physical unity of the East and West, as of North and South, upon which the spiritual unity of the country most depends.

Tom Daly's Column

MYSELF I DECORATE
Myself I decorate,
With the fortitude
Borne in the winter of Valley Forge;
With the desperate courage
Of those that fought and died
At Gettysburg;
With the patient love of Lincoln;
With the reckless bravery of them that marched
With Sherman to the sea;
With the righteous anger of the North;
With the splendid valor of the South;
And the undying faith
Of Osaotomic Brown;
I decorate myself.

And the wreath that I lay
On a nameless soldier's grave
Is poor payment, indeed,
For his crown of thorns
And my heritage of liberty.

Hence the Name
The mate stood on the empty deck
Whence all but him had fled;
He made oration without end
About the navy's dead.

And so the crew that day agreed
That thirtieth of May
Hereafter should be known by them
As Decoration Day.

REVELLE
(May 30, 1916)

Across the morning silver voices call
And, with the buples, apparitions rise
Obedient to their reveille in the skies
As though they shared our solemn festival.

For he who wakes is one with him that sleeps,
While memory doth her dominion hold,
And man may see, but love does not grow old
While heart with comrade heart communion keeps.

The drums are beating as the pulse once beat,
The flags fly now, as radiantly they flew
With "Stonewall," or with Sherman to the sea.

What need of words, where men and brothers meet
And clap hands on great captains that they knew,
For whom the roses bloom immortally?

FULLERTON L. WALDO.

The Veteran at Parade Rest

YES, SIR: the rear guard is mustering smaller. The work is almost done. We have taught that it isn't the flag, it's what flying it means. The threads cling together, and they don't fear any storm. We said it in '65, that a whole flag is better than a torn one, and that a great flag is better than two smaller ones. And the two of us that fought have worked together, making a larger flag, far larger and far better than if we had worked separate. And we have brought in others from over the seas to help, only these have had to be taught what the flag means, and what flying it means. That has been the work of the rear guard. The flag must stay aloft, and it must mean in 1916 what it meant to Lincoln in '65. Soon we'll take the last watch, soon we'll cross over the ford, and soon we'll trudge on, weary but willing, past the bend on the farther road, on our way to the homecoming. But when we move on, the work shall be complete. The flag will be kept flying, and what it means shall be clear—as clear as its meaning was to Lincoln. The flag of 1865 shall be the flag of 1916, God willing."

March of the Veterans

IN '61 they started out
To put the rebel hordes to rout,
A barefoot lot, uncouth, untrained;
But many a face with tears was stained;
When, joyously with eager feet,
The men in blue went marching
Marching, marching,
The men in blue went marching
Down the village street.

The streets are lined with crowds today
And flowers are scattered all the way.
For the veterans who come marching past;
The men in blue went marching
Down the village street.

Now fifty years have passed, and still
Fifty years may work their will,
But should the moment ever come
When, terror-stricken, we are dumb—
Then they who never knew defeat
Will, double-quick, come marching,
Marching, marching,
The veterans will come marching
Down the village street.

CASA WAPPY.

HOME TEACHING FOR THE BLIND

Sir—The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Home Teaching Society and Free Circulating Library for the Blind desires to express its hearty thanks for the publicity given in your columns to the discussions at the recent conference of home teachers held at Overbrook.

This society employs 10 blind or partially blind teachers to visit and teach the blind children of Pennsylvania in their own homes to read that at 17th and Spring streets. Or is it that the Normal School, in two years, completely counteracts the baleful influence of the four that precede?

MEMORIAL DAY!
To just a few,
Awakes anew the memory
Of blood-battered fields,
Victims, begging in the name of God, for water.

Widows, orphans, anguish like the very depths of hell.
To the rest of us passing millions
The waving of a flag, a patriotic song,
And more than all—a holiday!
And this is what but fifty years can do!

F. DeS. T.

DECORATION DAY SPECIAL

THE POWDER WORKERS IN SIX PARTS
Connolly.

BRING THE LAD HOME IN MAY!

Sir—Can't you find room in your column, when it parades on Tuesday, for my John Joseph? He was born on Decoration Day, October 11, 1891, and took his first ride on the South of Sea.



OUR CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Praise for the Work of the Girls' High School—How the Blind Are Helped at Home—Roosevelt Admirers Attack Hughes—Other Current Matters

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their views on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—I have no personal interest in the discussion arising from a letter in your correspondence columns regarding the obsolescence of the Philadelphia High School for Girls, because I am neither an alumna of that school nor a member of its faculty, but I sincerely believe in the exposure of untruths. While I am sure the school does not wish or need defense, I cannot let this war, and the many other things that are going on, pass without raising a few questions, and thank you in advance for the favor.

A GOOD WORD FOR GERMANY

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—H. L. Dubois is a great folk. Germany has never hypnotized her own people with deception, as he states it. She has carried the war far into the territory of her enemies by a series of victories unparalleled in the history of any country. The Allies entered this war to fight Prussian militarism. France to recover the lost provinces and lost prestige, England to wipe out the German commerce and Russia to dominate the Balkans and Asia Minor. The world has never witnessed such a downfall of ambitions.

Are I suspicious of England? Right you are! If it serves England's interest to go to war, she will insist upon making peace eventually. She has signed the armistice, and there is Russia, he argues, France's hope. But there is no more hope for France. With her 18-year-old boys in the front, she is unable to hold back the German. How can she ever start a successful offensive with her infants? She is indeed the worst beaten nation in this war, and in another generation or two she will be reduced to the status of Spain in population as well as in prestige. By that time the French will probably know why Jaures was murdered.

HE LIKES GOLF NEWS

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—In today's EVENING LEDGER the writer read with much disgust the article "Who Cares for Golf?" signed by "J. S. W." As to the piece of bone on the golf club, except the driver, the writer cannot imagine where he ever got that idea. The writer and numerous other members of my club read your golf news daily and receive much enjoyment therefrom, so I hope you will not pay any attention to such a letter as that from "J. S. W."

A MILE WITH ME

Oh, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
Where he walks a mile with me.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The prevailing style of shells at this year's Armistice is less noisy than that of four years ago.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Widow's Rights in Pennsylvania

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—What share of her deceased husband's estate is a widow entitled to in this State if he dies without issue? I am M. M. M.

Coal Briquets

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Can you tell me whether the production of coal briquets in the United States is increasing? S. H. MOYER.

Production of Bituminous Coal

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I asserted that Pennsylvania produced more anthracite than any other State but was far from the first in the production of bituminous coal, but my statement was disputed. Am I not right? CENTRAL HIGH.

HEROES ASLEEP IN CITY'S HEART

Graves of Decatur and Barry Only a Step From the Busy Street—A Toast That Became an Epitaph

NOWHERE in Philadelphia do the alleys and bang of the streets belie the ancient traditional calm and dignity of Old Philadelphia as in the heart of old Philadelphia itself. But that section about 2d and 3d and Market and Chestnut streets is blessed as no other part of the city is with masses of peace as dramatic and extreme as the clamor of its thoroughfares. One can slip out of its turmoil into Christ Church and in an instant drop the century and a quarter which has produced the jumble of traffic outside. In the cool hush of the little, empty church the meaning of the tall flag at the chancel within a stride of the spot where Washington worshipped gods and throbbed in the semi-darkness, in a cathedral, after the eyes have forgotten the garish outer sunlight, a stained glass window that was at first a meaningless mass begins to bloom with hidden glories.

The change is not so sharp on entering the graveyards of the section, for around them the rumble of drays and cars is an encompassing storm, growling and threatening as if it intended to drive the dead from their insecure resting place. But in at least two cases the fretful currents of present-day existence will have a hard time uprooting, though they find it easy to forget, the dead.

The Grave of Decatur

One expects to find peace in a graveyard, but will not find it if he takes his imagination along. For he is inclined to think that every one buried there is old. But not so. Many of them went to their rest in their prime. In Old St. Peter's quiet graveyard lanes the grave of Decatur is peculiarly disturbing. The cluster of little flags at the base of the tall shaft flutters in the wind today as unrestfully as if they felt the urge of the adventurous spirit they honor, and above, the eagle at the top of the shaft, with outspread wings, seems ready to swoop about screaming a vigorous American answer to the toast upon the pillar.

For on the tomb of the young Decatur the was only 41 years old when a duelist's bullet laid him low there is the feature, unusual for tombstones, of a toast to which the wine glasses were once emptied with a vim such as few toasts have ever called forth. "Our country, right or wrong!" cried Decatur, and it is his epitaph. On the other side of the monument his name is described as "brilliant from a series of heroic deeds on the coast of Barbary." To one who recalls anything of those heroic deeds that grave can never be a place for restful reverie. It was in 1804 that it was determined by the American admiral that some one should be brave enough to destroy a vessel which the enemy had captured, the Philadelphia. It was held in the harbor of Tripoli.

There was a call for volunteers, and Decatur, a lieutenant, 26 years old, took his men in boats on a dark night into the harbor. One hundred and forty-one guns roared from every side of the harbor, trained on the few little boats of Decatur's men. But he kept his men to the work and they fired the Philadelphia, which was soon a pillar of flame shooting high into the tropic night while the guns spoke on. Then he brought his crews out of the harbor again in safety.

Barry's Resting Place

So wide had the fame of Decatur's memorable toast, "Our country, right or wrong," spread about that if he had said or done nothing else that night would have brought him fame. Into the graveyard one bitter March day in 1820 they carried the hero of sea fights. A certain officer, Barron, had gained the impression that Decatur had insulted him. They met in a Maryland woods and Decatur fell. He died shortly afterwards and his body was brought to this city for burial. An immense crowd thronged to pay him honor and the city was in mourning.

Around the corner from Decatur's grave is that of another hero, the great Barry, whose grave in St. Mary's Catholic Church yard is also marked by flags today. On the stone to the great title, "Father of the American Navy." There, too, the spirit of life surges strong despite the tombs. In Independence Square stands his statue, with the dramatic arm extended, and the hand seems to quiver with an intensity of fervor in the vision to which it points eternally.

A HORSE CAN BE A HERO

General Meade's Old Bally Was Wounded in Many Campaigns

The head of one of the most famous horses in history hangs, mounted as a shield, on the headquarters of George G. Meade's Post in this city. It is that of Old Bally, General Meade's mount in the operations of the Armies of the Potomac and Virginia. The horse was raised in the West and was brought East by Colonel E. D. Baker, of Oregon, who was killed at Ball's Bluff on October 21, 1861. General Meade bought him in Washington for \$150. The horse was wounded in the nose by a piece of shell at the Battle of Bull Run on July 21, 1861, but was not put out of service. He served at Brantzenburg, Mechanicsville, Millersville and Groveton, and was wounded again at the second battle of Bull Run on August 30, 1862, when he was shot through the hind leg. Two weeks later he was ridden at the Battle of South Mountain and on September 17 he was shot through the neck at the battle of Antietam and was abandoned, apparently dying. He was afterwards found by General Meade's servant browsing on the battlefield. He had recovered sufficiently to be ridden to the headquarters of the National Cannery Association says that it is not so, but the sickness that arises occasionally from eating canned goods that have been left in the can after opening arises from the decay of the food itself and is not caused by the tin. Fish especially spoils very quickly when exposed to the air. Careful housewives, however, always empty a can as soon as it is opened and never use canned fish 24 hours after removal from the can, unless it was heated when the can was first opened.

Widow's Rights in Pennsylvania

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—What share of her deceased husband's estate is a widow entitled to in this State if he dies without issue? I am M. M. M.

This widow is entitled by Pennsylvania law to the entire personal estate of her husband and one-half of all assets of that amount.