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reject men who have prostituted the party to their own purposes and are using it as a cloak to hide their delinquencies and to conceal their moral profligacy. It means a willingness, even a promise, to place the public weal above the exigencies of party service. Doctor Brumbaugh, by word and action, is seeking to disassociate himself as much as possible from Penroseism.

Mr. Penrose commands a machine quite as formidable to the success of the democratic experiment in America as militarism is to freedom and liberty in Europe. Both are autocratic, both destructive of the finer perceptions, both grasping and venal. And Penroseism, in addition, is corrupt; notoriously so. Better no protection and no customs houses whatever than to secure them through such an instrumentality.

Mr. Penrose in the minority is worth nothing to Pennsylvania in Washington. His election would inhibit his being again in the majority. When the Republicans control the Senate they will not be Republicans of the Foraker and Penrose type.

THE people are for rapid transit. They are for it in a hurry. Moreover, they intend to get it. They are tired of the constant bickering over minor sums, as if this were a poverty-stricken municipality instead of one of the most lightly debt-burdened cities of its class in the world.

The Finance Committee of Councils has put itself in an utterly untenable position. It can retrieve its reputation only by a square and fair reversion of policy. That is what it is expected to do and what the business men of this community should insist it must do.

IT IS not merely to gain favor in this country through American fondness for the name "democracy" that Count von Bernstorff and other Germans are prophesying an accelerated advancement of the democratic principle, as a result of the present war, by the Empire of the Kaiser.

The story of triumphant political democracy is a story of accumulated constituencies and charters, grants and bestowals. Usually the possessor of the power desired by the people has parted with them grudgingly, sometimes only as the result of coercion; but often they have been transferred as gifts of gratitude or rewards for service.

More than 14,000 public school children in Philadelphia—over 90 per cent of this year's enrollment—will have to be content with half- or part-time schooling this year. This condition of affairs has been chronic for some time and is not only disagreeable but undesirable.

As an Ambassador, it appears A. Hunsley is an incomparable conversationalist. It is difficult to understand how the German army can be flying from France when it has been reported that both its wings were crushed.

The "War Horse of Reform" comes back to the city today. The Mayor is reported to be in excellent health and ready to take up the cudgels in behalf of good government with renewed vigor.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

EVERY time Israel Zangwill's name appears in print, George C. Tyler, who produced "The Garden of Allah," lays in a new supply of sackcloth and ashes and exclaiming "Mea culpa; mea maxima culpa!" And incidentally, he says unholily things about a certain ex-dramatic critic now a resident of Philadelphia.

ABOUT the only thing in which James Gordon Bennett, owner and editor of the New York Herald, did not mention the Paris edition and the New York Evening Telegram, showed hesitation, was in matrimony.

THE next time some British friend reminds you that lynchings take place only in the United States, ask him or her if he or she has ever heard of an historic lynching in Edinburgh. The reply will most likely be "no," yet John Porteous was hanged by a mob in 1739, and the entire populace was delighted beyond words.

IT IS not likely that the man who invented the kitchen range as constituted at present, was one Benjamin Franklin, a native of Philadelphia and said to have been intimately connected with certain incidents of our Revolution.

As to housewives who make your husbands get up early these chill mornings to light the kitchen fire, take note that the man who invented the kitchen range as constituted at present, was one Benjamin Franklin.

FROM the first chapter of the Belgian Commission's romance of German deviltry: "On August 12, after the battle of Halen, Colonel van Damme, commander of a Belgian regiment, was lying wounded on the battlefield."

When you ride on a horse that has carried the Saviour to a dying man, and he presents the animal to the church. In the town of Mainz, the monk became chaplain to the Prince Elector of Mainz. A new Emperor was to be chosen and the former monk suggested the name of Rudolf von Hapsburg.

They gave the whizzaw behind. And answering with buzz and whizz. Their trusty troops invaded via. One wheatfield. One field of oats. One cornfield. One potato patch.

BRADFORD. Despite all notions to the contrary, history does repeat itself occasionally, and from the diary of John Evelyn, a contemporary of Samuel Pepys, this appeared proved. Under date of July 15, 1632, Evelyn wrote: "The public was now in great consternation on the late plot and conspiracy; His Majesty very melancholy, and not stirring without double guards, all the avenues and private doors about Whitehall and the park shut up, few admitted to walk in."

believed brought in the infidels disturbing his Spanish and Dutch neighbors, having availed up almost all Flanders, pursuing his ambition of a fifth universal monarchy; and all this blood and disorder in Christendom had evidently its rise from our defections at home.

On July 19, 1859, Evelyn wrote in his diary: "The Marshal de Schomberg went now as general toward Ireland, to the relief of Londonderry. Our feet lay before Brest. The Confederates passing the Rhine, besiege Bonn and Mayence, to obtain a passage into France.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

On the Just and the Unjust. They are looking for a war tax that will fall equally on every one. Docker—Then tax the rain.—New York Sun.

Morning Sun! From a short poem entitled "Daybreak," by Prof. George Herbert Clarke: "Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun! Sun!"

A Pulling Story. The Texan pulled the dentist's bell. The dentist pulled him in. "The Texan pulled his jaws apart, And bade the Doc begin."

The dentist pulled his forceps from His case to pull the tooth. And then he pulled the wrong one out: He was a careless youth.

The Texan pulled himself upon His feet and pulled a gun; An officer then pulled them both, His name was Sergeant Dunn.

Dunn pulled a tip from each and o'er The Judge's eye pulled wool; They both pulled out without a fine, For Dunn possessed a pull.

A Dual Alliance. A Michigan paper announces the marriage of Kathryn Cannon and William Popp. We hope that so long-up a wedding will not be followed by a state of war.

Compensation. If it is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never do more than they get paid for, never get paid for more than they do," then it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do, you must do more than you get paid for.

A Grave Mistake. From the first chapter of the Belgian Commission's romance of German deviltry: "On August 12, after the battle of Halen, Colonel van Damme, commander of a Belgian regiment, was lying wounded on the battlefield."

A Question of Ownership. Alkali Ike—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh? Broncho Bill—No, he died with his boots on. That's how he came to die.—Boston Transcript.

Taking No Chances. "Bilson yonder tells me he trusts his wife implicitly and absolutely, but—" "Well!" "Well, I should notice he carries his change and his fishhook loose in the same pocket!"—Judge.

The Happy Farmer. The shades of night were falling fast, When up the fence row blithely passed, Through crooked oaks and Paris green, These grim treasure-seekers on the scene: Our army worms, One chinch bug, One Hessian fly, One cut worm, Advancing each before his kind, They gave the whizzaw behind, And answering with buzz and whizz: Their trusty troops invaded via. One wheatfield. One field of oats, One cornfield, One potato patch. The farmer slumbered in his bed, While pleasant fancies roamed his head, And dreamed of getting after bit, A few farm luxuries, to wit: One automobile, One lightning plant, One tractor, One silo.

CURIOSITY SHOP

There is no possible doubt that in many instances the tax (the proposed tax on freight) collected from the shipper will reach the ultimate consumer as a double market price of the articles so taxed; there is no possible doubt that in all instances it will mean final costs very much higher than they are now.—New York Press.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

NOW that Baltimore has had its Star-Spangled Banner celebration, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the writing of Key's immortal song, let us glance a moment at Philadelphia's share in popularizing that anthem.

Whenever a song achieves enormous popularity there usually appears on the untroubled waters a controversy that is carried over from one generation to another. So it has been with Key's song, which, like Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia," did not originally bear the title by which it is now known to countless millions.

The controversy in this instance, however, does not reflect upon Francis Scott Key, but rages around the identity of the composer of the music. Like many another controversy of similar character, this one has been settled a good many times to the satisfaction of some of the disputants; nevertheless, there seems to be a good deal needed to entirely clear the atmosphere. A Philadelphia, too, has engaged in this entertaining occupation, but it is not about him that I want to chat today.

It was in the pages of a Philadelphia magazine, the Analectic, which in its time was the foremost monthly in this country, and not surpassed by any in London, that Key's poem first received a printed form that might be called permanent. At that time, also, it still was unnamed.

Key wrote his poem, as is very well known, while he was on a British ship that was engaged in the bombardment of Fort Mifflin in September, 1814. It is descriptive of his thoughts and feelings, aroused as they were to a high pitch of patriotism, and when he returned to Baltimore after the unsuccessful bombardment he gave the manuscript to a friend, who soon had it put in type in one of the Baltimore newspaper offices.

It was entitled "The Defense of Fort Mifflin," but even this rather weak title for so lusty a song could not destroy its influence. It was by all odds the best poem produced during the War of 1812, and, as usual, Key did not know that he was doing the best thing of his kind ever penned. Genius nearly always falls to recognize itself. Some one has to place the wreath of fame on their brow before they understand.

The poem was printed in nearly every newspaper of the time as soon as it came to the editor's hand. But when the editor of the Analectic, at that time Washington Irving, saw the poem in the newspapers, he did the best he could to bestow the wreath.

He placed it at the head of the poetry in the November number of the Analectic, 1814, and introduced it with a description of the circumstances under which it was written. At the same time he wrote that it was far too valuable a piece of verse to permit to be lost.

Thus it came about that the first literary recognition of the Star-Spangled Banner came from a Philadelphia magazine. But there is another chapter to this.

The first man to sing the Star-Spangled Banner also was a Philadelphia, and his descendants have aroused a great deal of controversy because of one slight remark he made about the circumstances of this first public singing of the immortal song.

To be exact, there was not one who sang the song first, but two, the brothers, Charles and Ferdinand Durang. These young men, who were the sons of a performer in the old Chestnut Street Theatre, also were connected with the theatrical profession. Charles Durang was a dancing master here for years and wrote a history of the Philadelphia theatres. Both of the Durangs enlisted in the Hessian Blues when there was a call for volunteers to repel the British, who were going strong in the neighborhood of the Chesapeake. They were in camp near Baltimore and stationed at Fell's Point.

They were in Baltimore soon after the attack on the fort and there were handed a copy of the poem. Now, here is where the controversy begins. According to Charles Durang's version of this event, he read over the song and said to his brother, "This would make a good national song." And thereupon he began to search for a piece of music that would fit the words. He said that he went through his trunk and pulled forth a well-known song, then very popular, entitled, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and decided that it was just the thing.

THE IDEALIST. Due to the grace of God most of us are whole limbed. Do you know what it really means to be able to walk along with your legs doing their full duty, with full-grown and unimpaired arms swinging in harmony with your stride, with eyes seeing every passing thing, with ears hearing all sounds? You will not know until you are deprived of one of them. Those of us who are whole-limbed have won out in our chances. Those who are not have lost. And the most matter-of-fact men on earth will admit that life does contain a huge dose of chance.

VAST VOLCANIC CHAIN LINKED COASTS OF U. S.

Geologic Proof That In Prehistoric Times America Seethed With Active Craters from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The completion of the Panama Canal should be signalized by the bursting forth of a volcano—the only live one in the United States—was as startling as it was unexpected, says M. C. Frederick, in the Boston Transcript. To those familiar with the geology of the Pacific coast, however, the manifestation occasions no surprise.

It is a strange story geologists tell us of the California coast—that ages ago its mountain peaks, mere reefs in a great expanse of sea, rose to such a height that Santa Barbara Channel was a vast valley, over which doubtless roamed the elephant, camel, lion, saber-toothed tiger and other animals whose fossil remains are scattered over the country and some of which are found on the islands. Then the land again sank beneath the sea and again arose, and marine fossils are found in abundance along the shore and on the mountain tops many miles from sea. Imagine the surprise of the old gold hunters to find the skeleton of a whale at an elevation of a thousand feet and two hundred miles inland.

And ages ago, as we have seen, the land also had its baptism of fire. Radiating from midlands California in separate streams, scientists tell us, the lava flowing north became a flood, burying the smaller inequalities and encircling the larger, until it covered the greater portion of northern California, northwestern Nevada, nearly all of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and reached far into Montana and British Columbia. Arizona and New Mexico were also involved. The Columbia River cuts through lava three or four thousand feet thick, and in a cut in the DeChutes River thirty successive sheets of lava may be counted.

But that was many thousands of years ago, being at its height in the Miocene period. Since then activity in the United States has gradually diminished until it practically ceased within the last few centuries, with occasional belated manifestations, as at present.

Even in historic times there has evidently been a marked diminution of such phenomena on our Western coast. Spanish explorers expressed the belief that there were volcanoes in the coast range of Southern California. This may not have been so entirely imaginative as is generally supposed. In the desert east of Daguerre lava beds and craters have been reported, of so recent a formation that some believe them to be not more than 200 years old. For some time after the settlement of Santa Barbara there was a "volcano" on the seashore, either the genuine article or burning petroleum. At the time of the earthquakes of 1912 a new volcano was reported back of Pine Mountain.

An old geographer of 1815 calmly remarks that "California is a wild and almost unknown land." In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snows, which sometimes shoot columns to great height. This would seem near incredible were it not for the well-authenticated accounts of travelers.

The entire region of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, is in remarkable volcanic activity at a comparatively late geological period, and the lining phenomena still produced constitutes the most remarkable series of natural wonders of any equal area of the globe. There is also a small geyser region, of a hundred or two boiling geysers, with their accompaniment of sulphur, salts and alkalis, in the mountains of central California.

In time, no doubt, the Pacific coast will become as active as the Atlantic side, which in early geological times, we are told, apparently had outbursts on a grander scale than anything known in historic times, for example, the enormous floods of lavas which with tuffs and sandstones form the copper-bearing series of Lake Superior, which have a thickness of thousands of feet.

The coast of Maine, the region of Boston, the Connecticut Valley, the Palisades of the Hudson, through Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, show traces of ancient volcanic action, and the same may be said of many countries of Europe where volcanic life is now extinct. Alaska, Mexico and South America still show more or less volcanic activity, but in all the known world there is but one Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, which has been constantly discharging lava for more than two thousand years.

THE IDEALIST. "Because all of my friends treat me as one of themselves. They offer me no regrets, which, after all, are useless. They never refer to my misfortunes. They talk freely with me as if I were as well equipped physically as any one of them."

THE IDEALIST. "There is the secret. One of ourselves! Think of it when rude instinct prompts you to stare at a cripple limping upon the street. There exists among most folk who have been deprived of a partial use of their bodies a high degree of sensitiveness with respect to a slight mention of the topic often sends the mind of such a one into a season of brooding. Under this comes the too frequent extending of sympathy, the too much offered hand of help. Note how your unfortunate friend is proud to do things which you were not aware he could do. Suffering humanity needs all the help you can give. But do not forget that in extending help a mental attitude must be taken into consideration, as well as a physical deficiency. Do not permit your helping efforts to emphasize the physical gap between you and the one in need."

THE IDEALIST. The war has brought into a whiter light than ever the ignorance of peace. Congress would play a high card by looking this question fully in the face now, when world-wide economy is the watchword.—Minneapolis Journal.

OF Course Van Shortbill—Ah! Now suppose! Wouldn't you like to be a man? Miss Swift—Of course! Wouldn't you?—Judge