

EVENING LEDGER PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CRUBB H. CURTIS, President...

reject men who have prostituted the party to their own purposes and are using it as a cloak to hide their delinquencies...

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

EVERY time Israel Zangwill's name appears in print, George C. Tyler, who produced 'The Garden of Allah'...

Quit Talking Get Busy

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...

Democracy-If the Kaiser Wins

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...

Give Every Child a Fighting Chance

MORE than 14,000 public school children in Philadelphia-over 18 per cent of this year's enrollment-will have to be content with half- or part-time schooling this year...

The War Horse of Reform

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.

As an Ambassador

As an Ambassador, it appears A. Huston Bay is an incomparable conversationalist.

Curiosity Shop

Despite all notions to the contrary, history does repeat itself occasionally, and from the diary of John Evelyn, a contemporary of Samuel Pepys, this appears proved...

believed brought in the (infidel) disturbing his Spanish and Dutch neighbors, having availed...

On July 19, 1688, Evelyn wrote in his diary: 'The Marquis de Schomberg went now as general toward Ireland, to the relief of Londonderry...'

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

On the Just and the Unjust Knicker-They are looking for a war tax that will fall equally on every one...

Morning Sun From a short poem entitled 'Daybreak' by Prof. George Herbert Clarke...

A Pulling Story The Texan pulled the dentist's bell. The dentist pulled him in. The Texan pulled his jaws apart...

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 eyes 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 bang-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 Comedien's romance of German devilry: 'On August 12, after the battle of Haalen, Colonel van Dumme, 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 my boots on. That's how he came to die.-Boston Transcript.

Taking No Chances 'Bison yonder tells me he trusts his wife implicitly and absolutely, but-' 'Well, I should notice he carries his change and his fishhooks loose in the same pocket.-Judge

The Happy Farmer The shades of night were falling fast When up the fence row blithely passed, Through crocuses and Paris green These grim trespassers on the scene:

One army worm, One chinch bug, One Hessian fly, One cut worm.

Advancing each before its kind, They gave the wiggle-wag behind, And answering with buzz and whizz, Their trusty troopers invaded viz:

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 'em A few farm luxuries, to wit:

One automobile, One lighting plant, One tractor, One silo.

But where the setting sun had gone Of episode remained a bone, Or splintered as frost denudes the trees, And what the farmer had were these:

One silo, One trip to a new farming country, One trip back again, One start all over.

The Railroads and Washington There is no possible doubt that in many instances the tax the proposed tax on freight traffic collected from the shipper will reach the ultimate consumer as a double market price of the articles so taxed...

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...

Whenever a song achieves enormous popularity there usually appears on the untrodden waters a controversy that is carried over from one generation to another.

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.

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 was entitled 'The Defense of Fort Mifflin,' but even this rather weak title for so lusty a song could not destroy its influence.

The poem was printed in nearly every newspaper of the time as soon as it came to the editor's hand.

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.

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 Philadelphian, 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.

They were in Baltimore soon after the attack on the fort and there were handed a copy of the poem.

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.'

Of course, the words did fit. They fitted a nicely, because evidently Key had the meter of the drinking song in his head at the time he wrote it.

In his valuable treatise on our so-called national songs, Mr. Sommeck, of the Library of Congress, gives a list of more than 40 books, articles and other material that refer to the history of that one song.

As to the real authorship of the music, the result of the various controversies thus far has been to even further obscure the point.

The Rev. Dr. H. T. Henry, president of the Catholic High School for Boys, and Fr. Donald Flood have been engaged in one of the most elaborate controversies about the origin of the air of the Star-Spangled Banner that has yet been waged.

There is a great deal of literature yet to be written about Key's little song, which he wrote on the bank of an estuary.

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.

That the completion of the Panama Canal should be signalled by the bursting forth of a volcano-the only live one in the United States-as startling as it was unexpected, says M. C. Frederick, in the Boston Transcript.

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 fossils remain scattered over the country and some of which are found on the islands.

And ages ago, as we have seen, the land also had its baptism of fire. Radiating from middle 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.

Even in historic times there has evidently been a marked diminution of such phenomena on our Western coast.

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.

Mountain geographers 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.

The entire region of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, is in remarkable volcanic activity at a comparatively late geological period, and the lingering phenomena still produced constitutes the most remarkable series of natural wonders of any equal area of the globe.

In time, no doubt, the Pacific coast will become as settled 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.

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.

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 arm swinging in harmony with your stride, with eyes seeing every passing thing, with ears hearing all sounds?

Those of us who are whole-limbed have got out in our chances. Those who are not have lost. And the matter-of-fact men on earth will admit that life does contain a huge degree of chance.

A crippled man-a bright, cheerful chap-ought have the reason for his extreme and continued state of happiness. His reply made strongest men of his hearers.

'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 misfortune. They talk freely with me as if I were as well equipped physically as any one of them.'

There is the secret-Ourselves! Think of it when rude instinct prompts you to stare at a cripple passing you on the street.

The War has brought into a whiter light than ever the immense waste that goes on in government in times of peace. Congress would play a high card by looking this question fairly in the face now, when world-wide economy is the watchword.

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 arm 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 got out in our chances. Those who are not have lost.

And the matter-of-fact men on earth will admit that life does contain a huge degree of chance.

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There exists among most folk who have been deprived of a partial use of their bodies a high degree of sensitiveness with respect to the slightest mention of their particular ailment.

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 gulf between you and the one you help.

THE IDEALIST

The Wages of Peace The war has brought into a whiter light than ever the immense waste that goes on in government in times of peace.

Yan Shortbit-Ah! Now confess! Wouldn't you like to be a man?

Miss Swift-Of course! Wouldn't you?

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