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the States, under guise of police regulation, to deny that right does not exist. These are both righteous decisions, resting on the fundamental principles of justice.

NATURE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE WORKER. Life a Tissue of Habits—The Royal Road to Achievement—If We Take Care of Our Habits Success Will Take Care of Itself.



Buying Death. TRYING to get cured cheap and dying early as a result is a favorite diversion of the American people. They guzzle patent medicines with the enthusiasm and reckless gullibility of children turned loose in the pink tennised section of a circus.

Some Fine Morning. "Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself."

The President at Indianapolis. THE noteworthy thing in President Wilson's Indianapolis speech was not its defense of the Democracy and its policies, nor its exhibition of him as the masterful and controlling mind in his councils.

Neckties and Thought. If we had to dress today for the first time in life it would be a long and difficult undertaking. We should have to study the meaning and probable place of each garment.

"My Kind or None". A NEW Blockley is not so important to Councils as the architect's fees that go with it. It must be a Philip H. Johnson hospital or no hospital at all.

Stand and Deliver. THE farmers of the United States who raise grain cannot get any profit out of the great price they are willing to pay for it on the other side of the sea.

Aeroplane Darts. AN AMERICAN steel company has refused an order for 100,000 aeroplane darts for the use of the French. The EVENING LEDGER published a picture of this new instrument of warfare recently.

More police or more tabernacle. No more wooden cars for New York subways. Steal and more steel. The English Government has ordered half a million razors in this country—probably for the use of its African troops.

Aliens Must Be Permitted to Work. THE United States Court sitting in California and the State courts of New York are establishing precedents which will make it difficult, if not impossible, for any labor agitators to block the building of the new highways here.

The Easier Way to Succeed. Professor Virchow, of Berlin, wrote: "How often have I found myself in a state of despondency and with a feeling of depression! What has saved me has been the habit of work, which has not forsaken me even in the days of outward misfortune."

The naval collier Proteus is the longest vessel that has yet passed through the Panama Canal, but the Proteus will be dwarfed to a hulk by the ship of the State which is on its way to the Panama Fair.

A Dot on the Map. From the Des Moines Register and Leader. Draining over his geography assignment in a long, dreary afternoon, a boy suddenly became lit with a thirst for knowledge, for new fields, for a glimpse of the wonder that lies beyond the pages of description about other countries.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN MURDERER. A More or Less Cheerful Meditation on a Gentle Pastime. By BURTON KLINE. MOST of us regard murder as thoroughly impolite. And yet millions of us are murderers. Most of us are murderers, and without knowing it.

HUNGARY WINS ITS INDEPENDENCE. Whichever Way the Great War Goes the Magyar Dream of Freedom Is Coming True—The End of the Thousand Years of Waiting.

By VANCE THOMPSON. THE Russian army has invaded Hungary. It forced the passes of the Carpathians and in four columns, it is pressing on. What is curious is this: Out of every three inhabitants of Hungary, at least one is praying that the raid may become an invasion—victorious and complete.

Victory in Defeat. For in the defeat of Austria they see a new and free Hungary—the hope and dream of '48 come true—the splendid dream of Kossuth-Lajos made a reality. "And how many Hungarians are there?" I asked. There was a dispute. The Magyar with the heaviest voice said nine millions; another said there were less than eight, and he added: "Even in our own land we are in a minority—which led to ample discussion."

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE. The grooping spires have lost the sky. That reach from Termonde town; There are no bells to travel by. The minster chimes are down. It's forth we must, alone, alone, And try to find the way; The bells that we have always known, War broke their hearts today. They used to call the morning Along the gilded street, And then their thymes were laughter, And all their notes were sweet.