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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1915.

Tariff is the magic talisman that turns dross into gold.

Where Are the "Smarting Millions"?

ACCORDING to Frank P. Walsh, the chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, who seems to be the best-known agitator in the country just now, "the basic cause of industrial dissatisfaction is low wages." He also finds that "citizens numbering millions smart under a sense of injustice and oppression."

Do they? It does not take many millions to elect a President and a Congress. A whole people cannot be "smarting" very much or they would rise in their wrath and terminate the conditions of which they complain. It is a fact, of course, that wages in America are the highest in the world. They drop sometimes when economic experimentalists get control in Washington and insist that American products shall be put into competition with a cheap foreign output. That is why the "smarting millions," as a general thing, stand for protection.

Mr. Walsh seems to stand for low prices and high wages. That is a popular platform. A more popular one would be a demand for a law to compel every citizen to be a millionaire.

For the Honor of France

NOTHING finer has happened in this war than the action of France in sending back to Switzerland Eugene Gilbert, the aviator who was forced to land on Swiss soil in July because of an accident to his motor. He was interned by the Swiss Government, and was allowed to go about on his promise that he would not attempt to escape. He broke his word a few days ago, crossed the frontier and reported for duty at the War Office in Paris.

The honor of France as well as the honor of a soldier were involved in his actions, and France, in order that her honor may be unscathed, has repudiated the action of Gilbert. The word of a French soldier must be as good as his bond, lead the word of France, when given on a "scrap of paper," be regarded as an empty promise.

Myth of the Minute Men

THE last argument of those who disbelieve in the necessity for the United States to prepare itself against war is usually, "but think of the minute men!" The trouble with that argument is that if one does think, seriously and without illusions, about the minute men, there is only one result, and that is a cry for preparedness. That at Concord and Bunker Hill the minute men did a proud and noble work is a fact. Since that time the myth of the minute men, the idea that at any moment the American farmer, or bank clerk, or merchant prince, can be trusted to reach for his gun and go on the still hunt for enemies, has done tremendous harm. Even during the Revolution Washington was quoted as saying that the militia was worse than useless and had been the origin of all our misfortunes. Washington, it is to be noted, did his best work at the head of some 2500 troops.

Since that time the tradition of the minute man has held all our Congressmen in a vise. At the outbreak of the War of 1812 there were but 6700 men in the army. More than half a million men enlisted and were disgracefully routed time and again by vastly inferior English forces. In the Mexican and Civil Wars the same myth prevailed. As a result thousands of lives were snuffed out, not by war, but by unpreparedness. All the devotion, all the fine military achievements developed on both sides of the Civil War were almost entirely nullified by the lack of a minimum number of trained men.

The Hamlet of Oyster Bay

"THE time is out of joint," cries Theodore Roosevelt, the Hamlet of Oyster Bay, and continues with a slight modification of phrase, "Oh cursed splendor that never was I chose to set it right!"

Until the Plattsburg incident Mr. Roosevelt was constrained to take out his "cursed splendor" in rebuking the pacifists, the Chinitans, the Germans and the German-Americans. "We are desperately unprepared for war," he would cry out, and in the next breath would assert that we must go to war at once to redeem our obligation to Belgium. The Secretary of War very properly refuses to borrow Mr. Roosevelt's idea that "our present state of unpreparedness makes it desirable to engage in war with four or five other nations." He says "Tut! Tut!" to the Colonel and declares the incident closed.

That the Administration should be drawn into a controversy so childish and so ill-natured on the part of a former President will seem deplorable enough. But neither the Administration's loss of dignity nor Mr. Roosevelt's loss of temper can cloud over the good which has come of it. Mr. Roosevelt's points about our unpreparedness are good points—so good that the country had taken heed to heart months before Mr. Roosevelt spoke. His assertion that there has been a

CRIMINAL DETERIORATION in the efficiency of the navy needs proof, and will undoubtedly lead to a desirable investigation. That ends Mr. Roosevelt's case.

Fewed at His Own Failure

IF HENRY JAMES renounced his American citizenship because he did not like the way this Government was managed, it is a pity that he did not come home to vote once in a while. The trouble with so many citizens who are "disgusted with the way things are going" is that they neglected their own duty first, Philadelphia and every other city is filled with this sort of "undesirables."

No Free Sugar

REPRESENTATIVE KITCHIN, who is to succeed Mr. Underwood as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, hints that the duty on sugar may be retained. A loss of \$50,000,000 the year in revenue during a period of special war taxes is considerably more of a pill than the Democracy can expect the nation to swallow. Mr. Underwood himself, it is well known, was opposed to free sugar. So was practically everybody else in the party except the President. Congress yielded, but not with very good grace. Cheapening the morning cup of coffee is all right in theory, but the unfortunate part about it is that the consumer finds that somebody else has taken the saving before he has a chance.

Sugar, of course, has always been considered a splendid revenue producer. The tariff on it is easily collected and the tax is so widely distributed that no class suffers an unequal burden. But political reasons for the retention of the duty are more urgent than the economic ones, from the Democratic viewpoint. The beet sugar industry has become enormously important in a dozen States. Penalizing Louisiana planters is one thing and penalizing thousands of voters in doubtful Commonwealths is another. Free sugar is now scheduled for May 1, 1916, on the very eve of the Presidential campaign. Sound reason would prompt the Democracy to get out of a bad hole by using the war as an excuse for a revision of its program, so far as sugar is concerned. But protection is no more important for sugar than it is for dozens of other things. Mr. Kitchin plans to go a few steps on the way; the electorate is likely to insist that protection in its entirety be re-established as the definite policy of the nation.

Patriotism is a Quality as Well as a Word

THE reason for Frank L. Polk's acceptance of the appointment as Counsellor of the State Department will not be found in the salary. Mr. Polk is receiving \$15,000 a year as Corporation Counsel of New York city, or twice as much as the pay that goes with his new place.

Patriotism is evidently a quality as well as a word. This has been demonstrated many times in the past. The salaries paid in Washington are not large enough to attract the money seekers. They never should be made large enough to excite the cupidities of men who think more of their own prosperity than of doing their share in the government of their own country. There are few lawyers who would decline appointment to the Supreme Court, even though the salary of a Justice is only a small part of the sum they could win in private practice.

Mr. Polk is a capable lawyer with experience in large affairs, and under the guidance of Secretary Lansing he can do good service in the State Department. If the Secretary of State himself were not thoroughly grounded in international law the appointment of a man with more technical knowledge would have been advisable, but the nation can look upon the promotion of Mr. Polk with equanimity.

Women Smokers of High and Low Degree

MEMBERS of the house committees of the women's clubs whose buildings contain all the modern conveniences will be interested to learn that the new women's building on the poor farm in Ramsey county, Minnesota, is to have a smoking room. Smoking has never been either a novelty or a fad with women. So long ago as the early days of the last century Horace Greeley was in the habit of lighting his mother's pipe and getting it well started for her every day. His mother's delight in her pipe was not exceptional among the women of the New England neighborhood where she lived. We are not informed, however, whether the other women were of such luxurious habits that they had to have some one get the pipe well going for them. The sociological investigator who would explore this little known region of social custom would find most interesting soil.

The two extremes of female society meet today on the common plane of tobacco. At one extreme, represented by those living on the Minnesota poor farm, it is used in a pipe, and at the other extreme there is a group of women who think it "smart" to toy with a cigarette. Now and then there is one who will smoke a cigar, but fashion has not yet sanctioned the pipe. There is no telling when the cigarette case dangling from the belt will not be displaced by a tobacco pouch, embroidered in silk and adorned with a gold monogram, with a special attachment for carrying a small meerschaum pipe, for history repeats itself in tobacco as well as in the atrocities of war.

General Wood, being a good soldier, obeys. A lesson to his friends.

Von Tirpitz, it seems, is soon to be hoist with his own petard. Or sunk with his own sub.

Marietta, Ga., is driving out all strangers. Afraid they may find out something unpleasant?

Lehigh Republicans, with a fine sense of humor, have nominated Penrose for President.

It must feel like the good old days for Colonel Roosevelt to be back in the first-page headlines.

Mr. Roosevelt feels that he is going to run for President in 1916, and Gosh, how he does dread it!

"Gold buried in North Carolina."—Headline. Not Captain Kidd this time, but Captain Kidd.

If the posters issued by the suffragists are any indication of their spirit, they ought to have the vote at once.

It is admitted that women make good mothers, although there are some extremists who will doubtless deny it before the campaign is over.

STREET FAKERS OF THE FLAMING TORCH

Their Hand-Out of Language is Nothing New, Having Been Perfected in Form and Substance Many Centuries Ago

By CYRIL MELVILLE LITTLEJOHN

HOW ancient is the familiar art of the curbstone salesmen! The men who stand on boxes near flickering gasoline torches and sell 10-cent diamonds, fountain pens and divers other commodities, but especially curials of human ills, have not by any means discovered a new profession—far from it! They practice an art perfected centuries ago. Who has not paused just for a moment to listen to one of their number? The streets of all the large cities contain many such, vending their wares. Youthful spectators may think them original, and, with some justification, clever; but their fathers, from the time whereof memory runneth not to the contrary, have often heard the same strains, almost the identical words, used always by the fakery. These buccaners of the gasoline torch, who browse on the small change of the public, never seem to vary their line of talk.

Ladies and gentlemen—I am not here tonight to sell you anything, I am merely going to introduce to you a wonderful remedy for cold, coughs, grip, blood disorders and nervous diseases. This medicine has cured sickness of 45 years' standing and when all other remedies have failed.

They tell about the various testimonials and elaborate on the wonderful properties of their remedy.

Just to Introduce It

Now just to introduce this article, the merchant continues: I have a few small bottles which I shall pass out to you tonight, and I am not going to ask you \$5, nor \$4, nor \$3, nor \$2, nor \$1, nor even 50 cents, nor 50 cents. But I tell you what I am going to do, ladies and gentlemen. Listen: I am going to give to you this wonderful little remedy, to each lady or gentleman in the audience who passes me up the small sum of 25 cents, two bits, one quarter. Never until tonight has this wonderful medicine been sold for less than \$5.

Such is the usual hand-out of English slung by a New York East Sider or a Western-looking individual in a wide-brimmed slouch hat, who fairly spills the words from his mouth.

These people seem to have been always with us. If time can honor a profession, the street faker deserves Father Time's greenest laurels. No one knows who first began curbstone oratory to sell one's goods, but it probably commenced shortly after curbstones were first laid. In Ben Jonson's and Shakespeare's time, the "up-to-date" faker flourished.

In one of Jonson's plays, produced in the year 1605, we see Volpone, disguised as Scoto Mantuano, a mountebank doctor, selling a medicine on a platform erected on a street corner, where he might catch a glimpse of a coveted married woman from a nearby window. As the present-day faker usually has a lackey to catch and entertain the audience, Volpone had such an assistant.

Volpone's Model Speech

Volpone addressed the throng in this ooled manner: Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons: I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell. I protest I and my six servants are not able to make of this precious liquor so fast as it is fetched away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city. O health, health! the blessing of the rich, the riches of the poor, who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying the world without thee! Be not then so sparing of your purse, honorable gentlemen, as to abridge the nature of your life. 'Tis this rare extraction that hath only power to disperse all malignant humors; a most sovereign and approved remedy; cramps, convulsions, paralysis, epilepsies, retired nerves, stopping of the liver; and cures melancholia, hypochondria, being taken and applied according to my printed recipes. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And Zan Fricola, prince of a verse extempore in honor of it. You all know, honorable gentlemen, I never valued this vial at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six; and in the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot do for me, I ask you not as to the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns. Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffee contains, to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark, I asked you six crowns; and six crowns at other times you have paid. You shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor shall I demand, nor a moccio, sixpence. It will cost you, if you expect no lower price—for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine—that I will have only a pledge of your love to carry something to forget you. Therefore, now, take your handkerchiefs cheerfully; and be advertised that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give him a crown of something, beside, shall please it better than I had presented it with a double plotlet.

The Sale of a City

Following the great labor strikes in San Francisco, Reuf saw his opportunity to lead. The workmen wanted the administration and Reuf would deliver it into their hands. A violinist in the Columbia Theatre was selected—a suave, handsome, capable man, whose name was Eugene Schmitz. He was elected Mayor, and Reuf was carried through the streets as the popular hero of the hour. Then began the sale of the city. Privileges and franchises were sold to the highest bidder. The labor unions no longer talked from soap boxes on the street corners. They were the government. When the city was smoking in her ruins, Reuf negotiated the sale of a \$250,000 franchise for the reconstruction of the city railways, and Patrick Calhoun was the party of the second part. The Mayor built a splendid house and hid away the money, and the Board of Supervisors were happy under the shower of gold that rained upon them.

The USE OF THE BALLOT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Announcement was made recently that the Limited Equal Suffrage League and the Woman Suffrage party of Philadelphia, have asked Governor Brumbaugh to declare himself in favor of the adoption of the amendment to the State Constitution proposing unrestricted woman suffrage in this Commonwealth, and in return for his endorsement of the "causes" their support, the offer holding an implied threat.

The office for which the representatives of woman suffrage are offering to better support for votes is that of Chief Magistrate of the nation, the highest office in our gift. The choice of the people for this high office is the representative, in his administration of the internal policies of the Government, of the interests of 90,000,000 people. In the councils of the great powers of the world he stands as the measure of our greatness as a nation, the political status to which we have attained.

Those advocates of a cause whose political horizon is so limited by their obsession with the special propaganda they desire to further that they offer to better with possible candidates for that office reveal a lack of political astuteness; for in the eyes of all who estimate justly the dignity, the large responsibility of that high office, a candidate who would consider a proposition to give his support to a propaganda in exchange for votes, would be "weighed and found wanting."

These women reveal in themselves a low standard of political morality and a failure to appreciate political values, important qualifications for the intelligent, the conscientious use of the ballot. I. W. Philadelphia, August 22

A BOOM IN COBBLING

One evidence of hard times that the shoe trade has not overlooked is the tremendous increase in the repairing of worn shoes since the Democratic came into power. It is estimated that there has been so much cobbling in this country as in the past eighteen months. And in that period the domestic shoe trade has shrunk 50 per cent. according to a high official of the Eastland Shoe and Leather Association. Of course back of the bad domestic business is the lack of employment and the consequent necessity for greater thrift.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT



ABE REUF'S RETURN FROM PRISON

California Expects Him to Achieve Great Influence in the Political Life of the State—The Remarkable Drama Which Followed His Conviction—An Intimate Story

By WILLIAM RADER Special Correspondent Evening Ledger.

THE first time I saw Abe Reuf I waited an hour for my turn to be ushered into his room. How different from the time when I saw him in prison stripes! The first time, politicians, job seekers, working men and women, young men, millionaires, lawyers and clients composed the line of callers which moved unbroken to the law offices of "Abe Reuf, attorney-at-law." Then the glimpse of Reuf as a man in stripes entering a cell; the gate bangs hard and loud, and the lock-up at San Quentin is followed by a pathetic silence. For about four years Abe Reuf was behind the bars, but a few days ago he was released on parole and is now on his ranch in Mendocino County, California.

Reuf was a student in the University of California—a brilliant student, quick in manner, clean in his life and with that peculiar gift of leadership which later on ensnared him. He became interested in San Francisco politics and almost by accident gained control of one of the wards. Gradually this influence was extended until he became the acknowledged master of the city. He never held office.

The Future of Abe Reuf

The case against the grafters is the most celebrated since the days of Boss Tweed. It involved so many tragedies and dramatic incidents that it will go down in history as one of the greatest plays ever staged in the American courts, for it was a play. It illustrates the vagaries and strength of the popular mind, the insincerity of courts, as well as their power, the vacillation of jurors, the influence of money and the corruption of politics. There was no race prejudice manifested—many of the leading Jews of California turned against Reuf. Public opinion had become exhausted in the long-drawn trial of Pat Calhoun, and there was an apparent sympathy for the under dog.

Reuf is still a prisoner on parole, and his career will be watched with interest. He tells me that he is without means; but he never offered to pay back his ill-gotten gains. In this he resembles Lorenzo the Magnificent, who died clutching the graft he wrung from the people of Florence. He is a man of power, shrewd, a natural leader, and a hundred thousand people in California begged for his release. That he will come back, probably with credit to himself, is freely predicted by those who know him best.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Daniels, new-headed for the job, ought to be able to accomplish some fine upbuilding work and thus do his full stint in the work of preparedness.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Overturf of California

One day Henry was shot by a man who was trying to get on the Reuf jury. Hiram Johnson, a rising young lawyer, took his place and put Reuf in the penitentiary for 14 years. For this, in the days before the heat of the public conscience began to cool, Johnson was elected Governor of California.

When Reuf went to his ranch last week he enacted the last scene in a drama which involved all the passions of a city. It resulted in woman's suffrage in the State, the reconstruction of the judiciary, the elimination of labor dictation in San Francisco politics, the revolution of State politics, the destruction of party lines and the overthrow of the Southern Pacific in the political life of California. It has had indirectly much to do with the Progressive movement in the West, and sent James D. Phelan to the United States Senate. It insures the candidacy of Hiram Johnson, of the Progressive party, for President of the United States. Nobody is being punished for graft except a Greek, who dynamited the house of a witness. None of the Supervisors has been convicted.

Reuf must spend 90 days in the country to insure the moral safety of the political cam-

THE HOHENZOLLERNERS

This year marks the 500th anniversary of the accession of the Hohenzollern family to sovereign rank and the 25th anniversary of the birth of Frederick I, the first of the Hohenzollerns to rule over Prussia as king. It was in 1415 that Frederick I of Nuremberg, of the house of Hohenzollern, was made Elector of Brandenburg by the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The dynasty continued to rule as Margraves or Electors of little Brandenburg

until 1618, when John Sigismund assumed also the title of Duke of Prussia. Frederick III, Elector of Brandenburg and Duke of Prussia, who was crowned king in 1701, was born in Königsberg on July 22, 1657. The Hohenzollerns had long coveted the title of king, and this elector achieved this ambition, assuming the title of Frederick I, King of Prussia, in 1701, when he placed the crown upon his head with his own hands. He was thrice married. His third spouse became insane, but Frederick was kept in ignorance of the fact until one day she escaped and rushed into his apartment, so terrifying the King by her wild actions that he never recovered from the shock. The present Kaiser of Germany is the 21st Hohenzollern sovereign, and the ninth King of Prussia, and the third Emperor of Germany.—Chicago Journal.

HAUNTED

Have you a garden where you walk and see. The golden flowers of spring Crown the new greenery With never blossoming? A garden all green growth and witchery. And does the purple evening come for you Slow star by slow white star, Trailing its robe of dew With not a sound to mar The peace, save bird-calls falling faint and few? Ah well, I have no garden for my feet To tread! The walls of stone Press on the bitter street Where I drift by, alone, Dreading the wolf's glare in the eyes I meet. And yet, have you not sometimes turned your head, Just bending to a rose, Thinking you heard the tread And stir of one who goes Down old remembered paths—but now is dead?—Hildegarde Hawthorne in Harper's Magazine.

AMUSEMENTS

FOREST Twice Mats. 2:15 Daily Beg. Next Sat. Evg. Thereafter Evgs. 8:15

D. W. GRIFFITH'S THE BIRTH OF A NATION 18,000 People 3000 Horses World's Mightiest Spectacle SEATS ON SALE SEPT. 2, 9 A. M.

WALNUT THEATRE Phone, Walnut 7440 TONIGHT AT 8:15 ROBERT EDESON (HIMSELF) Supported by the Walnut Players In "FINE FEATHERS" Matinees, 15c to 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS Victor Morley & Co. in "A Regular Army Man"; Also King & Tyler Brooks; Deiro; Lodie Barry; Quinn & Mitchell; Other Stars.

ADELPHI Beginning SATURDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 4 H. H. FRAZEE Presents "BROTHER MASONS" THE 33D DEGREE OF LAUGHTER Seats on Sale Wednesday, 9 A. M.

PEOPLE'S New Season Sat. Evg., Sept. 4 Matinee Mon. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. The Winning of Barbara Worth Nights, 10c, 25c, 50c, Mats., 10c and 25c. Sale of Seats Opens Thursday, Sept. 2, 9 A. M.

LAWDALE AND CRESCENTVILLE Fourth of July Association MONSTER CARNIVAL CONTINUED MONDAY, AUG. 30, TUESDAY, AUG. 31. Band Concert & Fireworks in the Evening—FREE. Fox Chase cars to the ground. All unusual tickets are good.

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Much-Discussed and Remarkable Photo-Play THE SECRET ORCHARD Blanche Sweet, Carlisle Blackwell & Theodore Roberts

THE HAZEL DAWN In "HEART OF JENNIFER" Strathmore Orchestra and Soloists

Garrick FINAL Twice Daily—2:15 and 8:15 WEEK Mats. 25c, 50c. Children, 15c. Nights 25c, 50c, 50c. MAST TRAVEL FERTIVAL in MAST California Expositions are good. Fun Photo Shows.

NIXON'S GRAND Today 2:15, 7:45, 9:15

DUMONT'S DUMONT'S MINSTER MATINEE TODAY 10c and 25c

Trocadero THE TANGO GIRL and Ora-Ental

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