

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: EDITOR: H. H. HARRIS, Chairman... PUBLISHED DAILY at 11th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia...

Tom Daly's Column

Oh, Giuseppe da barber ces crazy with a scrag! He's no good cen da day-times for doin' a thim...

During the past few weeks, a number of people, touched by the spring, have asked us to reprint the verses above. Why not?

Once a year we feel obliged to print this: (From "A Shropshire Lad.") Loveliest of trees, the cherry now...

And since to look at things in bloom Fifty springs are little more...

MARRIED. MILLER-SMITH.—At Portland, Ore., on April 12, Wesley Smith, daughter of the late A. T. Smith...

Home life in Portland, Oregon, and even in New York, N. Y., seems to have been proper and conventional so far as peres and meses Smith and Miller are concerned.

A Word Yet To Be Said To the Editor of the Tribune: Sir: I congratulate you. If I get a chance to say a good word for the paper I will do so...

Brooklyn, April 6, 1916. From N. Y. Tribune. To F. P. A., Tribune, N. Y.: Don't that note speak a voluum? It shows this over-cautious guy Ain't never seen your voluum.

Sir: Why not enter me as your prize anagram? I'm just the same coming, going, from the middle, working both ways and upside down?

Anagram Contest Here are three from a genial contributor who dumps fourteen upon us in one load: (1) EXACT MONIES (2) HOMES RUIN AT SEA (3) I AM CRUEL; I HURT AT ARMS.

Yesterday's: T. R. Katz well—Wall Street.

C. HAPPY SASSAMAN, whose very name is enough to brighten a paragraph, but who is extra happy because he's one of the 'seven little lustrous leathermimthas, asks us if we saw this sign near Wayne Junction:

BREYER'S ICE CREAM BETTER THAN EVER—NEVER VARIES DOMESTIC DISTICHES House-cleaning! Gosh! I've this one hope: I'll not tread on a cake of soap.

THE NEW NEUTRAL I'll talk about the war no more Although, for all its chilling blight, That subject makes my spirit soar.

But I lost custom, at the store, By holding forth, the other night; I'll talk about the war no more.

I like to read strategic lore, I solve war problems with delight That subject makes my spirit soar.

But—I groined England's day is o'er And lost the trade of Johnnie Wright; I'll talk about the war no more.

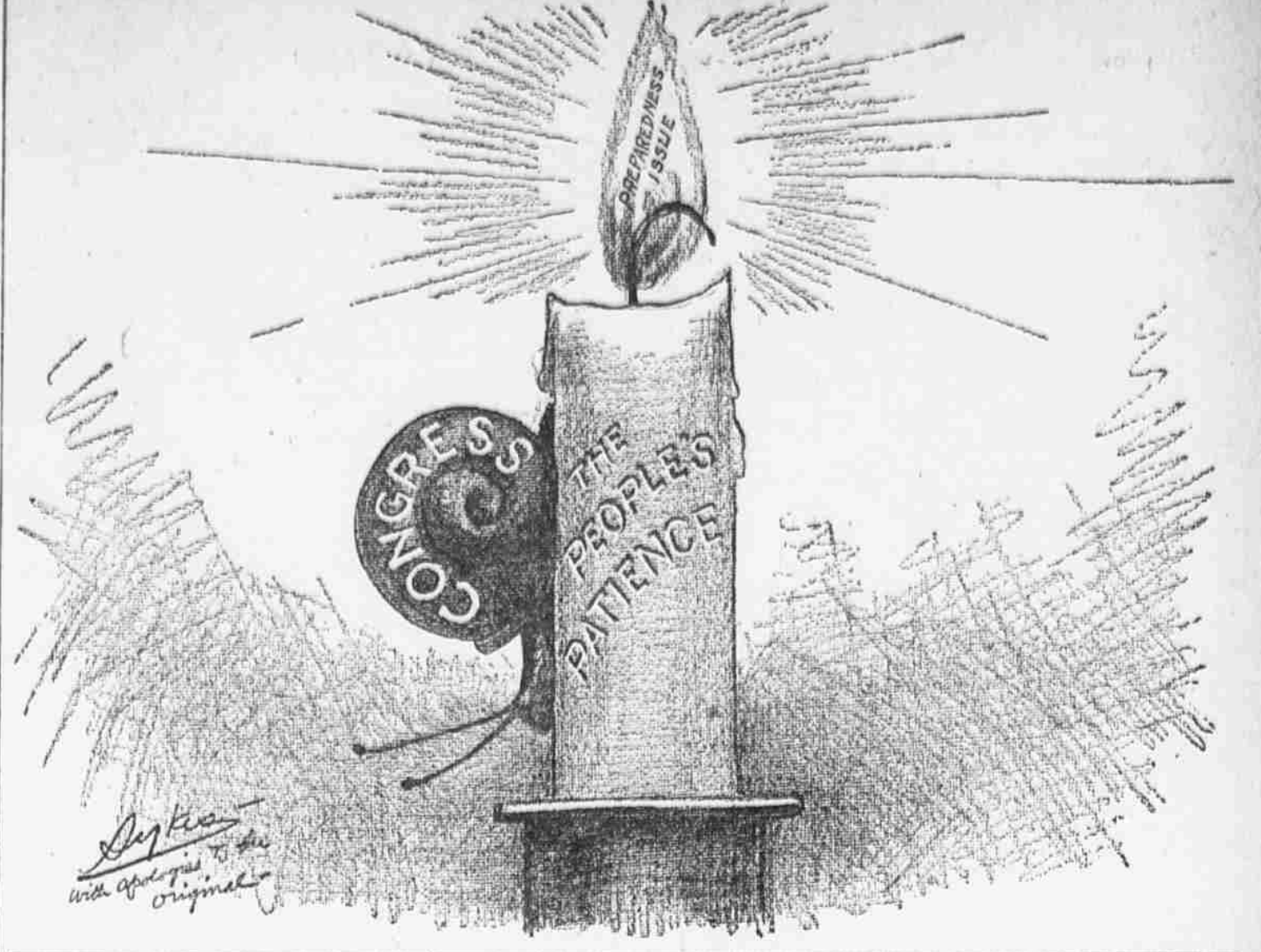
I praised the French, and, through the door Hans Scheindt departed, full of fight, I'll talk about the war no more That subject makes my spirit soar.

M. E. H. ITS so long since "Cap" Shaw was known by his Christian name that to his Dartmouth College mates he's never anything but "Cap." We don't know his full name, but, at any rate, he's visiting his old chum, Dr. Peter H. Lane, of Chestnut Hill, this week.

Are there not men somewhere in this city big enough to command the popular confidence and brave enough to force the mannikins to the rear while they summon the righteous citizenship to arms to assert themselves? Philadelphia should lead in the State, and the State should lead in the national fight for the assertion of red-blooded, broad-minded, forward-looking Americanism until no trading, tricky delegate who has squeezed his way into the Chicago convention dare utter a peep of dissent when the demand is made for the nomination of a statesman and for the adoption of a platform the reading of which will make the heart of every worthy son of America quiver with enthusiasm.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME WITH WHITE AND BROWN.

A RACE WITH DEATH



AIR, AIR, EVERYWHERE NOT A LOAF TO EAT!

This Cry, Like the Ancient Mariner's, Might Ring Out in the Future If It Weren't for the Nitrogen-fixing Process

THE Ancient Mariner, as every one knows, found himself, on an interesting occasion, drifting around in circles on an immense ocean of brine, whilst he noted with dismay an ever-increasing dryness of the throat.

That line had better be quoted again, for it is usually misquoted. It isn't "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink," but:

Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.

If it were not for inventive genius, they tell us, the world would be an Ancient Mariner some day, crying "Nitrogen, nitrogen, everywhere; nor any bread to eat!" For nitrogen is the indispensable fertilizer of the soil; the world's supply, as it has been obtained, is running out; and yet—four-fifths of the atmospheric sea this planet cleaves, four-fifths of this common air we breathe, is nitrogen.

WHAT HUGHES THINKS He favors the development of a navy of the strength and character recommended by the general board. He favors doubling the size of the standing army; the development of a reserve, and the complete federalization of the National Guard.

COAL MINING IN ALABAMA The coal-mining record of the existence of coal in Alabama was made in 1834, but the first statement of production in the State is contained in the United States census report for 1840.

ANOTHER GEORGE Probably most people have believed that at this time and in the great west there was but one King George. There is another. And King George of the Tonga Isles offers a prize of \$500 to the first Tongan soldier who shall win the Victoria Cross.—Boston Herald.

FROM "YOSEMITE" O terrible, abiding and august, The walls wherefrom thy eagles have their path; Bactions sublime, cliffs inaccessible; To giants in their wrath; O summits lifted unto endless Good!

Crookes' Terrible Warning But the real call to arms that led to such far-reaching enterprise was sounded by Sir William Crookes in 1858. He called attention to the threatening fact that at the increasing rate of consumption the nitrate beds of Chile would be exhausted before the middle of this century.

Another of their good, O promises and a portent, a forecasting Of those far halls that yet shall house the race When self and night have died in Brotherhead! O domes and towers and stupendous walls! O voices of aerial waterfalls! Sierran thunderheads of cloud and stone That share the heavens as a realm o'erthrown!

FROM "YOSEMITE" O terrible, abiding and august, The walls wherefrom thy eagles have their path; Bactions sublime, cliffs inaccessible; To giants in their wrath; O summits lifted unto endless Good!

Crookes' Terrible Warning But the real call to arms that led to such far-reaching enterprise was sounded by Sir William Crookes in 1858.

The great famines in India, China and Russia, countries that are deficient in nitrogen, are examples of nitrogen starvation. Crookes' warning did not worry the politicians, but to the men of science it was a reproach. The problem was solved. The needed nitrogen will be forthcoming from the air. But no sooner had science bestowed this boon than ungrateful humanity, in its althoped economy, set about belittling it by running it into the ground with an over-production problem.

Nitrogen fertilizers are already used at the rate of about \$200,000,000 worth a year, and any increase in price and better education in farming will probably lead to an enormously increased consumption.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- QUIZ 1. Who succeeded the late Mayor Gaynor as Mayor of New York city? 2. What is the meaning of the political slang term "pork"? 3. Who were the "Copperheads" in American politics?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with having introduced tobacco into England.

Where Coffee Lovers Abound Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me which countries are the greatest consumers of coffee?

What the White House Is Made Of Editor of "What Do You Know"—Be kind enough to tell me what our White House at Washington, D. C., is made of and what is used to keep it white.

Rhodes Scholarships Editor of "What Do You Know"—What are the Rhodes scholarships and why are they so called? What was their origin?

The Little Eohippus Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me what an "eohippus" isn't, a verse in which the word occurs in some humorous connection?

Another of their good, O promises and a portent, a forecasting Of those far halls that yet shall house the race When self and night have died in Brotherhead!

THEY WOULD HAVE DONE IT! France's strongholds such as these! O battlements arisen to the sky! Whence gods might chide to the departing sun: O then blades of words that die! —George Sterling.

ALL THE DAYS IN THE YEAR Editor of "What Do You Know"—If you will reduce the number of days in a year to hours you will discover the fallacy in the computation that you printed the other day, showing that there was only one day a year left for work after deducting the usual amount for rest, recreation and such like.

Table with 2 columns: Activity and Hours/Percentage. Includes items like 'Hours in a year, 24x365', 'One-third for recreation', 'Vacation, 14x7 hours', 'Sundays, 52x7 hours', 'Noon hours', 'Saturday afternoons, 52x3', 'Now, if we divide 1917 hours by 7 we get 274 working days, which is nearly the average number of days a human being works.'