

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CERUUS H. K. CURTIS, President...

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A REGISTRATION CAMPAIGN WOMEN prominent in both political camps have evidently determined to render invalid this year any plans for leniency that may be advanced by registration slackers.

A TALE OF A TOY WAGON RICHARD KEATING is nine years old. He was once the proud possessor of an express wagon.

Generous and full of genuine love and sympathy and unselfishness. Civilization has struggled two thousand years toward this still distant goal.

CONGRESS IS STILL LUCKY THE STRIKES ARE ENDING And Washington Politicians May Again Be Able to Evade Their Obligations to the Country

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And Washington Politicians May Again Be Able to Evade Their Obligations to the Country

THAT providence which watches over Washington and makes life easy and effortless for the Congress of the United States obviously is in business at the same old stand.

As a people we are in a position somewhat similar to that of the Germans. No one asked our permission for the fight. We were not warned or consulted about it.

Public-spirited women are endeavoring to the best of their abilities to restrict the opportunities for legitimate excuses.

Idleness, however, is a vague but formidable foe to combat. The work of this committee are to be congratulated on their courage and perseverance.

Richard Keating is nine years old. He was once the proud possessor of an express wagon. He worked and saved to buy this express wagon.

But Congress, as we implied before, is lucky. This crisis in its life may pass, as others have passed, without compelling it to the grueling business of profound thought or the trials of courageous action.

Meanwhile neither the coal miners nor the operators welcome the sort of inquiry which the President suggested as the basis of a permanent strike-prevention system.

present crisis in the industrial world, we shall be able to see whether we, as a people, are fully awake to our power to direct our own national affairs.

JOHN FRITZ THAT historical consciousness, abundantly expressed nowadays in the observation of centenaries, has done well this year by Grant, born 100 years ago last April.

In literature annals have reminded us that it is a century ago this summer since the Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezia, and tributes to the "ineffable angel," as Arnold called him, have been fervently renewed throughout the world.

Fritz was born on the very eve of the great pioneering age of railroading—by which, by the way, will soon be a subject for centenary laurels—and his early studies of the details of iron and steel manufacture were put to profitable advantage in virtually initiating the production of steel rails in this country as an offset to their importation from England.

A native of Londonderry, Chester County, Fritz began life as a machinist. To his practical equipment were added vision and the capacity for original scientific thinking.

It may be argued philosophically that epochs produce men capable of mastering new opportunities and that the age of steel was predestined. Nevertheless, it was Fritz who was the personal agent of progress in this field in the United States.

TREATIES IN THE OPEN SUPERFICIAL pessimists have been wont to regard "open covenants openly written" as a delusive phrase.

While it is still possible, of course, to imagine conditions in which participants to the League might seek to violate one of its most admirable rules, it must be admitted by fair-minded persons that treaty registration is a very substantial fact, denoting a degree of international sanity and fair play scarcely deemed possible in the days when European chancelleries buzzed with the manufacture of siddoor "understandings."

CENTRAL AMERICA TRIES AGAIN THE failure of the Central American Union, which was to have made an impugned nation out of five comparatively small states, may perhaps be temporarily setback to a program which must in the end be consummated.

The call for a meeting between representatives of Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua has been issued. The convention for adjusting certain vexatious controversies will be held on board the U. S. S. "Albatross" at Colon, and the American Legates will be President Chamorro, of Nicaragua, and John E. Ramer, American Minister to that republic.

Without administrative co-operation, progress in Central America is seriously handicapped. The most intelligent leaders in the five states have long recognized this fact; but national sensitiveness, combined with a considerable share of selfish jealousy, has heretofore played havoc with some excellently laid plans.

It is particularly significant that at this time Nicaragua is playing an initiatory role. This country held aloof from the United States of Central America, which so closely missed becoming a reality about a year ago.

AS ONE WOMAN SEES IT Though Art for Art's Sake Sometimes May Be Misled, the Daily Grind Still Turns Out Useful

By SARAH D. LOWRIE IT IS the fashion at present among young, would-be authors of the college boy and girl sort to affect scorn of the gateway into literature through journalism.

I gather that they think journalistic writing, especially newspaper reporting, poisons one's literary style for all time and lowers one's standard of subject matter.

How about the subject matter that you get just in the course of your assignments? I asked. He scorned subject matter. He said that he was stuck full of subject matter.

But after you have written your great biographical novel, what next? I urged. I shall go to an obscure Italian or French town and shut myself up with the people and write what I see.

He spoke neither French nor Italian securely enough to be left alone with a native of either place, so that his choice of a literary stamping ground was sufficiently impractical, but it was without racking him further with my critical questions. After all, if he had it in him to write he would do it handiapped by his own ignorance and prejudice, and if he didn't it is him no good way was large enough into literature to admit him.

BUT, of course, he is wrong, and those who put the idea into his head are wrong also. Journalism being a bad gateway into the covered inclosure of the novel, it is generally the nearest to a genius that the paper employs. A good headliner is born, not made, and is about one in a thousand.

What the blue pencil omits the headlines destroys. I confess that I always look at the heading of this column with anxiety, so sure I am that if the one who gives it a heading will not be able to do so, I will have done a poor bit of work.

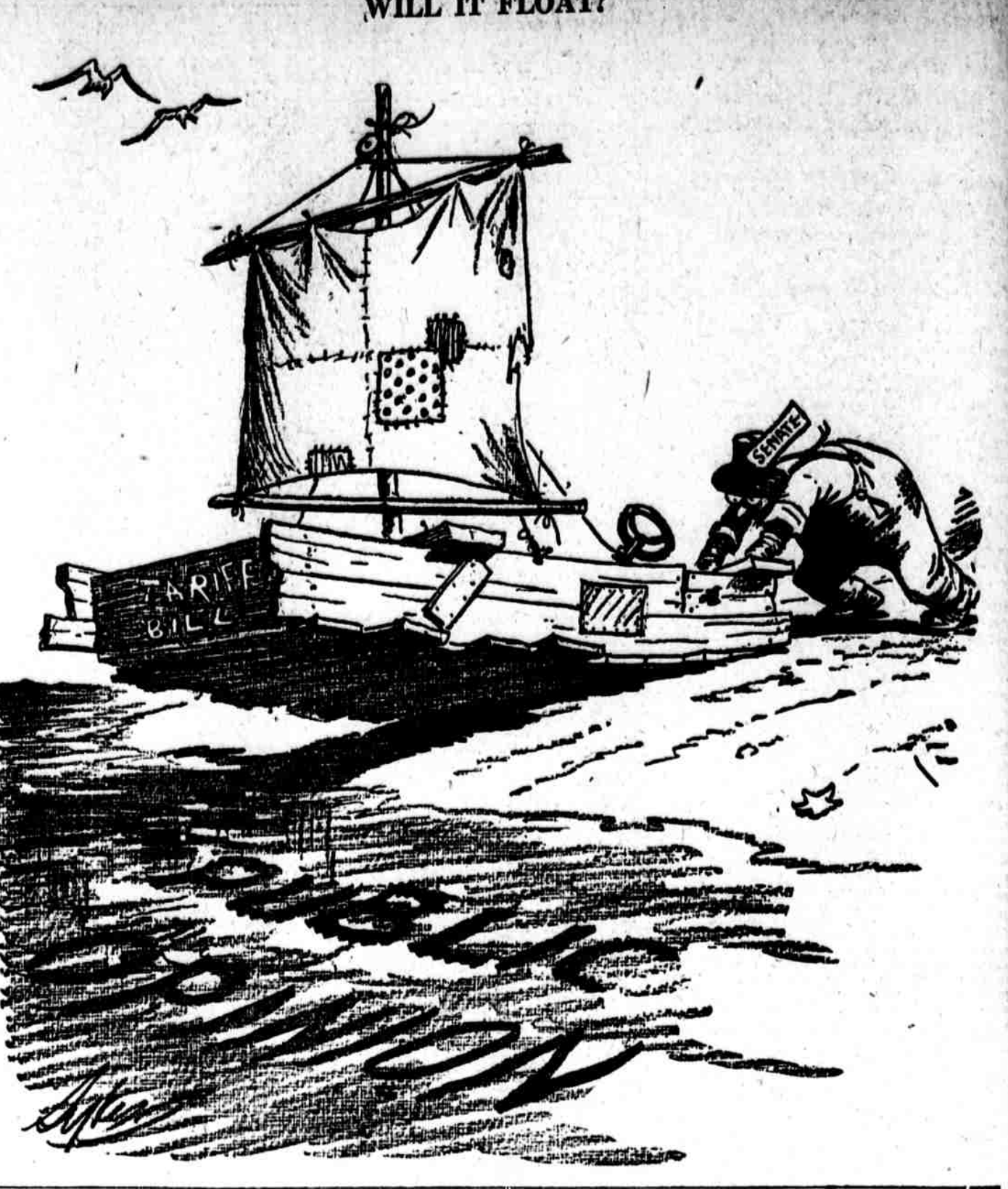
There comes a point when the choice is no longer in his power, and he remains a journalist and a poor man and generally an obscure man all his days. But he has his compensation. He belongs to a great fraternity that creates public opinion, and there is an excitement to the true journalist that is equaled by no other form of work or recreation in gathering in the world's news, excitement that is not written for the moment.

I have always thought, for instance, that Colonel House was a very good example of that sense of power and knowledge behind the throne which for so long has made the manipulation of the administrator, or the popularity of a spotlight position. In the courts of kings in past epochs there were always three recognized sources of influence that were needed by the monarch: the king's favor—the court jester, because he made the king laugh; the court barber, because he told the king the gossip of the day, and the king's father confessor, because from him the king heard of sins that no other man would dare tell him.

The newspaper, if it is really functioning, combines these three powers in its ministry to the public and aims to make the newspaper, who are the newspaper, in fact, recognize their power and are content to wield it without bother about fame or popular recognition.

I JUDGED that my latest interpreter of the new school of writers, the college man who despised journalism as a "way in," forgot the notion that the public was to be benefited by his message; in short, to learn to understand him. He was willing to give it time, even if he had to serve the process. He preferred no later course of tutoring.

Now that sublimity of faith in one's self followed by intermissions of back doubt is a mark of genius, and also of fertility; in which case, even if you are somewhat of a quack, to express himself was his only need. Toward the public he felt no responsibility; rather it was up to them not to let the pearl of truth which he had so bravely spoken, the cobbler be trampled under foot.



NOW MY IDEA IS THIS! Daily Talks With Thinking Philadelphians on Subjects They Know Best

DR. WALTON CLARK On Plans of the Franklin Institute

THE Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, organized nearly a century ago, is continuing the work for which it was founded with a vigor not diminished by the passage of years and with hopes of greater usefulness when in new quarters on the Parkway, according to Dr. Walton Clark, president of the Institute.

Clark, "was founded in 1824 and was organized to meet a demand in the United States for an institution similar to that founded in London in 1780 by Count Rumford. The founders intended it not only as a memorial to the name of Franklin, but as a means of continuing for all time a work which, throughout his long life, he perhaps regarded as his best, namely, the discovery of physical laws and their application to increase the comfort and well-being of mankind.

Another matter in which he keenly interested himself is getting the right kind of people to do this work. This is a matter of the first importance in work of every sort, but it is especially vital in research work. In the end the value of physical research depends directly upon the ability and character of the men who do the work, and if they be not of the right kind the results attained will not justify the time, cost and effort expended.

THE New Laboratory "This year we will begin the construction of the new laboratory to be owned by the Franklin Institute and which will be occupied in greater part by the research work to which the estate of the late Henry W. Bartol is dedicated.

"Our hope is that ultimately this laboratory will be one of a group of three buildings, one of which will be a building at the corner of Nineteenth street and the Parkway, utterly worthy of a place among the noble structures then to be the neighbors of having a dignity worthy of the name which it will bear, and interiorly suitable and sufficient to the proper housing and conduct of all the institute's work and activities except those of the laboratory and the museum which will be otherwise housed.

SHORT CUTS Seniority is still in the ring but gross. Harding appears to be treating Harding with Federal reserve.

The Weather Bureau has given up trying to be popular. Senate war discloses that the sugar bowl is a right hefty missile. What the coal train needs is a Government pitcher with speed and control.

Are those who are wondering if coal profiteering will be curbed curb speculators? Stage set for bonus fight. Probably run to a knockout. Bill or Public must take the count. Coal and rail contentions must realize that the people truly speak through their President.

Dispatch from San Francisco says people there are wearing overcoats. Always bragging about its weather. In the matter of providing a pleasurable kick a baton accomplishes as much at Lemon Hill as a stick in lemonade. False fire alarms have cost the city \$65,000 since the first of the year. Cases of burning nothing but money.

John Jacob Astor, five years old, has just received \$2,000,000, which is considerable of a handspan for a poor kid. Local drug distributor said to have "the best dope in town" has discovered his mistake. The best dope is Judge Monaghan's. Condemned man in Sing Sing want death deferred until he completes crayon landscape for warden. Would it not be kinder to hasten the day?

Illinois State Attorney General has called for a special Grand Jury to investigate the Herrin massacre. It may at last be able to discover that the law was really broken. Franco-Irish steamship company is to operate between Brest and Cork and Dublin. The old Irish song was prophetic, after all: "The French are on the sea, said the Little Old Woman."

Barring the unforeseen, which has an uncanny knack of grabbing him, General Wood will assume command, as it were, at the University of Pennsylvania on January 1. Coppenher said to be the original of "The Virginian" dropped dead while driving an ice cream soda. That's such a tippie for a coppenher calculated to make the reader drop dead.

Without fracturing the entente with the British, France plans to deal with the Germans direct in the matter of reparations. Somehow or other it suggests a quotation concerning mice and men.

Eighty-five-year-old New York woman, deaf and dumb since youth, has had her speech and hearing restored following an attack of pneumonia, but this route to normalcy will never become popular. Henry L. Mencken has been telling the English that America is rotten with money. Superogatory if true, English statesmen who have studied international debts appear to have taken the fact for granted.

Has fever sufferers will read with but scant interest the declaration of a Joliet, Ill., doctor that he can cure their complaint by twisting a ligament. He'll first have to overcome a skeptical twist in their minds. A Perfect Baby Youngstown has a perfect baby, so the doctors say. Twenty-six months old and winsome as the flowers in May. Twenty-seven pounds of peaches equal what she'll weigh.

She has sixteen teeth as dainty as a set of pearls. And her pretty head is crowned with silken golden curls. Alice Miller has the makings of the best of girls. Perfect baby! True as may be! But we must be shrewd! Every mother in the country, if the facts were known, knows the only perfect baby is, of course, her own!

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. How many representatives is each member of the United States House of Representatives to have in the Congress of the Nation?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. A panetola cigar is so called in reference to its resemblance to a small, narrow, pointed blade. "Pan" is Spanish for bread. "Tola" is Spanish for blade.