

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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MAKE THE NON-EARNER PAY HIS SHARE

THERE is no more popular suggestion in Mr. McAdoo's letter to Representative Kitchin than that the tax on unearned incomes should be made heavier than that on earned incomes.

Under the existing law a man earning any income from his profession or business of a certain sum must pay 1 per cent as an income tax and 8 per cent as an excess profit tax, making a total of 12 per cent, while a man with an income of the same amount derived from interest on investments, which he may have inherited, is taxed only 4 per cent.

This inequity should be removed. There is justice in it, as well as political wisdom. It will place a burden on accumulated capital that it can well afford to bear.

THE UNFASHIONABLE SALOON

HARD drinking is plainly going out of fashion. Naturally the saloons, where most of the hard drinking has been done, must follow on the way to the limbo of forgotten vices.

It isn't surprising to read in the record of the license court that 124 liquor establishments in this city have failed to pay their fees and seem on the verge of going out of business. And it is questionable whether the zealots and the propagandists have had most to do in making the liquor business unprofitable and unpopular.

In any event it has long been apparent that the saloon couldn't last in the de-based aspects that have aroused most of the violent criticism and the most ardent prohibition propaganda.

PANIC

IN NEW YORK, where every one is more or less nervous all the year around, a theatre manager has hastily announced that the cellars of his establishment are being made ready for those of his patrons whose health might be endangered by bombs from a flying submarine or one of the Kaiser's infant airplanes.

Our system of preparedness cannot now be complete until the nation provides a splash-lined dugout for Congress, with an apartment specially padded for Senator J. Ham Lewis.

OH, THE POOR FISHERMAN

HERE and there you still can find an occasional solitary who has remained immune and aloof from all the shocks of war-protected and wrapped around in a bomb-proof, philosophic calm through which no concern or anxiety can penetrate.

KEEP IT UP

THE commanding of the steel industry by the Government is as necessary as the commanding of the railroads. If ships are to be built with all possible speed it is imperative that steel for them be ready as fast as it can be used.

If the mobilizing of all forms of industry for war purposes becomes necessary the Government will not hesitate to act and the people will support it. We have set our hearts on it.

AMERICA THE HOPE OF RUSSIA

We Must Be Prepared to Help Her When She Asks It and Not Before

THE attitude of the American people toward Russia is one of sympathetic helpfulness. Every project for the relief of the Russians will be judged here according as it meets with the approval of the Russian people.

Various suggestions have been made looking to reinvigorating the Russian armies and reattacking Germany on her eastern front. It has been proposed that Japan, either alone or in conjunction with the Entente Allies, should invade Siberia and it has also been proposed that an army of two hundred thousand Americans be landed at Archangel to co-operate with a Russian army.

Yet it ought not to be difficult to agree on the fundamental principles which should guide all of the Entente Allies in their treatment of the Russian question.

She is not yet ready. She has had enough of fighting for the present. It would be a waste of time and energy to devise plans based on the assumption that the Russians can be induced in the near future to take up arms against Germany.

It may be discouraging to admit it, but Russia must endure her own troubles until the real Russians awake to their duties and responsibilities.

But in spite of appearances to the contrary, Germany is playing our game. Her methods will frustrate themselves, for they are based on the theory of tyranny against which the Russians rebelled when they deposed the Romanoffs.

Now, this sort of thing cannot be tolerated long. We do not mean that the Entente Allies cannot tolerate it. They can do nothing to prevent it, for they are fully occupied on the western front.

As far as the total eclipse is concerned, however, Philadelphia falls in an area of low visibility.

What's the Matter With Public Libraries

I AM about to attack one of the most cherished of all our American institutions, one upon which, scarcely less than upon our public schools, orators have frequently informed me the greatness of the nation rests.

OF COURSE, I'm not speaking of the public libraries in our large cities. Just as in our cities the school system has long ago realized its deficiencies and set about finding a remedy, so in such places the public library is very often a library in the true sense, a place where all classes go for whatever information is available in printed form.

I AM speaking rather of the public library in rural parts, where it is housed, perhaps, in a room in the "town hall" administered by a board of trustees chosen from the village worthies and presided over by whatever village dignitary most needs the money.

LET me explain this shocking statement. In the town where I live we have roads that are almost impassable from mid-March to mid-April and pretty bad for a month longer and for a month in the fall.

PHILADELPHIA AN ARTIST'S PARADISE

By Charles Wharton Stork

PHILADELPHIA will never be an artistic center. Granted, but why worry? For that very reason it is an ideal home for the painter and the writer.

OUR home public has not, perhaps, considered this matter, for reasons which will shortly appear. Because Philadelphia is not an artistic center it is assumed that there are no Philadelphia artists.

LOOK at a few of the fields we have not noted. In the novel we have Owen Wister, whose "Virginian" has not been approached by any living American.

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Now I'd rather see some of those stones under our roads. Two hundred dollars a year would put good gravel quite a distance on the worst piece, and in a decade would virtually make possible for twelve months our swarms of stretchers.

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SINCE YOU INSIST

Business of Pondering
Who leads the planets, veer and spin,
And loop their vast festoons?

Who tipped the earth and let her roll
Ere rolling grooves of art?
Who ruled the awful passages
Of suns and earths and moons.

Who balanced all these flying weights
With poised and counterpoise?
Who tossed these whirling tricks in space
Like marbles and tin cans?

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Like marbles and tin cans?
And will he, weary of his play,
Discard his complex trinket box
And shut its lid of stars?

A Confession
One of the things that bother minor poets is the scarcity of rhymes for "stars."

Greeting to the Eclipse
Welcome to our humidist!

Have you noticed the diagonal track of the eclipse across the brassy chest of this continent? Evidently the heavenly bodies have indented the Sam Browne belt.

As far as the total eclipse is concerned, however, Philadelphia falls in an area of low visibility.

Like some humorists, though we say it as don't like to, who often exhibit very low risibility.

The Congressional Record of June 4 devotes twenty pages to a debate in the House on the protection of migratory birds. But how about the protection of migratory hospital ships?

Dear Motives
I have adopted the following little verse for my desk motto. Can any one tell me who its author is?

If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim
If the situation's puzzlin'
An' the prospects awfully grim
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone
Just bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on!

SALTED PEANUTS.
Any while that does a tail spin off the Delaware Breakwater these days is likely to find itself spermless vermin, or at least suspected as a mother ship for shrew boats.

How often, cries the Young Lady Across the Way, has that town Croix de Guerre been won?

That strange illness that seems to have spread from Spain to Denmark is very common in neutral countries. It is simply an aggravated case of intense weariness of the Kaiser and his antics.

T. R. cries that there are seven-hyphens in his blood. Well, there are seven colors in the rainbow.

Doctor Dernburg says Germany must be able to supply the world with raw materials after the war. But we have had quite enough of Prussianism, which is the rawest product she has to offer.

Porto Rico wrecks her wreath.
The unhappy Chinese! Carrying on a civil war of their own and not even a motion-picture operator over there to record it.

Two Noble Kinemen
Two men have been found in London who spent two years in a hall bedroom to avoid military service. Sounds to us like Percy and Ferdie.

Even if the Kaiser's press bureau won't tell the Germans that American troops are in France, it seems that the marines will force the information upon them.

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YOU CAN DO THIS IN YOUR SPARE MOMENTS



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WITH scholars it is the same. The late Doctor Furness here found the seduction he needed for his monumental edition of Shakespeare.

TO THIS end the United States Department of Agriculture especially and other national and State departments should equip every public library with its useful bulletins and pamphlets.

TO ME there has been something profoundly disheartening during these past three trying years in the almost complete ignoring of the small-town public library (at least, in my part of the world) by all the forces seeking to get essential information to the public.

EXAMPLES such as these have been often noted before. The point to be made here is that Philadelphia's indifference, instead of being a drawback, is a tremendous advantage to a really good man.

LET the Philadelphia, then, be of good courage. The longest way around will be the shortest way home to fame in his native city. When New York and London discover him he can afford to wait for local appreciation.

CONTRAST conditions in New York. The promising youngster is promptly snapped up by a newspaper, magazine, publishing firm, art dealer or theatrical company.

LET the Philadelphia, then, be of good courage. The longest way around will be the shortest way home to fame in his native city. When New York and London discover him he can afford to wait for local appreciation. He lives in a city with all the opportunities that culture can offer and he is within easy reach of the great market, New York. He has lovely nature all about him, friends as many as he can do justice to and a community that will leave him alone. With these advantages if he does not bludge himself he has only himself to blame.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

QUIZ

- 1. What was the origin of the tanks as a war weapon?
2. What was the first capital of the United States?
3. What was the first capital of the United States?
4. Who is the author of "Kidnaped?"
5. What is the capital of Maine?
6. Who is General Peston C. March?
7. What is convulsus?
8. Who is Postmaster General of the United States?
9. What were the Wars of the Roses?
10. When was the Norman Conquest?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ

- 1. Chateau-Thierry is an important French railroad town on the Marne.
2. Duke Albrecht of Wuertemberg, German general engaged in the Marne battle.
3. Hartford is the capital of Connecticut.
4. "Hamlet," a tragedy by Shakespeare.
5. Captain William Kidd, a Scotch pirate, hanged in 1701.
6. The great mountain system of eastern North America is the Appalachian.
7. Josephus Daniels is Secretary of the Navy.
8. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is a proverb usually attributed to Franklin. An earlier version is found in Samuel Johnson's "A penny saved is a penny earned."
9. Decatur, a naval hero, was killed at the battle of the Red Bank.
10. The Wars of the Roses were a series of civil wars between the houses of Lancaster and York for the English throne.

A BROAD ST. SUNSET

WHAT do you see, friend, as you go your rounds of the city? What besides people and buildings, soldiers and army trucks, straw hats and trolley cars? What else do you see?

OUR city—any big city—is alive with the most wonderful sights. They may be seen at daybreak, at high noon, at sunset, at dark, at midnight. Look about you as you go your way and behold these wonders that are all around you.

These marvelous pictures are all to be had for the looking; and more real, more vivid than ever the pen or brush of a Whistler, a Parrish or a Pennell could portray them. For instance—

MAYBE you saw that mother-of-pearl sunset the other evening from the waiting platform of the trainhead at Broad Street Station. It came at that period which might best be designated as the lull between the "supper rush" and the "dash for the movies."

There have been few hours of quiet in and around Broad Street Station since. But there was such a time this evening. The few people who were about seemed to come and go with the lightest, softest step. Not even the usual noise from the street, not a sound from a puffing engine or a moving train.

I STOPPED before the "official clock," set my watch and turned casually around. There, in the west, at the far end of the great, black trainhead, I beheld a canvas—a picture far more wonderful in art gallery, studio or book.

A little while before the great arched outlook must have been flooded with the golden glare of the setting sun. But that was gone now, and in its place I saw a veritable mother-of-pearl sky—broad, soft stretches of the most delicate shades and tints of pink, blue and cream, blending into each other with another with almost inconceivable variation.

And against this picture of infinite beauty and purest coloring, as though to break it into a score of pictures and frame each in ebony, crimsoned the black iron girders that support the roof of the train shed.

BET even as I looked the picture faded. And as I turned to go the noises of the night came up to me from the street below, and I knew that the crowd was gathering on Market street and that the soldier and his girl had about decided that, judging from the pictures "out front," it was a pretty good film and they guessed they'd go in.

E. A. M.