

**The Evening Herald**

E. J. MURRAY, Editor  
FRED SOULS, City Editor

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TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1921

**OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG**

One hundred and forty-four years ago today, by official enactment of congress, a new constellation was born. The storm and stress of nearly a century and a half had failed to dim, indeed has added glorious luster to, that cluster of 13 stars.

On February 12, 1898, the American Flag association was organized in New York city, with this primary purpose:

"In order to promote respect and love for the flag, the association encourages its proper display on private buildings, schoolhouses, churches, etc., and uses its influence to make the observance of Flag Day (June 14) a national custom."

The national flag had no single or definite origin. Several styles were temporarily in use prior to June 14, 1777, but that date marks the official adoption.

**Ye Scribe and The Pelican**



"Well, it's a wise law enforcer that knows enough to avoid being the law enforcer, ain't it?" queried the Old Pelican as he hopped heavily to the rim of the waste basket and eyed us meditatively out of a red rimmed optic.

"It is, indeed, difficult," we responded, "in this era of dry laws, and spy laws, auto and ought not to laws, blue laws and brindle laws, for the most conscientious and law abiding citizen to escape the commission of some illegal act, or to omit, perchance, the performance of some proper duty that the law demands of him. Now the late Justice White in that most remarkable brochure

"Aw, can it," said the ancient one. "I ain't any closer to gettin' yuh than Georgie Cup-o-tay is to glommin' the world's championship, and that's quite a distance. Lemme just say a short sentence.

"Ain't it funny that after cleanin' up everything in town, including several hundred dollars worth loose change, that the recent revivalists should have forgotten to scrape the sawdust and shavings off their own lot?"

"According to the score book the law and other enforcement league overlooked a chance to knock a home run for law enforcement right from the jump, and weren't in any hurry to shake a wicked fork and broom for the good of law and order, not to mention ordinary cleanliness and the reduction of insurance rates on Marion Hanks' bungalow, until the fire chief got half riled and handed 'em a strong reminder to get busy.

"But," we apologetically interjected, "the members of the law and order league are all excellent citizens who would not knowingly countenance the breaking of any law. However, you must remember that they are persons of large affairs and their own private business requires—"

"Seem like you're monkeying with the wrong think tank," quoth the old Pelican sourly. "My memory's excellent for my age and I tend strictly to my own business and let Lloyd Low and Hank Wil-

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**"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL"**

Out in Mills Addition, daily at a certain hour, passers-by see a small boy wielding a spade industriously. Now and then he stops and picks a wriggling something from the freshly upturned earth and then resumed his digging.

If the passer-by is a neighborly sort and has time for conversation he can easily ascertain the reason for all the laborious toil, and having discovered the cause for the bending of the sturdy little back and the blistering of the small hands he will marvel and go away with a renewed faith in humanity.

"For the greatest of these is charity."

The digger is six years old, just large enough to get a working leverage on the spade handle. It's all he can do to manage it, at that, but he has a mighty motive. He's a man of family, with a family man's responsibility.

There was a tragedy in the neighborhood lately. A mother bluebird, in whom the six-year-old was deeply interested, fell victim of a marauding cat and left six helpless little orphans without food or shelter.

Voluntarily the wee lad assumed the sudden responsibility. He gathered up the nestful of young orphans and took them into the house. Each night he carefully wraps them in a warm blanket. Each day he goes forth with a heavy spade to wrest their sustenance from the soil.

It takes four worms a day, he informs the world, to satisfy each one of the babies. But he's having fine luck so far, as worms are plentiful and none of the little mouths go hungry. And gee, they're growing.

"Blessed are the merciful:—"

It would be an injustice to reveal the name of the gallant philanthropist without permission. He did not know he was being interviewed for publication when he related the facts of the story, but in the midst of the daily race for supremacy, the daily wrestling with each other in fear that we may lose some trifling advantage and our fellow gain it, it's a helpful and hopeful experience to come across one precious lump of pure gold among all the ignoble dross.

Let's call him Sir Galahad reincarnate.

son take all the chances of winning a harp and a halo apiece in seeing that the law is obeyed.

"And," he concluded, as he smoothed his ruffled neck feathers and lifted his wings for flight, "they'd be a lot less hell and a lot more happiness hereabouts if there was a general following of my example."

**At the Theaters**

**THE STAR**

If a group of effete civilized people were suddenly dumped down upon a desert island or into an uninhabited jungle, without food, clothing or shelter, would the self-protective instincts of their progenitors come to their rescue in their struggle for existence, or would they perish ignominiously because of lack of skill in jungle-craft? Theories varied and numerous have been propounded on this question, but the most that can be said, after a consideration of the arguments put forth by both sides, is that "some do and some don't."

Primitive instincts, however, are usually uppermost; and "The Revenge of Tarzan," the thrilling photoplay that comes to the Star theatre commencing Wednesday, furnishes an interesting demonstration of that fact. The story tells of the adventures in civilization of the ape-man, "Tarzan," and his eventual return to the tropical wilderness where he was born and reared.

**AT THE LIBERTY**

One of the gems of American literature will be the attraction at the Liberty today. Longfellow's immortal poem, "Evangeline," which was

shown here a year ago, comes again to The Liberty, and when a picture returns for another showing at this popular playhouse it must have real merit. "Evangeline" has lost none of its charm but rather the tale has become more interesting in the picturization of this pathetic story of Arcadia. If you missed this great picture last year, this is your opportunity to know this great story and the impression will be a lasting one. At the Liberty tonight only.

**THE MONDALE**

Bob White, a type of man bred in the West, was self-reliant from early childhood. He was slow to act and slower to judge, but once he formed an opinion he acted quickly and many were the men who had felt his terrible wrath and forceful will.

Ashley Hampton, Wall street financier, once staked White in a faro game. Hampton would take nothing in return for his assistance and Bob gave him a written guarantee which stated he would "at any time and in any place, physically and financially" help Hampton.

Hampton found himself in trouble. His only daughter, Lina, had refused to marry Gregg Lewiston, Hampton's opponent in Wall Street,

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who through crooked business dealings, ruined Hampton.

Then it was the former moneyed man, while looking over his papers, finds the one which he had received years before from the Western miner, and wires White to come to his assistance. Bob wires him \$10,000 and comes to New York himself.

The Westerner wastes little time getting into the frenzied finance of Wall Street and soon his indomitable

will and tenacious character are felt by his enemies.

It was then that Lewiston and his accomplice tried to trap the Westerner, and in so doing caused Lina to doubt White's earnest attempts to help her father.

How White check-mated the crooked broker, how he wins the heart and hand of Lina and rescues her father's fortune are the sensational and thrilling features of this potent story

which begins in the West and journeys East.

William Hart, the foremost portrayal of Western characters, is seen in the title role of Bob White to be shown at Mondale Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday.

"Babe" Ruth, "pinched" again for speeding, should begin to realize that hurrying around the bases and on city streets are different matters.

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