

EVENING LEDGER

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CHAS. W. O'NEILL, President
GEO. W. O'NEILL, Secretary
C. W. O'NEILL, Treasurer

ive as President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia. They and their many supporters, here and in Europe, agree that the manufacture of munitions of war must hereafter be a Government monopoly, with an embargo on international trade.

Loathsome Odor of the Dive
MEN differ as to the wisdom of prohibition. There is no room, however, for difference as to the necessity of closing infamous dives which breed crime and scandal.

A Job for Every Man
THE question of unemployment is a social question. It is not the result of the shiftlessness, laziness or intemperance of the thousands of workmen who, at certain periods of the year, are compelled to lay aside their tools and walk the streets in search of employment.

Martial Munchausens
THE French have stolen a journalistic march on Germany. Some one spreads a story of a terrible new weapon that they are using. It is a shell scattering a deadly gas.

Commerce and Commercial Egotism
WHEN manufacturers in this country, after the European war was under way, grasped the fact that "South America needs our trade" and coupled it with the other fact that "We need South America's trade," they saw great business opportunities ahead.

Imagining a Vain Thing
WHY should the middleman worry? It is certain that his legitimate profits are not endangered by open markets or parcel posts, and it is equally certain that the producer will avail himself of his services whenever it is to his advantage to do so.

Eight Million Women at Work
THE intimate association of woman with the economic fabric of society has never been so glaringly exemplified as in the part played by her in the present war.

Take Profit Out of Armament
THERE shall be no more private munition factories. On one result of the war men of the most diverse viewpoints seem agreed.

THE HANDS OF ESAU

First of a Series of Articles Showing the Methods by Which the Organization Betrays the Taxpayer—Wholesale Misrepresentation Used to Discredit Honesty in the Public Service.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

Better government in Philadelphia is being slowly strangled. The gaunt fingers of "The Organization," twisting viciously through a pliable majority in Council, are pressing hard upon its windpipe. Unless pruned off by the people themselves, strangulation must ensue.

There is nothing particularly picturesque about an honest official. He goes about his work quietly, almost furtively, for there are no "chowders" or "outings" to illuminate his public service.

Mayor Blankenburg lost a whole section of his pre-election support when he refused to put a man at the head of the police department who was willing to obey the dictates of the ambitious leader of a new political party.

Metropolis, and like Paris and London, attracts the over-fed crushing alien and holds fast in its grasp the weak and the poor.

Men in politics as a profession are invariably clever in the sense of sickness. They improvise instantly. "Oh! Director!" He wants to be Mayor next year.

Why was this? Because these two Directors for nearly three years have had first-hand knowledge of the vicious features of machine rule. They know from the inside of City Hall all about the systematic assassination of officeholders.

Of course, the Blankenburg Administration has made mistakes. They are admitted. But the service has been honest, it has been sincere, and it has been fairly effective.

Curiosity Shop
Once when Rabelais was a great distance from Paris and without funds, he prepared three packages of brickbat, one labeled "Poison for the King," the second, "Poison for Monks," and the third, "Poison for Dauphin."

HUM OF HUMAN CITIES
If the vaudeville comedian, current melodrama and the magazines are to be believed, the police of America are the greatest menace to peace, civic morality and political righteousness.

of conditions such as in Kansas City, Mo., where the press complains that machine corruption has so crippled the department in funds that the average citizen finds it imperative to hire a private watchman for his house.

Views of Readers
Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

THE ISSUE OF PERSONALITY
Sir—The American people are not so obsessed with the doctrine of "measures not men" that they cannot see the difference between the political thinking of today.

THE BRAVES' WINNING AVERAGE
Sir—I think I can give "G. R. M." the figures concerning the Braves' phenomenal sport. Since July 6, when they occupied the foot of the ladder, with 25 victories and 40 defeats, they have won 55 games and lost only 15.

APPROVES OF VILLA
Sir—I want to say that I am sure many readers will most heartily sympathize with you in your stand on Villa.

THE BABBLING FOOL
Anybody can be good. A cabbage is good. Goodness is a negative virtue.

THE IDEALIST
A great American railroad king sat at his desk going through his morning mail.

THE SONG OF GAMBRIUS
"Though sadly out of tune, an officer seated on a keg of beer was evoking a noise from his battered keys and to its accompaniment some soldiers were bawling lustily."

THE PERVERSITY OF WOMAN
Though Virginia is a dry State, Miss Ruby Wine still keeps sober house at Brandy Station, that State.

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IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Brothers in Misery
"I said something to my wife a week ago, and she hasn't spoken to me since."

The Planch That Failed
A sailor shanghaied on a yacht, Was natch satisfied with his lacht; He planned to desert, But the mate was alert, And he stopped the poor man with a shacht.

No Eye to Beauty
"Ephraim Bones done gone an' married a yaller gal," said Rastus Johnson, "an' when Ah told him Ah didn't think she was pretty he up an' says dat Ah mus' be color blind."

The Bravest of Them All
Of heroes who deserve high praise The best one is the soldier in the line, True hero of the autumn days Who wears the last straw hat.

Greenwich Time
"Go! durn that clock!" exclaimed Farmer Blinks. "What's wrong now, Obadiah?" asked his wife.

Class Extinction
A high born young Miss of Manasses Fell into a cask of molasses; And the folk who gave aid Got so stuck on the mald That she came out as one of the masses.

The Zero of Meanness
"His awfully small!" "Small? He's smaller than the West Philadelphia apartment in which he lives."

Song of the Middleman
When the cost of living rises and the cash supply is low; When the populace is hungry and the wintry breezes blow;

Verbal Shot and Shell
The fact that they fight on Sundays is proof that the European concert is not a sacred one. Cable dispatch says that General Wing, Boer war hero, has been injured, but fails to elucidate whether it's the right or left of that justly celebrated family.

Why Not Try Dynamite?
"Girl finisher wanted"—sign on a Chestnut street corner.

We Play it Safe
Connie's bludgeoning Athletics Have a combat almost due; With the hired men of Stallings; With the Boston baseball crew; Will they get the rule in Rudolph? Will they make a jay of James? Will they tie up knots in Tyler?—Wait until you see the games.

Classified
There are three kinds of people: Those who amuse us, Those who bore us, And the alias of the last is Legion.

A Fall Delicacy
"Father, what do you know about the Diet of Worms?" asked young Mr. Callowhill, who was studying his history books.

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