

Evening Ledger

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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR OCTOBER WAS 162,183.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915.

Every bridge should be long enough to reach across the stream.

RIGHT WAY TO TALK

CAPTAIN ROBERT L. RUSSELL comes to League Island impressed with the possibilities of its development. He is confident that it is bound to become one of the greatest navy yards in the world.

THE MAYOR AND THE POLICE

THERE is no Grand Jury in existence which could convince the people of this city that Mayor Blankenburg viciously contumacious lawlessness. The unparalleled tenacity with which he clung throughout his administration to the ideals which he had been preaching for years made him often the butt of practical politicians, who could not comprehend his refusal to take advantage of opportunities.

The Mayor was not well advised in his use of the police on election day, but it would be radical to state that circumstances were not such as to warrant the utmost vigilance in the protection of the ballot. There were rumors of fraud about, and the frauds which already had been committed in the padding of the registration lists rendered it imperative that severe measures be taken to prevent illegal voting.

IN DUMBA'S FOOTSTEPS

THE State Department has found itself in a very disagreeable position and has been compelled to take action against official visitors to this country. Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché, and Captain Karl Boy-Ed, naval attaché, both with the German Embassy at Washington, have been declared undesirable persons by Secretary Lansing.

TO SAVE IS TO HAVE

ONE of the best plans ever devised for encouraging thrift is that which has been in operation in a group of banks in this and other cities for the last three or four years. It is primarily a device for providing money for Christmas. Those who have adopted it in this city will receive a total of about \$1,000,000 in a few days with which to buy presents for their families.

increasingly difficult to learn as the years pile up on a man's head. If a man can save for no other purpose than to buy Christmas presents he would better lay by for that; but there is no reason why he cannot adopt the weekly payment system of building up a fortune for himself.

MILLIONS FOR TRANSIT

FORTY-FIVE million dollars, in addition to the \$5,000,000 already appropriated for transit, is sufficient for the completion of the two projects already under way, the construction of the Darby elevated and the beginning of work on the Roxborough line.

No details have been given as to the use to be made of the money apportioned to transit under the loan, although it is assumed that the full sums necessary for the completion of the broad street subway and the Frankford elevated will be appropriated.

It is imperative, however, that funds be instantly available for building a Chestnut street subway, to link together the city lines in the event that no operating agreement with the P. R. T. should be made. This is the big club in the city's hands on which it must depend for an advantageous contract with the existing company, and it should be available for use throughout the negotiations.

We do not take it that there will be any organized opposition to that part of the loan relating to transit, provided the electorate is assured that the money is to be properly spent. The city is dedicated absolutely to rapid transit, not in the distant future, but at the earliest possible moment.

EMPTY HEADS

IT IS time that a vigorous movement were started in favor of empty-headedness. The ancient taunt that there was nothing behind the splendid curvature of a man's forehead ought to have died long ago.

The brain that always works is a nuisance. It is what Tom Daly might call a Pet Pest. The brain that works as little as possible does not regard the flow of milk and honey as merely wasted ingredients of breakfast, dinner or supper.

BOWS TO AUNT SALLY

WITHOUT desiring to start any international complications, the proprietors of Southern hotels have begun to banish French chefs. An ancient tradition and an ancient friendship are thus destroyed. The pates and gâteaux and other French delicacies with acute accents and with a tendency to give acute indigestion are to be no more.

German Fleet Returns to Base.—Headline. After an overwhelming victory over the cowardly Allies who are hiding in the open sea. Speaking of preparedness, paterfamilias would be delighted if some one would tell him how to withstand the raid which Santa Claus is plotting just now.

Tom Daly's Column

Da Granda Nose for Wife
You ain't nevva see my wife?
Fina girl, you but my life!
No, she ain't so much for cook!
Yes, she's pretty gooda look!
Like most da girls you see!
Where she's from een Napoli.
Hair? Oh, dat's a black, of course.
Black an' shiny like da horse.
Eyes? Oh, dey are blacka, too.
Deed you theenk dey would be blue?
Wah? Ah, no, she es no fat—
Say, here! What you patten at.
Dat you mak' da questions so?
Eh? You just wanta know.
Wats da "charma she possessa.
Dat es mak' me love her best."
Wal, you gonna laugh, I s'pose—
But I theenk eet es her nose.

This'll Do for the Kids' Korner
We've just installed electric lighting," writes Jane Winton, "and the other night when one of the boys asked into bed she said: 'Now, let me see you ubutton the light.'"

WHEN we were up in the Cumberland Valley last week we were told by one who knows about such things that an edict had recently gone forth among the Dunkards—or perhaps it was the Amish—stamping the automobile as a vanity and, therefore, a thing to be avoided. This may mean that quite a number of second-hand machines will shortly be for sale in that region—or it may mean the beginning of still another anti-see among these interesting people.

THEN there was that other division of the Amish whose adherents held it was quite the proper thing to have a whip-socket in the carriage or wagon. Some years ago a Western automobile manufacturer, who was rushed with orders and was having difficulty in securing quickly a sufficient supply of motor bodies, placed an order for several hundred with a wagon builder in Lancaster County, who had been highly recommended for good workmanship.

The Drummer to the Waiter Maid
O' waiter maid, O' waiter maid,
I wish you very well.
But I am weary and would fade
From this here Jay Hotel.

Obstacles Ignored
"Here," said Hughes, "That's a memorandum of what we'll need in the way of mechanical transport. I want that looked after and I want all the stuff ready by September 22."

Roast 'lam'
Stude wheel
Col' ham
Coffee
Ur tea.

MANY years ago we envied old Bert Taylor, because, as associate editor of "Puck," he was the first to lamp his good boy, reading by a contributor:
"Boy, read: 'The horse was gold.'"
Teacher: "Don't forget your 'R.' Willie."
Boy: "See! The horse was gold."

AL IS ALL RIGHT
An Irish policeman came in to buy a phonograph record. Do you wish to hear some of John McCormack's? I said, "Sure and I don't think much of McCormack's voice," he replied. "Why, he and Aliza Glick are the two greatest ballad singers in the world," said I. "McCormack's all right," said he. S. W. M.

SAM HUGHES, THE "MILITIA CRANK"

"Gen. Sam" Is Canada's Kitchen and Lloyd-George Raising Armies and Organizing the Fighting Resources of the Dominion



GEN. SAM HUGHES.

BEFORE the war I received many letters from a friend in Ottawa and in most of them "Colonel Sam" was mentioned. It seemed that "Colonel Sam" had a penchant—forgive the word—for national defense, Canadian national defense, and that he was not at all bashful about telling the Dominion Parliament and the public at large what he thought.

On short notice it was necessary to mobilize an army of 30,000 men. There was first the mechanical transport problem. Hughes looked over a list of automobile men and picked out T. A. Russell. Hughes handed Russell a piece of paper a few inches square and covered with notes. The conversation has been reported as follows:

"Never mind the list," retorted Hughes, "I wrote it myself. I know what it says. What I want is the work done. It must be done by the 22. That is all. Good morning."

Hughes Bids the Boys Good-by
One of the great problems connected with raising a volunteer army and sending it off to fight is the problem of officering it well. We have spoken of Hughes as a "militia crank." The result of his crankiness came in handy last fall. He hadn't given Canada a standing army establishment of any considerable proportions, but through a small establishment he had trained a goodly supply

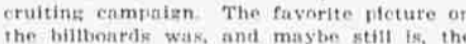
"THAT'LL HELP SOME!"



A LEADER OF MODERN JAPAN

Every Day but Sunday Is a Busy One of Eighteen Hours for Baron Shibusawa, Millionaire, Philanthropist and Progressive

BARON EI-ICHI SHIBUSAWA, now in the country, is Japan's most distinguished man of business. His interests and influence are varied and far-reaching. His interpretation of the word "business" includes every activity for the benefit of the public.



BARON SHIBUSAWA

Now in his 67th year, he has had a varied and adventurous career. He entered the service of the Imperial Government in 1880, as secretary of the Ministry of Commerce. Since his resignation, four years later, on account of differences of opinion with the Ministry, he has not held public office, although it has been offered him often.

On his travels he always carries with him a copy of the Bible and one of the Romance of Genji. His interest in ethical and religious questions is pronounced, and one of the objects of his present visit to this country is in connection with the proposed International Sunday school convention in Tokyo.

THE MAN WHO GAVE HIMSELF
John Jacob Hoffman, 73 years old, was a few days ago taken from his bare, cheerless little rented home to a hospital in New Orleans in a dying condition. While he lay on a cot with his chibing his story became known to the world.

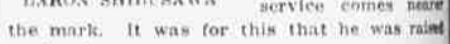
NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW
The heavy patronage of the art palace at San Francisco attests to the fact that the American people are eager for art instruction and enjoyment.—Washington Star.

AMBITIONS OF GREAT MEN
Villa has said all along that his chief desire is to be a farmer. What have you always yearned to be?—Boston Globe.

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