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the result of a tie-up in traffic this fall. The president for intervention has been set. Why not extend it to conciliation before the fact?

THE DONKEY'S BRAY A POOR MOOSE CALL

Democratic efforts to win the Progressive vote are doomed to failure because the Progressives are committed to a tariff for protection, the maintenance of which is the great issue of Americanism in this campaign.

The eagerness of the Democrats to attract to Wilson the vote of the Progressives is a confession of weakness. It involves an admission that this is not a Democratic country, and that the party can win only with the support of the votes of those who belong to another political group.

No fraction of the opposition of four years ago can be won over to the support of Wilson unless its individuals turn their backs on the principles which they profess to believe.

There are likely to remain a few disgruntled Progressives. The hope of winning them over to Wilson was the compelling reason for the selection of Vance McCormick as the Democratic national chairman.

The Democracy is committed irrevocably to a revenue tariff with all protection cut out. All three platforms favor a tariff commission. But no Progressive and no Republican who believes in a tariff to build up American industry believes that a commission appointed by President Wilson would recommend the sort of a tariff which American protectionists favor.

In the twenty weeks remaining before election there is time enough for every protective tariff American, whether he be Progressive or Democrat, to think the matter over and decide to vote with the Republicans for the kind of a tariff in which he believes.

Vance McCormick may be a shrewd political campaigner, but it will require more skill than either he or Mr. Wilson possesses to entice any protectionists to support the party responsible for the Underwood-Simmons law.

Protection has been the American policy ever since Henry Clay so characterized it. It is the great issue of Americanism in this campaign.

THE DISAPPEARING HYPHEN

IT'S entirely possible that the campaign issue which revolves around the mystic word "hyphenation" will suddenly drop out of sight on the day of election. In that time some fuller realization of what the word means should come to both parties, and should come, if it can, to the minds of those Administration officials on whom the issue of our railroads most depends.

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET Some day when it's a Saturday here's what we'd like to do:

A lot of us old married men, each leading forth a crew Of children of assorted makes, will go out to the Zoo To hobnob with the animals and see what gnu is gnu.



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Tippling From the Point of View of the Tipper—Why the Secretary of State Is in the Presidential Succession—Other Matters

This department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum, and the Editor assumes no responsibility for the views of its contributors.

TIPS BUY AUTOMOBILES

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—I note with interest the letter in your columns, signed Abe Myers, in defense of the tippling evil. I think his argument is like a bucket of holes in the bottom. It won't hold water.

OPPOSED TO PROTECTION

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—I read the editorial headed, "The Enemies in Our Own Household," and, as I have always voted in presidential elections, I am compelled to say that I take exception to your statement.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—I read with much interest your editorial entitled "Vice President Should Be Secretary of State," which appeared in the Evening Ledger of June 13.

THE BROMIDIOM

There is a type of mind which cannot express itself except in stilted and threadbare words and phrases. The more ancient and ornate the language the better it pleases such folks. To these old brides are blushing all bankrupts crisp, all citizens prominent.

"NOBODY LOVES ME!"

AMERICAN POLITICS!

AMERICAN POLITICS! AMERICAN POLITICS! AMERICAN POLITICS! AMERICAN POLITICS! AMERICAN POLITICS!

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions and answers to which every well-informed person should know are asked daily.

QUIZ

- 1. What is the meaning and origin of the phrase "to know an official"? 2. Who is John Galsworthy? 3. Who wrote "Hypnotia"? 4. What is an oratorio? 5. What are exiles? 6. Can water be boiled without applying heat? 7. Who was "Old Tippecanoe"? 8. What does it mean "to be quixotic"? 9. What was the Black Death? 10. Who are the "Little Endlanders"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Iceland belongs to Denmark. 2. McCormick, who ran for Governor of Pennsylvania on the Democratic ticket, is the President's choice for national chairman. 3. Credentials are letters of introduction that the bearer presents to the authorities of a credited representative, messenger or delegate. 4. The courts have power to disbar lawyers. 5. The wife of an earl has the title of Countess. 6. "Old Hicker" was the nickname of Andrew Jackson. 7. Shelley was born in 1792 and died in 1822. 8. The first German Emperor was proclaimed at Versailles, near Paris, during the treaty occupation in the Franco-Russian War. 9. A mandarin is any Chinese official, civil or military, who is not generally considered the author of the Revolution. 10. Bacchus, the god of wine.

Tom Paine

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Will you kindly tell me why Thomas Paine, the great American patriot and author of the Revolution, was not accorded a more prominent place in American history? D. G.

War Dates

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Kindly state (1) the order in which all the belligerent nations have entered the war; (2) how many republics there are in Europe, and (3) whether any of the Balkan States are still neutral and why? M. H.

Five Historic Landings

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Will you kindly name the "five great landings" in England, to which I have heard frequent reference. G. B. C.

A RIGHT IDEA

Now and again Mayor Curley, of Boston, is seized with the right idea. As, for example, on Monday, when he sent a telegram to President Wilson urging the appointment of William Howard Taft to the Supreme Court.

FOOTBALL HERO PLAYS POLITICS

Vance McCormick, Wilson's Choice for Manager in Chief, Is a Pennsylvania Progressive Democrat

"HE PLAYS politics like he played football," said a reporter who had trailed Vance McCormick in his campaign for the governorship. So the disinterested observer of the Democratic campaign consulted the records and found that Vance Criswell McCormick, who was born in Harrisburg in 1872, was fullback and captain of his football team at Yale when he was 21 years old, that being his third year of playing football well. In his last year Yale beat Harvard 6 to 0.



But as little children are fond of saying, "that doesn't prove." Neither does the fact that Mr. McCormick is supposed to know more about and possess more fine examples of the Percheron breed of horses "prove" that he is fitted to engineer the tremendous uphill task of the Democratic party for the re-election of President Wilson. But Mr. McCormick is not without other qualifications. The greatest of them is his disposition. When he was running for Mayor of Harrisburg, and when he was running for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1914 (as a Progressive Democrat after William Draper Lewis dropped out), he made many enemies. He made many more friends. The enthusiasm with which his political adversaries speak of Vance McCormick's personality is truly remarkable. He is always "one of the most" agreeable, affable, pleasing, courteous, thoughtful—whatever the adjective is, Vance McCormick stands in the superlative or pluperfect class.

Of course he has had advantages. He never was embittered by poverty nor made suspicious of the world by a hard struggle. He was born with the McCormick millions ready for him. He did what not enough wealthy men do, and swore a life of disgraceful ease and indulgence for a life of energetic devotion to what he considered the public good. His enemies say he is—but perhaps a quotation from a campaign speech will prove it better: "As a corruptionist his equal has never been born; as a hypocrite his peer does not exist." And an opponent in 1914. Without question, some people believe those words are true. They are quoted here because, after all, they can't hurt Mr. McCormick if they are not true.

A Wilkes-Barre Event

The group of reporters that happened to be at Wilkes-Barre in the 1914 campaign tell a pretty story. A "love feast" was given one night at the hotel in which Mr. McCormick was staying. He was a candidate on a platform which included local option, and either by intent or accident the "entertainment" at this feast included an injudicious amount of liquor. Mr. McCormick was not responsible, but when the bill was presented he was asked to pay some \$90 for "entertainment." His manager made inquiries and discovered the nigger in the woodpile. McCormick had to choose between being called a "cheap sport," a "piker," and being mailed up with the liquor interests in a particularly disagreeable way. Neither was easy, but he chose the harder one and refused to pay the bill. Those who had enjoyed the "entertainment" with possibly an idea of its after-effect were forced to dig deep and pay the fiddler.

The McCormicks are what is known as a good family, and the Camerons, with whom they are connected, have supplied two members to the United States Senate. The family is probably the largest holder of agricultural lands in the State, and Mr. McCormick owns besides one of the best coal mines in Dauphin County, electric companies and other property. He is unmarried and has devoted himself for many years to his mother and his sister, with whom he lives. In Harrisburg his home is on the Susquehanna, about four doors away from the Executive Mansion; but he owns a large estate out far away, which he calls Rosegarden, and on which he raises pure stock, pure plants and pure policies. At least, that is his purpose.

Other Interests

Mr. McCormick has a vast number of interests besides politics, but that always comes first. He has long been a member of the Young Men's Christian Association's Executive Committee at Harrisburg and is now on the reorganization committee of the Yale athletic governing board. In the latter position it may be his duty to tackle a job at least as hard as the one he has just accepted—that is, the how to turn last year's 41-0 defeat at the hands of Harvard into one of his lifetime victories. At Yale he holds another position, that of trustee. If the Democrats are looking for a good citizen they may note that he won that position over the dead (administrative) body of William Howard Taft. He is the owner of the Harrisburg Patriot, a morning paper, and the men who work for him on that paper are very fond of him—he comes around so seldom that they never are subject to his bad days, if he has any.

In 1900 Mr. McCormick became a member of the Common Council of Harrisburg, and before his term was over he was elected Mayor of the city. McCormick is one enthusiastic sportsman and left it mesdames. Sewers, clean water, parks, paved streets are all credited to him. Also that famous ideal, "making the police out of politics." His opponents give you the impression that if he took them out of their politics he quickly put them back into his own. He is one of the principal bankers in the capital and has been a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of the Philadelphia region. That job he will have to give up as soon as he accepts the job of being Wilson's pilot.

RECOGNITION

Sir Roger Casement has summoned a Philadelphia lawyer to his assistance. This would seem to meet the requirements of the case.—Toronto Mail and Empire.



GOSSIPY GIUSEPPE

No, I was no here yesterday. I was to da basaballa game. Sure! an' eet make me seek. Too moocha politics. Eh? Alla right, w'at you gona say for dees? Ees com' to da biga plate steef dat's call Molwitz. Easy he could keella da ball. But wait! Ees com' leeta, dark, skeenny man an' wheesper heem sen da eear. Molwitz he looka round like he ees scare. Den he go wan, two, three, strike, out! W'at you suppose ees da fallow dat wheesper heem sen da ear? Blacka Hand! Sure!

YE MODERN DRUG SHOP

has the sign out somewhere in this old-fashioned town.