Evening Ledger

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Philadelphia, Saturday, August 19, 1916.

One may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Why can't the people of Delaware be reasonable and let the du Pont family manage its own State?

Modern miracle: Taking the police out of politics by putting a politician at the head of the police.

Why does gasoline drop in price just as milk and bread show signs of going up? Nobody loves a poor man.

A few more successes like the capture of Fleury, and the French will be calling the battle of Verdun the battle of Metz.

A great eagle flew over New York city the other day. Must have made a mistake. Washington is the place that needs him.

Now Portugal announces her decision to put an army in the field to help the Allies. Maybe Lisbon thinks that the Allies will win.

Harmony the keynote in the Hibernian convention.—Headline.

The millennium must be coming when Irishmen agree.

The chief difference seems to be that the Republicans are in favor of raising money by collecting it at the customs houses, while the Democrats are in favor of borrowing it.

Battleships of the largest class will be built at Philadelphia largely because of the long-maintained faith of former Commandant Benson in the importance of League Island in that field; and, incidentally, largely in spite of Pennsylvania statesmen.

It is to be hoped the skipper of the Deutschland will preserve the chart of that much sought for submarine's trip home. It should be the design for a Mystic Maze to be the delight of amusement park crowds for generations to come.

The coroner's jury has found that the young man who was discovered in front of a notorious house in Wallace street, fatally injured, came to his death by just dying, and we know as much about the case as we did before. This is one way of cleaning the city.

The President fulfilled the function for which he was created when he vetoed the army appropriation bill because of its objectionable features. The attempt to impair the available reserve force by exempting retired officers from liability to discipline was indefensible. The bill should be repassed with the objectionable feature removed.

Harry Davis for Vice Mayor! If the vacations of Messrs. Smith, Wilson and Robinson continue indefinitely, he might become ex-officio Director of Public Safety and Superintendent of Police. But if the new city charter committee follows this suggestion, it should put the Vice Mayor under heavy bond not to run away from vice inquiries.

If our wealthy classes had undertaken, as they very well might, to pay for the war out of their own pockets, or to consent to a levy on their capital, or even to lend the State money without interest, there would have been some point in calling America to witness their devotion to their country.—The New Age.

The New Age is not a popular publication in England.

"Some fight!" said the American, referring to the recent push. "Quite true," replied the soldier, "and some don't."—London Opinion.

London Opinion is a very popular publication in England.

Two of the city's largest bakeries say no change in the price of bread is contemplated at this time, but the question of 5, 6 or 10 cent loaves is apparently to be up in the air for another fortnight. In this country we have complicated the bread business by making two factors where there ought to be only one. We consider the price of a loaf and the size of a loaf. France, which has learned in 2000 years not to leave "crumbs" on the table that are large enough to choke a cow, a thing we haven't learned, buys and sells bread by weight. This simplifies and puts the touch of frugality to retail transactions. Also, it puts a keener scientific eye on readjustments of quantity received, for one isn't in the position of "being satisfied with half a loaf" where there are no loaves.

Almost as important as the fact that we have kept out of it is the educational value of the war to America. How many of us had a just estimate, till Germany grabbed them, of the commercial and industrial importance of northeastern France and Belgium? How many of us knew anything of the power of religious and patriotic forces in Russia? And what haven't we learned about geography! But there have been many practical lessons. Take the foreign loans offered here. Thousands of investors have learned by demonstration the basic principle of security, which rests on the fact that the best collateral is a nation. This lure of foreign Government bonds has undoubtedly taught many to think rather of investment than of speculation. Our national vice has been to think in terms of profits rather than in terms of income. But the war has made us suspicious of profits. The best brains in this country are engaged now in trying scientifically to discount a freakish medley of unexpected and almost embarrassing profits. They are studying the reorganization in England, the most amazing industrial chapter in a century. They must discount the probable effects on immigration. "Nobody," the President has said, "knows what is going to happen after the war." That is a good reason for electing those who at least know that America must have the safeguard of an industrial protection that will not be superfluous, no matter what happens.

WHAT A PITY!

"In the southern part of Arkansas," says Senator Overman, "where the natives take things easy, a man and his wife were sitting on their porch, when a funeral procession passed their house. The man was comfortably seated in a chair that was tilted back against the house and was whittling a piece of wood. As the procession passed he said:

"'I reckon ol' man Williams has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around hyer, Caroline.'

"'A purty good-sized one, is it, Bud?' queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"'Certainly is,' Bud replied.

"'I surely would like to see it,' said the woman. 'What a pity I ain't facin' that way!'"—The Youth's Companion.

THERE are business questions of such great importance to Philadelphia that they alone would tax the Mayor's capacity to the limit. The vice situation, however, seems to be taking most of his time. The simple solution, which would free him for the other work, is the appointment of a nonpolitical and competent Director of Public Safety. What a pity the Mayor "ain't facin' that way"!

THE 90 VS. THE 10 PER CENT

IN REPLY to the complaint of a reader that 10 per cent of the people own 90 per cent of the wealth of the country, another correspondent rushes into the columns of a contemporary to declare that 10 per cent of the people also have 90 per cent of the brains, which he adduces as a good and sufficient reason why the aforesaid inequality in possessions is perfectly fair and proper.

It is not important how nearly accurate these figures are, for the problem would be just as interesting if the percentages were 40 and 60 instead of 10 and 90, or whether we say "money" or "power," on the one hand, and "brains" or "ingenuity" on the other. The essential truth is that those who attain most completely their obvious desires are far in the minority.

The day is past when people will be satisfied with that conception of the problem which puts the rich in the position of a tightly banded force bearing down on the poor just short of the point of causing revolution, and the poor in the position of coming as near as possible to revolution without running the risk of being unable to buy shoes for the baby. Democracy and a highly specialized and ramifying industrial system have scattered rich and poor throughout the population until they are hardly distinguishable. The waiter who bows to and is tipped by us is, after hours, himself bowed to by a lesser waiter whom he tips with part of our tip. The "slave" in a factory may be the "tyrant" in a union. The "tyrant" in the factory may be the "slave" in the stock market. Again, your millionaire (like a Tom Johnson or a Joseph Fels) may be the reddest radical in the country, and your $1200 a year clerk the demon of plutocracy, because, forsooth, he sees his way to making a million. The rich always ye have with you.

Is there, then, no dividing line in this subtle war between superior and inferior brains, no touchstone in the quest for the right path to progress? There is—it is in the law. That is the only social force which links the generations in an intelligible history. It is the defense of the weak against the strong. It has not produced justice; neither have riches produced happiness nor poverty hopelessness. But still men strive for riches, still they keep hope though poor, still they put their faith in the law. Through it they have cleared away some dark and dismal forests, even though, while their axes fell, the jungle of privilege (which is Latin for "private law"—that is, no law at all) was creeping in elsewhere. It is an unequal struggle because the brains involved are unequal. But it is eventually only through the law that presumes all equal that any approximation of justice is made. Two great social movements, which, while within the law are not of the law, exemplify the weakness of extralegal reform. A mighty labor union and a mighty capital union have found themselves in an impotent deadlock as long as they tried to settle a public question by an application to it of private methods. They gravitated to the office of a man who has never run a locomotive or managed a railway system, but who represents the law.

The age-old problem of the 10 and the 90 per cent is not unsolvable; the line between brains and brawn and between millions and men is not clean cut, but all zigzaggy with social salients. Social legislation is a force that can move without the backing of either Capital or Labor. But it will not move toward a more stable equilibrium of industrial justice unless it is made and administered by men and women who have faith in it. The Church could not live with agnostic priests in her pulpits. The law cannot wax stronger in the hands of those who have no faith in its possibilities. Because it has often failed is no argument against its principle. Because men could not measure Pike's Peak with a foot-rule they did not lose faith in the foot-rule; it was through keeping faith in the foot-rule that they evolved trigonometry and measured the mountain.

Tom Daly's Column

Harry Persons Taber
(Batting for T. D.)

After eight hours in pursuit of our usual avocations, eight in refreshment and sleep, we now come to the eight devoted to the relief of our distressed worthy brother, who is Chautalking somewhere in bleeding Kansas or some other seaport town. We shall do a bit of ground and lofty tumbling and a modicum of pinch hitting for him. The wisdom of his selection of us for this particular day is presently perceived. Tom doesn't pay us any real money for this act, nor do we desire it, for our frame of mind is that of Mr. Julius Caesar in Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," when he addressed the Roman mob:

And all I want is much applause;
So now, Dear Mob, go to it!

We first introduce to your notice what we consider to be our most celebrated poem, written some years ago for the Princess Elizabeth Lowes, of Baltimore city:

Little Izzy Izzenheimer
Thought he'd be a steeple climber;
Climbed 'way up St. Peter's steeple,—
Then fell off and killed some people.
Rust the E-R off his name;
Wasn't that a measly shame?
Papa got there just in time
To pick up Izzy Izzenheim.

Passing on to the next cage we beg to present our well-known verse, which is quoted every twenty minutes or so by F. P. A., of the N. Y. Tribune:

The cat produces fiddle strings,
The fish produces glue.
The hen produces eggs and things;
I don't care,—do you?

OUR friend The Quizzer, over in the column at the right, assuming his best Boswellian manner, asked the other day: "Who is Haig?" We desire to inform him, thus:

Haig is properly plural. A single haig is unimportant, flat as the faces of Conde Nast's Vogue's fashion-plate ladies, stale, and more or less unprofitable. But haig and haig are possessed of most excellent esculence, not to say succulence, notwithstanding the opprobrium cast upon them by our ancient and honorable friend Mr. Samuel G. Blythe. They conduct a spirit of friendliness and enthusiastic optimism. They also invented the renowned haig and haig conference, which may be observed on any sultry afternoon by visiting the corner room at the B-Stratford between 5 and 6 o'clock.

FAILURE.

There are some days so filled with bitterness—
So filled with tears that, frozen, do not fall—
Because the chill that crushes out a heart
Hath naught of pity. Pity! Then for what?
For promises so frail, so spineless, weak
They wrecked themselves in making!
Thus came one:
Into a world of excellent endeavor,
With never thought of losing, fared he forth
To conquer and to win the vast applause
That comes from out the throat of multitudes
When one shall rise a bit above the rest!
There are no stranger things.
This is most strange:
That one may quite so far forget the fact
That far behind this voice of vast applause
There grinds the sodden heel which crushes out
The very heart and hope and life and love
Of him who is applauded!
Thus we see:
How in the building of the Sorry Scheme of Things
He builded, too, the great eternal law
Of compensation.

It was our sad fate to have to visit Detroit a few days ago. On our arrival at the Pontchartrain there came a shower—the first drop of rain to fall in Mr. Henry Ford's city since the 2d of July. Afterward the heat descended and the floods came on our brow something fierce. We desired surcease, but all we found was this sign carefully put in visual precedence:

TO OPERATE RADIATORS
TURN BOTH VALVES EITHER
ALL ON OR ALL OFF

We turn the question over to the Editor of What Do You Know?

How does one turn both valves either all on or all off?

And in the operating of radiators isn't it essential that one should know what one desires? If, for instance, one should turn both valves all on, one might get all het up. On the other hand, if one should turn both valves all off, one might freeze one's everlasting gizzard out. They are very sad, such things as that.

M. Guy de Maupassant has said all this before, but not so well.

The matter is fascinating—fascinating as the legend we discovered years ago on the bill of fare, technically called menu, at the Neal House, in Columbus, which delectable city, you may remember, is in Ohio. There was everything on the bill of fare from cucumbers to New Orleans molasses, and at the end was this note:

Toute inattention des employees recevra immediate attention des proprietaires, en vous addressant au bureau.

Yet, after all, Tom, bless his old heart, has told us that we can talk about our new magazine. Wilmington has been put more or less on the map by the du Pont Company, and even Ralph Baily, who, in his more friendly moments, calls us a poor, old, simple-minded piece of tripe, has done his bit in attempting to keep the spot on the railroad map which shows the route between Philadelphia and Washington. Yet we mean to do more. Listen.

We don't propose to let Mr. Norman Hapgood and Mr. Charles Hanson Towne and Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, to say nothing of Philip Boileau, Harrison Fisher and Clarence Underwood—we don't propose, we say, to allow them to hog all the front pages of the magazines. We propose to have one of our own. We shall edit it, and when we begin to edit, we are some redacteur en chef—buh-lieve us!

Neither do we believe that F. P. A., Bert Leston Taylor, Sam Kiser, Jack Raper or any other colyumist—not excepting Tom Daly himself—can beat us out when we have the five pill and the yaller ball is square in front of the pocket, and it's our shot—and there's nearly 65 cents in the pot.

Oh, yes, we can play Kelley as well as Clare Briggs!

But what we started out to say is that we're going to help keep Wilmington on the map. We're going to have a magazine all our own, so far as what we choose to say is concerned. We're going to call it The Cheshire Cat. It will be out, if you are so anxious to know, about September 15.

And now we seem to hear you reciting the last line. Yes, we heard you the first time:

"Is there no limit to this man's cleverness?"

TABER.

"NO NEWS AT ALL, EH? THE BEST NEWS THERE IS!"

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Chicago Baker Urges People to Buy the 10-Cent Loaf, Because It is Cheaper Than the 5-Cent Loaf—Movies Defended by a Mother

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 Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters must be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ECONOMY IN THE 10-CENT LOAF

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—With the leading brands of flour at the unprecedented price of $8.10 a barrel to the dealer, and with every indication that it will mount higher, the housewife must forthwith concern herself with the problem of the bread-buying situation. If flour prices remain at their present high figure—and my information from the wheat fields of the Northwest leads me to fear that they will go higher—it will be impossible for bakers to sell the small-sized loaf at five cents. We are already confronted with the necessity of raising the price to six cents.

Nevertheless everybody for a time at least may buy bread as economically, even with the small loaf at six cents. Bakers can continue to sell the large size, or 10-cent loaf, at its present price. From the standpoint of quality, taste and economy, that is the size to buy, anyhow.

For a time we can bake the 10-cent loaf in the same size as heretofore. This we shall be able to do because of the labor cost saved in baking and handling the larger loaf. It does not take any more labor to make and cut dough for the 10-cent loaf than for the 5-cent loaf. It takes no more labor in handling it to and from the ovens, in wrapping it, loading it on the wagons and delivering it to the stores. All this saving we can turn to the relief of the housewife in these high wheat times.

The big 10-cent loaf is the ideal and practical loaf of the household. Some housekeepers have objected to it on the ground that their families do not eat the entire loaf in a day and they did not care to keep the remainder of the loaf until the next day. If they will wrap the left-over piece in the up-to-date original airtight wrapper it will keep as fresh as it was the first day. Furthermore, bread on the second day is more wholesome than on the first. One good way to save money is to toast the leftover bread.

I cannot too much emphasize the danger of flour prices going higher, and when they do the bakers will be helpless, so far as maintaining bread prices at their present level is concerned. From the great wheat sections of the Dakotas and Minnesota I have positive information that but a small percentage of the crop forecasted from them will be delivered. The blight and rust, developed by the intense heat in the Northwest, have cut the yield to a minimum. This means high priced flour with small chance of a retreat in the prices.

I most certainly believe an embargo should be placed on wheat. We have, it is true, enough wheat in this country for this year. But should the wheat crop next year be a failure, our country would face a calamity.

The country generally faces an increase in the price of the 5-cent loaf of bread But no evil is as bad as it first appears. If the present high price of wheat teaches the housewife to buy the 10-cent loaf of bread, it will have accomplished a great lesson in domestic economy.

PAUL SCHULZE.

Chicago, August 16.

NOT AFRAID OF THE "MOVIES"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—For several years I have been an ardent devotee of the motion pictures and have always taken my little boy to the theaters with me. On Monday afternoon at one of the leading moving-picture houses I was informed that no child under 16 years of age should be admitted, the orders coming from the Board of Health. To say that I am greatly surprised at this unjust discrimination is putting it mildly.

This morning I picked up one of the Philadelphia papers and there on the front page was a large photo showing the opening of the play streets in South Philadelphia This photo showed about 500 children packed in closely together listening to the speakers. Another showed them using the same play chutes. Wednesday I was in West Philadelphia and saw at least 200 children bathing in the same pool. Certainly there can be nothing so unhealthy as a swimming pool. Even though the water is changed every day, it lies stagnant for a whole day, and these children bathe in there—yes, and to get clean, too.

The public parks are open, the Sunday schools and I understand it is intended to open the day schools.

Then why under the sun are the moving-picture places discriminated against. This cool weather is bound to cause the epidemic of infantile paralysis to die out. In New York it is cut in half and the panic of feeling that the moving-picture places are breeders of this disease is fast dying out. Every live theater manager, I should imagine, must keep his place clean or he would not do the business. He would not get mine, I know.

I know that thousands of other people feel the same as I do about this matter.

MRS. OSCAR A. MORGAN.

Philadelphia, August 17.

THE PUBLIC HAS RIGHTS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—President Garretson, of one of the railroad brotherhoods, says that in the event of a strike the United States mails will certainly be affected to such an extent that they might be stopped altogether. He says the cry, "Industrial necessity," is used by the "interests" to protect their pockets, and that during the great railroad strike in France by usurpation of powers the men were called to the colors and compelled to serve the public. He characterized such action as a blot of shame upon France. Yet the very man (a Socialist), who did this trick had been called to the Prime Ministership to save France simply because an industrial revolution at that particular time would have sealed the doom of France, and now France knows it. Briand, the Socialist, a far-seeing man, not only stopped the holocaust, but began preparations for war at once. He was damned and cursed on every side. Now he is trusted, honored and loved by all except the rattlebrains. If President Wilson must seize the railroads in the interest of the public and deputize the employes by United States marshal to operate the roads, he will do so not in the interest of the "big interests," but of the public, whom the strikers seem to forget. The strike is organized labor's weapon, but it is only effective when placed in the hands of those who know how and when to use it. The recoil of a gun sometimes will kill a man. The general welfare and domestic tranquillity are going to be maintained even though "usurpation" is used to protect innocent children, women and men in their peaceable pursuits. The public demands protection.

ROBERT B. NIXON, JR.

Philadelphia, August 16.

A GRATEFUL SONG

A blend of good and bad, and of laughter and tears,
And I reckon when it's over, when I've lived my string of years,
And have been the best I shall be and have known all I shall know,
And my visit here is ended and it's come my time to go,
I shall turn, as friends departing, to this kindly world and say
I am grateful for the gladness that was strewn along my way.

A blend of loss and gain, and of bitter and of sweet,
But I reckon at the finish, when I've met and I shall meet
And for me no delay is dawning that shall bring another friend,
Or victory or failure, when my visit's at an end
I shall turn as one departing from a kind and gentle host
And thank the world for gladness that in life was uppermost.

I wonder every morning what new joy will come my way,
What new friend I shall discover with the passing of the day
And what glad surprise is waiting, for it really seems to me
That each day is always different than I thought 'twas going to be.
And when my stay is over, when my share of time I've had,
I shall thank the world for doing all it could to keep me glad.
I have wept and I have whimpered, I have suffered days of pain,
But have lived to wake to smiling and to view the sun again.

I've encountered selfish people, and some brutal men I've seen,
But the most of them I've lived with have been big and kind and clean,
And the care will be forgotten and the wrong will disappear,
And I'll thank the world, at parting, for the joys it gave me here.

—E. A. Guest in the Detroit Free Press.

What Do You Know?

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

QUIZ

1. What are the Articles of War, mentioned in the President's veto of the army bill?
2. What is the science of ballistics?
3. Is rain pure water?
4. Is there anywhere extant a race of dwarfs?
5. Who is Hale Holden?
6. What is the second largest city in Hungary?
7. How was the great railroad strike of 1894 settled?
8. About what is the negro population of Philadelphia?
9. What is a claque?
10. What are horse latitudes?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. A. O. H.: Ancient Order of Hibernians.
2. The Germans hold Warsaw.
3. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio and chairman of the Railway Presidents' Association.
4. The Istrian peninsula is that part of Austria stretching out into the Adriatic. On it is Trieste, menaced by Italians.
5. Most of our safety matches come from Sweden.
6. There are three bones in the interior ear, none in the exterior.
7. A Dutch vessel brought the first negro slaves in 1619.
8. Mercury is a metal, liquid at normal temperatures.
9. The first attempt at electric lighting in this city was made in 1879.
10. The limit on the weight of fourth class mail has just been raised to 20 pounds.

Rooms in Vatican

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Will you kindly publish how many rooms the Vatican in Rome contains? M. C.

The palace of the Vatican is said to contain more than 1100 rooms.

Button Strikes

K. E.—The "button strike" is a development of the last few years in the anthracite coal region. A system has been established by the unions requiring all members of a union in good standing to wear conspicuously a button indicating that his dues for the current month have been paid. If any employe reports for work without his button or wearing one not up to date, the members in good standing refuse to work until the delinquent either pays up or gives up his job.

Raw Material for Paper

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Is there any ground for believing that paper manufacturers could find raw material for their product in the rice, cotton and sugar cane fields of the South? K. M.

There has been considerable discussion of this question of late. Henry Achille Durant, of New Orleans, recently stated his belief that paper manufacturers could find an abundance of raw material in the districts you mention. He said that there was assuredly enough waste from rice crops, cane harvests and cotton fields to supply a good many mills. "Our rice harvest is practically over, and a vast quantity of rice trash is available and more will be in the fields in September. Very few planters trouble to harvest the second crop of rice, called 'shawm,' which ripens in September. The Orientals make a very strong and beautiful paper from rice straw. Experiments in making paper out of bagasse, the refuse from sugar cane that has been crushed in the mills, have produced a paper that looks like newspaper. As the sugar cane has a strong, hemp-like fibre, it seems to me that it should make a very strong paper. We also have crops of ramie, from which an imitation silk is made. The suggestion that paper can be made from cotton stalks also opens up a vast southern field of supply to the paper manufacturer."

Victims of Sharks

E. V. B.—The victims of man-eating sharks on the days in July which you mention were Charles Epting Vansant, attacked July 1 while swimming in the surf at Beach Haven, N. J., dying soon after being taken to shore; Charles Bruder, attacked July 6 at Spring Lake, N. J., dying before help could reach him; Lester Stillwell and W. Stanley Fisher, killed July 12 in Matawan Creek.

Tally-Ho

T. E.—Tally-ho is supposed to come from the Norman hunting cry, "Taillis au!" (To the coppice!). It was used when the stag appeared in full view heading for the coppice. It is now used when the fox breaks cover. The French cry is "Taisut!"

TARIFF AND SUFFRAGE DISCUSSED BY HUGHES AT FRISCO MEETING

Republican Nominee Tells Golden Gate Union League Nation's Industries Must Be Protected

CONFERS WITH LEADERS

Progressive Chief Attends Meeting, Candidate's Wife Makes Her Maiden Speech

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—Charles Hughes reached his farthest West here yesterday. Before three audiences in this city he spoke of dominant American preparedness and his belief in the need of a protective tariff.

In his speech before 12,000 persons in the Civic Auditorium last night he said:

I come here as the spokesman of the national Republican party. With local differences I have no concern. In the great national aims I have in view I transcend all possible local differences, and we are together, reunited, inspired by the loftiest traditions of our historic party and devoted to the accomplishment of those great achievements upon which must rest our enduring prosperity as a nation.

Mr. Hughes reached San Francisco at 2 p. m. He went to his hotel through streets which applauded him along the way. After a reception shortly afterward and made his first of his addresses before the Union League Club at 3 p. m. He hurried back to his hotel and there addressed a meeting of women voters. In the evening he addressed a mass-meeting in the Civic Auditorium, presided over by William F. Crocker, Republican national committeeman from California.

Between addresses Mr. Hughes conferred with Republican and Progressive leaders in the interest of party harmony. The nominee confined his suggestions to a plea for co-operation among Republicans and Progressives. In so doing Mr. Hughes made it that he did not propose to interfere in State's local affairs, but that he wanted the elements of both these parties to work together in the interest of the national ticket.

CONFERS WITH PARTY LEADERS

Among the leaders who conferred with the nominee were Chester H. Rowell, of the Republican National Campaign Committee, who joined the Hughes party yesterday on its way from Portland to this city; Francisco V. Keesling, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and William H. Crocker, national committeeman. Messrs. Keesling and Crocker met the Hughes train before it reached San Francisco and conferred with the nominee en route.

In his address before the Union League Club Mr. Hughes spoke chiefly of the protective tariff, reiterating his contention that it was necessary for upbuilding American industries and that its enactment and enforcement should be intrusted to the Republican party.

In addressing the women voters Mr. Hughes repeated his conviction that the suffrage issues should be speedily decided and the vote granted to women throughout the country by amendment to the Federal Constitution. He reiterated his reasons for wishing this done, assailed the Administration for waste and extravagance, and declared that under proper leadership it would be possible for America to attain all its ideals. He said:

There is not one of our ideals that is incapable of achievement. We can have contentment, we can have peace, we can have security, provided we insure an unswerving loyalty to the flag and intelligent co-operation and those policies which will foster our industries and protect our enterprises; and, provided further that, while we correct abuses, we make sure to open the avenues for honorable American achievement throughout the world.

The Republican party, reunited and reconsecrated in this campaign, stands for those ideals and the method of their attainment, and as a great liberal party is coming back to its own.

MRS. HUGHES SPEAKS AT BERKELEY

Mrs. Hughes was introduced by her husband to a crowd at the station at Berkeley, a town near San Francisco, where the train stopped to allow the presidential candidate to speak.

"This is Mrs. Hughes," he said. "I'm not going to make a speech, but she can much better than that."

The candidate's wife said but one sentence. "Mrs. Hughes is making her first political campaign," it ran. At that, one of the crowd shouted, "May it not be her last!" which brought out a round of cheers.

Mr. Hughes was met at the Oakland Mole by a delegation of San Francisco publicans, and was escorted across the bay. At the ferry building a brass band was on hand and led the automobile party to the Palace Hotel.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN

"Does any one know what the Administration's policy will be three months from now? how?" asks Mr. Hughes. Sure. In three months from now will be just after election, and the policy will be to find jobs.—Knickerbocker Press (Albany).

RESPECT FOR NERVE

There is much international respect for rights after all when a little nation like Denmark can hold up a big nation like the United States for 25 times what three islands are worth and even talk of boosting the price to 50 times.—Buffalo Inquirer.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

My neighbor's hubble-bubble has run out of gasoline,
Or some other kind of trouble has attacked the old machine;
It stands and snorts and crashes just outside the darned garage,
And it sounds like railway smashes—it smells like ripe fromage!
And my neighbor, wrathy, weepy, swears and curses, loud and deep,
And I'm sleepy, sleepy, sleepy, and I can't go to sleep!

One lively, lone mosquito has come sailing through the screen!
I have nowhere for to flee to, and he knows it well, I ween!
And it buzzes like a devil till I rise and make a light,
Then it seeks its proper level and is gone out of sight;
Its intelligence is creepy, and my nerves it anguish leap—
And I'm sleepy, sleepy, sleepy, and I can't not go to sleep!

The partner of my sorrows and the partner of my joys
Dreams dreams of fair tomorrows, oblivious of the noise;
My wrath is all the hotter that she is in sluggish bliss
While I wildly wield the swatter, and swat's a hopeless miss!
Like a squaw within her tepee, like a woolly sheep—
While I'm sleepy, sleepy, sleepy, and I can't not go to sleep!

Then the carts begin to rattle and the milk man hangs around,
And the tomcats cease to battle, and the crickets cease to sound;
The stars get dim and dimmer in the uncertain skies,
And the dawn begins to glimmer, and the cook is fain to rise—
And the wrens go cheepy-cheepy, and the robins peepy-peep,
And I'm sleepy, sleepy, sleepy—and I'm going to go to sleep!

—Ted Robinson in the Cleveland Leader.