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Philadelphia, Friday, October 20, 1916.

He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.—Swift.

Before a truce can be called in the protectionist jehad all the free traders must be converted.

If no other phrase of Colonel Roosevelt's speech is remembered, his one concerning "dishrag policy" will doubtless take its place alongside Mr. Cleveland's well-remembered "innocuous desuetude."

Yet not all the shell-game men are operating at the Rose Tree Hunt meet. Several Cabinet officers are issuing bald and unconvincing arguments on unsuspecting stumps.

A Pittsburgh saloonster wants to give his saloon away, and a casual visitor there suggests it might be presented to presidential aspirant Handy, merely for wrecking purposes.

At Albany on Wednesday, his enthusiasm getting the better of his judgment, the President shook the skin off one of his fingers. With reasonable care he may make the other seven, with the possible help from his two thumbs, last him till November 7.

A straw vote taken at Princeton on Wednesday gave Mr. Hughes the majority in the President's own college. Straw votes may not be definitely settling, but it was a windy day and the one in question might have shown the direction of the breeze.

The Chicago man who climbed a telegraph pole to get away from certain domestic difficulties precipitated by his wife and was hauled down by the police was the victim of an unkind fate. It's a pretty blamed mean policeman who won't let a man sit on the top of a telegraph pole long enough to think out a convincing argument.

In announcing a meeting of the committees representing commuters' associations yesterday a local contemporary says that demands for reductions of rates will be presented to the railway companies. Continuing, the account says:

> As a basis of compromise, the commuters are willing, it is said, to let the present rates of the monthly ride tickets and students' tickets stand as they are.

Which reminds us of the chap who told us he came near getting married. "Why didn't you?" we asked. "I asked the girl," he replied, "and she said No!"

Mr. Kipling, cabling his impressions of the Jutland battle, says, according to the New York Tribune:

> Thus for a while we had the enemy to the westward of us, where he made a better mark, but the day was closing and the weather thickened and the enemy wanted to get away at quarter past eight. The foe, still heading southwest, was covered by his destroyers in a great screen of gray smoke, and he got away as darkness fell.

What the able proofreader did to the copy one with imagination may discover, but at first sight it appears that the enemy had a dinner engagement or possibly had to meet a lady. To miss engagements of this sort is not done, you know.

If any man attached to the local government deserves an increase in salary that man is E. J. Cattell. He is nominally the city statistician. He is really the advocate extraordinary of Philadelphia before the whole country. He has proclaimed the greatness of this community in season and out of season for years, and he backed his statements by indisputable facts. He earns for his employer many times his salary every year. It is about time that there was tangible recognition of this fact in his salary check. His present pay is less than that of a chief clerk in one of the important departments.

The railroad companies met the commuters in the right spirit in Harrisburg, when they offered to confer with them and talk over the question of rates without troubling the Public Service Commission. If the railroads and those who use them can settle their disagreements without an appeal to public authority, we have made considerable progress toward ideal conditions. The Public Service Commission still exists as a court of last resort if the railroads and the public cannot agree. The present is, indeed, a most propitious time for the commuters to ask for better treatment, for the railroads are in a conciliatory mood and are likely to remain in that state for some months to come.

Persons with a little money to invest ought to be on their guard against swindlers. The war prosperity has produced a lot of get-rich-quick enterprises promoted by men who hope to [illegible] the unsophisticated from their savings. They are advertising in publications which willingly co-operate with them in deceiving the public. The only safe rule for the investor to follow is to make sure, first, that the publication which carries the advertisement that appeals to him is careful to reject the announcements of all swindling concerns, and then, before he parts with his money, to ask a banker in whom he has confidence for advice. The banks are always glad to serve the public in this way.

GOVERNMENT BY FAVOR

THERE is as much reason for a policeman to refrain from arresting a citizen loyal to the Organization as there is for him to pay out his good money to that Organization's leaders. The Organization is a hierarchy of favoritism. The police power it has wielded has always been leniently enforced upon its members. Gamblers, vice mongers and ballot-box stuffers have enjoyed immunity precisely in proportion to their closeness to politicians. The city official's auto can go faster than the independent citizen's. This favoritism has extended to the awarding of contracts and jobs, big and little. The policemen, maced for his campaign contribution, is asked to perpetuate this system. He is asked to pay for his job, as if it were a political favor. He is thus no longer free to enforce the law impartially. He is the servant of the supporters of the Organization, and if he discriminates in their favor when it comes to making arrests it is only the logical result of macing. Undoubtedly a general revolt in the force against this taxation would have overwhelming popular support, and prevent any "punishment" of the men by the officials of the Department of Public Safety.

THE OLD ADAGE APPLIES

Mr. Hughes won't tell us what he would have done after the sinking of the Lusitania, because, he says, he would have prevented the Lusitania from being sunk. He won't tell us how he stands on the repeal of the eight-hour law, because if he had been President there would have been no eight-hour law. These are the only attempts he has made to answer the question, "What would you have done?"—New York Times.

AND they look like pretty successful attempts, too. Did the Times never hear that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure?

THEY CAN'T BE FOOLED

> The labor vote never was a post to tie to. This Adamson law does not fool the railroad men whom I know. I have talked to a score or more engineers and conductors lately. The Republicans among them will vote the ticket as usual.

THIS statement from a long interview with a veteran New York Republican leader who cannot be rattled is about as accurate an appraisal of the situation as has been made. The whole political history of the country demonstrates that there is no class vote. There are Republican and Democratic farmers; there are Democratic and Republican carpenters; the engineers are not a solid political group. They vote as American citizens and not as engineers. The firemen are citizens before they are firemen. And so on through all the ranks of toil.

Such a bald bid for their vote as the Adamson law will not make Democrats of the Republicans among the trainmen. Their Republicanism is too well grounded for that. They were persuaded before they became Republicans that the general prosperity of the country which follows the application of Republican policies will profit them more in the long run than any such temporary increase of wages as is provided for in the Adamson law.

The country did not need the assurance of this New York leader to be convinced of the political integrity of the trainmen. If the doubters needed other evidence than the general intelligence of the men whose votes the Administration tried to buy it has already been afforded by the organization of Hughes clubs among the very men to purchase whose support the Adamson law was passed. The labor leaders themselves know that they cannot throw the labor vote where they will. Such exhibition of labor friendliness to Wilson as has manifested itself is a friendliness that would have found expression at the polls in about the same degree even if the President had not surrendered to the threat of the officials of the trainmen. The general attitude of labor to the whole situation was well expressed by a union man a day or two after Congress acted, when he said, "We think the United States is too big to be dictated to by any labor organization."

IT IS TO LAUGH

SECRETARY REDFIELD has apparently forgotten all that his party said about the tariff on tinplate in the McKinley bill, or he would not have boasted in Camden the other night of the achievements of his commercial attaches in bringing tin ore to Perth Amboy to be smelted.

If the Democrats had had their way twenty years ago there would have been no manufacturers of tinplate here to use the tin from the new Perth Amboy smelter. They told us that it was flying in the face of nature to attempt to make tinplate here, that we had no tin mines, that Cornwall could produce tinplate much more cheaply than it was possible to produce it in America and that we should confine our industrial activities to those branches suitable to our country.

But the Republicans levied a tariff on tinplate and tinplate mills were established here. A new industry was created. Imports of tinplate fell off rapidly; and, strange to say, the prices did not go up as the Democrats said they would. Tinplate before the war was selling for less than the lowest price that prevailed when we were importing it free of duty. And now because we have an industry here that can use tin, an industry created by the protective tariff, the Democratic Secretary of Commerce asks credit for his party because it has done a little something to get a supply of raw tin. It is to laugh.

Tom Daly's Column

AS TO SEC. BAKER

Why all this rising of the gorge
At what he said of our own George
And all those troops at Valley Forge?

Besides he now tells all who call
Those comments weren't his at all—
Perhaps the butler's in the hall.

Or mayhap future history
May prove the silly thing to be
No more than valet forgery.*

*The "t" silent, as in "Yo! Teddy."

WILLIAM MARION REEDY is on familiar terms with more high-brow—whatcha may call aristocratically exclusive—dictionary denizens than any other writer we think of at this moment. He was the first to flash before our ken, several years ago, that word "ineluctable," which has since brought joy to how many young eyes behind tortoise-rimmed glasses!

Now he has hooked us up to a luncheon talk in St. Louis—where his Mirror reflects the town's inmost thoughts—and he writes:

> Dear Tom—You are on. For the City Club noon Tuesday, October 24. Subject—named by me—"The Confessions of a Stylite." Don't blame me if they throw the Stylite through the skylight. I await your coming with fevered anticipations, which can only be assuaged with tuna of Bevo. REEDY.

Bill reminds us of neighbors we once had—a very cultured and charming couple—of whom another neighbor once complained: "Yes, I overslept this morning. The Bostings called upon us last night and they always keep us up so late. Yes, I know they went home at ten, but after that we spent a couple of hours at the dictionary hunting up the words they'd used."

In our Webster's Unabridged we find:

STYLITE, n. *(Eccl. Hist.)*, One of a sect of anchorites in the early church, who lived on the tops of pillars (columns) for the exercise of their patience;—called also *pillarist* and *pillar saint*.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICEHOLDER'S SWAN SONG

Too bad, but I really must leave you;
You're sorry to lose me, of course.
You just made the faintest suggestion,
Without a suspicion of force,
That I, too, might share in the blessings
With which the departing are sped;
Which means in political English,
My scalp is worth more than my head.

I know not the why and the wherefore,
I know but the what and the when,
The ways of the gods—and the bosses—
Are Greek to the wisest of men.
I may have jabbed Vare with my elbow,
Or stepped on McNichol's big toe;
If so, pardon me—mea culpa!
The going is good, and I go.

LITTLE NELL.

CONGRATULATING young Elbert E. Trombly upon winning the Newark Lyric Prize, we trust we may charge to a careless compositor rather than to him the line:

> You vaunt of nigh a half a million souls.

And there's this sign, L. H. B. reports, on a residence on North Fifteenth street:

DR. TULLUS WRIGHT

BEWARE THE BUNKHOUND!

Serving the City Beautiful He Bites All Unlovely Things

After several days' absence from his kennel the Bunkhound trotted in yesterday and laid at our feet a section of red and blue jersey and a square of muslin upon which was painted in large black type

17

Now here is the marvelous part of it all: For a week or so letters have been coming in to us, asking us to investigate the numeral 17 in connection with Franklin Field. Is it possible our Bunkhound can read? Or was the scent extra strong?

Bachelor Bereavements

To Kate

I have a large and lovely hall,
But still I moan my lonely state;
You will not share my lot at all;
I can't make you domesticate.

ALGERNON.

To Josephine

What's thy discordant plan, Jo,
To banish me from thee?
The heart strings of thy man, Jo
Have lost their harmony.
Relent and lift the banjo
And two shall play in glee.

EAGER EDGAR.

DARBY calls our attention to a classified ad in an eve. contemp. announcing the loss of "$245 by a poor woman rolled in a handkerchief," and he correctly guesses that one h'dk'f would not contain us, if we had been it.

"OUT HERE in the Forty-fifth Ward," H. W. S. calls to us from Bridesburg, "there is a man registered by the name of Paul Bearar. Personally I'm a Hughesalite, so I hope this chap works for the opposition along about November 7."

Our Bankwet

Several contribs protest that our first call to dinner was too close to the event itself. It will suit us better, also, to put it back a couple of weeks. So the date is hereby changed from November 1 to November 15.

"GEE! see w'at time it is!" sez Tiny Maxwell an' he flashes a flossy ticker that must 'a' cost a hundred an' a half easy. We supplied the ? ? ? "I got it gev to me by Johnny Kilbane," sez he. "What fur?" we ast 'im. "Oh, jest me reg'lar work," sez he. * * * "Have a cigarette?" sez he, holdin' out a gold case to us. "No," we ses, "but where didjer git the case?" "'Nother friend," sez he. "So?" sez we, bitin' our lip and countin' the di'mon's on the outside. "Mebbe you got the scrapple that we made a bid for in this tin-horn department of our'n, but ain't saw a smell of yet." "Scrapple?" sez he; "I never smoke it. But what's this? Tryin' to horn in on my graft?" An' he picks up that World Series Indoor Baseball Game that Rube Prichard, who is local agent for it, left here a couple weeks ago. An' he takes it away. The big stiff! Once a bully always a bully, we say.

"GUESS WHICH TWIN DEMOCRACY WON'T CLAIM!"

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Republican Explains Why Hughes Should Be Elected and a Democrat Tells Why He Should Be Defeated—Anarchy Preached in Broad Street Sundays

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.

WE NEED HUGHES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Charles Evans Hughes should be elected President because the United States needs him to guide the ship of state through the troubled waters. As Governor of New York he clearly showed by his administration that he had the indomitable will, the inflexible purpose looking for future good through present evil.

He has the qualities and executive force that beget confidence and command success. He is in no sense a negative character, but a man of iron will power. There is no vacillating, irresolute policy in his make-up. He is just what the country needs now.

He has the true courage which is the result of the reasoning of a deep thinker, and he has a brave mind which is always impregnable. He would meet danger, not wait for it. Truth is his standard by which all things would be judged. His appeals to the voters have been with sincerity of purpose and honesty of feeling, divesting himself of all partiality or passion and prejudice. He should be elected and most assuredly will be.

W. LEWIS KANE.
West Chester, Pa., October 19.

"STOP MY PAPER"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—You, the Republicans, say that a Noahic flood will inundate this country with goods from Europe after the war's end unless Hughes be elected. The Democrats say no. I believe the latter, as evidenced by the fact that Edison, Ford, Parker and a legion of patriotic Republicans don't agree with your calamitous views. Protection voiced by you is really nothing but "fake" protection. It is protection for predatory wealth and none for the working class.

A panic caused by the McKinley tariff in the nineties prevented my cherished wish of going to college because I could not quit my position, as all my family except my widowed mother and myself were out of work.

You say that calamity would befall this nation after the war; the New York Journal of Commerce says no. I believe the latter in preference to yourself.

To my mind you are supporting the nation's—the people's—enemies, the vested interests, which are not public interests. They wear dollar-marked spectacles, seeing nothing but terms of selfishness. They own mines, ranches, etc., in Mexico. They want war and want to force some of our relatives to shed blood for their abominable gold.

The Taft-Roosevelt love feast reveals an undeniable and indisputable evidence that the interests are behind this nauseating affair.

I cannot conscientiously let my pennies any longer support your paper, which is fighting against ourselves, the common American people. Clear as day, Wilson has been the people's President, not President of the privileged few, who are the very ones criticizing him.

M. P. L.
Philadelphia, October 19.

SPLITTING HAIRS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I have noticed that many people, even professional writers, confuse the words "imply" and "infer," often using one where the other should be employed. This prompts me to write and ask you whether such an error were not made in your issue of yesterday in the clipping which I inclose. Should Mr. Nixon not have said, "Do you mean to imply," and should you in your footnote not have said, "No such implication"? If I am right in my supposition, will you not acknowledge your mistake? If I am wrong, I shall abide by your decision if you will make it known.

CHARLES B. STEACY.
Atlantic City, N. J., October 18.

OBJECTS TO FREE SPEECH

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am in hearty accord with the party who signs himself "True Republican." I also was at the Hughes meeting, and I wish to state that invariably there is a commotion stirred up by these fire-eaters who pretend to know government from A to Z, but who, as a rule, know nothing, and they put answers up to such a brilliant man as Mr. Hughes. The rule for these people is for the officers to take them by the back of the neck and set them out on the Poplar street entrance of the Metropolitan. I am a frequenter Sunday afternoons of that part of Broad street which is becoming popular as the free thought thoroughfare, and free thought it is for fair, free thought for a lot of anarchists who parade under Socialism. The American Government is torn to shreds. It is an outrage that such gatherings are permitted on the streets of an American city. We have police to stop this and it is high time citizens who are Americans put it up to our Mayor to have it stopped. If America is soon a terrible country why do these socalled Socialists stay here? We want no Socialistic doctrines here, not the kind that are preached on our street corners today. Nine out of ten who are doing it are foreigners. Why don't you crazy nuts go back to Europe; but you all seem to have taken good care not to go back these last two years. I have heard so many definitions of Socialism that I don't know what it means, and one-half of the people who argue it don't know; but the way I hear it argued every Sunday afternoon it is nothing more or less than anarchy. I say let the police take a hand and keep that corner clear.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN.
Philadelphia, October 18.

HOT STUFF

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—"When the teeth of the law take hold of the heedless mothers and they are punished as they deserve, this sort of thing is likely to stop."

That is the way your paragraph (about babies killed by automobiles) should have read, but then you would have to have the courage of a Graham Phillips to make such a true statement. What are babies doing in the streets?

I've watched them walk right in front of an automobile. There's no missing them. It is the wicked mothers who should be punished. They should keep their children out of the streets. The street children are filthy from neglect and are turned loose into the street because the mother (God save the word) wants to be rid of them. Motherhood? They don't know the meaning of the word. But they might learn the meaning if you editors were not such spineless molluscs.

GRACE WHITING HUNTINGTON.
Philadelphia, October 19.

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 is copra?
2. What is meant when it is said that resolutions are "tabled"?
3. What is a steeplechase?
4. What is the morale of an army? Its morals?
5. It is reported that the U-53 has been sunk off Nantucket. Where is Nantucket?
6. How are the combatants protected from injury in fencing bouts?
7. One often reads of cargoes of cryolite coming from Greenland. What is it?
8. What is the purpose in damming a river?
9. Is there any evidence of the Flood excepting in the Bible?
10. Why are Hamburg, Bremen and Luebeck called "free cities"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The stalls in an English theater are seats in the parquet. The pit corresponds to our parquet circle.
2. "Showing the white feather"—being cowardly.
3. Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark; the Channel Islands, in the English Channel, between France and England.
4. A State law forbids the demanding of campaign contributions from officials and city and States employes.
5. Furlough; leave of absence, especially a soldier's.
6. "S. M. S. Kronprinz Wilhelm"; "Seine Majestaets Schiff." His Majesty's ship.
7. Oligarchy; government by a few; that is, by a small clique.
8. Reform Bill of 1832: It remodeled Parliament, taking many seats from thinly populated boroughs and giving them to towns, and gave suffrage to more classes than had formerly enjoyed it.
9. Minerva (Pallas Athene) was the goddess who sprang from the brain of Zeus (Jupiter).
10. Morris dances: Obsolete English dances of Moorish origin, whence the name.

The Pioneer Movement

C. W.—Emigration from the eastern States to the Middle West began in a small way soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, but was not large until after the admission of Ohio as a State in 1803. In 1800 the Government adopted the system of selling public land in Ohio on credit and thus started a current of emigration to Ohio which soon made it a State and overflowed into Indiana. Old letters written from towns in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania describe the roads leading west as thronged with large covered wagons filled with people and household goods, moving toward "the Ohio." An Englishman who went west in 1816 wrote: "In passing through the upper parts of Virginia I observed a great number of farms that had been abandoned, on many of which good houses had been erected, and fine apple and peach orchards had been planted. On inquiring the reason, I was always informed that the owners had gone to the western country. From the New England States the emigrations are still more numerous. They mostly cross the Hudson River between Albany and Newburg, and must pass through Cayuga on their way to Pittsburgh. I was informed by an inhabitant of Cayuga in April, 1816, that more than 15,000 wagons had passed over the bridge at that place within the last eighteen months containing emigrants to the western country."

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The rising tide for Charles E. Hughes demonstrated its force throughout rural Nebraska. The outpouring at Omaha signaled the November flood.—Omaha Bee.

The real attitude of the Administration toward business is revealed by its hostility to foreign trade, whenever it lays claim to support or protection by the Government.—Indianapolis News.

The problem presented by the South is this: It is a section in which all political issues are predetermined. The "solid" South means simply that it was decided fifty years ago how the South will vote next November. There is no political doubt in the South. There can be no political issues in the South. There is no political questioning.—Chicago Tribune.

"You cannot repeal a surrender"—Mr. Hughes's reply to a heckler at Sioux City last night—was much more than an effective epigram. What it put into five words is the essential truth of the matter, and hardly required the addition of any comment to make it, for an intelligent mind, a complete answer to the silly question asked by the heckler.—New York Evening Post.

Democratic orators, defending the Administration's record on preparedness, point proudly to the fact that in March, 1915, two dreadnoughts were authorized and that in 1916 Congress approved the construction of eight big ships of war. It is a fine campaign navy. If words could lay the keels, mount the big guns and launch the fighting craft, we would have them speedily. Thus far words are the only tools that have been employed to give the decree of Congress effect.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Northeast Corner

The story is twelve years old, but in view of the present unpleasantness it may bear repetition. During the campaign of 1904 George Ade and the present writer were guests of Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. Ade had just returned from a visit to Indiana and the Colonel asked him what the feeling of the people there might be in regard to the candidates.

"The situation," said George, "seems to have been summed up pretty well by an old farmer I heard discussing it at a grocery store out in Kentland. 'This Roosevelt,' he said, 'seems like 's got a whole lot o' ginger in 'im, but this 'ere man Parker's the sort o' feller same's the women asks to put up the swings at a Sunday school picnic.'"

For "Parker" and "Roosevelt" one may substitute two other names and the story is virtually as good as new.

An octogenarian over in New Brunswick, N. J., was dealt an impregnable pinochle hand the other day. In his excitement over it he dropped dead.

The conclusion is that one should either quit playing pinochle or be satisfied with less superdreadnought hands.

London Punch refers to Count Zeppelin as one of the few comedians the war has produced. And yet the British sense of humor is said to be nonexistent.

Yet, speaking of the English sense of humor, when it bites it leaves a distinct mark. Punch remarks:

> In Essex, says an evening paper, a plentiful crop of parasol mushrooms has resulted from the week's heavy rains. They should be a convenience for the farmers' sons who are still seeking shelter from military service.

Not saying that there is no strength of thought in it, but somehow we do not thrill to the lilt of the cabled Kipling Jutland verse. It lacks the old swing and the deftness of touch current in the days when "The Dipsy Chanty" set us tingling with the salt sea's breath. Some day, maybe, there will come a poet great enough to sing the song of battle—Henry Newbolt might have done it—but the day is not yet.

THIS IS THE ANSWER

"How about the Democratic plea, or Mr. Wilson's claim, that if Hughes is elected the Government of the United States in dealing with foreign Powers will be supine for four months, from November to March?"

"The people around here are not letting that bother them," replied Mr. Payn, with a rather bored air. "The Democratic Administration has been supine for four years. Why worry about four months?"—From an interview with Lou Payn in the New York Tribune.

"Audience sat in amazement. Miss Kellermann in remarkable feats, also in total disregard of wearing apparel. Nakedness, inoffensive, stalks upon the screen."—Record.

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TWICE DAILY—2:15 AND 8:15
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"Wondrously beautiful spectacle. Audience which filled Opera House gave emphatic approval."—Press.
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LAST MAT. TOMORROW
THE ENTHRALLING MUSICAL PLAY
CLIFTON CRAWFORD
IN "HER SOLDIER BOY"
With a Brilliant Cast of Singers
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
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A musical comedy success of the city triumph that created a sensation in New York and Boston. Great cast, great music, great show!
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At 6 o'Clock Next Monday Morning
The boxoffice will be open at this early hour and will
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to accommodate the crowds who will wait early for the
LAST THREE WEEKS
Get in line then or you will be disappointed. Engagement positively ends November 11th.

BROAD—Last 2 Evgs. Last Mat. Tomorrow
MARIE TEMPEST in A LADY'S NAME
Next Week. One Week Only. Seats Now
RIO GRANDE
Military Play by Augustus Thomas
THREE SPECIAL MATINEES
TUES., THURS., FRI., OCT. 24, 26, 27
MAUD ALLAN
And Her Symphony Orchestra of 40
Presenting Her Wonderful Dances of Joy
Thrilled All London for 2 Years
Seats NOW. $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c.

GARRICK THIS AND NEXT WEEK
Evgs. 8:15. Mat. Tomorrow
JANE COWL in COMMON CLAY
Pop. Wed. Mat. With Best Seats $1.50

FORREST LAST 2 WEEKS
JULIA SANDERSON, DONALD BRIAN, JOSEPH CAWTHORN in the Musical Comedy SYBIL

Walnut Matinee Today, 25c
Evgs. & Sat. Mat., 25c to $1.50
Bringing Up Father in Ireland
Next Week—"The Girl Without a Job"

The Stanley
Market at 16th
PARAMOUNT PROGRAM
OWEN MOORE
and MARGUERITE COURTOT in
"THE KISS"
STANLEY CONCERT ORCHESTRA
COMING—ALL NEXT WEEK
Courtesy Paramount Pictures Corporation
LEWIS J. SELZNICK Presents
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
IN FIRST PRESENTATION
of the Photo-Dramatic Sensation
"THE COMMON LAW"
Adapted From Robert W. Chambers's Novel
11:15 TO 11:15 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c

PALACE 1214 MARKET 10c—20c
EDNA MAYO
in "THE RETURN OF EVE"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH
10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WM. S. HART
"The Return of 'Draw' Egan"

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Tomorrow (Sat.) Afternoon
October 21, at 2:30
PADEREWSKI
TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT HEPPE'S, 1119 CHESTNUT ST. $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50. BOXES $12 AND $18.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
WEEK NOV. 13
BOSTON-NATIONAL
GRAND OPERA COMPANY
SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AND SEATS NOW RESERVED. TICKET OFFICE, 1108 CHESTNUT ST. TEL. Walnut 4424; Race 67.

B. F. Keith's THEATER
WHOLE BILL OF STAR FEATURES!
Edwin Arden & Co. BELLE STORY
Bantly & Norton; Capt. Anson & Daughters; Chas. Leonard Fletcher; Gerard & Clark. Others.
Today at 2, 25c & 50c. Tonight at 8, 25c to $1.

Globe Theater MARKET and JUNIPER STS.
VAUDEVILLE—Continuous
10c—15c—25c—35c
11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
"The Lawn Party" Musical Comedy
SHERMAN, De FORREST & COMPANY
in "A JAY CIRCUS." OTHERS.

Cross Keys Daily 2:15; All Seats 10c. Evgs., 7 & 9; 10, 20, 30c.
PAULINE THE MAN WITH THE ELECTRIFYING EYES

REGENT MARKET BELOW 17TH
ORCHESTRA—ORGAN
Daily, 15c; Evenings, 25c
METRO PRESENTS
WM. NIGH and IRENE HOWLEY
in "LIFE'S SHADOW"

ACADEMY—Seats at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut.
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA Today at 3; Tomor. at 8:15
Soloist: Mme. Schumann-Heink, Contralto

Knickerbocker MARKET & 60TH
Matis Tues., Thurs., Sat.
Eugenie Blair in "THE EVERNAL MAGDALENE"

Dumont's Minstrels 69th & Arch. Matinee Today