

Evening Ledger
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR SEPTEMBER WAS 112,063

Philadelphia, Friday, November 3, 1916.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.—Emerson.

It's easy to talk like a statesman. It's easy to look like a statesman.—Mr. Wilson at Buffalo.

But, alas! it is not easy to act like a statesman.

A seventeen-cent egg drink at a soda fountain is the latest appalling blow, but we take it lying down.

Heavy buying of Rapid Transit trust certificates does not look like belief in the minds of investors that the straight five-cent fare is going to send the company to the soup-house.

It is possible also that Colonel E. M. House is matching his well-known silence against that of Winthrop Murray Crane.

Now that the New York Evening Post has come out for Wilson there is no longer any doubt of the election of Hughes.

The Convention Hall, at Broad street and Allegheny avenue, where the words "too proud to fight" were uttered, is to be torn down.

Every man who wishes to insure the election of Judge Emory A. Walling to the Supreme Court bench should fix firmly in his mind that a cross in the party column of the ballot does not mean a vote for Walling.

Vice President Marshall's prediction of a landslide for Wilson or a landslide for Hughes is more enlightening than it at first glance seems.

That list of names of local firms which have agreed to make their shipments to South America by the new steamship line is very properly called a "Philadelphia Roll of Honor."

The raising of the single-tax issue in the New York campaign has interesting ramifications.

The capture of Verdun held by the Germans and the evident collapse of the great siege is a bitter cup for the Von Tirpitz faction.

The receipt of the last Verdun fort held by the Germans and the evident collapse of the great siege is a bitter cup for the Von Tirpitz faction.

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land-and Bremen; not since any sort of navigation on the high seas was in itself a life and death gamble.

"IT'S YOUR VOTE WE WANT; NOT YOUR IDEAS"

IT IS possible to prove too much. The two chief Democratic counter-offensives to the Republican attack prove much too much. It is asserted:

That the Republican party was split in two in 1912, and that it would return to power with divided councils.

That the Republican party would enact a monopoly tariff.

It is true that the party was split in two in 1912. Any almanac will tell you so. It is too big a fact to conceal and nobody ever wanted to conceal it.

But suppose it were true. If the Democratic party is so much more pacifist than any other body of men, how easy would it be for a pacifist wing of the otherwise reunited Republicans to combine with the Democrats in Congress to keep the peace?

If in that direction these dangerously "divided councils" do not exist, the alternative is that the "danger" lies in a difference between Progressives and Republicans on the tariff.

How could a Republican majority pass a monopoly tariff if half its members did not want a monopoly tariff?

That is where the Democrats prove too much. They are saying on the one hand that the Progressive movement in 1912 was a great reform wave, which they believe is now swelling the Democratic ranks.

That if this great reform wave swells the Republican ranks there will result a monopoly majority. What sort of reformers can these Progressives be that they can be made to blow both hot and cold, that they can turn angel by voting "D" and devil by voting "R"?

What party could flirt with such spineless fellows?

The plain truth of the matter is that the Democrats want the votes of the Progressives, but not their councils. The truth is that the Republicans want the votes of the Progressives because they also want their councils.

The unpalatable truth for the Democrats to swallow is that the Republican party does not want a monopoly tariff, and that Hughes is precisely the kind of man who will combat monopoly ideas in both the Democratic and Republican parties.

HOW A BOSS LOOKS TO HIMSELF

No small body of men was ever competent to take care of any other large body of men. They do not know enough. They get the spirit of office.

THE President was alluding to the Republican party in these pregnant words, and he would have us believe that it, controlled by a small group of reactionaries who nominated Mr. Hughes, Eves.

AS TO NANCY

I met a girl whose name was Nancy. And for a while she struck my fancy. But she fell for a guy named Clancy.

Occasionally in our haste to open the morning mail, which is always an excursion into the unusual, we forget to pin together the creation and the creator.

WHERE IS MY FATHER?

Tom Daly's Column

Comes Written by myself Little Poetry

THE KITCHEN

Though they may call it a diagrae In fine society The Kitchen is the finest place In all the world to me.

I know there are some folks who think It is not nice to play Around the range and kitchen sink Or where the servants stay

But when the cook has set to rights Each dish and pan and pot Especially on frosty nights It is a cheerful spot.

And if the cook is Irish too Like one that we employ She tells some fairy tales to you That fill you full of joy.

Upon the stove the kettle sings The clock ticks on the wall And there are lots of other things That's nothings else at all.

Whenever I am sitting there I almost always dread To hear my mother call "My dear It's time to go to bed."

So though they call it a diagrae In fine society The Kitchen is the grandest place In all the house to me.

We might never have been impelled to comment upon the beauty of the new dime if a morning contempt, hadn't given us the notion that good workmanship among Uncle Sam's designers and Mint employees was somewhat uncommon. It says:

A well-executed \$5 gold piece has been found in circulation by several service operatives.

Our Bankvet

I'd like to know If I can go to that feed. An "I" can Me for the pace I want to fork In to me face?

Bless your heart! the table manners will be quite cosmopolitan.

Sir—I noticed a sign in the subway cars which said, among other things, "This never too late to mend."

So I took my old shoes to the address indicated, where I arrived at 6:15 p. m., only to be told that I would have to bring them in before 6 p. m.

On Filide avenue is a man who answers to the name of W. R. Keene; he deals in cutlery. A sign in the window reads "We close at 8 p. m. sharp."

AND MCKAY brings this to us from Washington, where he saw it in the Book Dept. of a Dept. Store:

THE WOMAN GIVES OWEN JOHNSON \$150

CULTURED FOLK SHOP IS KEERLESS

Several days ago E. S. S. pointed this out to us:

LONG—Large black physician's bag with many surgical instruments. Large reward and no questions asked. etc.

And, taken alive this (called to our attention by E. T. M.) may be his wife:

LONG—Lightweight black lady's coat, suit check, silk lining, Metropolitan Opera House, Saturday, Oct. 21, Reward, etc.

STARS

The blazing stars lead on the morn, And day doth march with flaming ray; Those stars and rays my flag adorn— That flag of freedom's golden dawn— Advance, O soul, salute the dawn— And follow, follow, follow on!

Ye silver stars that souls have led Across cold seas, through desert plain, March on with glowing light ahead, And guide my way, in joy or pain; I seek the route by pilgrims gone, To follow, follow, follow on!

It Got By Us

Sir—Have you noticed that the Philadelphia Electric Company's horse-drawn wagons do not bear the slogan, "If it isn't electric it isn't modern?"

APROPOS our reference to L. Cotton, the dry goods merchant, at least half a dozen readers have offered to introduce us to

"GOSH, I WISH THEY WERE SOUR!" COST OF LIVING

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Fighting Tariff Indorsed—Charles P. Donnelly's Place in the Democracy—Hughes Equal to Meeting the Crisis

Confronting the Country

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 or the correspondence which may be signed by the name and address of the writer, or necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING LEDGER:

Sir—I extend to you my hearty congratulations. Your editorial, "The Way That Leads to War," contains the first ray of intelligent understanding of the tariff question that I have ever seen in your editorial columns.

It is the point, and it is the kind of a tariff that the Republican party has never given the country and probably never will, unless driven to do so by public opinion. If you and other editorial writers would only shed your partisan bigotry, study the question in an honest way and put the facts before the people, such a public opinion might be formed that would force the politicians and tariff-grafters to agree to the enactment of a tariff law that would enrich the United States to take her rightful position of industrial supremacy.

But such a stand can hardly be expected in a city where the standard of intelligence has steadily gone down during the last fifty years.

JAMES WILLIAMS, Philadelphia, November 1.

DONNELLY SURVIVED THE SNUBS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING LEDGER:

Sir—Four years ago at this particular time Charles P. Donnelly was a political nonentity as far as the Democratic Club was concerned. I was an insider then and have knowledge and a good memory of what was going on in the club.

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HUGHES BIG ENOUGH FOR JOB

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING LEDGER:

Sir—The amazing thing to me about the political situation is the remark you frequently hear that "both are good men, and there is not much to choose."

You might as well say there is not much to choose between a learned diagnostician and a skillful surgeon, when a major operation is to be performed.

This country is up against the biggest crisis since the Civil War. The best part of our national existence depends on what we do in the next four years. We need a President big enough to realize this situation and practical enough to act on it now.

What Do You Know?
QUIZ
1. What are the dimensions of a brick?
2. The President's first official dinner was given at the White House. How many guests were there?

The Stanley
MARKET AB. 16TH
11:15 to 11:45—10c, 15c, 20c, 25c
SESSUE HAYAKAWA
WITH MYRTLE STEEDMAN
"THE SOUL OF KURA-SAN"

THE PASSING SHOW OF 1916
W. J. WYNN
N. & N. W. Winter Garden Co. of 150
ELECTION RETURNS TUESDAY NIGHT

A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS
ANNETTE KELLERMANN
BURTON HOLMES
FRI. EVGS. and SAT MATS.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
POPULAR MAT. ELECTION DAY & WED.
Broad This & Next Week, Evgs. at 8:15

Globe Theater
MARKET and JUNIOR STS.
VAUDVILLE—Continued
11 A. M. to 11 P. M.