

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. K. CURTIS, President...

Deliberate as often as you please, but when you decide it is once for all.—Publius Syrus.

Mr. Berry seems to think that the way to have less Eyre is to have more air.

A business woman has asked the New York Sun for the proper terms in which to address a corporation.

There must be some mistake in the announcement that seventy-five Scotch women have given up their hair to enter a hospital corps.

Plutarch quotes Philip as characterizing the Macedonians as a rude and slovenly people because they called a spade a spade.

The Bryn Mawr student who is to win \$10,000 when she can cook a course dinner for twelve persons will get a worthy prize.

What possible difference could it make whether a Vore or a McNichol leader introduced in Council the resolution for a committee to look after the city's interests at Harrisburg?

No more satisfactory system for announcing the result of an election has ever been devised than that which the Evening Ledger will use Tuesday night through the cooperation of the electric light company and the chief of the city electrical bureau.

Three persons would not have been burned alive, it appears, if an inspector had had time to get around to the 1700 block in Norris street in time to see that a building was operated as a tenement in direct violation of the housing laws.

The long-predicted civil war in some European country as a result of the general conflict seems to have arrived to fulfill at least one of the many wild prophecies of the last two years.

By all means let us have the State Capitol graft scheme drawn forth from the closet again, and after election, as Mr. Eyre says, is the time for the informative libel suit.

views on paper. If he has set forth in strong epigrammatic sentences the duty of the Government to protect the lives of Americans wherever they may be...

HUGHES THE CAMPAIGNER THE opposition early in the campaign set out to create the impression that the Hughes of 1916 was not the Hughes of 1908.

Perhaps you have noticed, however, that the Democrats have not been trying to 'bettle the campaigning ability of Mr. Hughes for nearly two months.

His complete mastery of the best forms of expression and elocutionary art, his remarkable galling gun delivery of concepts after a long and brilliant fashion and in most excellent sequence, make you feel like applauding at the end of his sentences.

The charge that Mr. Hughes had lost his skill as a campaigner has given way to the assertion that he has failed to outline any constructive policies, but has been content with criticizing the Administration.

If we are to have protection for American industry it is plain common sense to say you must put in power an Administration that believes in protection.

As to the surrender of American rights on sea and land he said: We are not a militaristic people, but we propose that our words shall have back of them the assurance of power.

There are certain principles that we can lay down to which we propose to adhere. The first is that we will not meddle with the domestic concerns of other nations.

It would be easy to fill this page with equally significant and statesmanlike utterances indicating the constructive nature of all his thinking.

THE Art Jury, whose fifth annual report has just been filed with the Mayor, has justified its creation by what it has accomplished as well as by what it has approved.

Tom Daly's Column THE VILLAGE POET Whenever it's a Saturday I know it isn't right To ask for "passes to the show," for matinee or night...

I try to mind the work in hand an' hunt the commonplace, But Charlotte with her thinking skates an' Charlotte with her grace Is round about me everywhere, in everything I meet.

Banket Correspondence Sir—I don't wish to seem Miles-clous—and perhaps this is a queer fact for the editor to read—but do ladies ever come to a newspaper?

ENGLISH WALKING UMBRELLAS Would you suppose these to be the sort that hurry after you if you carelessly leave them in the forum of the wire shop?

And without any outside assistance whatever, we ourselves, strolling down to our labor yesterday, noticed in the window of Dreer's seed store a collection of one lovely but now very tired chrysantheums.

LITTLE Mary was sent to the cigar store by her father to buy him a cigar. When she returned with the cigar it looked like a lead pencil, it was so thin.

BACHELOR BEREAVEMENTS O, HUB! Gabriella, loved and bright, How I loved your skin so white, But since destiny beyond us Ruled that you have yellow jaundice, Can you really blame a fellow? I don't love you Gabriella.

Why Dear Teacher Gets Married Habes corpus—This is a warrant taken out by undertakers to find out who has got the corpse they are after.

WORK OF THE ART JURY THE Art Jury, whose fifth annual report has just been filed with the Mayor, has justified its creation by what it has accomplished as well as by what it has approved.

ALL READY SALT RIVER EXCURSION DATE OF SAILING TUESDAY NOV. 7 ANY ONE WHOSE BENCH

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE Unemployment Under Cleveland and Under Wilson—Demand That Immigration Be Restricted to Protect American Workmen

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 views of our correspondents, letters must be signed and the names of our correspondents will not be published without their consent.

DEMOCRATIC UNEMPLOYMENT To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Allow me to call attention to the awful business depression owing to threatened free trade at the time William McKinley was a candidate for governor of Ohio.

A CHEERFUL CRITIC To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I am a reader of your valuable editorial, mostly quotations and other interesting "material," recently composed by the editor's assistants, I surmise, and am anxious to know if the editor ever gets angry when criticized by a faithful subscriber.

RADICALISM AND ITS RIGHTS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—May I make a reply to your editorial of Saturday evening, headed "Propaganda, Property and Progress?"

PROTECTION AND PROFIT SHARING To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—The following are, I believe, the fundamental weaknesses of the protective tariff policy as advocated by the Republican party.

CONTRARIWISE If the law were to edict that man and wife should never be together for more than six months in the year, it would be broken every day and man and woman would stand hunger and stripes to come together for twelve months in twelve; if love of home were made a crime, a family life would be more impossible than anything.

The Northeast Corner Casuals of the Day's Work The average man, taking him by and by, is a pretty well with any other average man in some respects.

And when the pedants dare us mark What strange mechanic happenings Meet come, our souls stand in the dark; Belike—but there are likelier things.

THE FEELING WASTAGE OF OUR CUNNING SCHEMES This book is dedicated, their hidden worth And beauty I have seen in vagrant dreams! The things we touch, the things we dimly see.

SYMPHONIC BANQUET SLIGHTLY TOO LARGE Beethoven and Schumann on One Program—Brahms Concerto by Mme. Samaroff

Not all concerts can be as refreshing, as sprightly, as compact and lucid, as those which Mr. Samaroff has been giving at the Academy lately. The drop had to come, and only thanksgiving can be expressed that it came with as much comparative mildness as it did.

Hardly even Wagner, however, could have been angry at the divorcing "Meisterling" overture which was given at the concert last on the program. It was like a wind in April, for Mr. Stokowski, besides being a thoroughgoing Wagnerite, understands the spirit of the most energetic and glowing comic opera. It plays therefore, like a comic opera, and the joyous vehemence of it is trebled. But the conductor, with that far-seeing astuteness which is kept in the background, put his overture at the last, thus preventing any Bayreuth disciple from "walking out on the show" during its less inspired moments.

A good many such moments occurred during the Brahms concerto, which was a Brahms concerto. What a concerto! Distended, lacking any meaty kernel with all its arid hush, and dubious as to form, it might be urged as a good example of what not to play at a concert. The fact that the soloist gave it an elegance and poise quite her own, and that she converted much of its pompous orchestration into what resembled the inspiration of competition, only made it the more irritating. It is not a work suited primarily to pianistic display; one need not have read Mr. Chopin's program note to know the effect that it first was designed as a symphony to realize that. Incidentally, the current passion for Brahms, who only a few seasons ago seemed to have been the spirit of the age, is a curious thing. It is well for fine artists to remember that Liszt and other big men have written concertos as well.

Mme. Samaroff has gained in fluency and ease, and certainly a certain amount of once married her playing is on the decrease. If no other reason could have been adduced for her many recalls and her many bouquets and there were many (others), it might be found in her charming attire, which in the subdued lighting of the building reminded one of a French painting. French music would have suited her better.

Now for the symphony. We have always known that Mr. Stokowski could play Schumann as well as any one hereabout; better, in fact, as his performance in the full and complete symphony of the composer. There were foaming waters of sound, splendid rushes and ripples of melody, all in the lyric vein. And his orchestra played with all its new 1916 coherence and unanimity. It was only a pity that a more artistic grouping of numbers could not have been constituted a splendid one for the whole is equal to the number of its parts, remember. B. D.

AND STILL AT IT A paragraph on the Philadelphia Evening Ledger rose to wonder why it is patrol lights and at last accounts he was still at liberty.—Macron Telegraph.

BOB WHITE I heard them greet the peep of dawn From every bush and tree; Blackbird, bluebird, robin, wren, Jay thrasher, chickadee; Then I heard, from his reed nest Somewhere in the corn or wheat, Bob White welcoming the morning And I thought, among more sweet: "Bob White, Bob White!" Was that note of bird or sparrow, Bob White?