Evening Ledger

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Philadelphia, Thursday, January 4, 1917.

Seven eclipses are scheduled to occur this year, and some will occur that are not scheduled.

It is pretty generally agreed that Germany started the war, but the Allies are apparently determined that she shall not have the credit for starting peace.

So Philadelphia has 50,000 more population than the Census Bureau estimate allows. If any one doubts this ask Statistician Cattell in the City Hall. "He knows."

So general is the neglect of dentistry in Germany that a nation-wide committee has been formed to supervise the care of the teeth of school children.—News item.

But what's the use, when the Allies are boasting that they will not let the little children get any food to chew?

Lord Rosebery would be a most welcome British Ambassador to the United States. He is the kind of man who could easily become the Ambassador of the Allies to the American people, for he has the gracious gifts of oratory which persuade while they entertain. If a change is to be made, no better man could be found to succeed Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

The State of New Jersey, through its duly appointed authorities, has decided that a boy cannot be made to apologize to a teacher he has insulted, but must be reinstated if she dismisses him, or, in plain talk, must be allowed "to get away with it." The much-heralded public school course in the principles of our political system has evidently been inaugurated with a vengeance in Jersey.

"Tariffs for revenue only" have the disadvantage of bearing hard upon the poor without providing the protection which is the chief reason for a tariff. The duties on tea, coffee, meats and other necessities, now being considered by the Administration, tax the poor man without helping him. He drinks coffee cup for cup with the rich man, but the latter would not care if the price were doubled. "Necessities" are the smallest items of his expenditure, but they eat up the poor man's entire salary.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, is reported to have paid $150,000 for a Rembrandt 20½ by 15½ inches—about the size of one of his own records. As the sales of McCormack records surpass all others and run into the millions, his royalties on one favorite alone would easily pay the bill. The question which naturally suggests itself in this connection is: Will a McCormack record after as many years have elapsed as have passed since Rembrandt painted that picture bring anywhere near $150,000?

Nothing shows more clearly than the murder of Rasputin the remoteness of Russia from the civilization of the present time. Russia emerged from barbarism a century later than the rest of Europe. Its autocracy at the close of the nineteenth century resembled the autocracy of France at the close of the eighteenth. Rasputin, a lay monk of humble birth, exercised great influence over the mind of the Czar. He was used by politicians to secure their ends. He was charged with German sympathies. Possibly he had been bribed by German money. But whatever reason lay behind his activities, some patriotic Russians decided to put him out of the way. The influential court favorite and the plotters against his life might have lived in the Middle Ages when Government was a matter of privilege and favoritism, and the methods used to end his reign might have been employed in the times of Peter the Great or of Louis XIV.

From the moment that Pershing's troops were known to be unable to capture Villa under the conditions the Government accepted as controlling their movements in Mexico, their retention there has been nothing more than a domestic political issue in the United States. Their impotence satisfied pacifists. Their remaining on Mexican soil silenced militarists. The alternative to leaving our troops in Mexico indefinitely is to prove to this country that its Government is cooperating constructively with Carranza at his capital. Of the twenty-seven States, only one, Chihuahua, nurses a hopeless rebellion. The Mexicans distrust our motives. It seems fundamentally trivial to them that a great country like this can feel its pride is saved by a few soldiers occupying a strip of territory, when the presence of these soldiers only serves to give Villa an argument in getting recruits. They do not feel responsible for the wilds of Chihuahua, whereas Americans have felt that the presence of Pershing is sort of a permanent object lesson to Mexicans that they must feel responsible for Chihuahua. The continuance of the deadlock, with no means of financing Carranza for a reconstructive program in sight, is a confession of diplomatic sterility.

AN INQUIRY IMPERATIVE

BECAUSE the flashy Lawson catapulted himself into the "leak" issue is no reason why an inquiry should be abandoned. The specific declaration by Representative Bennet on the floor of the House yesterday is highly satisfactory to the nation, which has been looking for the fire through the smoke. The rumor, says Mr. Bennet, "is that Barney Baruch was responsible for this information getting to Wall street, and that thirty minutes before the President's message was made public he sold on a rising market 15,000 shares of Steel common short."

Mr. "Barney" Baruch, it is well known, is an intimate associate of important officials in Washington. The President himself, it was announced recently, was to be the guest of Mr. Baruch at the latter's estate in South Carolina. It is because of those things, doubtless, that Wall street was quick to connect Mr. Baruch with certain happenings in the stock market; and it was peculiarly incumbent on Mr. Baruch, in the circumstances, to be more than ordinarily circumspect. It is imperative that suspicion be met by a searching investigation, and we are confident that Mr. Baruch himself will insist on it. A betrayal of the confidence of a member of the Cabinet in a matter of such vital importance is a moral crime.

Newspaper men are constantly in possession of advance information. They never use it to their personal advantage financially. It would be a pity if men of wealth or of high official standing were less rigorous in their application of the ethical code. It would be an even greater pity if the President of the United States had been betrayed by a subordinate and a speculator working in conjunction. An investigation cannot now be evaded.

BUNK!

MUCH of the talk about "pork barrel" appropriations is pure bunk. When Philadelphia gets something for the Navy Yard the press of a dozen rival cities shouts that political interests have been getting in their work. As a matter of fact, the efficiency of our naval establishment has been seriously handicapped by this sort of provincialism. There ought to be a navy yard at New York; there ought to be one at Philadelphia, another at Norfolk, another at Charleston and another on the Gulf coast, probably at Pensacola. Instead of these contesting cities fighting every move for improvements at another, they ought to work together, and the nation ought to work with them, for such appropriations as can be economically used for bringing each of the several stations to the highest point of efficiency. There is more bunk handed to the people whenever real preparedness is undertaken than the most dyspeptic citizen ever dreamed of.

THE HEART IN POLITICS

GANGSTERS are the best fellows in the world. They "have a heart." They are close to the people; they are of the people. They understand the little human needs, and they are quick to meet them. That is why we are badly governed.

Reformers are, as a rule, cold to the personal needs of those they would like to have for their constituents. All the logic in the world will not give to the man who holds himself aloof a greater political prestige than that which falls to the man who provides the bucket of coal in the nick of time. You can't beat the bucket-of-coal argument, because it has all the appearance of being based on that invincible doctrine that he who gives a child a cup of cold water shall have his reward. Personal charity is infinitely better than organized charity, and in adopting that principle the gangster is eternally right. He is eternally wrong in believing that humanity is satisfied to go on indefinitely on a hand-to-mouth charity basis.

Must we, therefore, simply wait until the people are "educated up" to higher ideals? Hardly. The kind-hearted gangsters would not leave us any State to worry about if we waited that long. What it comes to in practice is that muddling and charity-taking humanity realizes that that ideal of good government which it instinctively cherishes under all its weaknesses can only be realized through the personality of one man, the executive. A candidate for Governor will never expected to dole out buckets of coal. His constituency is too big to make that possible. But if he springs from the heart of the people, speaks their language, proves to them face to face his warm-hearted humanity and direct sympathy and has a common-sense program helpful to the workers, he can succeed, sometimes, in beating the bucket-of-coal orators and giving his State a great shove forward. Then, when he is off the stage, the people lapse into their old habits until politics again gets so close to public theft that a new clean-up is required.

An Altgeld, a Pattison, a Hughes or a Wilson thus occasionally gets a chance to clean up his State. There is no fear that this reliance on a benevolent despot destroys democracy. The gang sees to that. Any man who tries to serve the people is marked for the political graveyard at the end of his term by the organization. There he is promptly carried—or to the White House.

Tom Daly's Column

FINER CLAY

Sure, I used to think a pipe was the glory
of a man,
Troth I did then, Mary Ann.
Long before my years were ripe (wid a
rattle in one han')
I would smoke one, Mary Ann.
An', thinks I, there's nothin' gives
To the grandest man that lives
Such a finish, ye may say;
An' it's well I mind the way
That it nearly finished me.
But I wouldn't let it be
Till I liked it, Mary Ann.

Then I found an ould dudheen was a comfort to a man,
An' none better, Mary Ann;
For wid that my teeth between, if I'd
work to do or pain,
It was easy, Mary Ann.
An' the more I smoked my clay,
All the more I worked away;
An' my thoughts were keen an' long
When the pipe was goin' strong.
For the two of us, ye see,
Were justed suited to a "T"
Wid each other, Mary Ann.

So the pipe became my all, an' meself, a lonely man,
Grew to love it, Mary Ann.
But there's changes do befall that ye never understand;
Faith, they do, then, Mary Ann.
An' tonight there's something wrong;
For I've sat here thinkin' long,
But my thoughts an' pipe don't fit,
For I cannot keep it lit,
What I've tellin' ye is true,
An' the throuble, dear, is you—
Sure, it's jealous, Mary Ann!

Don't Believe in Signs

There was a case for the S. P. C. A. yesterday. A Market street dog store had a sign in the window:

SPECIAL FOR TODAY
PUPPIES CUT IN HALF
FEE ELL TEN

Tommy Welch, an eminent lawyer in Manila, sends this one from the Far East: A young Filipino friend of his, also a lawyer, secured a pardon for a native who had been sentenced to hang for murder. The pardon read, "The sentence of death heretofore passed on —— by the court," etc., etc., "is hereby commuted to imprisonment for life, at the expiration of which he will be released from confinement."

This sounds entirely reasonable.

Things That Are Seldom What They Seem

The sunny South.
An early spring.
Love at first sight.
"Clear today; tomorrow fair."
The coffee mother used to make.
A fifty-cent table d'hote, with wine.
A five minutes' walk to the station.
Sending "regrets" to a 5 o'clock tea.
Seventy-nine cents, reduced from $2.
The woman who will be ready in just a minute.

SAM S. STINSON.

ANYTHING TO PLEASE

The health officer says he is convinced it was diphtheria which caused the girl's death. To confirm this belief a brother, Woodrow Worthington, has been stricken with diphtheria.—Record.

Rather obliging of Woodrow, don't you think? S. F. M.

GIRLS

The first was named Amanda, and
She came, and saw and went;
The next was Lucy, she was canned
Before a week was spent.

The next was Sue, an awful lump,
Who wanted two days off;
It took Adele a week to jump;
Celesta had a cough.

Marie was elegant and fine,
But she ten bones required,
And raised her brows to find no wine,
So she was duly fired.

But now we have a stayer, but
She's deaf and almost blind,
And can't tell steak from halibut,
But, then, she doesn't mind.

The babies and the babies' clothes,
Our warm-out range and sink,
And stops with us at night, and those
Are bad traits—I don't think!

A. A.

A Tale Out of France

OUR own Henri Bazin, who writes "I have just come from the Somme, where I saw evidences of certain victory around the corner," is having a great time in France. In the course of a long letter he says:

I am visioning that sacred thing, the soul of a whole people. Many of those aiding in the baring are unconscious of the treasure they reveal. It is exemplified in so many countless ways! Among the cultured and among the illiterate, the rich and the poor, the whole gamut that comprises a nation. After the war this sacred beauty will be covered again. A few years will have noted it, written of it. Only these, and those who note without the writing, will have been privileged to see. I could cite you countless instances, and will tell you one.

I talked with a simple soldier the other day; indeed, I talk to many, both of the rank and file. This man had been born in Paris. He had never visited the village in the north where his mother was born, although frequently promising himself to so do some time. Not long since he saw its ruins as part of a conquering battalion, who, with their blood, had redeemed it from the barbarians. There remained not one standing house, and the church wherein his mother had been baptized, confirmed and married, showed one jagged corner of tower reaching up toward a gray sky. Beside it was the village cemetery, which had been the scene of a bloody battle. He found among the wreckage of tombs those of his grandmother and his great-grandmother. To conclude, in quoting him, he said:

"Monsieur, I knelt there and prayed for their souls and my dead mother's soul, and for my body's preservation as le bon Dieu might will, that it be longer able to serve France. The broken tower of the church still held in perfection the face of its clock. It was stopped at twenty minutes to nine. Just below it, without a scratch, was the niche containing Notre Dame de Lourdes that Mama had often told me of. I prayed to her, Monsieur, that when ——— was rebuilt its church tower would show two clocks—one to mark the time and the other to record at twenty minutes to nine how Germany had destroyed God's house with iron."

And as he spoke I thought this young Frenchman in his reverence for his ancestors, his country and his God's house was not only typical of the thousands and hundreds of thousands in his land in their work of driving evil out of France, but that, coming from a trench, covered with mud and blood, his prayer beside the tombs would not only be answered, but that the act of praying carried his spirit very close to on High.

SHE'S LEARNED SOMETHING

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. For questions, the answers to which every intelligent person should know, see below.

QUIZ

1. What is the largest office building in the world?
2. How many State Senators and Representatives are there in the Pennsylvania Legislature and what is their political alignment?
3. Who was Nimrod?
4. What is the derivation of the word "textiles"?
5. Who is Boston called the Hub?
6. Is there ever any snow in the regions about the equator?
7. Who is Hooker VII?
8. What was the famous "Pony Express"?
9. What is pizzicato?
10. What is "squatter sovereignty"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. A scow is a unit of liquid measurement six inches in length.
2. Thomas W. Lawson is a Boston fiction writer and broker. He first attracted national attention through articles attacking the Standard Oil group of financiers.
3. Bismarck is the capital of North Dakota.
4. From Philadelphia to Melbourne by way of San Francisco is 12,263 miles.
5. The three Georges (rulers who are both emperors and kings) are the King of England (Emperor of India), the Emperor of Germany (King of Prussia) and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary (King of Hungary).
6. H. G. Wells wrote "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."
7. The 64th or the present Congress ends at noon March 4, 1917.
8. Mexico has not a constitutional President, Carranza not having been elected. He is President de facto ("in fact"), having seized the Government.
9. Portugal declared war on Germany March 9, 1916.
10. The area of Belgium is 11,373 square miles, that of Switzerland 15,976 square miles.

The President's Note

H. W.—President Wilson's recent note to the warring powers suggests an early exchange of views by the belligerents as to what terms, in their respective opinions would secure satisfactory peace. It points out that although the war disturbs the entire world, the "concrete objects for which it is being waged have never been definitely stated." It offers the services of the President in facilitating the desired exchange of views, but disclaims a desire on his part to determine the method of arranging the exchange. Declaring that this country is vitally concerned in the war, the President's note states that it should be regarded as coming not only from a friend, but also as coming from the representative of a neutral nation whose interests have been most seriously affected by the war and whose concern arises out of a manifest necessity to determine how best to safeguard those interests if the war is to continue." The note denies a common origin with the German peace overtures. In conclusion, the note states: "The President is not proposing peace; he is not even offering mediation. He is merely proposing that soundings be taken in order that we may learn, the neutral nations with the belligerent, how near the haven of peace may be for which all mankind longs with an intense and increasing longing."

Why Steel Ships Float

H. W.—Steel ships differ from those of wood in that their hulls are made of steel plates riveted together, instead of the old method of using wooden planking. They are enabled to float because, being hollow, they have what is called buoyancy. A steel ship displaces a volume of water equal in weight to its own. The principle of buoyancy may be tested by floating an iron pail in a bathtubful of water.

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

I KNOW a little tailor who is never satisfied. He had just sold a suit of clothes and remarked: "I gained ten per cent on that fine suit of clothes, while if I had bought it ten per cent cheaper and sold it for twenty per cent profit it would have brought a quarter of a dollar less money." Now, what did he get for the suit?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

THE time was 9:36 a. m., because one-quarter of the time from midnight would be two hours and twenty-four minutes, which, added to half the time until midnight (seven hours and twelve minutes), equals 9:36.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Drexel Bonuses—Relation of Immigrants to Crime. Curse of Partisanship

IS THIS THE REMEDY?

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I see you groan in horror at gangism or organizationism or anyism. Well, the good Republicans can crush it if they will; they will crush it if they can, but they can't. It is the easiest thing in the whole universe to crush it by voting with the Democrats at the next subsequent election for a Democratic Governor, or a Democratic Mayor, Democratic State Senator or legislators. This will be a lesson to Republican bosses, who will in the future fear the supremacy of the people.

The fathers of the very Republicans of today did better when they voted for Pattison, twice Governor of this elephant-hidebound Republican State.

The Democrats helped the Republicans land Blankenburg, who made an undeniably good record considering the powerful opposition of a hostile Council owned by the very present gangism you groan at now.

Just declare your support for a Democratic Governor or a Democratic Mayor, or the like, for a few terms to teach the gang a lifetime lesson.

You can punish the gang if you will. You will if you can, but you won't, because you seem to be afraid of Democracism as if meaning the same as diseasism, or calamitism or leprosism or any ism.

There are good Democrats as well as good Republicans and also bad Democrats as well as bad Republicans. But we need a change once in a while, like day and night. Don't be afraid of good Democrats of the Pattison or Wilson stamp.

Pattison has not destroyed Pennsylvania, nor has Pennsylvania permanently been disgraced by Pattison's two terms.

Wilsonism has not yet made the United States a diseased nation or a nation of lepers. Partisan blindness is worse than physical blindness. M. P. L.

Philadelphia, January 3.

COMPARATIVE VIRTUE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—"Keep immigrants out" is the advice of A. Liston Towlsend, but where would we and America have been had it not been for the immigrant? Consult reliable statistics and see that here in America crime is committed by native-born—yea, two and three generations Americans—in greater proportion than the combined foreign element. Look over the records of your poorhouses and see what a large per cent of blue-blood Americans are inmates. Scan carefully your insane asylums and see who holds the greater proportion of space in such institutions. Go into your Tenderloins of all your big cities and see who's who in regard to their nationality, and you will find Americans win, hands down. Render to Americans the things that are America's and to the foreigner justice and equality. They can't be worse than some Americans. C. C. BLACK.

Philadelphia, December 30.

THE DREXEL BONUSES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—A good word is due to the banking firm of Drexel & Co., Philadelphia, for its splendid and exceptional generosity to its employes during the recent festive season.

It has been the custom for some years for the house of Drexel & Co. to annually reward its employes with monetary gifts. But in the Christmas just past the banking house in question behaved with more than its usual liberality. Not even the Bank of England, with its 1000 clerks, treats its employes half so royally as does this particular financial institution of Philadelphia. The following is the altruistic scheme as just formulated by Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, and its various branches, for the financial benefit of the entire working staff:

A sum equal to six per cent of salary paid during the year is set aside in trust for each employe. Each employe receives a cash bonus, the amount being thirty per cent of the year's pay to all in the service ten years or more. Twenty per cent to all those who have been in the service for less than ten years.

All honor to Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, the controlling partner of Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, as also to all those who were in any way instrumental in the bringing about in the business world of so practical an exhibition of philanthropy, generosity and large-heartedness. Such men, in this selfish and material age, are rare indeed. All congratulations to the ancient and worthy house of Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, New York, London and Paris, for its recent royal and bountiful appreciation of the services of its employes.

ERNEST ISITT.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3.

BANKRUPT OR DEAD

How Republicanism in Pennsylvania Impresses Outsiders

After a bitter fight Senator Boies Penrose has received at the hands of his party another certificate of moral fitness as boss of the Republican State organization in Pennsylvania. On the election of his man, Richard J. Baldwin, to be Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature hinged the elimination of Penrose and the triumph of the combined forces of Governor Brumbaugh and the Vare brothers, contractor-bosses of Philadelphia. It was a contest between very practical politicians on both sides, and Matt Quay's old lieutenant and successor won an easy victory through the loyalty of the special interests that he has made it a matter of conscience to serve.

While the result must be highly satisfactory to him personally, the continuance of Penrose in control of the State organization cannot appear promising to the rank and file of the Republican party. It means that it is useless to look for the regeneration of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. And at the same time, under the boss-ship of Penrose the strength of the party is dwindling. Last November Pennsylvania gave the smallest Republican vote and the smallest Republican plurality in any presidential election since 1892, counting the Republican and Progressive vote as one in 1912. The State that in 1912 thrilled with emotion when Roosevelt turned revivalist, in 1917 is again contented with the leadership of Penrose, to whose party the Colonel has now returned.

Only a party bankrupt in brains or dead to decency could long tolerate the Penrose leadership. But that is the normal condition of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, as proved by its abiding faith in the Penrose machine.—New York World.

KEYSTONE LIGHT AND DARKNESS

The Hon. Boies Penrose's candidate for Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives was elected yesterday. The candidate of Governor Brumbaugh and of those two other beacons of Republican reform, the brothers Vare, of Philadelphia and Washington, had "followed the furrow from sunset to sunrise," as his nominator affectingly said, and had all the other virtues, but in vain. The usual resolution of "scandalous charges of direct bribery" has been offered. Governor Brumbaugh, who "never acts for political reasons" and who is deeply concerned with the "moral issue" involved, beheaded divers placemen last week and may behead more, for moral reasons only. Even the headless must love a mind so lofty and a soul so sweet. "My heart went out to him, but he had to go." Such dismissal must be almost equal to appointment.

"The fight against" Penrose and his colleague in darkness, McNichol, will "go on," the Vare-Brumbaughites insist. Outlanders cannot understand how even sons of Belial like McNichol and Penrose can continue to combat the angel band of Vare-Brumbaugh-Flinn Republicanism. — New York Times.

The Northeast Corner

Rubaiyat of a Commuter
XXXI

My Wife said to the Cook the other day:
"I wish you wouldn't cook those Things that way!"
The Cook flared up and threatened she would Leave.
I knelt beside her. She agreed to Stay.

We had a suspicion that we had the beginning of an idea until we realized that it was a parody of one of Mr. W. E. Henley's poems. However, there is one phrase in it that may get on your nerves:

In the heartless black of midnight,
When there isn't any shadow
Cast by chair or couch or pillow,
When the whole world seems so silent—
Still, irrational, persistent * * *
Then one's nerves go racing madly,
As when yarn is drawn through woolen.

In the blurb on the jacket covering Frank J. Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes" we observe: "For the first time it is possible for writers, speakers, teachers and students to have at their elbow a work of reference ——"

Which leads one to wonder why works of reference are invariably described as being "at one's elbow."

We are diverted and entertained by an editorial in the New York Sun, in which it is said:

"What shall we do," the young man may be asking, "to co-ordinate the chaotic hunks of progress which industry brings to the surface of a scrambled continent?"

Desiring to reply in the true academic form, we may say that we do not know. In the first place we are not at all familiar with chaotic hunks of progress, nor have we any definite knowledge as to the scrambledness of continents. We, therefore, hesitate and refuse to answer.

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THE WORLD'S WONDER HOUDINI
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Orchestra 18 Pieces—Vocal Soloists

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GARRICK—Last 3 Evgs. Last Mat. Sat.
SEVEN CHANCES
Megroe's Sparkling Comedy
NEXT WEEK—MR. LEO DITRICHSTEIN in "THE GREAT LOVER." SEATS TODAY

METROPOLITAN—Thursday Evening, Jan. 11
CONCERT BY JOHN
McCORMACK
Tickets, $2 to 75c—1108 Chestnut st.

Walnut Matinee Today, 25c, 50c
Evgs. & Sat. Mat., 25c to $1.50
FISKE O'HARA in New Play, "HIS HEART'S DESIRE"
Next Week—"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

Witherspoon Hall, Friday Evg., Jan. 5, at 8
BEN B. LINDSEY
"What the Juvenile Court of Denver Stands For"
Tickets, 50c and 75c. University Extension Office, Witherspoon Building.

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The Cohan Revue 1916

KNICKERBOCKER Theater Place 49th and Market
Alias Jimmy Valentine Mats. Today. Evgs. 8:15
Next Week—"LENA RIVERS"

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE
BROAD STREET THEATRE
SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 8 P. M.
ADMISSION FREE

LITTLE THEATRE Emperor and Girl
By G. Bernard Shaw
With 3 Other Comedies

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STS.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
"Manhattan Madness"

Dumont's Minstrels "Seeing the New Year's Parade"

TROCADERO BIG REVIEW OF 1916
& YACKI HULA DOLL

Victoria MARKET ABOVE 9TH
Metro Wonderplay EMMY WEHLEN "VANITY"
COMING
ALL NEXT WEEK
THOS. H. INCE'S
MILLION DOLLAR CINEMA-SPECTACLE
"CIVILIZATION"
A MIRACLE OF THE SCREEN
Positively First Time at Our Prices

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONDAY, EVG., JAN. 8
New York Symphony Orchestra
Grand Wagner Concert
Walter Damrosch, Condr.
Julia Claussen, Soloist
Reserved Seats, 75c to $2, at Heppe's.

ADELPHI Pop. $1 Mat. Today. Tonight at 8:15. Reg. $1.50 Mat. Sat.
"VERY GOOD EDDIE"
Greatest Musical Comedy Success Ever Scored in Phila. Just Fun—Jolly Tunes & Pretty Girls.

LYRIC TONIGHT AT 8:15
REG. MATINEE SATURDAY
The Viennese Operetta Delightful
The Blue Paradise
With CECIL LEAN

Belmont 52D AB. MARKET ST.
"PURITY"