

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CHURCH H. K. CLIFF, President...

Its major verdicts by an associated power. Italian pride was involved at Fiume since the beginning.

EITHER BOOBIES OR SOREHEADS COMPOSE THE 'CHARTER PARTY'

Last Agonies of the Vares Are Wearisome to Decent Citizens Guaranteed Good Government by the Verdict of the Primaries

The formation of the new Charter party in this city is fatuous and futile. In the past membership in the political awkward squad has often consisted largely of well-meaning, but inept, reformers with a chronic inability to face existing facts.

There was a romantic courage in their endeavors, a lofty spirit of unselfish sincerity. Many an honest believer in the best Republican principles called for a straight party ballot at the polls and then half-regretfully filled in the ticket.

Such apologetic sentiments can be dismissed this year.

The most wholesome revolution which can have permanence in Philadelphia was recorded by the verdict of the recent primary election. Unsavory elements which besmirched the name of the Republican party here were then repudiated by a majority of the voters.

Fortunately, too, the purification was accomplished not under the shadow of defeat, but in the light of certain victory. What was tantamount in effect to the election of J. Hampton Moore as Mayor of Philadelphia took place on September 16.

The MacLaughlin candidacy for Mayor can mean only two things. It may typify ludicrous personal vanity. In that case it is worth no more consideration than the aspirations of John Parker or Pierson M. Stackhouse.

Figaro laughed in order that he might not be compelled to weep. Promptly dying up any tears, therefore, it is exceedingly easy to behold Joseph S. MacLaughlin, ostensible leader of the Charter party, filling the post of director of supplies under the administration of Thomas B. Smith.

Mr. Smith was the Vares machine's successful candidate for Mayor four years ago, and everybody has since been made well aware just how much the Vares did for the sensible new fundamental code of municipal government.

As for independent and reform sentiment in Philadelphia is concerned, Mr. MacLaughlin actually represents none of it. It was the Republican electorate's interest in good government, its conviction that J. Hampton Moore stood for civic development along honest and stimulating lines, that made him the victor in the Republican primaries.

MacLaughlin "reform" is either an absurd superfluity or else it is a mask for disgruntled Frog Hollowism. And if this disguise is worn, it is quite the thinnest ever assumed in municipal politics.

A KING WHO IS

KING ALBERT of Belgium is a better democrat and altogether a more admirable representative of free government than the radical-minded or publicity-hungry municipal officials in two American cities who felt moved to withhold from him the ordinary courtesies due distinguished guests of the nation.

THE ITALIAN VOLCANO

THE sympathy of the Italian army is with D'Annunzio at Fiume it is pretty certain that the next Italian election, organized to provide a referendum on a question already decided by the Peace Conference, will show Italy ranged behind the adventurous soldier-poet.

THE GOWNSMAN

Should a Girl Be Sent to College? A GREAT deal of water has run under a London Bridge since that fine old bearded Doctor Johnson, likened a woman's acquisition of Greek to that other pretty curiosity, a dog barking in a doublet.

When the question which heads this column was first asked, the response was in chorus an emphatic "no." And we still hear old objections occasionally from old-fashioned bachelors—seldom from men of family, for they have been taught better.

AND, strange to say, nothing very dire has happened. Women, even college women, are still charming and womanly, and men marry the fools of the other sex no more fervently than before learning science.

"SHOULD a girl be sent to college?" is less the question than "why should she not go?" For the burden of proof is upon the objectors and, with the enfranchisement of her sex in business life, in the professions and at the polls, there is no logic in further denial to woman of any educational opportunity which is her brother's.

IDENTITY, however, is not always equal. We are adapting education more and more to individual needs and recognizing that training for one is not necessarily the training for all.

THE difference between the womanhood of a button; both are out of the norm and therefore abnormal. It is the qualities, common to mankind, that we want cultivated in both sexes and these, after all, enormously increase in point of number when it comes to women.

Time to Protest The old order changed, giving place to the new. A farmer of Gwynedd has publicly protested against the dropping of advertising literature from airplanes because some of it has lodged in his farm machinery and "jammed it up."

Progress Morris L. Cooke told the Federal railways commission yesterday that the primary need for efficient street-car operation is efficient management. In the old days the primary need for efficient street-car operation was underground wires between magistrates and the wailing politicians.

Uncertainty The liquor men are almost as uncertain of their fate as the rest of the world that is waiting final decisions on the league of nations.

Ode to Nihilism Striker Foster won and lost her in a red, red reign. He stepped in a puddle up to the middle and never went there again.

Mayorality Motto "He who writes and runs away may live to write another day."

Oil-tank fires are now readily extinguished by applying a blanket of bubbles containing carbonic acid. There ought to be a market for the blanket in Mexico and the Balkans.

For every way of spending money there is one way to save it. That man is successful who masters the paradox and does both.

Every Balkan boundary line is an argument for the speedy ratification of the peace treaty.

The price of lard has dropped eight cents. This is great news for the doughnut industry.

Airplanes and living cost began to take the air about the same time.

England's railroad strike may take her mind off Ireland for a while.

Philadelphia's interest in the big series is purely academic.

HOME RUN OR FOUL?

WORTHY perseverance and stubborn courage? The sequel will tell.

There follows a regrettable lacuna in the text. The present condenser, not having had access to the authoritative edition, only knows it in the popular (but presumably spurious) version, which runs thus: Rummy-tum-ti-tum-tum-tuntum.

THERE can be no doubt whatever as to the author's meaning in the closing lines. Willfully and with brute power he re-echoes the dismal motif of this drama of human frustration. He continues to blow bubbles.

Still Hopeful! BARKKEEPER, middle-aged, thoroughly experienced, wishes steady position in first-class place.—New York World.

We note that Mr. Cattell has discovered Irish blood in his veins. Looking the matter up in such reference works as we have at hand, we are convinced that we should have known that before. In 1905 Mr. Cattell published a book called "Philadelphia From the Green Town to the Great City."

The Hard Working Race WHY NEGLECT A DAY'S BUSINESS? Marriage Licenses Obtained Privately.—Adv't. in a local paper.

Mr. De Valera used to be a mathematics teacher, we hear. He must find his popularity strange. Math teachers are not accustomed to adulation.

We hear a good deal said about the "fruits of the war." There seem to be mostly lemons and sour grapes.

We deplore the habit, now growing, of christening the good old trades by new-fangled and high-sounding names. We notice a large real estate agent in New York now calls himself a "property management engineer."

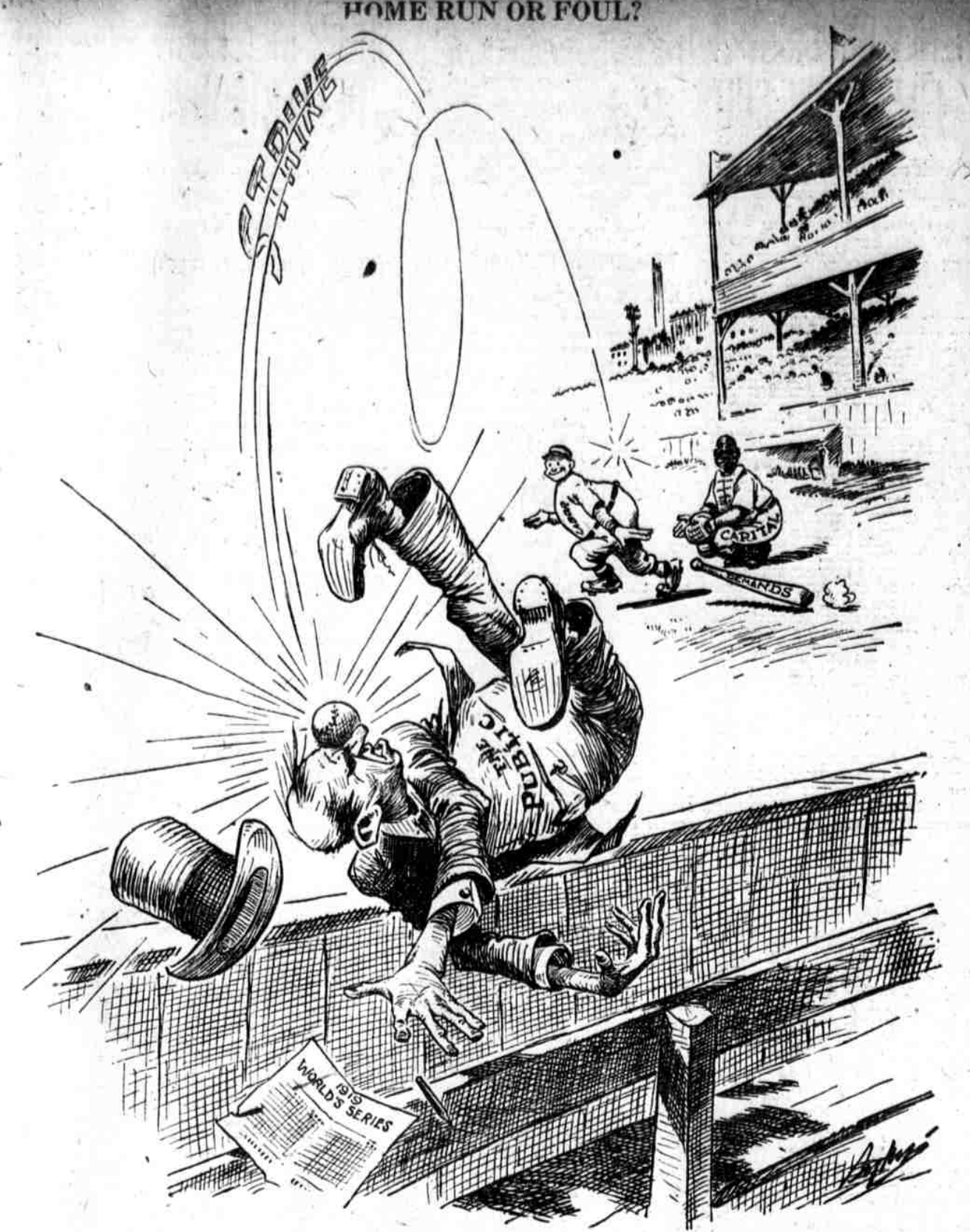
Walking up Chestnut street about the time Mr. De Valera traversed that highway we observed the following: Three green umbrellas. A green scaffolding at the corner of Eighth street.

John Joseph Conly, the Liberty Bond poet, keeping up a gathering of business college flappers—more than enough to be called a "group," but not quite enough to make a "bevy"—armed with American and Irish flags and a brass trumpet.

A number of unnecessary answers along the curb. "But what was the police patrol wagon doing, drawn up in Ransdell street?"

Doesn't Broad Street Station ever get jealous of North Philadelphia?

Association of Ideas The Associated Press correspondent rode into Fiume concealed in a load of coal. His name was probably Bill. SOCRATES.



THE CHAFFING DISH

OUR OWN CONDENSED CLASSICS "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"

The verses of this magnificent song, tender and appealing as they are, may be omitted in any rigorous condensation, as their message is adequately summed up and crystallized in the poignant chorus, which seems to be intended by the author to symbolize the dark and dreaching futurity of human existence.

The first line of the chorus juts boldly into the theme. The anonymous vocalist asserts with refreshing candor that his entire career is spent in blowing bubbles. This statement is made without any reserve.

The rapid development of the author's theme does not permit us to remain in doubt as to the character of these bubbles. The blower hastily explains that the bubbles (the bubbles) are of an enchanting beauty. They are (as he describes them) with a queer inversion "Pretty bubbles bright and fair."

The high-flying bubbles do not maintain their altitude. Suddenly, with almost crushing power, a note of unrelieved sadness is introduced into the plot. The unfortunate bubbles fade and die. That, of itself, would be a sufficient tragedy to engross the sympathy of the public.

Word comes from Steelton that foreigners are buying up grapes by the ton for wine-making. John Barleycorn has many aliases—and more lives than a cat.

No More!

AN AUTUMN wind came swinging! Across the trembling tree, The song that it was singing! Bounded pretty good to me— No more superheated skies! No more skeeters! No more flies!

The capture and safe jailing of the New Jersey criminal hunted for thirty-six hours by a posse is a triumph of justice and a credit to citizen sanity.

It takes more than a government concession to stop a Pacific shipyard strike when the men have decided to take a brief vacation.

An earnest subscriber wishes to know what relation there is between Mauna Loa and Mona Lisa. We know of none save that each has an open countenance.

When it comes to spouting hot stuff, Mauna Loa has all orators backed off the map.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. What is the hoist of a flag? 2. When was the government of the United States free from debt? 3. What is the fuselage of an airplane? 4. How old is Albert, king of the Belgians? 5. What celebrated volcano in American territory is now in eruption? 6. What American national song originated in a composition called "The President's March"? 7. How do the English pronounce the surname Marjoribanks? 8. Who was Pliny? 9. What is the common origin of the words czar and kaiser? 10. What is specific gravity? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The seat of the Belgian government during the greater part of the war was Havre, France. 2. Joseph Tumulty is President Wilson's secretary. 3. Jenny Lind was called "The Swedish Nightingale." 4. The order of the Legion of Honor was founded by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802. 5. Senator Spooner is from Utah. 6. El Dorado was an imaginary country, localized on the upper Amazon, South America. It was supposed to be enormously rich in precious stones and gold, some of which Orellana, the lieutenant of Pizarro, pretended to have seen in Manoa, the capital. 7. A palanquin is a covered litter for one, in India and the East, carried usually by four or six men. 8. Dean Swift was the author of the expression, "Tell the truth and shame the devil." 9. Nebraska is the "Blackwater state." 10. A standsticker is a Swedish wooden lumber match.