

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Wednesday, October 22, 1919

WHEELER'S SENTENCE

The higher you go the farther you may fall. It is for that reason that sensible men tread carefully in positions of eminence.

It is possible to imagine instances in which a sentence of four years in jail would mean relatively little.

By the proposed appeal to the Superior Court Mr. Wheeler can escape only temporarily from the least important consequences of his acts.

Every one who realizes the importance of an untaunted judiciary will feel that the defendant in this instance deserves no sympathy.

STILL LINING UP FOR MOORE

Whoever thinks that the average politician has not a certain canniness where his own interests are concerned has another think coming.

The local politicians who fought the nomination of Congressman Moore are rapidly getting in line for him while the getting is good.

Therefore the little leaders are accepting their defeat at the primaries with good grace and are preparing as rapidly as may be to assure the congressman that they are with him.

SKY BLUE LAWS

The arrest of an airman for carrying passengers on Sunday arouses curiosity at once as to the area over which the blue laws extend.

The question has not arisen hitherto, unless it is involved in the flight of a baseball through the air when the game is played on the first day of the week.

If the laws extend into the upper ether and to the center of the earth several complicated problems will arise over its enforcement.

PRINCE LEOPOLD AT PENN?

The reported desire of the Belgian crown prince to complete his education at an American college does him credit.

The democratization of the world will come about by the spread of democratic ideas. We have an excellent illustration of how it works by what is now going on in Japan and China.

impressible. They learned our methods of government. They breathed the atmosphere of political, intellectual and religious freedom.

The former kaiser was educated in Germany. If he could have been caught young and put through an American preparatory school and an American university the history of the last twenty-five years might have been very different.

CLEAR CHANNELS ARE MOORE'S FORTE; WE NEED THEM HERE

As a Canal Expert Our Prospective Mayor Has a Stimulating Chance to Open Direct Routes to Municipal Progress

"IT MAKES no difference to me," declares J. Hampton Moore, "whether I stayed in Congress or took another office in regard to my interest in the development of the waterways.

This is reassuring. It reveals the future administrator of Philadelphia, who is all but Mayor-elect, as a consistent champion of clear channels and direct routes.

There have been locks here that were hindrances, and no gates at all where a polluted current flowed insidiously swift.

If any citizen thinks that in taking up the office of Mayor Mr. Moore will have to pigeonhole his stock of special information, that individual has a thoroughly imperfect notion of what is the matter with the town.

The circuitous route to progress is costly and oppressive. The difficulties of the impending engineering job are, of course, considerable, but the penalties of stagnation and congestion are still more formidable.

As the boss of the undertaking, there is every heartening reason for believing that Mr. Moore will install his new system on the level.

Every four years Philadelphians have entered the election booth and subscribed to what was advertised as an interesting and attractive voyage to square dealing and a fair recognition of their individual rights.

Naturally the organization of a system so long delayed in this vicinity will inspire opposition in those who have profited by leakage in the municipal canal, who have rejoiced in locks in the wrong places and in stagnant waters which they unconsciously proclaimed as pure.

In order to get his enterprise under way Mr. Moore will have to remove many thousands of cubic yards of encumbering earth and deadwood which have blocked communication with channels that make for municipal efficiency.

John C. Groome has been mentioned for director of public safety. Regardless of the specific personal equation, it is a man of his type who can at once emancipate the police and protect the individual citizens.

rank is clear. The canal enthusiast who is to be the municipal executive is palpably peculiarly well fitted to make his selection wisely and with the best interests of the city in mind.

All down the line there are appointments to be made which should bring into play those qualities with which, as a waterway expert, Mr. Moore commended himself to the House of Representatives.

The channel through Councils still presents, it is true, certain obstacles. The outmoded towpath is in places uneven and there are archaic dams which impede transit.

A GALLERY OF ROGUES

THE list of names of German offenders whom the Allies are planning to ask that the new German Government surrender for trial reads like a section of the Almanach de Gotha.

It is a list of princes and nobles of high degree and suggests that the famous register of European nobility has many of the characteristics of a rogues' gallery.

The German princes in question are charged with crimes against the common law in France and Belgium. Their defense will doubtless be that they were acting under their war power and can no more be held criminally responsible for what they did than when they ordered a charge of their soldiers against the enemy and killed hundreds of the opposing force.

Judged by the standards applied to other men, the great kings of history have been robbed by force as Germany robbed France of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870. That looting of private residences by soldiers has been a recognized form of rewarding them.

MORRIS L. COOKE, the Blankenburg director of public works, who made a creditable record in the service at Washington during the war, is back in Philadelphia in pursuit of his profession—that of an engineer.

Football is born in the bone and William W. Roper, of Germantown, recently nominated for the new Council of twenty-one, is no exception to the rule.

ALBERT SMITH FAUGHT is one of the active spirits in civic movements in Philadelphia, his specialty being fire service.

LOUIS BURK is a yachtman and so is his brother Fred, the president of the Manufacturers' Club. And what makes this is the reason the Governor wants to keep E. E. F. Burks out of the Delaware bridge commission.

Twelve thousand strikers are said to have returned to work in Youngstown. Perhaps the employers in conference in Washington feel that if they hold out the steel strike will settle itself and they may devote all their firmness to bucking against collective bargaining.

It is to be hoped that the seeming deadlock in the industrial conference does not press a bolt, and that the President's letter will be a bar to such a proceeding.

Turks are harassing Armenians at Zankleur and Azerbaijan. The Armenians still has difficulty in taking his seas.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Dr. Keen and Early Political Campaigns—Gossip About Edwin S. Stuart, Dr. L. C. Wessels, Morris L. Cooke and Others

POLITICAL campaigns are so different now from what they formerly were. Dr. W. W. Keen, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, who was not too old, though he had served in the Civil War, to become a major in the great war just closed, recalls when the voters lined up in front of the old State House and voted the vest-pocket ticket.

WHEN the fiftieth anniversary of the Republican party was celebrated, in Musical Fund Hall in 1908, Colonel Alexander K. McClure, who had been a friend of Abraham Lincoln, was one of the speakers. There were present also a number of the men who had not only voted for Lincoln but for his predecessor, Fremont.

WHEN Edwin S. Stuart, formerly Mayor of Philadelphia and Governor of Pennsylvania, who recently added the presidency of the Poor Richard Club to his string of honorary trophies, is called upon for a speech it's dollars to doughnuts the audience will receive a brief but eloquent reminder of "liberty and justice regulated by law."

THE city's ophthalmologist, Dr. L. C. Wessels, who treats about 4000 children annually for defective vision, tells us that about 70 per cent of those afflicted youngsters are what are known as "backward."

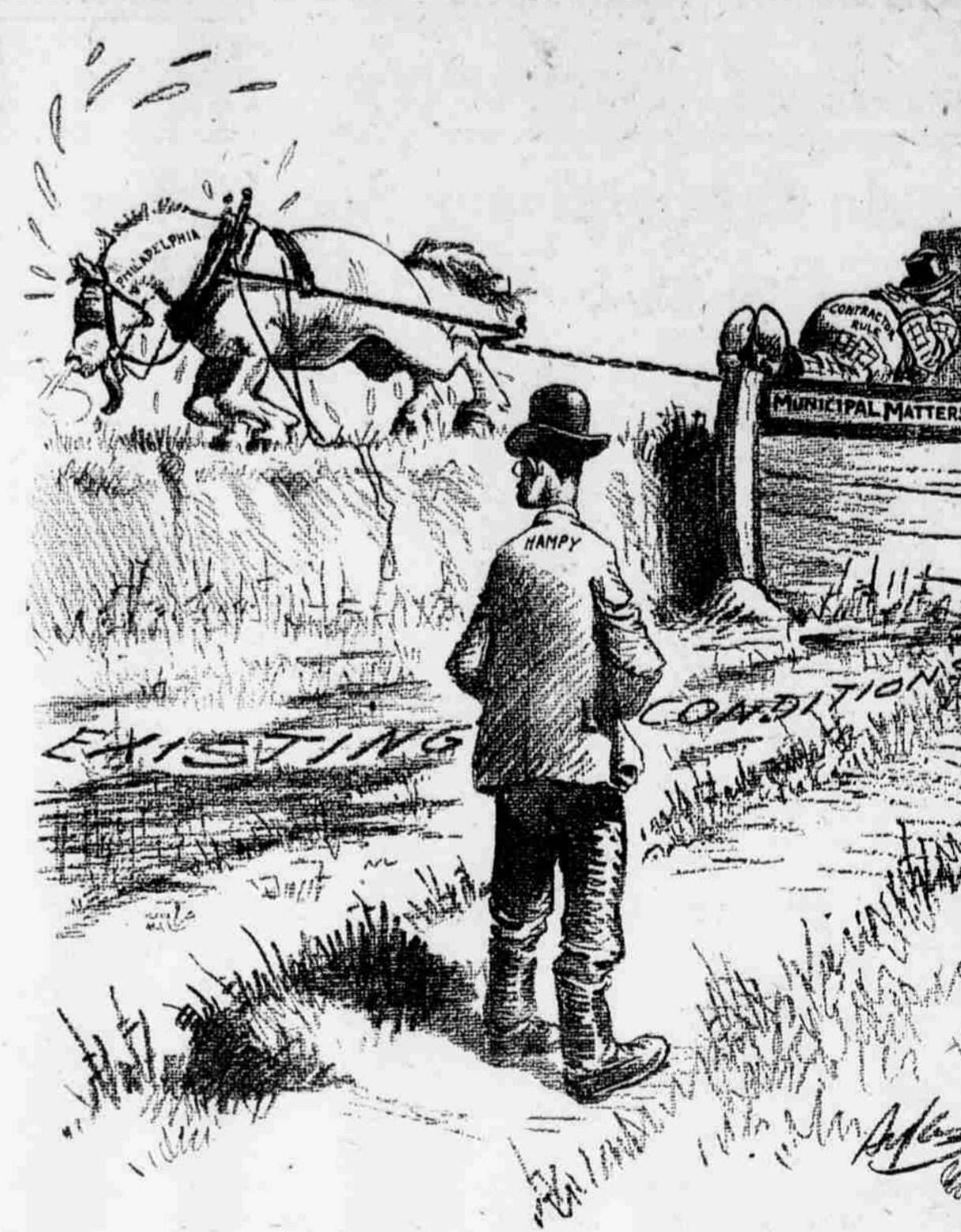
MORRIS L. COOKE, the Blankenburg director of public works, who made a creditable record in the service at Washington during the war, is back in Philadelphia in pursuit of his profession—that of an engineer.

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YESSIR, THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK IN SIGHT FOR A CANAL EXPERT



THE CHAFFING DISH

Translations From the Chinese
LADIES classify husbands into two classes—Those who are "attentive." Those who are not. I fear I am of the latter. My former can remember. My home telephone number.

BUT my friend Wu Wu Always knows his home number. He calls up so often to say "My dear," "I will not be home to dinner this evening."

SITTING in this tea-house Looking out on the clear cool water And the silver lilies. How I wish I could press a dripping hilly-pad On my burning bosom To ease me of my smart. A broken heart, you say, Mar Quon? No, no, a mustard plaster.

JOHN CAVENDISH.
Many women would feel happier about the Future Life if they were sure there would be shop windows in heaven.

The world has grown sadly skeptical and disillusioned. No one nowadays pays any attention to the annual weather forecasts of the Pennsylvania hermits.

Our observation of the public attitude toward legal troubles is that the defendant is presumed to be guilty until he is proved guilty. He is then presumed to be innocent.

Desk Mottos
No man can see over his own height. You cannot see in another man any more than you have in yourself. SCHOENHAUER.

The camel who had trouble in getting through the eye of a needle didn't have any more difficulty than the stout man squeezing through the door of a taxicab.

Score one cheer and a couple of banais for Doctor Mayo, who says that drinking liquids too hot for comfort may cause cancer. One of our chief grumbles against the universe has long been that we could never find a lunch counter where the coffee is served cool enough for us to lush it down without a gas. The quaint feature of the matter is that it is served hottest of all at railway lunch rooms where one usually wants to gurgle rapidly and catch a train.

This Frenzied Existence
Speaking of lunch counters, crab cutlet was what the sign-painter meant, but he put an extra dash on his C and made it a G. And the sign on Walnut street reads: Grab Cutlet at the Bar, 25c.

We notice a movie ad that says that Charley Chaplin is the best-known man in the world. We question this. There is no public character of whom one knows less. HAMLET—I will come by and by. POLONIUS—I will say so. (ACT III, Scene 4)

Our informant was also rather startled to find the first act of "Hamlet" ending with the remark, "Let's go." You have to hand it to Master Shakespeare. He keeps abreast of the times. SOCRATES.

That boy who started four fires in Chestnut street stores because he was sore at the janitor might have done something really desperate if he had become peeved at the superintendent.

The air derby has knocked records into a cocked hat. The teamsters dropped a little worm-wood in the sugar spoon. With cotton at thirty-six cents a pound, dealers find it as fine as silk.

passerby with an appraising gaze. Every now and then, Ed says, this chap steps up to some man and asks him politely, "Have you any old clothes to sell?" Ed is wondering just on what principle he selects the men he questions.

We are wondering, too. We go past that corner almost every day and have never been cornered. Somehow we feel a little hurt, but we understand perfectly.

Profiteering
John H. Sassafras, of Cedarville, has a perfectly healthy good-sized pig which has five feet.—West Chester Local News.

The king of Spain is wearing a soft collar in Paris, and every one seems to be taking it quite calmly. We feel that we may have helped just a little toward this happy state of affairs.

We also note that Alfonso is wearing a fedora hat. The Quizzitor, our source of all miscellaneous and needless information, tells us that the fedora is named after Sardou's drama of that name, because in that play Mr. Mantell wore a lid so comely that all men imitated it.

Another troublesome suspicion is, have we ever worn a "Melton" overcoat? What is it, wonder, that first started the tradition that the tailors' ads should be so full of verbal jazz? One of the best descriptions of a male flapper that we have ever seen occurs in the ad of a New York clothier, who describes him as "the fellow who is only a manufacturer of cigarette ashes."

The Boston Transcript prints the following ad under the head "Too Late to Be Classified":

WANTED A MAN
One accustomed to handling a complete set of books. Ideal living conditions. Reply in confidence, as strictest secrecy will be maintained.

If only we felt sure that a complete set of Joseph Conrad or O. Henry would be considered adequate we would reply at once and throw secrecy to the winds.

Two thousand students at Syracuse went on strike because the faculty wouldn't give them a day off to celebrate a football victory. The report is that they rough-housed the pros and raised general carnage on the campus. Poor technique, poor technique! The only sage way to behave after an unexpected victory is to take it as a matter of course and pretend you expected it all along.

Bill Murphy calls our attention to the following, in the most modern of burds: HAMLET—I will come by and by. POLONIUS—I will say so. (ACT III, Scene 4)

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THE RIVER

It's the glory of the morning. It's the coming of the dawn. And the sun rising red 'o'er the hills. When the mist from the river is gone.

It's the laughing ruck of water. It's the thrushes' morning song. And the splash of the bass when he's feeding. The rocky banks along.

It's the far off blue of the mountains. It's the green of the nearer hills. And the deep blue green of the river. The woodsman's heart that thrills.

It's the wonderful glow of the freight. It's the call of the whippoorwill. And the quiet hush at the midnight hour. When all the world is still.

It's the moon rising over the treetops. It's the lullaby of the pines. And the wonderful song of the river. Where the white spray leaps and shines.

So, pal, is it any wonder. When we live dull city lives. That we sit by the fireside and dream and think. Of that River of Paradise? —John T. Collins, in the Boy's Life.

One difference between the sugar that was dumped on the street and the strikers' that did the dumping is that the sugar was refined.

The arrest of an aviator for violating the Sabbath seems to indicate that the blue sky is the limit for the Blue Laws.

The Vane committee is distributing Moore posters and Moore buttons. To him that hath Moore shall be given.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. When is Roosevelt's birthday?
2. What classical goddess is represented in the word cereal?
3. Where is the city of Kronstadt?
4. What is a hatchet?
5. What winter did Washington and the Continental army spend at Valley Forge?
6. What play by Shakespeare is listed in the first collected edition neither as a comedy, a tragedy, nor a history?
7. What is a polonaise?
8. Of what country is the queen of Spain a native?
9. Which was invented first, the telephone or the telegraph?
10. What people use meat as a condiment?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. "Croix de Guerre" should be pronounced somewhat as if spelled "Crweed Gair."
2. The surrender of Cornwallis's army at Yorktown was the decisive event in American history which occurred on October 19, 1781.
3. Louisiana is the chief cane-sugar producing state in the Union.
4. The word lush means luxuriant and succulent.
5. The land of Canaan was the promised land or Palestine, bordering on the extreme easterly coast of the Mediterranean.
6. A calory is a unit of heat.
7. Thomas Nast was an American cartoonist, especially celebrated for his anti-Tammany drawings in the days of the notorious Tweed ring.
8. A calender is a mendicant dervish in Persia or Turkey.
9. The colors in the flag of Greece are blue and white.
10. William C. Redfield is secretary of commerce.