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Philadelphia, Friday, October 31, 1919.

DEMOGOGUES AND RADICALS IN A PARADE TO OBLIVION

The Time is Coming for a General Clean-Up in National Politics, and in Trades Unionism

THESE are hard days for every sort of fanatic and demagogue in American life. What conferences and committees think of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Lodge, or Judge Gary or Mr. Foster, of the peace treaty or the coal strike does not greatly matter.

It is the collective will and feeling of the country that matters.

It is the silent judgment of the people that is terrible and final, as all men know who have observed the certainty with which it elevates men or breaks them when necessity arises.

The national mind is patient and a little slow. Give it time. It is having the opportunity it needs. In Congress and in the strike debates the fanatics and the hard-boiled apostles of industrial feudalism have been dragged out into the light that will kill them. If Mr. Lewis and the miners' leaders have not yet learned anything from the fate of Foster they might look with profit at the things that have been happening to other demagogues who have found a temporary refuge in Congress.

The peace treaty and the league-of-nations covenant have been under fire in the Senate since July 19. Amendments and reservations proposed and wrangled over have fallen one by one and the treaty is now exactly as it was when first offered for ratification.

Has the time been wasted? No; not by any means.

The treaty has been the wall against which a number of men who have outlived their usefulness have condescended to beat out their political brains. In the light of the recent debates we have perceived the dark and weak places in the Senate.

The country has been permitted to see Mr. Sherman as a sinister and futile comedian. The people of Missouri now have the true measure of Jim Reed. Mr. Knox has dropped to the level of an illigal and bad-tempered bitter-end, yet only a year ago he was seriously regarded as a presidential possibility. Senator Johnson's worshippers in California have seen their idol as a clamorous showman, wabbling on his feet and unable to be consistent even in his prejudices. Mr. Lodge, who wanted to lead the country, proved that he couldn't even lead a band of guerrilla politicians.

The treaty of peace meanwhile has withstood attacks as furious as ignorance, bigotry, partisan hatred and sincere patriotic convictions could make them. It has broken down nowhere. There ought to be great reassurance for the country in that simple fact. And the old strange magic of events that has made itself felt in every national crisis is operating again in Washington, where destiny is directing a wholesome process of elimination.

So Foster and Fitzpatrick and Lewis and others as red as they will have to go from organized labor before long. Troops at the mines, with guns loaded for misguided and bewildered strikers, will not be a pleasant spectacle in America, but it will be more pleasant on the whole than a nation cold and hungry and in confusion.

The perils of the situation are on the side of the miners, and the frightened statement issued yesterday at Indianapolis shows that they know it.

In a larger philosophy there would be little reason to rail bitterly at the strike leaders or at the sorry crowd of haters and obstructionists in the Senate who pray for the night to stay rather than prepare for the duties of the morning. Properly they are objects of the sort of sympathy that always must be felt in the presence of inevitable casualties.

These class-conscious guerrillas of industry or politics are not interpreters of America or of any purpose that America will accept. They have been fighting the forces of evolution. They do not move with the slow and mighty rhythm of national consciousness. They have been fighting as hopelessly as if they opposed themselves to the tides of the sea.

The nation itself is all-inclusive, tolerant and patient. It will support only those men who, because of like impulses, serve not a class or a faction, but the republic itself.

Such men always happen along when they are needed. They find the meaning of America and they come with minds and spirits endowed seemingly by destiny. They belong to no class. Rich and poor are alike to them—because they have been rich and they have been poor.

It was said that Congress could never be another Washington. When Lincoln died the nation mourned and said he was the last of his kind. Roosevelt appeared in the psychological years to advance to power as if he were pushed by a mysterious hand against all the tides of circumstance, and in time we came to know that the miracle had happened again.

Bryan reflected very definitely much of the virtue of the middle western America that lives in peace through simple contact with the generous land. But a platoon of Aladdins couldn't make him President, because he had not a universal mind.

It is being said now that no man will ever arise to work out the great purposes defined by Mr. Wilson. Yet Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, has loomed suddenly above Lodge to speak in a voice and manner unmistakably national. So has Hoover. Neither of these men has yet been wholly revealed. But they have made it clear that the old order prevails and that the places of vanished giants will never be empty.

When the present tumult subsides the work of reconstruction and cleaning up will have to begin in the trades unions,

OUR ONE-PIECE NAVY

Pennsylvania's Battle Craft Plows the Vasty Waters of Lake Erie and the Commissioner of Fisheries Is Admiral

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIG

NATHAN R. BULLER, state commissioner of fisheries, is just back from a trip to Buffalo to inspect the navy of Pennsylvania. It is in course of construction there. It's like the navy of Venezuela; it consists of one vessel.

Few citizens of this state are aware that Pennsylvania has a navy. The commissioner of fisheries is the admiral. It consists of one vessel, a large tug that plows the waters of Lake Erie.

Its principal business is that of a fish nursery; or conservator of fish eggs, as you may choose to designate it. In addition it is a patrol boat for the preservation of international amenities.

One of its principal functions is to see that Canadian fishermen do not poach on Pennsylvania's preserves or fishing grounds. New York and Ohio also maintain these fishing ground patrols. If they did not every once in a while the careless Canadian fisher folk would stray across the international water line—particularly when fishing is poor on their own side—and scoop up tons of white and other fish that properly belong to Pennsylvania, Ohio or New York.

This particular tug which Commissioner Buller is having built is, he tells me, one of the completest craft of its kind in the United States. It will be equipped with all the latest scientific paraphernalia. It is to replace another smaller craft that has grown too small and antiquated for the purpose.

The Buller family are natural pisciculturists. The commissioner himself has made a life study of fishes. There are four of them now in the service of the state. One brother has been with the fisheries commission for over forty years.

Nathan R. Buller tells me that Pennsylvania has the finest fish hatcheries in the country. There are five of them, located at Pleasant Mount, Wayne county; Torresdale, Erie, Cory and Union City.

The entire system of hatching has undergone a change in the last two decades. In the old days the fish eggs were hatched out and when the fish were a couple of inches or so long they were placed in the state streams to be stocked.

Now the fish are reared, the brook trout particularly, in the ponds until they are five or six inches long and are then "planted" in the streams. There are two great advantages in this: It gives the young fish a better chance to live and the sportsmen do not have to wait so long to permit them to reach the legal length to be taken with hook and rod.

GEORGE H. BILES, assistant highway commissioner of Pennsylvania, is a Philadelphian. Prior to the Sprout administration he was second deputy commissioner. When Lewis S. Sadler became state commissioner he sent George H. Biles up to the front.

It was one of the many wise moves that Commissioner Sadler has made to strengthen the department. Mr. Biles has the experience, education, executive ability and the "how" of handling men. Besides, he has the glorious heritage of young manhood as an asset.

With approximately \$100,000,000 to spend in building and bettering the highways of the commonwealth, the commissioner should have his hands as free of detail as possible. He should be at liberty to study the problem in its broadest aspects, leaving routine to the subordinates.

Fortunately George H. Biles is in a position to relieve his chief of many minor responsibilities, by reason of experience and a thorough knowledge of the highways of the state. He knows the topography of Pennsylvania as well as he does that of Capitol Hill, in Harrisburg. At least that is his reputation among the roadbuilders of the state.

HARMON M. KEPHART, in his capacity of state treasurer, is paymaster for some of the oddest jobholders conceivable: places undreamed of in the employment of the commonwealth a quarter of a century ago.

There are, for instance, nearly forty "charmen." They are the male of the species known in Great Britain as "charwomen." They are the cleaners and washers and scrubbers in the public offices at the Capitol. These are in addition to the caretakers, of whom there are five.

But among the line one can presumably necessary craftsmen employed on the Capitol Hill there are, permanently on the payroll, or at least recorded in the treasurer's books: Florists; 3; carpenters; 6; marble workers; 2; metal furniture mechanic; 1; hardwood floor expert; 2, and cabinet maker, 1.

Further down the line one comes upon these: Locksmith, clock-repairer, upholsterer, guides, electricians, wiremen, steamfitter and matrons.

The executive mansion payroll includes butler, houseman, night watchman, housemaid, laundress, cook, housekeeper, chauffeur and footman.

The Legislature is in session the variety of vouchers calls for nearly everything kept by a first-class county store.

BROMLEY WHARTON, general agent and secretary of the State Board of Charities, and his efficient assistant, Edward Wilson, have about completed their report on the wartime activities of the charitable and penal institutions of the state. It will be an interesting presentation when it gets into cold type.

It strikes one as peculiar that the inmates of the houses and asylums, hospitals and prisons of the state could be useful in such a crisis. But they were. In proportion the institutions under the supervision of Mr. Wharton and the State Board of Charities "did their bit" as fully as more powerful and more pretentious agencies outside.

The lame, halt and blind knitted and sewed month after month, making socks and sweaters, bandages and hospital garments by the thousands. They helped conserve food, meat and sugar and everything. Even the prisoners in certain institutions gave money and sacrificed their meager privileges, in some cases, to help win the war.

It makes one proud of the penal and charitable institutions, paradoxically, to read of such things.

With the death of Ella Wheeler Wilcox the author of "Laugh and the world laughs with you" may be settled definitely on the other side of the Styx.

Mr. Moore's appeal to those who went through "pitch and fire for him" is also a notification to those who opposed him that they had better pitch in or look for a fire.

A banker and a convict contributed a thousand and one dollars to the Roosevelt memorial fund on Wednesday. The proposition is immaterial; the sentiment that actuated the gift, everything.

Examinations for state police will be held in Harrisburg Saturday. Those who pass are not likely to suffer from ennui.

Knowing him to be a square man, the populace is anxious to see the President up and around.

LET 'ER BURN!

The regret of the students of the Wharton school of the University of Pennsylvania when Logan Hall caught fire that the building was not consumed is likely to set the friends of the University to thinking about the inadequacy of the accommodations offered to the young men studying there.

The building was erected in 1874 for the medical school, which occupied it for thirty years. The Wharton school, which has been using it since 1904, outgrew its accommodations in College Hall, and it has now outgrown the larger quarters in the other building.

If Logan Hall had burned it would have been necessary to provide a modern structure to take its place, with ample room for expansion. This is why the students exclaimed "Let 'er burn!" when they saw the fire.

A man can get an education sitting on one end of a log in the woods if the right kind of a teacher sits on the other end, but in a community as wealthy as this the students ought not to be asked to get their education in buildings which have been so far outgrown in size and equipment that they have to be crowded in, with no adequate facilities for doing their work.

MR. WESCOTT'S CREJUDILITY

HARRY D. WESCOTT, the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, is an amiable gentleman, but he is altogether too credulous to hold the office to which he will not be elected.

He has told a Germantown audience that the Republican National Committee has a campaign fund for next year amounting to between \$21,000,000 and \$25,000,000.

If this be true, then we must take our hats off to Will H. Hays, the chairman of the Republican committee. No attempt to raise funds for a campaign has ever before been made so long in advance, and in the days when the barrels of the great corporations were liberally tapped by the national treasurer no fund one-quarter so great as that which Mr. Wescott says has been raised was ever at the disposal of the committee.

Mr. Hays is proving himself to be a pretty capable organizer, but no one would be more surprised than he to discover in any bank to the credit of his committee a sum so vast as that which Mr. Wescott has mentioned.

Some one must have been trying to discover how much the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty could be made to believe.

AFTER THE "ALIENS"

DISTRICT ATTORNEY ROTAN has apparently decided that the time has come to find out how many men who claimed exemption from the draft on the ground that they were aliens have decided that they are good enough Americans to vote.

It is generally believed that many such registered and voted at the primaries. Two hundred and fifty suspects were summoned to the City Hall for examination yesterday. Some of them proved that they had not sought exemption from the draft and that they were naturalized citizens. It is unfortunate that they were taken in the dragnet, but such mistakes are inevitable.

As good citizens these men ought to do all they can to assist the district attorney in discovering every man who denied his American citizenship when he was called upon to fight and is now trying to exercise the rights of an American citizen at the polls. Such a man is a lawbreaker in any event. If he is an alien and registered, he has violated the election laws. If he is not an alien and dodged the draft on the ground that he had not been naturalized, he violated the draft law. In either case he should get what is coming to him.

RAINBOW'S END

IT NEVER will be missed" is evidently a principle not universally applicable. Congress questions its validity and the public is likely to concur in its opinion of propaganda publicity conducted by Scribner George Creel. The news bureau which he headed during the war turns in a bill of more than \$6,000,000.

Of course, the measure of accomplishment with such a pot of gold is debatable. Mr. Creel will be likely to assert that his efforts in a national crisis were influential. As there is no way of determining the potency of a unit of propaganda, he is in a position to floor the statisticians, but without convincing them.

It is not, however, the relative worth of his department's endeavors which is the matter at issue, but its absolute aspect. An item of \$6,000,000 is formidable by whatever standard it is judged. Furthermore, the accounts of the unranking obtained by the fluent Mr.

THE SAUCEPAN

INDIRECT ADVERTISING

YOU like fried oysters? In that case Let us adjure you: Never Neglect to buy our Persian lace!" "Dear me!" thought I, "how clever!"

"You powder always when you shave?" "Then burn our coal this season."

"Does your new auto misbehave?" "Eat 'Choke-O—there's a reason."

"You wear a coat in winter time?" "You have your pencils pointed?" "You mustn't miss your table chime—The clapper's double-jointed!"

"You boast a watch? Then wash your shirt With 'Smere'—it's all pure talrow."

"You keep a dog? There's no dessert Like 'Marmalademarmallow'."

How wonderful, methought, is art! I see myself in clover. One simply needs a subtle start To put the Big Thing over.

And straightaway to Maria Jane I hushed, most clatled. "You know," quoth I, "Bill Merivane?" (He was my rival hated!)

"Why, yes," she smiled. "You like him, too?"

She nodded. Hope was rising; I felt that I would put it through By crafty advertising.

"You really like him very much?" (More business of assenting.) "His charms are such and such and such?" "She sighed. (O circumventing.)"

"And hence, I thrilled, 'I am your man.' When, in her accents mellow. She warbled, 'Jack, I love your plan. And hence the other fellow!'"

H. T. C.

Courage and common sense do not always go together. Many a heart of oak has a head to match.

Ring Out, Wild Bells!

Clarice—He has the right kind of timbre. He rings true. Eunice—Oh, I suppose so. But there are rats in his wooden belfry.

From a Rural Correspondent

Clem Wiley's hired man says, "A good way to strengthen your legs is to keep turkeys."

Ad Classified

Lorer is a finished scholar rather than an original thinker.

"Yes, he has what you might call a hardwood finish."

The Young Idea

"Don't go too near the fire with your dress."

"What shall I do, mother; take it off?"

A Wrong Impression

"My husband struck me last evening!"—began the placid little woman. "And do you stand for that sort of thing?" demanded her strong-minded friend. "You interrupted me," explained the other. "I was about to remark that my husband struck me as being particularly kind and thoughtful. He bought me a beautiful box of candy."

Music

Demosthenes McGinnis has no more music in his soul than a cow, which, of course, prompts him to speak of the subject.

My wife, says he, possesses a white Angora cat with blue eyes and excellent hearing—the color of the eyes and the effectiveness of the ears making a combination, I am given to understand, most unusual.

When my life partner (bless her heart) whistles, and I score all disreputable superstitions, for the whistles very well indeed, the cat jumps on her lap, places its face

BUGABOOS CAN'T SCARE HIM



Halloween Reminiscences

WE LINK the present with the past. Glory in what has been; Our thoughts we sometimes backward cast. Through dim and misty screen, Reviving long forgotten days When we kept Halloween.

At gloamin' we walked down the dell; We watched the shadows play, As dimly then the daylight fell, At close of short'nin' day— The hawthorn hedge, the spring, the well, Fields turning sear and gray.

And then we dauner' doon the burn To deep and darksome pool, And trembly we each took turn At windin' o' the spool, Till at the end some freak was caught Deeded out in granny's wool.

To keek o' e'er our shoulther then Some bogie we would see (From some grim, dark and dismal den In lands beyond the sea), Ready to show both maids and men The things that were to be.

As spring revives a sleeping year, Repeats things often told, So in our children now appear The bygone days of old. Then let them laugh and sing and cheer; 'Tis better far than gold.

Renew in joys and lively play The old times on the green, The shouts and laughter of the boys Such times as we have seen. Trip light and long and swell the song, In keeping Halloween.

—John McMaster.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
- Who is the first Polish minister to the United States?
 - What is the name of the presidential yacht?
 - What is a pyx?
 - Who created the character of Flora MacFlinty?
 - What is the capital of Mississippi?
 - What disposition of the island of Heligoland has been proposed?
 - When is the next French president to be elected?
 - Who will elect him?
 - Which state produces the most soft coal?
 - What is kousmous?
- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
- Tripoli belongs to Italy.
 - Oysters are most edible when they are from two to three years old.
 - Jefferson Davis was a native of Kentucky.
 - The woolack is the stuffed cushion on which the lord chancellor sits in the House of Lords.
 - The Red river is a tributary of the Mississippi and flows in a southeasterly direction. The Red River of the North flows north in the United States, crosses the Canadian boundary and empties into Lake Winnipeg in Canada.
 - Numbers is the fourth book in the Bible.
 - Alma Tadema was a noted Dutch painter, especially of classical scenes. He resided in England from 1870 until his death.
 - Horace Greeley ran for the presidency and was defeated by Grant in 1872.
 - The word visier should be pronounced as though it were spelled "vizeer," with the accent on the last syllable.
 - The House of Commons can override the veto power of the House of Lords by passing the same bill at three successive sessions.