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The Mexican Government flatly misquoted its own constitution regarding the state and federal jurisdiction in the southern republic should have a similar effect. The authority of the state of Puebla in this instance is not supreme, since the Mexican federal tribunals have authority in "all cases concerning diplomatic agents and consular officers."

And if by his words and his acts he justified the confidence of the other congressmen, he would soon become one of the most influential men in Washington. No mere dummy can fill the place. No rubber stamp for Penrose or Vare will be equal to the responsibilities of the office.

QUIET CAL COOLIDGE
Governor of Massachusetts Won Success by Doing Much and Saying Little and by Being as Good as His Word
By Arnold D. Prince, in New York Tribune.



IS A POLITICAL HACK TO SUCCEED MOORE?

On the Answer to This Question Largely Depends the Influence of Philadelphia on National Legislation

WHO is to succeed J. Hampton Moore as representative in Congress from the Third district? Mr. Moore will become Mayor on the first Monday in January and will resign from Congress in time to take the oath of office when he assumes his new duties.

There is no use, either, in blinking the fact that the successor to Mr. Moore will be chosen by one boss or another. The only hope there is for getting a man who will measure up to the standard set by the retiring congressman lies in impressing on the bosses the importance of turning down all the political hacks eager to get the salary of the office, and the imperative need of nominating a man of courage, force and ability who has some knowledge of the problems with which he will have to deal.

A \$1,000,000 MISTAKE

KNOWLEDGE of human nature is a rare and valuable thing in any business. Lack of it has just cost the Camden trolley company about a million dollars.

SHOULD you, however, decide to go to the governor's home in person, it will be well to give the taxicab driver specific directions. Else you may subject him to embarrassment, as did a visitor recently.

This visitor asked the driver of a taxicab standing in front of the railway station if he knew where Governor Coolidge lived. "I know the house," replied the chauffeur, and drove off with his fare.

NORTHAMPTON, where Governor Coolidge has lived for more than twenty-three years, is about 150 miles north of New York city, and about the same distance west of Boston.

Its population is divided into three classes, French, Irish and "Yankee," and the city, save when "Cal" Coolidge is running for office, is subject to violent political fluctuations. Sometimes it goes Republican and at other times Democratic, but when Coolidge is a candidate it is almost undividedly Coolidge.

Why this should be, however, is a mystery to the inhabitants themselves.

STREETS AND TAXES

WHEN may street repairs be called permanent?

Upon that question and the manner in which it is answered by Controller Walton and the finance committee of Councils depend all plans made by the Bureau of Highways for safe and tolerable thoroughfares in this city.

Chief Dunlap estimated yesterday that improvements of the sort that are imperatively necessary on all the main streets cannot be made with any sum obtainable under normal tax rates. His assertion that \$1,000,000 could be spent annually for five years on needed street improvements can be understood by any one who takes the trouble to look around even in the central business section.

No such sum can be raised by direct taxation unless the finance committee wishes to face a storm of complaint. Mr. Walton ruled yesterday that the resurfacing of streets cannot be called "permanent improvements."

Mr. Moore has adequately represented in Washington the interests of these great enterprises and through them the interests of the people who are employed by them. And he represented them so well that he won the respect of his colleagues and rose to a position of power and influence in the House of Representatives.

So far as has been disclosed no one but the professional politicians is taking any interest in the selection of a successor to Mr. Moore. Sheriff Ransley and Isidore Stern are said to be rivals for the nomination.

Does any one for a moment believe that Ransley's strength lies in his comprehension of the questions on which a member of the House of Representatives must vote? Ransley is noted chiefly for his activities as a county officer in raising campaign funds through the collection of assessments on city officeholders. Such activity is forbidden by law to city officeholders, but due to the dual government here it has been possible to beat the law through the willingness of men like Ransley to pass the hat.

This newspaper, in order to allow Ransley to exhibit his qualifications to an anxious public, offered him the freedom of its columns to make any statement he chose. Its reporter put a series of questions to him in the hope that he might be drawn out. But the sheriff had nothing to say. He will not even admit that he is a candidate. He is mum because political leaders apparently have not yet told him to announce his candidacy with their support on the ticket.

Mr. Stern could not be reached when the reporters sought for him. It will be interesting to see whether he is any more communicative than Sheriff Ransley.

Thus far the only development in the Third district situation is that the Vares and Penrose are planning to test their strength. The issue is not whether the district should be represented by a man of ability with imagination and vision, but whether it should be represented by a Penrose hack politician or a Vare political nonentity.

And this is happening in the greatest Republican city on the continent and in the most important commercial district of that city!

The plans of the bosses will be carried out even to the nomination and election of a mere dummy who will act only when somebody pulls the strings unless the big men of the city intervene and demand that the political hacks be turned down and a candidate be nominated who is more anxious to serve the community than to get his name on the federal payroll.

In the search for a candidate it is not necessary to confine the investigation to the district itself. Any resident of Pennsylvania is eligible, and this means, of course, that any resident of any ward of Philadelphia can legally enter the primaries as a candidate for the nomination. He may live in Germantown or West Philadelphia or Frankford or South Philadelphia.

The first essential is that he be a man of tried ability, loyal to the principles of Republicanism, with a mind open to all the progressive influences now working upon the minds of the nation.

There are such men here. They are practicing law or medicine. They are managing great commercial enterprises. They are men who have made their fortunes and retired to a life of comparative leisure that they may have time to devote to the service of the state.

Never was a more splendid opportunity for public service opened to any man than that of going to Washington to represent the Third district. The prestige of the commercial constituency back of him would get for him the ear of Congress as soon as he took his seat.

BRANDISHING THE SUGAR CLUB

THE announcement by a Department of Justice agent in this city that combination sales with sugar as a bait are illegal is decidedly timely.

The sweet club has been frequently flourished of late. Housewives have discovered that it was often easier to get sugar when other purchases were made, and some grocers have not been averse to respond to "business instincts."

Apportioning blame in this situation is not easy. All buyers have not been consciously bribed, nor have all sellers deliberately employed hold-up methods. Considerable spontaneous coaxing on both sides has led to the result.

Nevertheless the practice has seriously added to the annoyances of the sugar-shortage problem. The effect of branding it as illegal should be wholesome. Both the grocers and their clients are playing the game fairly when they apply persuasion with either sugar or extra purchases as a lure.

DOWN TO DOTS WITH MEXICO

A STUDIED effort to avoid any suggestion of truculence is apparent in Secretary Lansing's reply to the Mexican Government's refusal to release Consul Agent Jenkins.

The extreme caution displayed has both merits and drawbacks. It is not inspiring to find the American Government speaking in velvety phrases when Mexico sees fit to indulge in such tart and acrid utterance.

On the other hand, the courtesy of our note—which will become all the more deferential in the Spanish—has an element of strength that will acquire additional value should Carranza continue to be obdurate.

In other words, if the Jenkins case is to become a casus belli it will be Mexico itself that will give it that character. In that event the rectitude of the American position will be beyond dispute. No one will be able to question the morality of drastic action after a prelude of outraged patience.

Fortunately, too, the note is informing to the American as well as the Mexican public. The triviality and vagueness of the charge upon which Jenkins is held are contrasted with the terrorism of which he was a victim. His bandit captors are unpunished, while the consular agent is imprisoned for "rendering false judicial testimony," the substance of which Mexico carefully declines to reveal.

Opposed to that nation's "bare unsupported statement" is the welcome announcement that "investigation of the case by representatives of the United States in Mexico fails utterly to support the Mexican contention. This is news which has heretofore been withheld from the American public. It must make popular opinion.

Mr. Lansing's convincing proof that

Among the jams sold by the government in a cake of yeast, etc. Allentown the grapefruit article was a drug on the market until somebody discovered that it could be turned into wine. This became the most popular brand. Which goes to show that the unregenerate are numerous and that Uncle Sam knows the value of a good press agent.

The Duchess of Marlborough now wishes to enter the British House of Commons, following the lead of Lady Astor. If this kind of thing keeps on the typical Britisher may change from John Bull to Jane Bull.

Whether they win or lose, opponents of the Republican state chairman are going to eat Crow.

Count Karoly's fortune, amounting to \$20,000,000, has been found in the cellar of his palace and confiscated by the Hungarian Government. Since no dry laws are being enforced in Budapest, wonder how they came to look in the cellar?

Though contrary to the belief and understanding of the Washington political dopesters, it may be that the indictment of Senator Newberry was based on the simple fact that he is alleged to have broken the law.

A British investigating committee has awarded Winston Spencer Churchill the credit for having invented the tank as an engine of war. Now who gets the credit for putting the tank out of business with the dry laws?

THE CHAFFING DISH

College Life on the Screen

WE DROPPED in at our favorite movie theatre. The organ was tooting its throaty and heart-thrilling melody. We found a seat in our favorite place—about the sixth row, where a shortsighted person can be sure of reading any letters, documents, or incriminating "papers" that are thrown on the screen—and prepared for delightful thrills. The first thing we saw was the following caption:

"My heart is yours; but for the next few weeks both our hearts belong to Yale." This sounded bad to us. A little later the organ burst into the strains of "Boola-Boola" and the hero, stroke of the Yale crew, was sent in to interview the dean for having participated in a fraternity initiation.

The dean asked him to tell the names of his comrades in the outrage. The athletic young man looked bruised to the soul by such a thought, and sternly declined. He then said, according to the caption:

"I should not care to jeopardize the fair name of Yale by remaining after I had betrayed my companions."

By this time, although no particular ligaments of affection bind us to the college at New Haven, we had begun to hope, in pure charity, that no Yale man was in the house.

Well, the hero stroked the Yale boat to victory against "Plimpton," as was to be expected. He looked to us like rather a jerky oar, but, then, that may have been partly due to the speeding of the reels. The caption writer got more cheerful, ending with a bang by saying (rather merrily, we thought), when the hero at last capitulated, "She went into the hands of a receiver." Then the organ played, "For God, for Country and for Yale," and we issued forth into the rainy night.

We wondered, also, if it were subtle irony on the part of our favorite movie organizer, Mr. William Lancaster, when he played "Home, Sweet Home" while some current-events pictures of Sing Sing prison were being shown.

The only time we have ever been called "a regular feller," it occurs to us to remark, was when we spent a day of very pleasant visiting with some high-spirited murderers and con men at Sing Sing. "Say, Soc," remarked one of them as we left, "You're a regular feller, you ought to be up here with the rest of us."

The chief trouble with American literature today is that there are so many people writing books.

We notice that Hearst's Magazine has conferred a knighthood on G. K. Chesterton, and calls him Sir Gilbert. There is a certain stage in the career of every eminent Englishman when American editors get uncertain whether he has been dubbed or not. But we think that in this case Hearst is thinking of Sir Gilbert Parker.

Still, the world does move. We note that the Krupp works are said to be making photographic supplies. Now if only Mexico will devote herself to speeding up the production of tammals.

Do your Christmas chaffing early.

Is it only our imagination, or is it the amount of bunk in circulation increasing? Perhaps it is only our annoyance at the annual crop of Christmas "illuminated sentiments" which always spell it with an apostrophe.

Portrait of Mr. S. T. Kelsey

Mr. S. T. Kelsey, the general manager of the Linville Improvement Co., is at once a philosopher and engineer, a botanist and a scholar. His neatly proportioned person is a little smaller than that of the average man, and from beneath his brim peeps, in cunning brilliancy, a pair of small, keen, penetrating, expressive blue eyes, which everybody takes for black until they are otherwise informed.

His long beard, that would do honor to the days of Moses, falling gracefully upon his bosom, is clean and white as the snow. His hair is of a solid, rich, creamy green color, while a few black streamers in his

FATE

WE DROVE a furrow straight

And we planted a seed well; These were the deeds of Fate That a wise world should tell.

We set a fire to the gate And the foe to our sword fell; This they remember who wait To the last ember of Hell.

We came to a grave late, When the brown leaves fell; And there were leaves for a hate That was buried deep and well.

Shall blood and a dream mate? Shall Heaven be compassed by Hell? Strange are the deeds of Fate That the wise angels tell.

The heralds cry in the gate, In the flying tongue of the bell There is joy golden and great Where peace has come to dwell. —George Street, in Sydney Bulletin.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What will be the balance of parties in the Senate if Truman H. Newberry is excluded?
2. What are penitentials?
3. Name two books by Maria Edgeworth.
4. What is the smallest state in the Australian Commonwealth?
5. What is polyandry?
6. Name three poisonous plants?
7. How many kings have reigned over United Italy?
8. Who were they?
9. What part of England will Lady Astor represent in Parliament?
10. Two political parties in American history elected, respectively, only two Presidents. What were these parties?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Oklahoma City is the capital of Oklahoma.
2. John Bartram, who founded the first botanical garden in America, may be regarded as the first great American naturalist. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1699.
3. The Alamo is a mission building founded in San Antonio, Texas, in 1744. It was subsequently used as a fort. It is famous for the terrible siege of 1836, when it was captured from the Americans by the Mexicans. The entire garrison, including Colonel W. B. Travis, Davy Crockett and Colonel Bowie, were killed.
4. Truman H. Newberry is at present Republican senator from Michigan. He has been indicted by a grand jury on charges of illegal expenditures in his political campaign.
5. "In the name of the prophet, sge!" is a burlesque of the solemn language employed in such countries in the common business of life. The line occurs in the imitation of Doctor Johnson's pompous style in "Reflected Addresses," by James and Horace Smith.
6. John Napier, a Scotch mathematician, invented logarithms. His dates are 1550-1617.
7. Polygyny is a plurality of wives.
8. There are six transcontinental railways on the American continent south of the United States. Two are in Mexico. The others are, respectively, in Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama and Argentina-Chile.
9. Gargantuan means enormous, gigantic, in allusion to Gargantuan, a giant in Rabelais's satire.
10. The "A B C" nations are Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

THE COWPUNCHER'S SONG

OH, I feel like I'm wantin' to go, boys, I feel like I'm wantin' to go; Though where to I can't say as I know, boys, where to I can't say as I know; But I feel that I'm in for a change, boys, an' I'm tired o' this life on the grange.

OH, MY boss, he is plain' to roam, boys, my boss, he is pinin' to roam; An' I feel like I wanta go home, I feel like I wanta go home; Oh, I itch like as if I'd the mange, boys, an' I'm tired o' this life on the grange.

I wanta go back to the range, boys, I wanta go back to the range!

I wanta go back to the range, boys, I wanta go back to the range!

OH, THE moon, she is shinin' so bright, boys, the moon, she is shinin' so bright, That I'm packin' my blanket tonight, boys, I'm swingin' my saddle tonight. Sure, the feelin' I got, she is strange, boys; but I'm tired o' this life on the grange.

I'm goin' right back to the range, boys, I'm headin' right back to the range! ROBERT LESLIE BELLEM.

There are many worse jobs than that of a columnist. How would you like to be an American charge d'affaires in the D'Aunzio sector?

Walt Whitman

HIS was the prophet's voice, the voice of a spirit which sang Songs of immortal tone,— Holy, gigantic, crude,— Sweet as the breath of the dawn and strong as the heart of the hills!

Boldly he sang, but he heeded him not; Laughed him to scorn and said: "Listen the songs that he sings! Heard ye their like before? Strange are the gods that he worships; dangerous the things he proclaims! Away with him and his songs! We will have none of his works!"

FOR he sang of an age and a time to hasten which great men have greatly died,— The age of Brotherhood of Man, when clean, and strong, and pure, Man's naked heart shall speak to naked heart!

LOUD in his songs are the sounds of the winds of the wars of the world; Blood: death; tenderness; righteousness unafraid,—yea and the moan of the man suffering, lone, hurt on the field of the battle of life!

HIS life bore witness of his songs and of his life he made The things of which he sang. He was Himself, none other! So he lived and thus it was he died, his life and work A hymn of praise to that great land he loved, America!

AE, WHITMAN! Poet: Prophet: Man! When comes there such another? C. H. VAN HOUSEN.

A good many young ladies are being "presented to society" these cool evenings. It is an arduous life, and we admire their courage.

Of course, you have heard of the famous football team of Centre College, Kentucky. The rumor that two members of the faculty played on the team will serve greatly to enhance the respect in which college professors are held. Increased salaries will now be easily attainable throughout the country. SOCRATES.