

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CURTIS H. KURTZ, President...

unnecessary litigation. In Massachusetts the workmen's compensation law has resulted in the almost complete elimination of personal injury cases from the Courts...

Half a Victory THE Republican landslide has swept Senator Penrose back into office. His endorsement is apparently more emphatic than that given Doctor Brumbaugh...

The Governor-Elect DOCTOR BRUMBAUGH'S candidacy was one of the most attractive ever offered to the people of Pennsylvania. His conspicuous service in the cause of education had endeared him to all ranks...

Italy and the Allies ITALY'S tenure in North Africa is obviously tied up with that of Great Britain's stability in Egypt. If the Moslem tribes, over which the Sultan claims a suzerainty by virtue of being the head of Islam, should succeed in breaking England's hold upon Egypt they would follow up their victory by attacking the Italians in Tripoli...

Memories of Zanzibar ZANZIBAR! The name stirs memories. It reminds some of us that we once knew what Zanzibar is. For a moment or two we are puzzled to decide whether it is a comic opera or an island. Anyway, it does not seem very important...

Philadelphia's Cheerful Spenders BANKERS, brokers and manufacturers are not the sole judges between prosperity and calamity. It is a waste of breath to talk pessimism to people of small or moderate incomes who find themselves able to spend as freely as the patrons of Philadelphia stores...

Marking Time in Mexico WHETHER Mexico will ever be able to settle her own problems is still a matter of doubt. The election of General Gutierrez as President for 30 days is simply an expedient, a truce, until a permanent President can be chosen...

An Evening With a Book AS the excitement incident to the annual November election dies down the thoughts of multitudes of men turn toward the quiet and refining delights of the evening by the fireside. Political strife as a periodic paroxysm is inseparable from American citizenship, but it is no more typical of American life than the love of home...

Office Seeking as Strenuous Exercise THESE political candidates get more than a little share of whips and scorns and proud men's contumely. During the election he must stand it; but now, when the battle is over, certain of his long-suffering virtues should be commended...

High Cost of Quarrels ANOTHER day of campaigning, long rides and long conferences, speech upon speech, people to be met, hands to be shaken, the impossibility of proper sleep—it is not a light thing to be entered at. Happy the rest which the candidates find this day.

THE HANDS OF ESAU Era of Experts in Municipal Administration a Great Blow to Councilmen. Remarkable Saving Effectuated by Scientific Conduct of the City's Business—Crookedness No Longer the Rule—Why is Councils?

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." FOREWORD "Remember that to change thy opinion and to follow him who corrects thy error is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error. For it is thy own, the activity which is exerted according to thy own understanding, too— Marcus Aurelius."

Better government in Philadelphia is being slowly strangled. The Blankenburg Administration of a few city offices expresses better government just as completely as an anti-Tammany Administration does in New York. The cold fingers of "The Organization," Philadelphia's Tammany, twisting dexterously through a pliable majority in Councils and officials under control, are pressing hard on its windpipe. Unless pruned off by the people themselves strangulation of better government must ensue. In the modest palaces behind the myriad two-story red-brick fronts of working Philadelphia dwell the real beneficiaries of better government. Their support alone means better government. The worst that can be said of people who toil is that they are sometimes too tired to study a public subject—SOMETIMES, NOT ALWAYS.

NO. XIV—SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

YES, the election is over, but we still have our big and little municipal problems to face and solve. Men are transitory; principles, everlasting. We must keep right on thinking about better government, for our handful of honest men are still out in the trenches—the officials of the Blankenburg administration—desperately holding that "tiny northwest corner" of our local Belgium, the few scattering administrative offices under the Mayor. Are these men discouraged? No. What keeps their spirits up? Why, they are making a page of history that future Philadelphia can always turn to with pride. It is really something to have made a record—puts springs in the heels and color in the eye; warms the cockles of the heart from within, and lifts the mind to the clouds beyond the range of undesired criticism. Not to have felt it is to have lost the meaning of life.

Here is the nucleus of a real government for the people and of the people going on, and we are missing the details. Why? Because the Philadelphia resident for years has been drilled to look upon the Councilman as his closest and sole political agent. Our busy, prosperous, independent folk are taught to believe that the business of government can best be handled by middlemen—Councilmen or ward leaders, often the same person. It works out this way: Discover a hole in the street that hampers the movement of goods out from your shipping department, you see the Councilman; get a summons for jury duty when a rush of new business is on, you see the Councilman; need an extra street lamp in the block, you see the Councilman; or the front lawn is flooded from a broken water main, and again you see the Councilman.

The growth of the power of the individual Councilman and his inseparable twin, the ward leader, has been steady and insidious. It explains the gargantuan grip of "The Organization" upon the public. At first, the Councilman, aside from his functions as a legislative arm of government, was simply a convenient means of contact with administrative government. But the possibilities of the unsalaried job soon dawned upon political aspirants, and a Councilman became an open medium for compromise with every phase of government, law, order, and even justice. It has followed that the average Councilman has appropriated to himself the role of intermediary to government. He actually sets himself up as an interpreter for languages he cannot speak, for with experts in engineering looking after the public business at City Hall, he has entered a thick fog. Scientific management is beyond the grasp of his mental equipment.

Drop a man in importance to the level of a false prophet and he suffers keenly, and thirsts for vengeance. Before the expert, the professional Councilman stands unmasked, a pathetic relic of inefficiency, and the principal cause of the enormous, criminal and scandalous past waste of the public funds of our beautiful city which has shamed us all. He feels concernedly the showing up he is getting.

Enter the expert, intelligent, effective and courageous. He is the keynote of the new government in City Hall. He is balancing the city's books. He is getting a dollar's worth for every dollar spent by the city. He is writing proper safeguards into specifications. He is advertising for bids. He is operating the public business as a private undertaking. He is getting more work and longer hours out of the minor employe, at the same time treating him better. He answers every letter received from a citizen. He sees that all work done under contract is properly inspected.

It is only natural that members of Councils should be object to the expert. Employment of any agent by the city which curtails their authority is resented. How these Councilmen do roar against the city hiring the man who knows! Every possible obstacle they can devise is placed in the path of expert advice for the city. They refuse to appropriate the money to hire experts. They fear with the petty swellings of the neck that bespeak deep anger.

Under the Blankenburg administration the assistance for Philadelphia of over three score experts has been obtained over the objections of Councils. Many gave their services without charge when the circumstances were explained. Director Morris L. Cooke, of the Department of Public Works, who knows the value of efficiency through intimate association with Frederick W. Taylor, the great national authority on business management, has been master of ceremonies for the Mayor in getting these experts, and the city is under no small debt to Mr. Cooke. Work is always best done by those who are up on the short-cut.

Prior to the advent of Mr. Cooke in the Department of Public Works, the very specifications under which the city work was done were drawn at the direction of the contractor who did the work. Most of the men in the city's employ were former employes of the contractors. They were named to their jobs by the contractors themselves, and in return were expected to serve their interests and not those of the city. Work was often inspected by men on the contractors' payroll. As the contractors were persons in "The Organization," the city employes dared not make adverse reports on their work.

An assistant commissioner of the Bureau of Highways, drawing \$300 a year, admitted he knew nothing of highway engineering. Others were small-trail political leaders. The highway inspectors were worse than inefficient. One spent the largest part of his time in the city and paid by the day. At a public

SCRAPPLE Our Abe and Mawrus on the War

The firm of Potash & Perlmutter was in something of an uproar. It had just been discovered that the receipts, net above all, for October, 1914, were \$300 less than those for October, 1913. "It's a article in this morning's paper says dat's the effect of the war, dat's what it is, Abe," said Mr. Perlmutter soothingly. "It's die Deutschen, not the war," that gentlemen retorted. "New, Mawrus, it's no use talkin'. When not for the Germans, then no war." "You're a Russian, Abe, ain't you?" was the reply in Mawrus's best caustic vein. "Don't be a fool, you know, Mawrus, I ain't crazy about Ponya Russ. Wot I care about Nikolai? A black year on him. But ye got to hand it to him, like they say on the street. It won't be a Deutscher left when he—"

Also Whisky The most confusing things in Mexico is Muchas Gracias Paragraphs' Union No. 6 extends its collective thanks to Turkey for furnishing a new subject for wheezes. Phonetics Wonder if the tired soldiers of the Little White Caesar beguile the passing hours in the trenches having Russian spelling bees? Puzzle Oh, say, have you heard of the latest exploit Of the tangling, fish-walking girls, Do you know why the dears are so very tight In the whirls? Have you wondered at times at the marvelous play That the ladies accept as a clinch? At the twists they accomplish with curious grace In a pinch? Do you linger at halls where the Argentine dance In the thing, and where waiting is not? Are you quite at a loss how the ladies do prance In the trot? Do you know how each foot of a tangling dress Of fine crepe de chine or foulard Is persuaded to stretch till it reaches, I guess, To a yard? Are you searching to learn how this difficult stunt Is performed without batting an eye? If you are, if it's accurate knowledge you want, So do I.

VIEW OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation. To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—While you are making your courageous fight for efficient transit in Philadelphia, may I call your attention to a piece of stupid rearing, which only goes to show how necessary a capable manager is for the system? Heretofore there have been two lines running on Girard avenue between Front street, or thereabouts, and 40th street. As a result those who did not wish to go farther than 40th street were taken by line 14, and the crowds which went as far as 52d and 60th transfer points were accommodated on line 15. The new route, 25, which supplants Route 14, does not drain Girard avenue at all, and as a result the enormous crowds all along that street are compelled to jam into the cars of Route 15—and the jams are worse than anything your reporter has yet described. Keep up your fight for real rapid transit, but meanwhile let us have some common sense.

Philadelphia, November 2. NIGHT RIDER. INTOLERABLE TRANSIT CONDITIONS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—The article in the Evening Ledger of Saturday, October 29, 1914, in regard to the poor trolley service to and from the Philadelphia Navy Yard represents the true conditions now existing. The photographs, showing exactly the crowded and jammed conditions at the close of working hours were splendid, and are an unanswerable argument against the poor transfer facilities now furnished the employes of the Navy Yard.

Truth is Stranger Than Press Agents Leopold Stokowski Narrowly Escapes Death. Fritz Kreisler Shot. Vanni Marcoux Reported Shot. Fifty Operatic Stars Detained in War Zone. —News Items. An Artist "Funny, that Brown should have such an aversion to borrowing, isn't it? 'Yes, how much did he induce you to force on him'?" Ragging Around Success near. "Way down upon the Suwanee River. It's far away, it's far away. But that is where I'd love to stay. Beside the Suwanee River, far away. My heart is burnin', my heart is burnin' For that far-off Suwanee shore; Come hug me some more On that Suwanee shore. All the world is sad and dreary— Gee, this life's got me leary For the Suwanee, Suwanee River Far away."

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW The people will be less satisfied after this war. They will refuse patiently to accept the old order of things in many cases. They will demand more. Having experienced the horrors of war, they will be less tractable under the lash of government authority. Reigning houses may totter under the new strain, the new eruptive forces originating deep down among the masses.—Milwaukee Journal. Before many years, it is to be hoped, the United States will once more have a merchant marine engaged in foreign trade. It is altogether desirable that the naval powers shall understand that maritime commerce is to be protected by the national policy of the country. A proper precedent established now will be regarded in the future.—Washington Times.

CURIOSITY SHOP The specimen of Doctor Dee was called the Angelical Stone, because, he asserted, it had been presented to him by the angel Raphael and Gabriel. It passed into the possession of the Earl of Peterborough, thence to Lady Betty Germaine, by whom it was given to the Duke of Argyll. Eventually it passed to George Walpole. In 1842 it was sold at auction.

Horror of War "This war in Europe is a terrible thing." "Sure, but it ought to put down irrigation to this country." Oh, Yes "Fear," said the professor, "is absolutely foolish." "Yes," remarked one of the students pleasantly, "it does cover one with goose-flesh." The Babbling Fool Now that the President has issued his proclamation, there will be many wise folk going about asking "What has a man to be thankful for?" Here is a provisional list: That the people who are crying about Thanksgiving are not quite so noisy this year. That there is no law compelling women to smoke. That water still flows under bridges. That owing to the war the professors of economics haven't broken into the news columns this fall. That the "sex novel" and the "sex play" have gone forever.

That the people who usually interfere with your business are too busy explaining how they would have run the war. That no matter how stupid or how sleepy you are, the war gives you something to talk about. That there is no law compelling people to read the novels of— (your favorite's abomination, wherever he is). That the comic opera crop is excellent this year. That for the amusement of society at large ex-Presidents are not chloroformed after their term of office. That there aren't too many honest people in the world. That the "British young man" and the "strong-minded woman" have gone to Hades. That the people who write books about how to run the Government are not the Government are entrusted to run the Government.