

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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WHOS LOONY NOW?
FROM a source as unimpeachable as it was unexpected comes a tonic for the public's self-respect.

Paris seems certain to enjoy a happy New Year.
LINCOLN AND LONDON
STATUESMEN or generals with a well-developed theatrical sense offer comparatively few problems to the efficient artist seeking to carve their characteristics in stone or bronze.

Those who emphasized the soul and high purpose of the man have translated them in postures and aspects which perhaps he never assumed.

On the whole, however, public sympathy with the idealistic expression in art of a man of ideals is only natural.

There is a difference
THE American peace delegation is quartered in Paris at the Hotel Crillon.

There is cumulative evidence that Mr. Wilson is appealing over the heads of the statesmen directly to the war-weary people of Europe.

KEEP YOUR LIBERTY BONDS
THERE is no more contemptible business in which a man can engage than that of inducing inexperienced purchasers of Liberty Bonds to exchange them for worthless speculative securities promising a higher rate of interest.

less speculative securities promising a higher rate of interest. It is charged that several unscrupulous brokers in this city have been engaged in transactions of this kind.

The holders of the Liberty Bonds, however, will protect their property if they refuse to sell or exchange it save for cash.

AMERICAN RIGHTS AT THE PEACE TABLE

The President is Waging a Subtle Campaign to Force the European Diplomats to Respect Them
IT WOULD be a mistake for any one in America to assume that there will be serious disagreement between the United States and England—that is, disagreement serious enough to lead to a break between them.

It would also be a mistake for any one in Europe to assume that the United States does not stand behind President Wilson or support most sincerely and heartily those general purposes for the accomplishment of which he has gone to Europe.

As Gertrude Atherton reminded us in her illuminating dispatch from Paris printed in this newspaper on Saturday, we went into the war to protect our rights because they were threatened by Germany.

Consequently we must maintain our position as an equal among equals at the peace table in order that our demands may receive a respectful hearing.

The determination of America to be the equal in sea power to the best and to take its place at the peace table backed with the mobile strength to assist effectively in carrying out the conclusions of the negotiators is indicated in Clinton W. Gilbert's dispatch in this newspaper printed Saturday.

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know. They have acclaimed Mr. Wilson as the spokesman of a hundred million Americans anxious to preserve the world's peace and to bring about conditions which will make war impossible for a generation at least.

Therein lay the power which John Hay so stately exercised over the Dowager Empress of China at the time of the Boxer uprising.

If there is any disposition to ignore us, that will disappear before Mr. Wilson finishes his campaign, for it cannot withstand the forces to which he is making a most subtle appeal.

THE Y.M.C.A.'S RIGHT TO PRIDE
A SENSIBLE realization of human frailty ought to have made unnecessary Dr. John R. Mott's defense of the Y. M. C. A. in an organization so vast imperfections are unavoidable.

Now that its head has spoken with clarity, modesty and unimpeachable sincerity, his summary of the great work emphasizes how disproportionate to the true state of the case was the criticism of a few inevitable lapses.

THE MAN WITH A BUNDLE
EDWIN MARKHAM won notoriety, not to say fame, with his poem about the man with a bundle, a melancholy protest against the degrading effect of manual labor.

There is nothing more beautiful than the delight of a child, and there is no greater pleasure than contributing to that delight and receiving the gratitude that always comes.

Further Testimony as to a Famous Tragedy Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Price of Beef; He saw the butchers' bill And died of grief.

With the refusal for 1919 of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge there seems to have been a slig between the cup and lift thereof.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?
THE song writers have been plagiarizing. We find this in Pickwick, chapter 38: "And now, continued Mr. Pickwick, looking round on his friends with a good-humored smile, 'Where shall we go to next?'"

"On Doing Up a Package of Laundry"
The muse that inspires a lyricist's pen is shocked at Your Honor's audacity. If you've only been trying to tease Her again You sure have a fiend's perspicacity!

Apartment house walls or a poet's estate; The clipping of coupons from Bonds; Beginning a check-book—she don't hesitate But to all of these quickly responds.

THE FAIRMOUNT LAUNDRY
247 S. 37TH STREET
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO STUDENTS
Friends Needed
As we were unable to find Christmas cards with mottoes really appropriate for most of the people to whom we wanted to send them, we decided to adapt our friends to the cards instead of the cards to our friends.

The first is a male greeting, of that bluff and stalwart sort that seems to be gaining ground:
Dear Friend—
I wish I could slip a lot of the flimsy words some of these writers use around Christmas time.

THE OTHER is a female greeting, which also contains an ungenerous allusion to the poet:
Some folks will send you Christmas gifts And some will write a sonnet; I'd rather bring a happy smile To the face beneath your bonnet.

As we write there arrives another poem upon one of the topics we suggested:
"ON GAZING AT THE BARK WALL OF AN APARTMENT HOUSE"
The apartment house I have in mind A hundred windows shows behind, And in each window is a blind.

Further Testimony as to a Famous Tragedy Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Price of Beef; He saw the butchers' bill And died of grief.

What is the French for "May I not?"
SOCRATES.



THE KEYS ON THE RING

Each Is a Link in a Chain That Binds a Man to a Servitude From Which He Was Once Free

I KNOW a man who carries in his left-leg trouser pocket a large heavy key ring, on which there are a dozen or more keys of all shapes and sizes. There is a latchkey, and the key of his private office, and the key of his roll-top desk, and the key of his safe deposit box, and a key to the little mail box at the front door of his flat the lives in what is known as a pushbutton apartment house, and a key that does something to his motor car (not being an automobile). I don't know just what, and a key to his locker at the golf club, and keys of various traveling bags and trunks and filing cases, and all the other keys with which a busy man burdens himself. They make a noble clanking against his thigh when he walks the way he usually is in a hurry, and he draws them out of his pocket with something of an imposing gesture when he approaches the grand glass door of his office at ten past nine every morning. Yet sometimes he takes them out and looks at them sadly. They are a mark and symbol of servitude, just as surely as if they had been heated red-hot and branded on his skin.

NOT necessarily an unhappy servitude, I hasten to remark, for servitude is not always an unhappy condition. It may be the happiest of conditions, and each of those little metal strips may be regarded as a medal of honor. In fact, my friend does so regard them. He does not think of the key of his roll-top desk as a reminder of hateful tasks that must be done willy-nilly, but rather as an emblem of hard work that he enjoys and that is worth doing. He does not think of the latchkey as a mandate that he must do his home by seven o'clock, rain or shine; nor does he think of it as a souvenir of the landlord who must be infallibly paid on the first of the month next ensuing. No, he thinks of the latchkey as a magic wand that admits him to a realm of kindness "whose service is perfect freedom," as say his friends in the prayer book. And he does not think of his safe deposit box as a hateful little casket of leases and life insurance policies and contracts and wills, but rather as the place where he has put some of his own past life into voluntary bondage—into Liberty Bondage at four and a quarter per cent. Yet, however likely he may be psychologically these matters, he is wise enough to know that he is not a free man. However content in servitude, he does not blink the fact that it is servitude.

"Upon his hip he binds a radiant chain," said Joyce Kilmer in a fine sonnet. However radiant, it is still a chain.

SO IT is that sometimes, in the lulls of telephoning and signing contracts and talking to salesmen and preparing estimates and dictating letters "that must get off tonight" and trying to wriggle out of serving on the golf club's house committee, my friend flings away his cigar, gets a cornob pipe out of his desk drawer, and contemplates his key ring a trifle wistfully. This nubby little tyrant that he carries about with him always makes him think of a river in the far Canadian north, a river that he visited once, long ago, before he had built up all the barbed wire of life about his spirit. It was a green lucid river that ran in a purposeful way between long fringes of pine trees. There were sandy shelves where he and a fellow canoeist with the good gift of silence built campfires and fried bacon, or slung by their own woeing. The name of that little known river (his voice is grave as he recalls it) was the Peace; and it was not necessary to paddle if you didn't feel like it. "The current ran" (it is pathetic to hear him say it) "from four to seven miles an hour."

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Lorenzo de Medici Patronized Living Artists
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The noble and most inspiring letter of John McLaughlin in the Evening Public Ledger of Monday, December 16, is something that ought to be published and published alongside of Mr. Pennell's imaginative article on the Lincoln Highway as a place for future memorials. The one pointing the way, the other calling attention to our "Lorenzo de Medici" as a real example for their support.

It is well for our art lovers to purchase old "valued assured" works of art, but the writer feels that a part of their activities should be directed toward the encouragement of living art. No one wishes to criticize the wonderful service that a J. Pierpont Morgan or a John G. Johnson has rendered to artists and the community alike, but I question their merit to the title of "true art patrons" when they have personally neglected the work of these of their time and turned completely to the work of the past. They are purely collectors. To condemn these noble men for their interest would be a crime. We need in this new country, all the European background we can have through their generosity, but now that our museums are literally filled to overflowing it is time that some blessed wealth turn their attention to the present-day artist.

Lorenzo de Medici was a builder of Florence; his generosity and pride caused him to patronize the artists then living, thereby laying the foundation of the Florence of today. Its beautiful public buildings, its bridges, its palaces, its churches and monuments add the very gallery which we enjoy today are filled with the work of that glorious period.

Whether this dream of Mr. Pennell's, so ably illuminated by John McLaughlin's letter, becomes a reality will be entirely due to two factors—first, our personal sacrifices and money to give art a real chance and, secondly, our constitution of our forces as few mistakes as possible may occur.

What Do You Know?
QUIZ
1. With what people do Italy's exaspirations?
2. Who was David Rittenhouse?
3. What was the Sandwich?
4. What was Audubon?
5. Why are names "for thoughts"?
6. Who was called the "Good Gray Poet"?
7. What cabinet position was held by Abraham Lincoln?
8. What was the capital of Newfoundland?
9. What is the meaning of "elect" used in connection with historical dates?
Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. The German fleet is now in the Brest Bay.
2. It is an alloy of copper and zinc.
3. The Sandwich Islands.
4. The name of the bird which was the ancestor of the modern turkey.
5. The name of the island of the Sandwich Islands.
6. Benjamin Franklin.
7. The name of the bird which was the ancestor of the modern turkey.
8. The name of the island of the Sandwich Islands.
9. The name of the bird which was the ancestor of the modern turkey.