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VOLUNTEERS! THREE thousand brave adherents have been appointed to jobs under the city government this year. They were not drafted, neither were they conscripted.

LET'S STOP TALKING AND ACT. THE State teachers' convention, now in session in Harrisburg, is to consider the demand for a 25 per cent increase in pay tomorrow.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE. APPROXIMATELY six million women cast first ballots in the recent British elections. One astonishing fact rises like a signpost—or like a cry in darkness, if you will—above the confusion of the balloting.

THE DALMATIAN MUDDLE. THE energetic campaign of propaganda conducted by both Italians and Jugoslavs with respect to Dalmatia have become the situation there to an extent highly embarrassing to seekers after truth and justice.

THE DALMATIAN MUDDLE (continued). There are racial factors which seem to support Italy's position concerning the Adriatic islands and at least a portion of a narrow coastal strip. On the other hand, the Croats have with apparent reason the historical claim in which they predominate.

In that case it would be strictly logical to return America to the Indians. Mr. Wilson's visit to Italy, whence he will start tomorrow, is well timed. Opinion in that country on the Dalmatian question is by no means conclusively crystallized.

THE OLD YEAR, PASSING, SHOUTS HER CHALLENGE!

At the Peace Conference and Elsewhere We Shall See What the World Can Learn by Hard Experience. OTHER years have been filled with the red tumult that was to decide the fate of mankind.

The war isn't over. It is in the coming year that it will be won or lost. Forces as great as any that met on battlefields will meet for mastery at the Peace Conference. Life will have a new beginning or it will take up the burden of hatreds and superstitions and drift on to the next disaster.

If we were an imaginative people we should be touched profoundly by the sight of the solitary American who moves against the vast background of a sorrowing world, against all the tides of national selfishness and passion, against vanity and ignorance, to keep the saving truth steadily revealed.

Mum is not the word. Mummies will displace it tomorrow. Mum is not the word. Mummies will displace it tomorrow.

LET'S STOP TALKING AND ACT (continued). The teachers deserve better pay. In this city the tipstaves in the Municipal Court receive twice the wages of the average teacher.

It will be said that this old year was the most terrible year in the world's history. That will be but half true. Times, like men, are burdened with evil inheritances.

It swept the whole world in tempests of grief. Yet, at the same time, this old year brought evil thronged down to the dust and permitted forsaken millions to lift their faces up from the ground in which they were trampled toward the light.

No king, no maker of empire can ever again look back upon 1918 without a graver sense of his duty. For it was in this year that the guiding lights of a common human purpose were set up high above every storm.

The New Year comes clothed in mystery. But it comes with a great inheritance. All the men who died left it something of their greatness, something of their high purpose.

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places, in business, in government, at the Peace Conference can be as faithful, as great-hearted as the unnamed men who passed through the fire and mud of war to save civilization.

A BLIND "TIGER"—CLEMENCEAU

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, speaking the language of Metetrnich and Talleyrand, shockingly echoes a discredited and tragic past. The epipnetic tone of the French Premier's address to the Chamber of Deputies is perhaps partly attributable to goading of his political opponents.

His open advocacy of the iniquitous and perilous balance-of-power system is little less than a betrayal of the ideals to which civilization ostensibly subscribed in waging the war.

War is the inevitable consequence of such teetering. Liberals throughout the world, and President Wilson in particular, now regard the Congress of Vienna with abhorrence, not because it made peace, imperatively demanded after the Napoleonic upheaval, but because an equilibrium based on the might of one group of Powers supposedly balancing that of another could not be otherwise than criminally unstable.

It was the illusory balance of power concert which revolted Washington and Jefferson and inspired their antipathy to any intervention in the European cauldron. It is that same fallacious code which sickens Americans today when they behold a spokesman of France, inherently and in spite of politicians one of the beacons of civilization, indulging in the preeminent language of military victory so ignoble and evil a formula.

Whether human nature is so constituted that a league of nations can be developed to save this planet from devastating wars has yet to be proved. But one thing is certain: the least auspicious experiment cannot be a worse failure than was the balance-of-power system.

The mass of mankind shrinks from its re-enactment, and the French Prime Minister's mentality is indeed seventy-seven years old if he fails to see that his tune is representative of the ruined Austria which he fought rather than of a noble nation whose lofty political philosophy is foremost in the minds of liberals everywhere.

Oh, of course! In Berlin they have formed a league "for the protection of the life and liberties" of the former Kaiser. It is logical to suppose that the movement is being backed by the insurance companies.

So Near, and Yet So Far. Vice President Marshall confesses that he was present at one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates and that Lincoln held him on his knees while Douglas spoke and Douglas held him while Lincoln spoke.

War Dist. Herbert Hoover's plans for feeding Europe will provide limited rations for the Hun. And the Hun is entreating that Mr. Hoover may hurry.

It is pliginally typical of the race of seventy-three Irishmen that they will neither stand for the Parliament for which they stood nor sit in it either.

THE CHAFFING DISH

A Letter to Father Time

DEAR FATHER TIME—This is your night of triumph, and it seems only fair to pay you a little tribute. Some people in a noble mood of bravado, consider New Year's Eve an occasion of festivity.

TO MY own taste, old Time, it is more agreeable to make this evening a season of gruesome brooding. Morosely I survey the faults and follies of my last year.

SOME of them have acutely entreated you, old Time! The thief of youth, they have called you; a highwayman, a gipsy, a grim reaper. It seems a little unfair.

Nature, once in the main of light. Crawled to maturity, wherewith being crowned, Crooked eclipses 'gained his glory fight, And Time that gave doth now his gift.

It is to be hoped, my dear Time, that you have read Shakespeare's sonnets, because they will teach you a deal about the dignity of your career, and also suggest to you the only way we have of keeping up with you.

WELL, my dear Time, you are not going to fool me into making myself ridiculous this New Year's Eve with a lot of empty resolutions. I know that you are playing with me just as a cat plays with a mouse.

WHAT avail, indeed, for any of us to make good resolutions when one contemplates the grand parent of human frailty? Observe what I noticed the other day in the Lost and Found column of the New York Times:

LOST—Hotel Imperial lavatory, set of teeth. Call for commode. Plint, 124 East 43d street. Reward.

LOST—Sixty valuable minutes, said to have been stolen by the unwary human race. If found, please return to Father Time, and no questions asked.

There is something wrong somewhere. The Electrical Bureau did not spend all the money set apart for this year. This will have to be looked into by the job seekers.

NOT THE RIGHT ANIMAL TO WAVE THE RED FLAG AT, ACCORDING TO THE RECENT ELECTIONS



THE INEVITABLE GOING ACROSS

By Roger Sawyer Forbes

The following sentiment for the new year was written by the Rev. Roger Sawyer Forbes, minister of the Unitarian Society of Germantown, who, although a newcomer in Philadelphia, is rapidly making a reputation for himself as one of the most inspiring preachers in the city.

TO GET into a "rut" is human. To stay there long is not humanly possible. For one of two things is sure to follow: Either the "rut" will rise on both sides and bury one alive or it will push in, most narrowly, and squeeze one to death.

IT IS as natural, too, for humanity to keep going across as it is necessary. From the day when the hardy Others, returning from the White Sea, showed the walrus teeth to King Alfred, to the time when our own Peary, going over broad lanes of open sea between the ice fields and 500 miles by sledge, reached the Pole, men have refused to be halted by chasms.

THIS is a good thing to keep in mind at the beginning of a year of yawning difficulties. The philosophers once had a seemingly impassable gulf to try to bridge, between Thought, Idea, Spirit on the one hand, and Matter on the other. They finally covered it. For they found in Will a common denominator.

THE chasms which we now fear are social and spiritual. But let them not daunt us. Events often help us on toward our difficult destination. The gulf between classes has been divided. Between "the employing class" and "the workmanman," it has been said, there can never be community of interest or exertion.

We see pictures of the mixed boards that have been dealing with industrial puzzles. For one who does not happen to know their faces it is impossible to tell which of these cheerfully serious gentlemen, employers and which are representatives of the workmanman. They all seem to have been working together as comrades. Unity is not out of the question.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Gompers sat, and also spoke, together recently at a dinner; the former being introduced as "the best loved man in the United States" and the latter as "the greatest labor leader in the world." Mr. Taft has never been charged with favoring Bolshevism.

THE "RAVING"

(With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, While I wandered weak and weary, Vainly looking for a corner Where to board the trolley line; As I shambled on undaunted, Suddenly, my eyes were taunted, Taunted by a street-car sign: "Know the Truth," it boldly belowed, "Tread not on my tracks divine."

Careless Public, be not reckless, Least ye find you're rendered needless. By those blameless, sacrificing Martyrs who would save our time; They care not for fuel so much, sir, Wear and tear on cars and such, sir, But they'd hate to charge a dime; Keep your backs from street-car tracks, And hail the road sublime. LEON L. CARROLL, U. S. N.

Not Parliamentary says Senator Reed, there is some comfort in the thought that the same thing may be said of some members of the Senate.

There would be no harm in such yawns as that of which Senator Reed delivered himself in New York about the League of Nations, if it were not called by Europe.

After President Wilson reaches Rome he will be able to learn whether the Italian ministry in the spokesman of the Italian people when it demands the Jugoslav territories on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The close view is always best in such matters.

What Do You Know?

- 1. What border city in England has been visited by President Wilson?
2. What is the mean distance of the moon from the earth?
3. What was Richard Lovelace and when did he live?
4. What is the meaning of the word "betwixt"?
5. How many stars were in the national flag which flew over Fort Mifflin, Baltimore, when Francis Pickens was Governor of the State?
6. What is the largest city in Sicily?
7. What is a limpet?
8. Who was Calender?
9. In what plays of Shakespeare does the character of Falstaff appear?
10. What kind of a soil is a jib?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz. 1. The official title of the British Foreign Secretary is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. 2. La Mancha, where Cervantes laid much of the scene of Don Quixote, was an old province of Spain in the southern part of New Castle. It is now comprised in the province of Ciudad Real.