

Evening Public Ledger

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ARE WE CIVILIZED?
In this city outrages have been witnessed recently which should not exist in a civilized State—Governor-elect Spruill.

MEADDO, HOMEOPATHIST
MR. MEADDO is urging that government control of the railroads be continued for five years longer in order to keep the roads out of politics.

THE FUTURE ARMY
NOTHING could be more reasonable than Secretary Baker's reminder to the House Committee on Military Affairs that plans for the future organization of the army cannot be seriously considered until after the Peace Conference.

AMERICANS WITH FOREIGN TITLES
IT IS now Chevalier Vanclan as Senator Mr. Vanclan has just received his title in the French Legion of Honor.

THE FIGHT ON BOLSHIEVISM
THE British ultimatum to Germany demanding that an extinguisher be found for Bolshevism in what used to be the fatherland, may have an ironic sound when it is remembered that all Germans seem enough to be dealt with seem to be doing their utmost already in efforts to restrain tendencies to ultra radicalism.

the method which may have to be resorted to by the Allies before Europe can be stabilized. The people in each affected country, rather than invading armies, may be required to put down Bolshevists before they are permitted civilized recognition or the privileges of membership in a league of nations.

Enormous disadvantages will attend any effort to put down Bolshevism by force. An invading army in Russia will inevitably provide propagandists of the red cult with the material for misrepresentative and inflammatory campaigns among the uninformed masses. The Allies cannot afford even to be making war upon peoples who believe themselves to be seeking freedom. Ultimately it may be necessary to isolate or quarantine countries afflicted with Bolshevism and permit the people to fight the issue out among themselves.

ROOSEVELT'S ENDOWMENTS OF INSPIRING IDEALISM

Another Man of Destiny Who Was Raised to American Leadership When the Country Needed Him

NO AMERICAN with a heart or a memory will be able to read of Theodore Roosevelt's death without a sense of something very much like grief. In after years, when the sky has cleared and the country has had time to settle down and look back tranquilly at the sources of that inspiration which has strengthened this generation and given wings to its purposes, we shall realize how greatly this dynamic personality contributed to the present greatness of the Republic.

Colonel Roosevelt's devotion to his country was not of the routine sort. It was passionate and almost religious. In the end Roosevelt is sure to be listed with the men of destiny. He appeared at a time when the great political parties, grown shiftless and mercenary, had permitted shrewd, selfish and powerful minorities to concentrate national energies under their own direction. His service in this crisis was extraordinary. He went to battle with the forces that were destroying the faith and courage of the electorate, and his leadership was like a trumpet call to the younger men in the country.

When Woodrow Wilson entered New Jersey politics as the candidate of a party that had every reason to fear a modernized Republicanism, he consistently praised Colonel Roosevelt and, time after time, characterized him as the inspiration of the general movement which tended to bring about a wholesome revolution in the ethics of party methods and party administration. Mr. Wilson said more than once in his earlier addresses that one of his great aims was to continue and broaden the work that Roosevelt had begun.

Because he was unselfish and devoted Colonel Roosevelt became a terror to the cliques. Like every other great American statesman his concerns and his faith were with the people rather than with the self-constituted powers ranged above the people.

Too much attention has been given to the picturesque side of Roosevelt's career by those who try to understand the secret of his extraordinary popularity. What the vast majority of Americans saw in Roosevelt was merely the vivid reflection of their own dominant characteristics—audacity, clean purposes, a hatred of mean things and a you-be-damned attitude of mind toward every group and every influence not in accord with the common desire for decency and fair play.

Those who have criticized Colonel Roosevelt for his restless war of words upon the present Administration have, in fact, missed the significance of one of the subtle and moving tragedies of American public life.

The Colonel's latter days were saddened and colored heavily by personal afflictions and intimate sorrow. He must have endured the aches that come to every strong man brought suddenly to a realization that his work is done. In a sense when the greatest of all service was to be done for his country he found himself out of action by the inexorable judgment of passing years and by the force of circumstances.

Some of Colonel Roosevelt's best friends felt that not all his attacks upon Mr. Wilson and the international policies of the present Administration were entirely wise. They were not. But, unlike much else that has been said of the President in these tumultuous years, Colonel Roosevelt's criticism was not inspired by selfishness or a desire deliberately to discredit a leader of the opposition party. Roosevelt would have been more than human if he had been able to escape every sense of bitterness because of his inability to participate in one way or another at the end and climax of the shining adventure which involved his country's strength and spirit.

In addition to the spiritual isolation that must have weighed upon him, Colonel Roosevelt had to endure the loss of one of his sons and the injury of another. Certainly his sense of separation and loss must have been thus intensified. The war brought him nothing but suffering and disappointment. He would have fought if he had been permitted to go. As it was, he fought as best he could and on the side that he believed to be right almost up to the moment of his death.

In the future we shall know exactly why his counsel was consistently rejected at the White House. It must appear to any astute observer that his active participation in administration affairs at this crisis was a manifest impossibility. Roosevelt had the habit of dominance.

It was the secret of his strength and the inspiration of his greatest work. There could be no room in a war cabinet for two minds of that character, since the present President has an almost identical mental habit. The similarity of the motives of both men and the common origin of their purposes make their differences seem all the more regrettable. What Roosevelt tried to do in America Wilson is trying to do for all humanity.

Colonel Roosevelt will be listed with the truly great Presidents. He came along in the nick of time, as Washington, Lincoln and Wilson have come, to shoulder exacting duties. He was the first President after Lincoln to perform really great services to the country. He left us the Panama Canal and the greater navy. But he left, too, ideals that have inspired thousands of men in every branch of the public service.

It is largely because of Roosevelt that the old sordid methods of conscienceless political managers can never again be solidly established in the United States. The fact is in itself an adequate monument to one of the greatest Americans of the century.

On land, as on ships, the Hatch-way may prove dangerous to the perversely unobservant.

WILSON REPLIES TO CLEMENCEAU

NO STATESMAN ever entered upon a more stupendous task than that which President Wilson is occupying himself at the present time. He is seeking to change the motives and purposes of Governments in Europe and to turn them into a new channel. Whoever has undertaken to overcome the inertia of any great corporation will appreciate somewhat the difficulties which the President is courageously facing. Habit, custom, precedent of years do not give way readily. No single man can of his own force overcome the inertia of the European Governments any more than he can overcome the inertia of an avalanche.

Mr. Wilson is not trying to do this thing alone. He is summoning to his assistance a power greater than the statesmen and greater than the Governments they administer. He is appealing directly to the fountain head of power—that is, to the peoples themselves. They are hungering and thirsting for an arrangement which will do away with wars and provocation for wars. And it is to such an arrangement the President is striving to make by bringing to bear upon the Governments the pressure of the public opinion of England, France and Italy.

Premier Clemenceau's declaration in favor of a balance of power rather than the concert of power for which Mr. Wilson is pleading has not discouraged him. His Chamber of Deputies speech in Rome was a direct response to Clemenceau and an announcement to this old statesman that his thinking was out of harmony with the thinking of the present. "There must be something substituted for the balance of power," he said, "and I am happy to find everywhere in the air of these great nations the conception that that thing must be a thoroughly united league of nations."

The French and the English have responded to this idea most heartily. They have looked upon Mr. Wilson as the herald of a new era and they are looking to their statesmen to cooperate with him. The Italians have also shown their sympathy with his purpose and he has most warmly represented to them that they are in hearty sympathy.

When the day of Rome made him one of its citizens he talked of the partnership between Italy and America in the work of freedom and said: "I would not have felt at liberty to come away from America if I had not felt that the time had arrived when forgetting local interests and local ties and local purposes men should unite in this great enterprise that shall ever be free men together as a body of brethren and a body of free spirits."

It is too much to hope that the ideal which the President is holding aloft will be wholly realized during the present generation. But if he succeeds in leading the world in the right direction he will have accomplished something very much worth while. The first step will be in the abandonment of the effort to balance the group of powers against another for the purpose of preserving world peace. The necessity of forming a concert of five nations hospitable to all other nations which qualify for admission so far overshadows everything else that it must ultimately control itself to the judgment of even so great a legend as Clemenceau. The British statesmen are committed to it and it is to impress its importance upon the other nations that Mr. Wilson is now acting as a sort of diplomatic hyphen connecting the people of the four great Powers with one another; or, to change the figure, he is acting as the mouthpiece for the utterance of the longings of humanity.

Both Ways—The whole group of statesmen in the Senate are now denying that there was any talk of emphasizing the President's message. That would be to seem. All that we are convinced of now is that there were signs of such an aim and that the aim was had either way or looked at.

It seems strange to an observer at this distance that there would be homicide and anxiety in Berlin because of a water's strike. The last time we heard from Berlin there was hardly any food available in that extraordinary city.

Can any one tell why The Mystery of 1919 is that that many earnest gentlemen who are now insisting in the criticism of what they call Mr. Wilson's dealings seem able to go comfortably along without a quiver of objection to the political theories fostered at City Hall?

The Hun Was Right! Speaking of devil hounds, it begins to appear that those of them now conspicuously active in the city are on the scent of their true prey about City Hall.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Our Own Nursery Rhymes
A Bedtime Ritual
(Try It on Your Oies)

THIS little eye is shut up tight,
This little eye has said good-night,
This little forehead has ceased to think,
This little nose is soft and pink,
This little ear has shut its door,
This little ear can hear no more,
This little cheek has now been kissed,
This little cheek has not been missed,
This little mouth its last has said,
This little chin has gone to bed,
Go to sleep at the end of the rhyme—
I'll see you again at breakfast time!

A Wet Night
"Bad night, eh?"
"Yes, horrible!"
"Good night to be home."
"You said it."

And yet is anything more lovely than the city streets on a drenching evening? Wide stretches of asphalt gleam like lakes of ink, dabbled and splashed with pools of amber and crocus yellow. Puddles of lilac and silver brightness waver and flash at every corner. Taxicabs spin and slide, their acid-chains clacking against the curbs. Pavements are molten gold. Broad streets is a dazzle, sparkle and shimmer. Here and there, outside the windows of cigar stores, the pavement is red as a parterre of carnations. And if, as so often happens, the downpour ceases about supper time, go out and watch the jeweled richness of reflections at theatre doors. Every curbstone is a ribbon of light.

The news that the Prince of Wales is to visit these parts reminds us of Artemus Ward's jocular and imaginary interview with a previous Wales. "I asked him how he liked being a Prince as far as he'd got," says Artemus. And his parting word to "Mr. Wales" was, "When you get to be King, try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin."

Whenever we see some such phrase as "Every one knows that the, etc.," we suspect that something is coming that we never heard of. "Most persons know," says that genial dominie, Dr. Dick Gummere, in the Nation, "that the Pennsylvania station in New York is a direct imitation of a restoration of the Bath of Caracalla."

We didn't know it. And pondering over it a bit, we wonder what friend Caracalla would have done if he had had to get along with a modern city apartment?

Twelfth Night is supposed to end the Christmas festivities, and it is always a little sad to see all the withered Christmas trees lying in the ash cans. It conduces to melancholy thoughts upon the swift passage of all mortal things, and so on—that is, of all except the ash wagon. For as day succeeds day and we still see our poor forlorn tree lying patiently in the alley, we wonder whether we may not be able to use it again next Christmas.

St. Agnes's Eve is coming along, when young ladies are supposed to be able to see a vision of their future husbands, provided they go supperless to bed and do not look sideways or behind them when they retire. If any dances in these parts have a hallucination of the Prince of Wales, they might list us off privately. The Chaffing Dish always likes to be first with the news.

We always delay as long as possible opening letters that come to us with little transparent envelopes in the front of the envelope. Sandwiched in between two such we have just found a communication from Eumio Faiseto, who says she thinks it is very brutal of the English to celebrate President Wilson's arrival in London by a prize-fight. We didn't quite get her at first. Then we saw what she meant—Boxing Day.

President Wilson and France
President Wilson has been received on his landing in France yesterday with an enthusiasm and a unanimity of acclaim rarely accorded to any man, and which is bound to increase, as it also makes manifest, the humane moral hold which he has asserted over the imagination not only of France but of every European country. It is of good omen, and we trust that the President will never to the full the tribute paid to him as once a great idealist—that is to say, a devotee of principle—and a great leader in practical affairs, and let the consciousness of power make him strong. He will need all his strength, all his practical effectiveness, if the ideal he has set up is to be effectively maintained. He is probably much stronger than we conceive, and there are right popular forces, forces which once stirred are irresistible, in this country at least—and the same thing is probably true of France—to which it is chosen he can appeal. In his own country he has had opposition, much of it just party opposition, and he can judge best how far it can be regarded, but here all parties are for him, at least in name, and the great forces are on his side. We hope and believe that in our own Prime Minister he will find no like-minded ally, and Mr. Clemenceau has already declared himself in favor of a "peace of moderation." The omens are favorable, but there are lions in the path.—Manchester Guardian of December 11.

There is little really appealing in the "Paganist" editor's appeal for a new trial in much more a verbal than an actual passage.

It would be interesting to know how many of the members of the committee of thirteen which just absolved the slip-stop depend upon automobiles in getting around the city.

There seems to be plenty of grit in the way the Southern Pacific withstands the onslaughts of Atlantic breakers and rather more than enough sand all about here.

A million love letters written by American soldiers are on the way to America. The censors who have to read all this correspondence will never be able to complain that they haven't had training in the arts of expression.

In the old days they used to call the political machine in this city the plunder-bird. For the time being it is tempted to cast aside this, still appropriate designation and write the City Hall outfit down as a blunderbird.

But are not, after all the crude songs the pictures, the constant allusions of speech the

EASY PICKINGS



JOAN OF ARC AND HER MESSAGE

The 508th Anniversary of Her Birth, Celebrated Today, Emphasizes Again the Beauty and Moral Grandeur of Her Ideals

GUNS of the great American battle squadron in New York, and of League Island also, boom today in honor of an anniversary which might fittingly be made the first international holiday of a league of civilized nations. Five hundred and eighty years ago, in the little village of Domremy, on the border of the old French provinces of Champagne and Lorraine, was born a human embodiment of the kind of spiritual force and clear moral vision toward which a war-wounded world turns in hope today.

History knows the child as Joan of Arc. Her story, unique in its interplay of incident, has been a potent agent of French patriotism for generations. Its supernatural features have provoked both puzzled skepticism and unqualified awe. Poets and dramatists at the invocation of her name have throbbled with eloquence. The greatest of them—Shakespeare—in a mood of national agnosticism, vindicated her memory in Henry VI, but his name is not always clearly traceable in that chronicle play; and, in any event, his discordant note is overwhelmed in the diapason of praise.

IT MAY be questioned, however, whether, until recently all the outpourings of either savants or singers caught the intrinsic significance of the Maid's message. Suddenly the war clarified it. The spirit of Joan of Arc was not merely rampant over French national idealism, but over a far wider domain of thought. The aspirations of a lovers of liberty upon the planet have been newly stimulated by the marvelous and unaging tale of the triumph of truth in an age of falsity; simple, fervent, and for justice in an era of shame and corruption.

Material only was the piteous death of the Maid of Orleans. Spiritually she was unquarrelable. It was the forces which she had set in motion which eventually ransomed her fatherland from the devastating invader. It is the same power which stirs the mass of mankind today in its unquestionable feeling that what is complex and cloudy in the world drama can be elucidated and dispelled by an application of elemental principles as familiar to the unlettered peasant as to the profoundest of scholars. President Wilson, and the diplomatic obliquity of quietly shifting situations, given repeated expressions to these sentiments. Joan of Arc, revolted and amazed at her two trials by the scholarly supplanters of her inquisitors, could as easily have comprehended the mass opinion of an age which in outward furniture bears but the remotest resemblance to her own.

IT IS in this continuity of thought—and perhaps in this alone—that the fifteenth and twentieth centuries are indissolubly linked. The new kind of the memory of the world upon the popular imagination, and published in the speech of statesmen and publicists, a way that has been emphasized in her day, a way in a popular song with which virtually every English-speaking soldier is acquainted, may be thus explained. France does not speak of idealism in terms of Nathan Hale, nor to us is "Chinese" Gordon the inevitable symbol of that spiritual quality. National heroes and heroines abound, figures of grandeur, nobility, moral beauty. But Joan of Arc effaces frontiers. Her example is an indisputable influence on the world thought. The battleships which signatize that fact today pay the only sort of respect of which they are capable.

But are not, after all the crude songs the pictures, the constant allusions of speech the

truest tributes, eloquent because simple, spontaneous, naive, informally and unexcusably genuine as the Maid was? If the date of her birth ever does become a holiday—and the event is quite conceivable—men and women in all the realms of freedom will not need to be instructed as to its meaning. They know it now, even those unacquainted with all but the barest outline of her story.

AS TO that tale, its external incidents, although of secondary import to the spiritual universality of its message, compose a biography unparalleled. Louis Koszuth pointed out that Joan of Arc was the only person of either sex who ever commanded the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.

Clinging to this line of thought, the record of her captivity of defeated armies following the authorization of her position by the spineless Charles VII, her superb triumph at Orleans and Patay are simply unmitigable accomplishments. Her failures at Paris and Compiègne are directly attributable to the sinister intrigues and indifference of the French Armagnac party, whose cause she so unselfishly espoused. Her absolute skill in leadership, a direction whose singular humanity in a grossly brutal age is attested by her sworn statement that she never killed a man, is unshadowed by those bitter circumstances.

OTHER mental moorings, unsupported by the smallest educational advantages—for she was illiterate—the valid official record of the great trial of 1412 and of the process of rehabilitation instituted by the church gave wonder-working evidence. Her replies to her accusers after she had been perditionally sold by her captors, the Burgundians, to her nation's foes, the English, are still marvels of penitence and touching mental honesty.

Nobles of all is the supreme value of her revolution of all that she had denied concerning her belief in her celestial mentors. "Many things," declared the girl, "did he [the preacher] say that I have never done. If I were to say that God has not sent me, I should be damned. It is true that God has sent me. My voices have since told me that by confessing I committed a great wickedness, which I ought never have done. All that I said I uttered through fear of the fire." From that point her courage never failed. The death pyre at Rouen had no spiritual terrors for her.

IT CANNOT be said that the exhaustive investigations of the visions and voices which she declared inspired her to undertake the deliverance of France have thrown overboard light on one of the most extraordinary chapters in history. The church has canonized her. Mark Twain, in his rhapsodic tribute, attempts no solution of the mystery. Its transcendental aspects appealed powerfully to the erudite Andrew Lang. Quincherat, the free thinker, admits that the evidence as to her "supernatural" faculties is "as good as any facts as in her history."

Even that serene repository of wisdom, Paris neurologist, who talks pretentiously of "unilateral hysteria," and then avers that "it became the open door by which the divine—or what Joan deemed the divine—entered into her life. It strengthened her faith and consecrated her mission; but in her intellect and normal. Nervous pathology can, therefore, cast but a feeble light on Joan's nature. It can reveal only one part of her spirit."

THE key word is the last. It is the spirit of the Maid which no shadow of dubiety can sully. It will ring as a deathless overtone in the reverberations of man's most ingenious machines of material power as they thunder in her memory over New York Bay and the Delaware.

A Voice From the A. E. F.

By Lieutenant Grantland Rice Third Army, A. E. F.

FRANCE may have Alsace-Lorraine; Italy can grab her share; Slip the British Turkey-Spain. Or a slice of old Ukraine, Africa, or anywhere; But so far as we're concerned, Looking back across the foam, With our faces westward turned, All we ask is—"Send us Home."

Belgium has a worthy claim On the war chest of the Hun; Serbia may well exclaim "We were also in the game." When you scored the winning run, But concerning just our stake, Hiking through the muddy loam, We have one request to make—All we ask is—"Send us Home."

Maybe we have done our part; Anyway, we gave our best; Though a trifle slow to start, We came through with willing heart—When we bumped against the test; Now when all rewards are due, Peering through the wintry gloom, This is all we seek from you—All we ask is—"Send us Home."

A Voice From Old Times Old Virginia—we mean ole virginny—swung back out of the past with its golden accent to speak in the person of that maid of Mr. Wilson's who fibbed and lied her land and dazed the household servants of England with the quiet statement that we have at the White House good dinner plate quite as marvelous as that of the royal establishment of Britain. One need not have been below stairs at Buckingham Palace to know how this daughter of slaves moved austere in that environment, refusing to be dazzled, proof against incredible wonders, stonily resolved to show no emotion—all for the honor of the old folks at home. Ole Virginny will recognize the trait. They will not smile in that environment, refusing to be dazzled, the servant in the house was not a "problem" and an irritation, but the jovial goodness of a heart and an authoritative guardian of family pride and traditions. And they will have a sudden wistful sense of something lost forever out of life.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What is the name of the King's palace in Rome?
2. What is the latest airplane altitude record, and by whom was it made?
3. What is hockology?
4. What was the nationality of John and Schuyler Van Cortlandt, who discovered North America?
5. What is the highest mountain in Africa?
6. What three books of the Bible are known as the Synoptic Gospels?
7. What is anionous?
8. How old was Joan of Arc when she was burned at the stake?
9. When is St. Valentine's Day?
10. What is the origin of the word jinxian?

- Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. The seven hills of Rome are the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, the Aventine and the Caelian.
2. Sixteen States have ratified the prohibition amendment and twenty more are necessary in order to inaugurate its passage.
3. Name from a long thin cigar, derives its name from the Spanish word "nono" bread, "nona" is a diminutive form of the word.
4. Marie Bashkirtseff, a Russian artist and writer, who died at the age of twenty-four, she has already given prominence to her name in the world of art and literature.
5. It has been estimated that the Roman calendar could accommodate about 87,000 calendar days.
6. The calendar in the Roman calendar were the first of the month.
7. Alexander Pushkin was called "The Wasp of Twickenham."
8. Mother-in-law is a puritanical element produced during the fermentation of the vinegar by mold fungus.
9. Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, is the highest mountain in the United States. Its height is 8710 feet.
10. The maiden name of George Washington was Martha Dandridge.