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living when a shattered world has been sanely reorganized. But at present much of Europe is tragically unable to follow his advice. A "Fletcherist" with no fool at all is a bitter anomaly. It is to the credit of the dietetic philosopher that he devoted himself so efficiently to the abnormal war times to work which gave almost a touch of irony to his slogans, for it so happened that the world's peril was not food, as he once implied, but its pitiful absence.

KENYON AND BORAH ON BOLSHEVISM IN AMERICA

Delusions That Haunt Washington and the Truth About a Matter That Congress Doesn't Seem to Understand

MUCH that is wild and much that is silly is being said and written of Bolshevism. Nowhere has ignorance of the true origin and significance of the Russian tumult been more evident than in Congress. Yet the country was altogether unprepared for the spectacle presented by Senator Borah and Senator Kenyon when they broke into print yesterday to babble tremulous warnings of "the menace of Bolshevism in America."

Do the Senators read? Do they know nothing of the life of Europe that would enable them to sense their own absurdity and the tragedy of the Russians? Are Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Borah victims of the superstition that falls sooner or later upon every man who refuses to recognize obvious truths? Or are we to have an All-Senators' Soviet for the Promulgation of New Campaign Issues? Time will tell. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that nothing so far uttered in the United States could serve more effectually to belaud the real truth about Bolshevism or to give vain hope to scattered propagandists of the cult in America than the Borah-Kenyon statement of yesterday.

Even while Mr. Borah and Mr. Kenyon were speaking, the hard-driven Germans in Berlin and the people of the Argentine Republic were proving again what every rational-minded man should know—that wherever civilization has once been decently established, wherever people are able to read, wherever great injustice has not prevailed to help demoralized radicals to leadership, there can be no Bolshevism.

Bolshevism is not a science. It is not even a theory of government. It is ignorance and fear and misery and hunger and idleness. It is not a menace. It is one of the saddest things in human history because it is the inevitable result of centuries of misrule which at last shook the faith and the courage in emotional peoples.

The cult of Bolshevism always stops at the limits of the famine area. That fact alone is more eloquent than any commentary that one might make in relation to the general question of eastern Europe. And even within the famine area left by the war, the tide of Bolshevism is receding. Lenine himself has recently been trying to enlist the sympathy of the more conservative elements in Russia since he found that he could not get along without them. Bolshevism reached its high point in Germany and there the wave of fanaticism created and broke against the defensive wall of German critical intelligence.

There was no time in all the recent disturbances when the new conservative government at Berlin, harassed as it has been, could not have swept Liebknecht and his Bolshevists out of existence in ten hours. But the German conservatives, with a wiser conception of the situation than is usual in this part of the world, maintained forbearance to the last and in sheer pity refused to turn machine guns on the rioters. In Russia Bolshevism is an emotion. In Germany it was a disorderly riot of the worst elements in the various cities led by half demoralized men.

and by Mr. Hoover and by the Allied representatives now in Paris, who have a far better understanding of the situation than Senator Borah and Senator Kenyon.

The Bolshevists under Trotsky and Lenine may stagger along for a time in Russia, because Russia is like no other country in the world. But Bolshevism is incompatible with reason. It denies all rights to those who do not agree with the doctrine on which it is founded. This is the doctrine which refuses to recognize personal rights. The Bolshevists in Russia aim to flatten all life out upon a common level. They deny the right of any citizen to live in his own way or to enjoy the happiness or the independence that he may earn by unusual talent or unusual industry. It is a philosophy for weak men and weak minds. Rather than rise, the Bolshevists, accustomed to roughing it close to the earth, want to eliminate all that is strange to them and draw all life down to their level. This is the philosophy in which Mr. Borah and Mr. Kenyon profess to see a menace to the peace of the United States.

The progressive legislation suggested by the two Senators "to keep Bolshevism down" was described as solemnly as if the Senate were, for the moment, a center of witchcraft. And yet schemes for averting the economic losses of seasonal employment, for the peaceful settlement of strikes and the like, are not new. Enlightened men everywhere in America long ago perceived the need for improvements in the general scheme of industry. It is not creditable to either Borah or Kenyon that they were, by their own confession, frightened into a recognition of principles long ago recognized as perfectly valid.

Yanks to Visit England

American soldiers in France are to be given an opportunity to visit points of interest in the British Isles before their return to this country. Descendants of those who came over in the Mayflower and later boats will have an opportunity to see the old home town, Westport, and to visit the birthplace of the nation, Stratford-on-Avon, Royal Leamington Spa and Edinburgh, "the many of the men are expected to visit these places." But what about the Liverpool docks? Artemus Ward, in Liverpool, fifty years ago, mentioned the fact that the natives mentioned the docks to him "at least once." And they have grown somewhat in fifty years.

Presidential Pup says 50 per cent of the girls he sees on "steam boat street" at the noon hour are hand-painted pictures.

Borah says he would rather die than admit that there is civil war in Munich, Ohio all right. A Munich War for the president, Haas!

Every railroad wreck investigation of a strenuous attempt to close a stable door after the horse has gone. Which is not criticism but commendation for the closing of the stable door is a safeguard for the horses remaining.

German Reds were forced to evacuate a brewery in recent fighting. But they fought to the last episode. And the Government troops probably enjoyed rushing the Spartacists.

Notice done brought up to date. "Haas, black sheep, have you any wool that hasn't been commiserated by the Government?"

Germany having been spanked and sent supplies to bed, a motherly Peace Conference will now consider giving him his breakfast after he has worked for it.

The Smoots scheme for a League of Nations shows appreciation of the fact that in a peace party there must be give as well as take.

With the carpet and rug-making industry at a standstill for lack of wool, the carpet of sixty miles in Philadelphia must feel like six cents.

An epidemiologist and diabetologist has been appointed adjutant general of New York. Secretary Daniels and Mayor Smith should hire him to determine just what ails us.

There is no limit to the size of aerial plane fleets of which the correspondents are dreaming (including passenger and freight lines across all the oceans) and no likelihood that the most imaginative of them will ever conceive the wonder of the actuality.

When President Wilson makes his speaking tour on his return to the United States, there will not be wanting political wisacres ready to declare that the round trip is designed less for international enlightenment than for campaign purposes.

Congressman Wood of Indiana, recently referred to Herbert Hoover as "the most expensive luxury ever fastened on this country." Oh, well, when we think of Belgium, we feel we are entitled to a little luxury now and then.

The fact that the policemen convicted of conspiracy are to hold their jobs and draw their pay until the Supreme Court passes upon the case seems to indicate that the State law has no terrors for Director Wilson.

In spite of the Berlin press agents, we cannot believe there is any danger from Bolshevism in Germany. For though Bolshevism has links in its conscience and blood-curdle in its brain, it also possesses a certain amount of idealism wholly foreign to Hun materialism.

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Tongue-Twisters of the Merchant Marine—Victor Berger and the Amenities

Washington, Jan. 15.

Too late now to make a change, perhaps, but that list of names given to the ship at Hog Island and attributed to Mrs. Wilson's sentimental regard for her Pocahontas ancestry would suffer revision if the jockies had anything to do with it. Think of a bright sailor lad on a day's leave trying to describe the sailing qualities of the good ship Sagappara, or getting up any American enthusiasm over the Quistoneck, or the Saccarappa, or the other unfamiliar and unpronounceable tongue-twisters intended to celebrate our aboriginal ancestors. Why require a pronouncing guidebook for Hog Island shipping, when it would have been so easy to adopt familiar names like Woodrow, or Penrose, or Schwab, or Winston, or Colonel House, or Major Smith, or Champ Clark, or Dave Martin, or Hoover, or The Vares, or Uncle Joe, or Uncle Dave, or The Darby Ram, or Tammy, or a third and one other names that might have provoked the fighting spirit.

THE trial of Victor Berger, the Milwaukee Socialist, who was re-elected to Congress, recalls his service here, where, as he said in the Chicago court, he was "cordially received by both Republican and Democratic leaders." Berger was regarded as a good fellow who did not talk too much and who, in the several speeches he did make, fairly and within proper bounds, defended the socialistic philosophy. Unlike his socialistic successor, Meyer London, of New York, who was defeated at the last election, Berger did not sit upon the Democratic side nor was he ever honored by being put in the chair, as London was on several occasions. Berger was the first Socialist to come to Congress, and as such was a momentary curiosity, but as in the case of all other celebrities, the novelty wore off. No man can long remain a hero—or a freak—where there are so many. Berger's virtue was his good humor. Some one saw him—a rank Socialist—getting his fingernails manicured and twisted him about it. "Yes," he said, "I have also taken a bath." It is interesting to note that Berger was elected over William H. Stafford, a Republican and one of the most industrious members of the House, whose parents were Philadelphians and who himself was a graduate of the Philadelphia High School. The conviction of Berger may now result in some action to unseat him, although Congress thus far has shown no disposition to proceed in the matter.

YOU can never tell. Even Henry M. Flieger, the Standard Oil magnate, who specialized on railroad construction in Florida, could not tell. Flieger put the east coast of Florida from Jacksonville to Key West on the map, made grand spots of St. Augustine, Daytona, Ormond, Palm Beach and Miami and established a "ferry" to Cuba. He blazed the way for E. T. Stotesbury, Philander C. Knox, Phipps, the steel man; Haman, the shoe man; Deering, the Harvester Trust man; William Jennings Bryan, Richard Croker, of New York; Colonel Ned Murphy, of Philadelphia, and other fairly "well-to-dos" who resorted to sea bathing in January when it suits their fancy. It was Flieger and his money that made it possible for Brother Collins, of Moorestown, N. J., to get the property done to help him beautify and develop his once waste area on the shores of Biscayne Bay. Flieger could influence banks and railroads and bend them to his will, but he couldn't tell what was going to happen when his strong hand relinquished its hold upon the situation. Now it develops through the marriage of his widow to Doctor Bingham, of Kentucky, and her death thereafter, that probably the last thing the Florida pioneer would have dreamed of has happened. His vast estate, accumulated in New York and elsewhere, approximating \$100,000,000, is being settled in Louisville, and the inheritance taxes alone are reported to be sufficient to wipe out the entire debt of the Blue Grass State.

THE departure of Lieutenant Colonel George W. B. Hicks to "do things for Philadelphia" under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, which "forced" him to the Government, takes away from the War Department a very efficient officer. It is not generally known at home that George Hicks, city statistician and designer of the "comprehensive plan" which featured Mayor Rebyrour's Administration, was in direct charge of all the cables between the War Department and General Pershing, and that under his care orders went forth to back up our forces to the extent of \$10,000,000,000. While on the job here, the Colonel—he started in as Major—was in his element as an organizer. He set up more than twenty departments to handle the mails, the telegrams, the telephones, the cables and the transportation of supplies, and he goes back to Philadelphia with bigger ideas than ever about the things that should be done to properly develop the city. The Colonel's son, George W. Hicks, also entered the service, having been overseas as a sergeant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, whose activities as a Mason have made Alexandria, the home of his lodge, a Mecca for the brethren, is not the only Washington who attained distinction in the fraternity. There's Jim the printer, or, to be more accurate, James W. R. Washington, who, before the typesetting machines upset the calculations of the stick-holders, was one of the swiftest compositors in the business. Jim is past master of Richmond Lodge, No. 230, of which he has been secretary for years. Always something of a poet and author, Jim has now gone into the Masonic history class with Julius Sachse; Judge Norris S. Barratt, John K. McCarty, Judge George B. Oriady and the other literary lights of the craft. His story of Richmond Lodge, which has found its way to the capital, is comparable in some respects with the historical sketch of Kensington Lodge, No. 211, prepared for its 100th anniversary in 1886 by J. Fletcher Budd, an old-school Philadelphia lawyer.



THE CHAFFING DISH

How Henry Does It

IT WAS a bright busy morning in the office of the Dearborn Independent. Henry Ford in his editor's sanctum had scattered crumbs of bread on the window-sill for the birds and was deep in the composition of his weekly humorous page. The managing editor wheeled his rubber-tired desk up toward the stained glass window representing Integrity triumphing over Sloth, adjusted his wind shield, gave one or two preliminary honks and started off on high gear to ascend the heavy grade of a leading article on the Peace Conference.

As he rounded a sharp curve into the third paragraph a proofreader approached with a worried face. In his hand he held the manuscript of an article for the next week's issue.

"What are we going to do about this?" he asked.

The managing editor released his clutch and muffled his exhalation.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, this stuff the Boss bought the other day. Some one came in and sold him a bunch of epigrams. He passed them on to me; said they were the brightest, newest things he had read in a long time. That's just the kind of thing we need, he said—some of the homely truths that have never been uttered."

"Well, what's the matter with homely truths?" said the managing editor. "Truths are still true even if they're homely."

"Look at 'em," said the proofreader.

The managing editor took the sheet. At the top, in Henry's hand, was written "New Sparklers for Our Readers." Underneath were the following:

A stitch in time saves nine.
Be sure you are right and then go ahead.
Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
Nothing succeeds like success.
All is not gold that glitters.
The love of money is the root of all evil.
Necessity knows no law.
Can the Ethiopian change his skin?
Kid hearts are more than carrots.
There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

"This is terrible," said the managing editor. "We can't print those. Do you mean to say the Boss bought them?"

"Gave the author five hundred dollars for 'em."

"Well, look here," cried the editor in a panic, "run out and buy a copy of 'Bartlett's Familiar Quotations' for the Boss. If this news gets around among the authors, we'll have him paying good money for the serial rights of the Book of Proverbs. Hurry up, man, or we'll go bankrupt."

Just then a musical chime sprang through the office and the editor sprang to his feet. "There goes the bell!" he said. "That means the Boss has finished another article. Ten minutes' recess for everybody."

The door of the sanctum opened and Henry came out, his blue eyes shining with enthusiasm. In his hand was a roll of manuscript.

"Ah," he cried on seeing the editor, "I have discovered how to do it. Before writing my article I sat down and read the multiplication table. How splendid it is, and it's all true! It gives one such a grasp of essential facts, of underlying principles. The great truths are so simple, don't you think?"

Putting on Slippers

Perhaps the pleasantest action known to man (by which we mean human beings) is putting on slippers. Whether in farmhouse, city apartment or hall bedroom;

THE COLONEL

Deep loving, well knowing

His world and its blindness,
 A heart overflowing
 With measureless kindness.

Undaunted in labor,
 (And Death was a trifle,
 As swift as a saber,
 Direct as a rifle.

All Man in his doing,
 All Boy in his laughter,
 He fronted, unflinching,
 The Now and Hereafter.

As stanch as a cedar,
 A comrade, a brother—
 Oh, such was The Leader
 We loved as no other!

When weaker souls faltered
 His courage remade us,
 Whose tongue never paltered,
 Who never betrayed us.

His hand on your shoulder
 All honors exceeding,
 What breast but was bolder
 Because he was leading!

And still in our trouble,
 In peace or in wartime,
 His word shall redouble
 Our strength as aforetime.

When wrongs cry for fighting
 No odds shall appal us;
 To clean, honest fighting,
 Again he will call us!

And cowboys or doughboys,
 We'll follow his drum, boys,
 Who never said "Go boys!"
 But always said "Come, boys!"
 Arthur Guiterman, New York Tribune

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ**
- How many renewals of the armistice with Germany have been made?
 - How many cabinet changes have been made in President Wilson's two administrations?
 - Who was Grant's Democratic opponent in the time of his first election in the presidential campaign?
 - How much did the United States pay for the purchase of the Virgin Islands in the 1890's?
 - What are popular actors, one an Englishman and the other an American, called this year?
 - What is the significance of the word "epigram" as applied to champagne?
 - What is a marabout?
 - What does the abbreviation N. S. stand for?
 - Who said "Spare the rod and spoil the child"?
 - What is the highest mountain in the southern hemisphere?
- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**
- A gold chevron on a soldier's right arm is called a bar.
 - The Princess Patricia, popularly known as "The Princess Pat," is captured by Alexander Ramsay, of the British navy, in the Battle Sea.
 - The Gulf of Bothnia is the northern arm of the Baltic Sea.
 - Joseph Rudman Drake was an American author of "The Captain Jack" (1895-1870).
 - Thomas W. George has announced his resignation of the cabinet office of Attorney General.
 - Plethora means unhealthy copiousness; overflowing.
 - The caricatures usually of King and Queen used on a shipboard to keep company with ministers and ladies in a harbor are called a King and a Queen.
 - Genera is the plural of the word genus.
 - Andrew W. George was elected to the office of Attorney General.
 - Nimbus clouds are rain clouds.

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