

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CHARLES H. LINDSAY, President

EDWARD J. COUGHLIN, Vice President

JOHN C. MARVIN, General Business Manager

DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor

Published daily at Public Ledger Building

Independence Square, Philadelphia

Subscription rates: Philadelphia, \$3.00 per annum

Other cities, \$3.50 per annum

Single copies, 10 cents

Entered as second-class, March 29, 1878

Post office at Philadelphia, Pa., authorized

Acceptance for mailing at special rate

of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa.

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Company

Printed at Public Ledger Building

Philadelphia, Pa., Wednesday, January 29, 1919

Member of the Associated Press

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is authorized

to use the name of this publication

in all news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

to use the name of this publication in all

news dispatches received by it or not

otherwise credited to this paper, and also

ROLE OF THE SMALL NATIONS MUST NOT BE MINIMIZED

Fair Play With Them at the Outset Will Greatly Facilitate Settlement of Some of the Most Ticklest Problems of the Peace Conference

DISPUTE with one of the nineteen so-called "little nations" represented at the Peace Conference lighted the spark which set the world ablaze. It was an argument concerning the throne of one of the secondary Powers of Europe which provoked the Franco-Prussian War. Two small republics in South Africa seriously embarrassed the military power of Great Britain from 1899 to 1902.

Motives decidedly stronger than those of mere sentiment may therefore be attributed to Jules Cambon, whose compliments to the valor and national dignity of Belgium, Serbia, Rumania and Greece foundered on a delicate situation in Paris this week, and assuaged their displeasure and that of the sister states in their captivity in the quintuple power reconstruction machinery.

Assuredly, the skillful French diplomatist was keenly aware that the mere size of a nation is no index at all to its capacity for creating, whether justifiably or otherwise, world unrest. It is easily arguable that for the present the concentration of executive authority in the hands of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan will greatly speed the peace program and result in the simplification of many intricate problems, but it is just as obvious that those countries which were loser factors in the war should be in harmonious relationship with the "inner council."

"Little nations" is a convenient, but it is certainly a superficial characterization. Two of the countries without the five-power jurisdiction—China and Brazil—are territorially among the largest nations of the globe. The total governmental sway of the group of nineteen embraces millions of square miles of land and millions of peoples. Militarily the class is not strong, but its potentiality is enormous.

Had the war continued much longer Brazil would have entered her stride with a "first army" of 200,000 men which she was preparing to send abroad. With her population of more than a score of millions, this would have been a significant beginning. Already her efficient navy had performed valuable service in civilization's cause. It may seem fanciful to imagine China, lately a prey to so much disruption at home, as a great military nation, but equally extravagant must have appeared a concept of a unification of German power in the days of Jena, only a little more than a century ago.

Almost a satiety of epic themes has perhaps occasioned some diminution of emphasis on the tragic tales of Belgium, Serbia and Rumania. But their laurels may still be proudly worn. In gloomily inverse ratio to her territorial ranking in Europe was Portugal's fidelity to ancient treaty obligations, exemplified by her participation in a conflict with which she had no other direct concern. The services of Greece become distinctly vital in the suppression of the Mediterranean submarine depredations and in General D'Esperey's brilliant campaign against Bulgaria. The South and Central American republics, which were officially belligerents or diplomatically divorced from Germany, facilitated in many ways the prosecution of the anti-German warfare.

Full and honorable recognition of the services of the whole nineteen nations and of their associates whose delegates have not yet reached Paris is justified, however, on grounds of practical interest as well as gratitude. Justice to our alleged "senior" allies is necessary to strengthen the arm of fair play in the settlement of some exceedingly intricate details.

Nations, like the individuals which compose them, are prone to covetousness when conditions seem favorable. Portugal, with her vast and largely undeveloped African possessions, is reported to loom longingly at parts of nearby ex-German colonies. Belgium is said to seek Limburg. Serbia favors the merger of Montenegro in the kingdom of "Black Peter." Poland has radical expansionist aims. Peru hopes for an international adjudication favorable to her claims to the provinces of Tacna and Arica conquered by Chile in the war of 1879-84. Jugo Slavia, although without national existence until the war ended, presents the most perplexing of all the questions in her Adriatic aspirations, which conflict with Italy's.

No finite mind, however discerning; no tribunal, however august, can be expected to find ideal solutions for the multiplicity of enigmas presented by the small nations. No settlements can be more than approximations of values. A high standard, however, can be maintained in the spirit in which they are made, and it is therefore of prime necessity that the sincerest due recognition be paid the "small nations" now in order that no imputations be cast on the motives prompting the delicate process of adjudication.

It is an ancient trick of human nature for a man of a nation to becloud

CONGRESSMAN MOORE'S LETTER

Conflicting Reports Concerning the Return of Army's Dead—A "Guest Chaplain" in Congress—"Milk-Fed" Marchers

Washington, D. C., Jan. 29. CONFLICTING reports with regard to the War Department's intentions in the matter of the return of our soldier dead from Europe continue to agitate a number of Philadelphia families. As late as December 2 the adjutant general gave notice that the bodies would be returned at the expense of the government as soon as the work could be conveniently entered upon. Meanwhile reports have gone out from Washington indicating that many patriotic relatives have preferred that the bones of their loved ones should remain upon the other side. H. E. Shenton, president of the Philadelphia Meter Company, is not one of these, and there are many others like him. The death of Mr. Shenton's son—his full name was Donald Thomas Shenton—was one of the saddest.

The young man enlisted in Company E, 10th Regiment, Engineers, Twenty-seventh Division, and became a corporal. He survived the fighting and was able to congratulate his brother Edward, who was in the same regiment, upon the armistice and the prospects of an early return to the United States; but on November 29, after hostilities had ended, he was killed, along with a number of his comrades, while engaged in "moving tank mines from the roads. The young man was buried with military honors in a cemetery at Vignolles, but the parents believe the remains should be restored to them for suitable interment in the land of his birth. In this they are sustained by the expressed desires of many other American parents, who do not entertain the notion which has been in vogue of late that "one place is as good as another" for a soldier to be returned to mother earth.

Government has decorated with the "Rosette of Officers" in the Legion of Honor, were a citizen of England he would most likely be knighted. It is only the Constitution of the United States and a little matter of citizenship apparently that stands in the way of similar honors being conferred upon the President and numerous army and naval officers who have likewise been winning the favor of foreign governments during the war. So far as Beck is concerned, he has probably earned all the distinction England can bestow. He was a booster for John Bull long before the war and he kept it up incessantly during the war. In one thing, however, he probably made a step in advance of American sentiment. He proposed that the United States should cancel its loans to the Allies. Subsequently another sympathetic Pennsylvanian, who has migrated to New York, the former Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, proposed the same thing. The idea has not taken root in Washington. Even the retiring Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, has spoken out against it. And it is highly probable that if Messrs. Beck and Wickersham were to give ear to the business men and other taxpayers who have to make good the \$5,200,000,000 that was loaned to the foreign governments they would themselves abandon the thought. It is altruism run to extremes.

DR. S. BLUM, for many years the head of Nazareth Hall Military Academy, comes to Washington at stated intervals to brush up on national affairs. The doctor talks of Corley and Wickersham and other celebrities as "my boys," and watches their every public move with the pride of a father. He is an inveterate reader of the congressional proceedings and generally puts in a day or two in the galleries when here. "I read Penrose's speeches," says the doctor, "and then keep track of what Mitchell Palmer does to get the other side." After leaving the capital "Sammy," as the Nazareth boys familiarly call the doctor, is usually equipped to discuss politics or statecraft with the best of them. And this applies to former Congressman Schenck, the Republican orator of Nazareth, and to Henry J. Meyers, the Bethlehem lumber king. They will be pleased to know that on his last visit the doctor had the honor of taking the place of Reverend Condit, the kind chaplain who opens the House proceedings with prayer.

The Zero Hour is a very grim reality to some of our boys in northern Russia these days. The dispatches say that the Kaiser calls very tight money. We'll bet he's just made enough to raid Charles Beutlick's cellar after all the household he is in bed.

Ballad of the Timid Gunman  
An imported gunman from the Bronx says he got scared when he heard the shooting at the Finletter Club and ran away. News item.

Yes, Judge, I live up there in the Bronx.  
When I began a stiff, I ain't here. Tough town, each time a lizze-honey. Some guy gets it handed to him.

He was framing things for a bunch of Hans.  
So he come to me for re-arranging. He wanted to hire a mob of guys. But 'ast done stuff, no shooting.

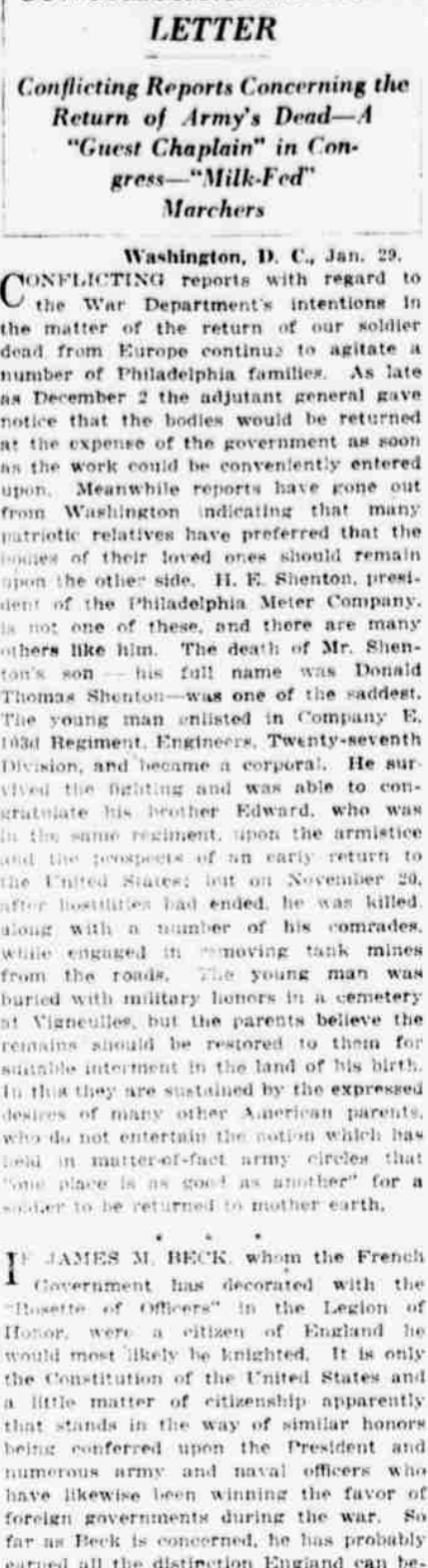
Well, Judge, me and some other blokes  
That came from Hackensack. Signed on to once-over a bunch of cokes With the little old blackjack.

We went to Philly, and in a year,  
They dolled us up for the dirt. They took us down to a club at dark, We pushed some studs—say thirty.

Now, Judge, I don't mind heading a dome  
Or bashing a guy in the back, But I don't like the tune of Home Sweet Home. The big six-shooters speak.

I earned my kale. They called me out  
When a skull demanded treating;

"TODAY'S A LONG, LONG DAY!"



THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

SENATOR DAIN has the right idea. Very many of the needless tragedies of humanity are due to the promiscuous use of firearms by irresponsible people.

We're not able to convince ourselves that a revolver is less dangerous than a wife or a bottle of whiskey. You can't have a wife without a license; pretty soon you can't be able to have a bottle of whiskey at all. Why not put firearms under similar restrictions?

Limit firearms to the guardians of the peace and to those who are fit to use them properly.

The State has not only a right, but a duty, to place restrictions on the distribution of anything that may become, misused, a public menace. Given carrying a concealed sense of humor may be a misdemeanor. We suggest that a license should be required for those who propose to carry a sense of humor in public. Certain necessary questions should be asked, such as: Do you propose to discharge this sense of humor at objects the community prefers to take seriously? Do you promise not to make light of the Congressional Record? Do you promise not to scoff at the solar system? Do you promise not to make jokes about Russia without at least trying to find out what is happening over there?

What will be the jokes of the future? Will there be some cosmic Henry Ford to push off from this planet in an earnest endeavor to visit the other side of the moon and get the rumors out of the Shadow by Christmas?

The Zero Hour is a very grim reality to some of our boys in northern Russia these days. The dispatches say that the Kaiser calls very tight money. We'll bet he's just made enough to raid Charles Beutlick's cellar after all the household he is in bed.

Ballad of the Timid Gunman  
An imported gunman from the Bronx says he got scared when he heard the shooting at the Finletter Club and ran away. News item.

Yes, Judge, I live up there in the Bronx.  
When I began a stiff, I ain't here. Tough town, each time a lizze-honey. Some guy gets it handed to him.

He was framing things for a bunch of Hans.  
So he come to me for re-arranging. He wanted to hire a mob of guys. But 'ast done stuff, no shooting.

Well, Judge, me and some other blokes  
That came from Hackensack. Signed on to once-over a bunch of cokes With the little old blackjack.

We went to Philly, and in a year,  
They dolled us up for the dirt. They took us down to a club at dark, We pushed some studs—say thirty.

Now, Judge, I don't mind heading a dome  
Or bashing a guy in the back, But I don't like the tune of Home Sweet Home. The big six-shooters speak.

But a Great Laughter

They do me wrong who show me sad of face  
Slender and stooped, gentle and meek and mild.  
As if I were forever reconciled  
To sting of hate and bitter of disgrace.  
I was youth's lover, sweetest in the race,  
I was friend of beggars, brother to the wild,  
No ill-featured, scowling-hearted child,  
But a great laughter, confident of place,  
Shoulder and buster, sailor, carpenter,  
I strode the land and followed with the sun,  
Knew atoms and bosons and slow steady eyes,  
Felt each new April through my body stir,  
Then, when 'twas over, and the loving done,  
Even with a smile I knew my enemy.

Original "Mother Hubbard"  
Elizabeth of Hungary is supposed to have been the original of "Old Mother Hubbard." She lived in the fourteenth century and was a daughter of a Hungarian King. She became the wife of Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia, and gained renown for her benevolence. She transformed the royal palace into a refuge for the sick and poor and built hospitals and homes for them all over the land. Her sympathy for the sufferings of others was such that she traveled through her dominion and personally nursed the afflicted. After the death of her husband she was driven from the palace and spent the remainder of her life in wandering the streets, her only refuge being the bosom of the poor people she had revived and befriended. At her death thousands wept over the pained grave. New York World.

Apology of nothing in particular, may we not draw attention to the fact that never in the history of civilization have the newsmen of the world been doing a greater work than they are doing today.

The ending of the small nations to the big powers in the Peace Conference is not merely a case of making a virtue of necessity; it is a reconstruction of the fact that work that has done more good and effectively by comparatively small hands and an agreement that their interests will be faithfully looked after by those in authority.

What do you know?  
1. What constellation is known as the "Crosses?"  
2. What celebrated American naval commander was killed in a duel and is buried in Philadelphia?  
3. What was the name of the Greek philosopher who was a native of the island of Samos?  
4. How did "Golly Gosh" get his name?  
5. What is the meaning of the word "Bachelorette?"  
6. How many men compose a machine gun company in the United States Army?  
7. For how many years in the seventeenth century was England under a non-monarchical form of government?  
8. What are the compasses of a ship?  
9. When did St. Petersburg live?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz  
1. James Thompson, of Philadelphia, discovered coal in the Wyoming Valley, Pa., in 1858.  
2. M. Tschiriac was the Bulgarian Minister of Foreign Affairs.  
3. The Austrian 10th of the son of Napoleon was killed in the battle of Waterloo.  
4. The word "bachelorette" was pronounced as "Bough spelled 'schelle."  
5. A Zollverein is a union of States having a customs tariff against outsiders and usually free trade with each other. The word is German.  
6. Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address four hours after the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and the famous oration was made on November 19 of the same year.  
7. Ben Jonson wrote the play "Every Man in His Humour."  
8. The dome of the Capitol at Washington is crowned by a statue of Freedom, modeled by Crawford.  
9. The mechanism of a three-masted ship is known as the "gaff."  
10. A newt is a kind of lizard, a small-tailed amphibian, allied to the salamander.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

SENATOR DAIN has the right idea. Very many of the needless tragedies of humanity are due to the promiscuous use of firearms by irresponsible people.

We're not able to convince ourselves that a revolver is less dangerous than a wife or a bottle of whiskey. You can't have a wife without a license; pretty soon you can't be able to have a bottle of whiskey at all. Why not put firearms under similar restrictions?

Limit firearms to the guardians of the peace and to those who are fit to use them properly.

The State has not only a right, but a duty, to place restrictions on the distribution of anything that may become, misused, a public menace. Given carrying a concealed sense of humor may be a misdemeanor. We suggest that a license should be required for those who propose to carry a sense of humor in public. Certain necessary questions should be asked, such as: Do you propose to discharge this sense of humor at objects the community prefers to take seriously? Do you promise not to make light of the Congressional Record? Do you promise not to scoff at the solar system? Do you promise not to make jokes about Russia without at least trying to find out what is happening over there?

What will be the jokes of the future? Will there be some cosmic Henry Ford to push off from this planet in an earnest endeavor to visit the other side of the moon and get the rumors out of the Shadow by Christmas?

The Zero Hour is a very grim reality to some of our boys in northern Russia these days. The dispatches say that the Kaiser calls very tight money. We'll bet he's just made enough to raid Charles Beutlick's cellar after all the household he is in bed.

Ballad of the Timid Gunman  
An imported gunman from the Bronx says he got scared when he heard the shooting at the Finletter Club and ran away. News item.

Yes, Judge, I live up there in the Bronx.  
When I began a stiff, I ain't here. Tough town, each time a lizze-honey. Some guy gets it handed to him.

He was framing things for a bunch of Hans.  
So he come to me for re-arranging. He wanted to hire a mob of guys. But 'ast done stuff, no shooting.

Well, Judge, me and some other blokes  
That came from Hackensack. Signed on to once-over a bunch of cokes With the little old blackjack.

We went to Philly, and in a year,  
They dolled us up for the dirt. They took us down to a club at dark, We pushed some studs—say thirty.

Now, Judge, I don't mind heading a dome  
Or bashing a guy in the back, But I don't like the tune of Home Sweet Home. The big six-shooters speak.