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peared so fair, she was enabled to pursue for many years her game of conquer the world. Many of the Americans now in Coblenz never saw a foreign country until they crossed the Atlantic. The reactions following the armistice are not yet overthrown.

PROPAGANDA RUN MAD HIDES TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA!

Civilization Can No Longer Afford to Shirk an Obligation Upon Which World-Security So Vitally Depends... PROPAGANDA and chaos thrive upon each other reciprocally. As the state of Russia grows more and more anarchic special leaders gallop with increasing fury on their respective hobby-horses.

THE MEXICAN TROUBLE WORKS

NERVOUS reactions follow quite naturally in the Carranza government upon the news of the formation in New York of an Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico. And there has been a lifting of eyebrows in Paris at the unexpected announcement that a large representation of American and British financial interests is assembling there to tell the Peace Conference of the woes encountered in efforts to operate under Mexican oil, mine and land concessions.

Unparalleled is the glut of verbiage—and unbelievable. For truth is crushed in a combat of contradictions. Upon its resurrection does the whole future safety of Russia—and by logical extension—of the world depend.

GETTING ALONG

ALL is fair," they used to say, "in love, war and business!"... Times change and men change with them. The Peace Conference is preparing to put the blight of universal disapproval upon submarines, poison gas, long-distance bombardments of civilian communities and air raiders.

KING MANUEL'S DUBIOUS CHANCES

THE Portuguese situation continues obscure, but as yet there is no substantial ground for fearing a comprehensive backsliding toward monarchy. Lisbon is the heart of Portugal as Paris is of France. While the great metropolis on the Tagus continues republican, the line of the Braganza is unlikely to be restored.

WAR MEMORIALS

THE magnitude of the war has naturally proved embarrassing to its commemoration in art. Grandiose memorials are not readily hustled into being. "Comprehensive plans" are halted in a conflict of expert opinions or await the passage of huge money appropriations without which the work is declared to be "impossible."

RHINE CHARM

GENERAL GOURAUD admitted the other day that the Rhine Valley, with its charming scenery, its background of romance and its neat, well-built towns, is one of the most attractive regions of the globe. Letters from our own soldiers sound its praises and the press correspondents in some alarm are reporting the occupation is drawing between German and French billets.

ANTIS IN THE SUFFRAGE RANKS?

OF COURSE, women should have the vote if they want it. They do a large part of the world's work. Their lives are touched every day in factories by laws which men make. The welfare of their children, their property, the direction of the schools with which they have a keen concern are all involved with the processes of government in which they have no hand.

CHRISTMAS AT CHATENAY

By Captain Robert H. Nones, Jr. Dental Corps, A. E. F.

FOR months to come, and possibly for years, we will all be so busy reading the news of this war as they are written by those who have seen through it that it will be very difficult for the writers of fiction to keep up with the true tales of the world conflict. We will all grow weary of reading about it. We will hear of the deeds of non-combatant organizations, of how they worked under shelter and of their work in the rear. There will be many tales written about Christmas, 1918, in France and it is of this that I write.

SINCE coming to France I have been in many places and I have seen strange things, but recently I have been assigned to a post where the work is entirely new to me. I am stationed at an air base some depot, about a hundred miles from the city of Paris and but a short time ago within close range of the big guns. The work of this post is, as the name implies, to supply spare parts for airplanes. As the present there are about 800 men and thirty officers here. They are divided into five squadrons. For instance, there is a pursuit squadron, a day bombing squadron, a construction squadron, a supply squadron. In army parlance, we are living in the field. This is everything that one may look for in the life of a soldier except bugle and shell, plenty of rain and wallowing in mud up to our knees. About a kilometer away is the small village of Chatenay-sur-Seine. The people seem to like the Americans very much, not only because of the fight which we have been in together, but from their kind hearts. There are about seventy-five children in the village, and every child is a pet of some of the men in the camp.

THE idea was conceived of trying to make this Christmas in this little station one that we would never forget. We thought the best thing we could do would be to make those who had suffered most in the last four years feel happiest—the French people. The way to reach the heart of the grown-up is through the children. Why not give the Christmas to them? It was no sooner suggested than it was acted upon and every man gave nobly to the cause. An officer was sent to Paris with orders to buy "beautiful" toys for the children; that the sky was the limit, and he nobly performed his mission.

Christmas Eve was the time chosen for the big affair. All day the men had been at work preparing for the evening. Some had been rehearsing songs, others decorating the trees, others in the woods gathering mistletoe and greens. I imagine the happiest of the whole bunch are those under Lieutenant Mimor, who were sorting out and arranging the toys and tagging each boxful.

IN FRANCE at this time of the year night falls early, and at 4 o'clock the lights go on. Seven o'clock was the time set for the festivities. Long before the hour, however, the villagers and their children arrived, and all sent themselves in the Y. M. C. A. "hut." From the excitement showing on the faces of all one could see that the folks were keyed up for something which was evidently new to them. And I might say that every one of those seventy-five children acted as though they were about to have the time of their lives.

PROMPTLY at 7 o'clock the orchestra played an overture, and at the finish the curtain was drawn aside, disclosing the scene in its best surpassed description. In the center of the stage stood a huge Christmas tree, beautifully decorated, and on each side a smaller one. The whole scene was illuminated by a multitude of colored lights, and electric and pyrotechnic. It was indeed beautiful, and for a minute all was silence, and then a huge shout and cheer filled the place. The audience was very happy. Mr. Pettit then came on the stage, made a short address upon the purpose of the gathering, offered a prayer and requested that every one rise and sing the "Hallelujah Chorus." The song was followed by a sergeant, who told the French people in their own language the reason for their being present and of our customs in America at this time of the year. He finished his talk by saying that "Santa Claus" was on his way from America and was expected any minute. While we were awaiting the arrival of that kind old gentleman we were entertained by vocal and instrumental singing by a quartet of fine voices. The last song had hardly died down when we heard a clatter that we looked on the stage to see what was the matter. A man and behold the faithful "Old Man" had arrived, promptly, as usual. You can well imagine the noise which followed his appearance. He certainly did not stop to hear it. I had a hard time figuring which were the bigger kids, the children of the village or the soldiers. Anyway, everybody was a sight there, and filled up with the Christmas cheer.

THE children were next called upon the stage, the youngest boys first, then the oldest, and after that the girls. As were given presents, and there wasn't a face that did not beam. This was really the first Christmas of its kind they had ever seen. The youngest recipient of a present was about six months old. One of our sergeants carried the little child in his arms and gave him a horn and a ball, and you should have seen that kid's face when he saw his face in a pin. Little Emilie Deloivre is now the proud possessor of a replica of a French "twenty-five" gun. Maurice Penna, our own sergeant, gave her a doll and a pair of shoes, and she was very happy. I'll just bet those boys are trying to knock the teppins down today by firing their "twenty-five" at them. It was good to watch the little four-year-old Yvette Frazier's face light up with joy when Santa handed her a beautiful little doll.

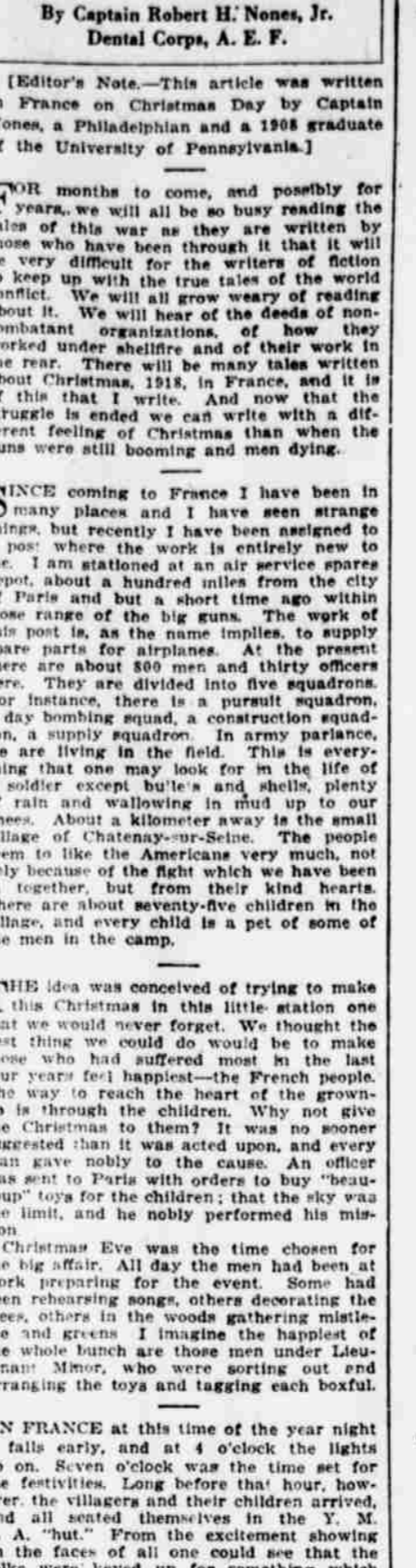
Every one of these children, upon receiving their toys, made a pretty little courtesy and a "merci" or a "bon homme noi!" And so the party went on until all had been supplied. We, sitting down in front, and seeing it all, enjoyed the spirit of the occasion. We enjoyed seeing these little children, many of whom have lost their fathers in this war, being made happy. It does one a lot of good to see the look of appreciation on the French child's face when any small favor is done for it. The French children are so wonderful.

Maybe the Peace Congress will take up the matter of making the metric system universal. It hasn't enough to do at the present writing.

French pilots will soon be guiding French and German vessels on the Rhine. The Watch on the Rhine is being fitted with French works.

Without the militant suffragists would be glad to gum up the Welcome sign on the Brussels carpet when the President visits the Belgian capital.

"THAT 'VICTORY' HABIT IS HARD TO LOSE, YOUR EX-HIGHNESS!"



RUBBER HEELS

Ballade of Stresses and Strains... IF ANYONE thinks it's a trifle to toss off a fanciful strain, just ask dear Xantippe—my wife'll admit how I cudgel my brain. The anvil where forges the chain. Of a verse, learns some horrible smiting—The best of it is the refrain. That is, the refraining from writing!

XANTIPPE may loyally stifle The rumors of anguish and pain—She'll guard the front door with a rifle. While I chivy verses in vain; But some day I fear she'll complain Existence is far too exciting—The best of it is the refrain. That is, the refraining from writing!

XANTIPPE dear not for her life'll Confess that my verse is her bane; Just hint it, she'll flash you an eye-fall Of wholly convincing disdain; And yet I am sure she is fain That I should relinquish inditing—The best of it is the refrain. That is, the refraining from writing!

Envoiy... O POETS! Be wise and abstain: Your frenzy the home life is blighting—The best if it is the refrain. That is, the refraining from writing!

Old Mortality... IT HAS long been customary to make fun, in rather patronizing fashion, of the elegiac verses that our forefathers loved to carve on tombstones. Wits have made merry over the simplicity of these homely rhymes; and indeed many of them, concealing in their apparently naive phrases a quaint or even unintended turn of satire, are funny enough to modern eyes exempt from the personal pang. And yet, standing on such sandy footing as the drifting dunes of Time, humanity is in no station for unmixt mirth on this topic. We sometimes think it is almost a pity the old custom of tombstone verses has vanished. It has always been a human instinct to break into rhyme when the heart is strangely stirred, and sincerity is always apparent even through the clumsiest vesture of song.

Giving Nebraska Her Due... HERBERT Johnson, the cartoonist of the Saturday Evening Post, has called us up (and also called us down) about that article of ours the other day on cartoonists.

Affectionate Daughter of... Died December 24, 1887. When Christmas bells ring out their chime And holly boughs and sprigs of thyme Were hung on many a wall, Our LIZZIE in her beauty's prime Lay in our darkened hall.

AND what could be more proudly moving than the inscriptions on the resting stones of the old Swedish pastors of Gloria Dei, men of stern courage, who crossed a weary sea to labor for their faith in the strippling city of the unknown West? Of Olaf Farin, one of these, it is nobly written, "And in the Last Combat, Strengthened by Heavenly Succours, He Quit the Field Not Captive but Conqueror."

WOMAN MADE THE WAR HER OWN

WOMAN made the great war her own. One flings On paper no Aeneids of the brink That cannot be, in the same jet of ink, Bracketed with her graphic winnings Of service sheaves at home. Nor may the slings Of howsoever venom'd fortune sink Her caravan of mercy, fragile link Cementing an entente of kindred kings.

WHAT shield do not her fervencies emboss? What victories put is unkindled of her lips? Her sacrifices song to sea in ships, Her prayers as pennons in the vanguard toss; And, radiant herald of Apocalypse, Lo, in her breast the wound of the Red Cross!

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON. Bolshevism is the rule of the proletariat and the elimination of the upper and middle classes; it is practical Marxism socialism. Strict adherence to its principles would make not only an organized State impossible but an organized army equally impossible. The organization of the present Bolshevist army, therefore, means a departure from the principles on which the party was founded. The army's supreme command represents the aristocracy; its under officers, varying grades of the middle class. When its "proletaria," the Soldiers' Council, ran things, disaster followed. Its present success in different fields may argue the growth of a stability that may eventually make for a strong government. At any rate, one guess is as good as another at the present stage of the proceedings.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What is a woodchuck? 2. Who is Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court? 3. Who was George Frederick Watts? 4. Of what country was Oscar Wilde a native? 5. What is the meaning of the word hierophant? 6. What inscription does the red flag of the Bolshevists bear? 7. Which hemisphere, the Northern or the Southern, contains the greater amount of land? 8. What is the meaning of Porto Rico? 9. What is a periphery? 10. How many planets are in the solar system?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Flume should be pronounced as though spelled "Fow-gh," with the accent on the first syllable. 2. An oratory is a small chapel, place for religious worship. 3. Kipperd means cured by cleaning, rubbing with salt, pepper, etc., and drying with air and smoke. 4. Ernesto Novelli was a noted Italian comedian. He died last week. 5. A Mohammedan who has made the sacred pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to be called Hadj. 6. Des Moines is the largest city in Iowa. 7. France has had nine Presidents since the foundation of the Third Republic. 8. Colonel E. M. House is reputed to be the author of a novel called "Philip Dru, Administrator." 9. The expression, "chick as leaves in Valombrosa," is derived from a passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which runs, "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Valombrosa." 10. A word in classical mythology was a snake.

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