

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Saturday, December 6, 1919

MOORE IS NOT AFRAID OF A FIGHT
THERE are men who will disagree with Senator Vare when he says that whatever political support Mayor-elect Moore has must come from the Republican city committee.

Mr. Moore was not supported by the committee in the primary campaign. He was bitterly opposed. If the senator's plans carry and the new committee to be elected in the spring is controlled by his friends, Mr. Moore will find little support there.

The senator's statement is really a threat that unless the Mayor-elect makes a deal with the city committee he will find himself opposed by that body. And the machine politicians chuckle when they think of the charter provisions which forbid city officeholders from taking an active part in party affairs.

Well, perhaps they can; but the new city committee has not yet been elected. And not even Senator Vare is certain that when elected it will be the kind of a committee which will do his bidding.

He regretted that the victory for the opposition was not more decisive, for he said that under the circumstances there would have to be another fight. We rather from what Mr. Moore has said that he is ready for it and that it cannot begin too soon to suit him.

It is this unequivocal disclosure of history which this newspaper is privileged to present to its readers. Of all the many chapters of the war which have already been set down, here is one in which the principals are not asked to tell what they think they did.

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A Chicago man told the National League of Compulsory Education meeting in this city that what was needed for the successful upbringing of children was more old-fashioned spankings. But the dear man loses sight of the fact that one can't get the old-fashioned spankers at the old-fashioned prices.

Unless the final peace terms are accepted by Germany, allied troops may occupy two German cities. Either the Huns will eat crow or the Allies Essen-Frankfurt.

Here and there is the feeling that the government in causing the arrest of all the nine leaders is using the wrong kind of a club. What it needs is a putter.

Three thousand six hundred and twenty-one tons of raw sugar arrived in this city yesterday—which is about enough to sweeten somebody's cup.

The proposed two-eighth-five tax rate is just a shade stronger, as it were, than the late more or less lamented near-ber.

It is not true that a meeting of foot-pads has been called to protest against lightless nights.

Time might be saved in newspaper offices by having a standing head: "Today's Fur Robberies."

In approving the \$2.85 tax rate, Mayor-elect Moore shows the right kind of courage in the face of a disagreeable situation.

Five punches put Beckett out in the London mill. The same thing happened to many, too, before the uniform lid went on.

for years. A strip fifty feet wide on its western side was cut off long ago for a new street. The square has been rented as a cow pasture, which was certainly not in the purpose of Penn when he laid it out for public use.

The layman will be inclined to believe that if the square could have been used as a cemetery and a cow pasture it certainly can be enlarged to make room for a boulevard connecting the City Hall with Fairmount Park. But we must suspend judgment until the court speaks.

MERCIER'S SPIRITUAL SWORD PROVED UNCONQUERABLE

His Own Story of Belgium Stirring Demonstrates the Weakness of Material Weapons When Unassisted by Right and Truth

"STRONG is desire," said a great German who died before his nation was disgraced, "but stronger still is resistance." The war proved that. It was an epic of resistance.

It is a familiar belief that endurance is made potent by weapons, by concrete instruments marshaled with skill, welded with emphasis, welded into a material organization.

These indeed are powerful agents. But it was not by these alone that civilization was saved. It was an unseen sword that made victory inevitable.

There were statesmen who raised it—its blade of spiritual puissance—there were soldiers of many lands who bore it proudly into battle, there were men and women innumerable who disdained to sheathe it through the bitterness of all the world's agonies.

There was in Belgium Desire Joseph Mercier. The strong lance of justice was his, unviewed and unconquered. Others have hurled it before the great cardinal, but to him was given command over three factors making for superb accuracy of aim—a mind, a soul and a pen.

Thus equipped, he waged a fight that has few parallels in history. It is, moreover, unique in warfare in that the record of it is undebatable.

What happens in the clash of armies in battles is the stuff of argument for centuries. "Interpretation," however, is powerless to becloud the truth of Cardinal Mercier's utterly fearless resistance to the oppressors of his native land and his undaunted defense of his enslaved compatriots.

The German rebuttal is of equal authenticity. The authorship of the return correspondence cannot be questioned. The result is not merely documents in the case but the case itself.

It is this unequivocal disclosure of history which this newspaper is privileged to present to its readers. Of all the many chapters of the war which have already been set down, here is one in which the principals are not asked to tell what they think they did.

The collected correspondence corroborates many general impressions. Ever since the news of the Christmas pastoral of 1914 leaked out of Belgium early in the next year the world has known something of the courage and patriotism of Cardinal Mercier.

It was known that for four and a half years he was, so far as material forces are concerned, at the mercy of the German invaders. Yet throughout all that tragic season no coercive physical hand was ever laid upon him by any representative of the foe.

The primate of Belgium never recalled a single flaming utterance. His faith in the eventual triumph in the right never wavered and he never flinched when the expression of that conviction became necessary to hearten his countrymen. The slenderest opportunity for alleviating in any way their lot was ever eagerly seized.

Why did the confident von der Goltz, the stern von Bissing, the intolerant Falkenhause, delegates of a nation that had mastered half Europe, fail to dismay this incessant questioner of their authority? The unseen sword is the only answer. It challenged every new iniquity of their invention and it was wielded with consummate skill.

It is evident now that there were two wars in Belgium. King Albert stood firm in the marshes of the Yser. He fought with guns. The cardinal established his position in Malines and fought with voice and pen. The conflict was opened with the arrival of the first governor general of Belgium, von der Goltz Pasha.

With magnificent adroitness the prelate opened an offensive with a demand for a guarantee that there could be no deportations of Belgians. The extracted promise entrenched the cardinal, and with it, when repudiation took place, the subsequent authorities were repeatedly plagued. It was so with many other despicable German maneuvers. The cardinal was not only brave, patriotic, spiritually exalted, but he was a master of the technique demanded by the character of this singular drama.

rasing situation, lamely requests the cardinal to "let bygones be bygones."

The humility was, of course, temporary, but that it was observable at any time is proof of the extraordinary nature of the strife. Some of the cardinal's victories were scored at the very moment when the might of the German power elsewhere was, though transient, very terrible.

The defeats of the right present the other and piteous side of the picture. Autocratic cruelty in large and petty forms was consistently practiced in Belgium throughout the entire period of the occupation.

Unjust arrests and imprisonments pale the excesses of the French revolutionary terror. Cities destroyed, persecutions and tortures, the agonizing deportations of the industrial population, hideous official crimes of every description forever blacken the record of the insensate empire.

But, though outwardly Mercier in his unending resistance might seem to have failed, the fight for him was never hopeless. For he had hope. It burned a lambent beacon when outrage and defilement wrought their foulest evils.

The pastoral letters, issued on many such occasions, throbbled with patriotic eloquence and unshattered faith. Albert was called the king, Belgium was called free when the tyrant's heel superficially appeared least vulnerable.

The cardinal's ringing address in Ste. Gudule, Brussels, on the anniversary of Belgian independence thrilled its auditors with its forecast of certain redemption. The great organ poured forth the strains of "La Brabanconne." Cheers for freedom rang out. And a few blocks away, at the "Kommandatur," was von Bissing, so-called ruler of Belgium!

The usual threats of repressive measures followed this stirring incident. But those which were executed could not recall the demonstration. The cardinal had heartened his flock. No punishment that von Bissing could impose could pay for the spiritual refreshment gained.

Professor Mayence, of Louvain, editor of the cardinal's book, declares that the prelate had "one thing alone in view—to do his duty."

As the cardinal conceived it, and as it is revealed in the products of his own pen, this determination embodies the whole philosophy of patriotism in its loftiest sense and a simplicity of heroism and a zeal for justice against which no ring of steel or might of material weapons could prevail.

INTO SPACE!

EMMA GOLDMAN and her associates made anarchy pay. They capitalized and exploited a pretended regard for the poor and lived fatly with the dividends returned by unruly temperaments expressed in books, pamphlets and newspapers.

But in Russia all temperaments are unruly. There Miss Goldman and Berkman will not have the appeal of novelty. They will have to compete with the entire population. And so, when they were ushered from the mainland of the United States yesterday and interned at Ellis Island to await deportation, they faced a prospect of real work for the first time in many long years.

It is not surprising that these two anarchists fought bitterly for the privilege of remaining in the United States and shrank in terror from the prospect of life in a country that has come about to their point of view. Their trade is gone.

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MAYOR-ELECT MOORE'S LETTER

Reminiscences of the Shooting of Henry C. Frick—The Bacharach of Atlantic City and the Washington Dinner to Mr. Moore

Washington, Dec. 6. THE death of Henry C. Frick will recall to the minds of Colonel George Nox McCain, F. Cresson Sebell and other Philadelphia newspaper men that exciting day in Homestead, July 23, 1892, when the great ironmaster was shot in his Pittsburgh office by a leader of the strikers.

It was a day of great excitement all day, but Homestead, the little steel town eight miles out on the Monongahela, where the employees of the Carnegie works were on strike, became figuratively a seething human furnace. Feeling had been intense ever since the capture of the Pinkertons by the strikers and the law had been taken over by the workmen, who held the town under the auspices of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers.

The news of the attempted assassination aroused the workmen to a high pitch and gave the newspaper correspondents who were unhappily laboring in the borough the time of their lives. The organized workmen early disclaimed any connection with the shooting, and it soon developed from Berkman's own statements that he was acting on his own account apart from those who were engaged in the industrial contest.

That was back in 1892, about twenty-seven years ago, and Colonel McCain, who has recently gone along with the international industrial congress, held in Washington, will probably admit that while the industrial unrest of today is more widespread than it was twenty-seven years ago, it has been no more exciting.

And though twenty-seven years have elapsed and Berkman, the anarchist, has served his term of imprisonment for shooting Frick, he and Emma Goldman, to whose activities many people attribute the shooting of the lamented Frick, are still active in the Department of Justice talks of deporting these two "borers from within," but they still linger with us in the United States. Surely the mills of the administrative gods grind slowly.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM M. COATES, of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, has forwarded to Congress a memorial protesting against the further tolerance of "the Red evil" in the United States. Secretary William R. Tucker joins Mr. Coates in this memorial. It deals with conditions of unrest and insists that the "boring in" process should be met by appropriate legislation suggesting deportation for those who will fully disturb the peace and breed anarchy in the United States.

The committee on immigration and naturalization, of which Representative Johnson, of Washington, is chairman, will probably receive this memorial. That committee now has under consideration several bills intended to hasten the deportation of undesirable. One of the great difficulties, however, is the ease with which some undesirable seem to return to the United States over the Mexican and Canadian borders.

Although it has not made much headway, a proposition before Congress to deport undesirable to some island of the sea where they would be obliged to remain and "bore in" for a living. Some members of the House have suggested that a guard might be placed on such an island to see that the trouble-makers, once located, are kept from escaping. They could then practice their theories upon themselves.

CHARLES L. FLANAGAN is about to come to the old "Young" Republicans as Emanuel Furl is to the State Fencibles—no deck and always true to the old associates. But Charles has suffered a handicap in one way and has attained an advantage in another, in that he pulled out of Philadelphia some years ago and located permanently at Riverton, N. J., where he was postmaster. When Charles gets over to Philadelphia, like most other city congressmen, he talks Philadelphia politics like a native and wears the button of his favorite candidate.

If old-time Philadelphians, still interested in its affairs but living on the other side of the Delaware or in Bucks, Montgomery, Delaware and Chester counties, Pennsylvania, were to meet together, they would talk Philadelphia politics like a native and wear the button of his favorite candidate.

Those Bacharach boys of Atlantic City held the boards at Washington this week. In the conversation was a host of "Uncle Joe" Cannon and other celebrities at a dinner to the Mayor-elect of Philadelphia, and Mayor Harry, of Atlantic City, was one of the star speakers. Brother Benjamin was a silent listener, but as a fraternal leader at the playground of the world, he had already been a frequent congressman who were assembled at the board.

There is a pleasant relationship now existing between Washington and Atlantic City, in which Philadelphia shares. To a large extent the Atlantic City part of it is due to the cleverness of the Bacharach boys in looking after the interests of the city of Philadelphia. They go down to the shore for a breath of ozone.

CONGRESSMAN JOSHUA W. ALEXANDER, of Missouri, comes along to take the place of Secretary Redfield, of the Department of Commerce. Judge Alexander is one of the best men in the country. He is a Democrat of the old school and a highly respected citizen of his state. Curiously enough, when the Democrats organized the House they picked Judge Alexander, an inland lawyer, for the chairmanship of the committee on merchant marine and fisheries.

The President has already shown a commendable endeavor to bring about a better understanding with regard to international navigation customs, and on that expedition was thrown in contact with Andrew Furuseth, the leader of the seamen's unions of this country. Much of the war legislation showing the interest and shipping interests was plotted through the House by the Judge.

Whenever occasion he went to Philadelphia, evincing a deep interest in the Delaware river and our shipbuilding institutions. Philadelphia had a friend in Secretary Redfield, who was always strong for waterway development, and there is every reason to believe the new secretary will be equally friendly.

PITMAN, the camp-meeting place on the West Jersey Railroad, where many Philadelphians live happily in the summer time, figured in the recent Charleston-Savannah waterways exposition. William C. Walls, the paper bag man of North Eleventh street, Pitman's fire marshal, was the ship's decorator. He also participated with Captain William E. Bernard, once of Camden, and W. W. Morgan, of Philadelphia and Alloways, in most of the entertainment at the exposition.

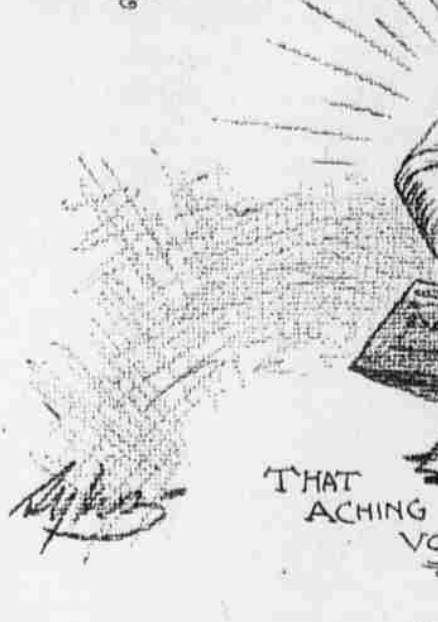
Another member of the American Dredging Co. Kalpe did not make many speeches, but as a chorus leader he surprised even the river men with whom he had fraternized so many years.

J. HAMPTON MOORE, The newspaper paragrapher notes with concern theories neither affect his time nor all his space.

PAST PERFORMANCES



AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION WAS ANSWERED.



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Owl Train Across the cold moonlit landscapes. A while good folk are at home curling their toes in the warm bottom of the bed, the Owl trains rumble with a gentle drone, neither fast nor slow.

There are several Owl trains with which we have been familiar. One, rather aristocratic of its kind, is the caravan of sleeping cars that leaves New York at midnight and deposits bustling business men of the most aggressive type at the South Station, Boston. After a desolate progress full of incredible jerks and jolts these pilgrims reach this dimpest, darkest and most Arctic of all terminals about the time the morning coolish begins to warm his bosom on the gridirons of the sacred city.

Another, a terrible nocturnal prowler, slips darkly away from Albany about 1 a. m., and rambles disconsolately and with shrill wailings along the West Shore line. Below the grim Palisades of the Hudson it makes painful echoes. Its first six units, as far as one can see in the dark, are blind express cars containing milk cans and coffins. We once boarded it at Kingston, and after uneasy slumber across two facing seats found ourselves impaled upon Trewhaven three hours later. There one trends dubiously upon a ferryboat in the fog and brume of dawn, ungiving eyelids in the bleak dividing pressure of the river breeze.

BUT the Owl train we propose to celebrate is the vehicle that departs modestly from the crypt of the Pennsylvania station in New York at half-past midnight and emits blood-shot wanderers at West Philadelphia at 3:16 in the morning. The railroad company, which thinks these problems out with nice care, lulls the passengers into unconsciousness of their woes not only by a gentle and even gait, a progress almost tender in its carefully modulated repression of speed, but also by keeping the cars at such an amazing heat that the victims promptly fade into a swoon. Nowhere will you see a more complete abandonment to the wild postures of fatigue and despair than in the pathetic mering plush settees. A hot eddy of some garnish-flecked vapor—certainly not air—rises from under the seats and wraps the traveler in a nightmarish trance. Occasionally he starts wildly from his dream and glares frightfully through the misted pane. It is the custom of the trainmen, who lipote softly through the cars, never to disturb their clients by calling out the names of stations. When New Brunswick is reached many think that they have arrived at West Philadelphia, or (worse still) have been carried on to Wilmington. They rush desperately to the bracing chair of the platform to find that they are still in the train. The trainmen take a quaint delight in keeping the actual whereabouts of the caravan a merciful secret.

ODDLY assorted people appear on this train. Occasional baughty revelers, in evening dress and opera caps, appear among the humber voyagers. For a time they stay on their dignity; sit bravely upright and talk with apparent intelligence. Then the drowsy poison of that stifled atmosphere overcomes them, and they fall into the arms of their brethren. They turn over the opposing seat, elevate their nobler shins and droop languid heads over the ticklish plush chair-back. Strange aliens lie spread over the seats. Nowhere will you see so many faces of curious foreign carving. It seems as though many desperate exiles, since they travel by day, use the Owl for moving obscurely from city to city. This particular train is bound south to Washington and at least half its tenants are citizens of color. Even the endless gawdy of our dusky brother is not proof against the venomous exhaustion that befalls in suffocation. The ladies of the train are comfortably prepared for the hardships of the route. They wrap themselves in huge fur coats and all have sofa cushions to recline on. Even in an all-night session of Congress you will hardly note so complete an abandonment of disillusion, weariness and cynical despair as is written upon the blank faces all down the aisle.

Even the last power of a George Creel or a Will H. Hays would droop before this three-hour ordeal. Professor Einstein, who talks so delightfully of discarding Time and Space, might here reconsider his theories if he brooded, basking gradually upward, on the hot green plush.

THIS genial Owl is not supposed to stop at North Philadelphia, but it always does. By this time Philadelphia passengers are awake and gathered in the cold vestibules, panting for escape. Some of them, against the rules of the train, manage to escape on to the North Philadelphia platform. The rest, standing huddled over the swaying couplings, and the leisurely transit to West Philadelphia as long as the other segments of the ride put together. Stoically, and beyond the power of words, they lean on one another. At last the train slides down a grade. In the dark and picturesque tunnel of the West Philadelphia station, through thick mists of steam where the glow of the firebox paints the fog a golden rose, they grope and find the ancient stairs. Then they stagger off to seek a lonely car or a nighthawk taxi.

To Will Lou (Who thinks Alec was the only caller at the Globe Cafe) WILL: O Will, O Will, O! cognac ran so madly. Porto gave such zippy edge to the morning head. That I cannot blame you, much, if you look back sadly. To these Clermontois days, days that now are dead.

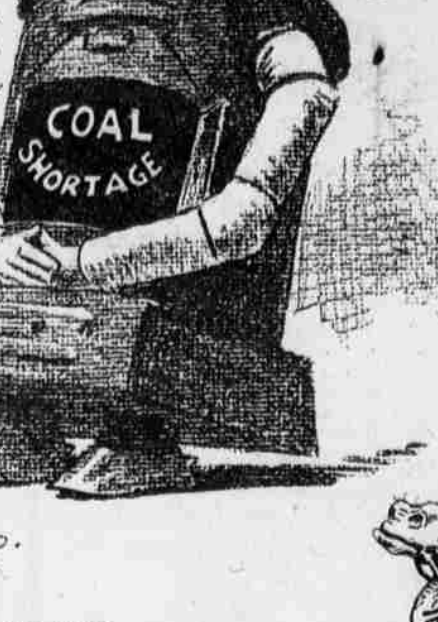
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What the economists used to call the law of diminishing returns nowhere comes into play with such tragic rapidity as in the devouring of doughnuts. We went with a certain Southsayer to buy a platter of steaming hot slinkers at a Chestnut street palace of pleasure. After the first, our mood was "All's well with the world." After the second, we both began to recall that Napoleon won his victories on an empty stomach. After the third, we waddered along the street agreeing that life is a melancholy illusion.

THE IDOLS



TOO HOT TO HANDLE.



THE IDOLS

IT LIES, a broken thing, upon my heart, poor scattered clay Of fancy, all its beauty gone; While each prosaic day Assists the rust

That wears illumination away, Transmuting it to dust! When love within my heart was young My idol in its shrine I set, and tribute to it flung Of all hopes that were mine. But it was she Whom I had fancied half-divine Destroyed it carelessly.

The dullness of oppressive years, The hurt as love expires, The perfume of needless tears, The dust of old desires Within my shrine Lie like the ashes of old fires Over that dream of mine.

And in my soul a sullen smart Persists. 'Tis she has wrought This desolation in my heart. . . . And yet, a tender thought Stirs for she who Has brought my fancied dream to naught May mourn an idol too. —Sydney Bulletin.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. How old is the ex-Empress Eugenie? 2. What name does she adopt in France? 3. What is her age? 4. What state does Senator Fall represent? 5. Who is Rene Bazin? 6. To what nation did Fiume belong before the war? 7. Who is the new Italian ambassador to the United States? 8. What is a lieutenant? 9. What is replevin? 10. In traveling westward around the world, is a day lost or gained?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Ygnacio Bonillas is the Mexican ambassador to the United States. 2. Madero succeeded Diaz as president of Mexico. 3. In Mrs. Centlivre's comedy "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," a Colonel Feignwell passes himself off for Simon Pure and wins the heart of Miss Lovely. No sooner does he get the consent of her guardians than the veritable Quaker shows himself, and proves, beyond a doubt, that he is the real Simon Pure. Hence Simon Pure means the real man. 4. Pompeii was overwhelmed by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. 5. Agenda are things to be done, items of business to be considered at a meeting; a memorandum book. 6. "The Silver Fork School" of literature was composed of those English novelists who were sticklers for etiquette and the graces of society, such as Theodora Hook, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Trollope and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 7. For his defense of the union position in the great battle of September 19-20, 1861, General Thomas was called "The Rock of Chickamauga." 8. Emile Zola belonged to the Jewish race. 9. The Dead Sea is a salt lake, sixteen miles southeast of Jerusalem. 10. The "Sulicide Fleet" was composed of American ships engaged to escort up sailors in European waters along the coast.

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