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Philadelphia, Wednesday, December 24, 1919

TAKE THE CITY HALL. TOO

THE councilmen who are planning to give themselves the desks and chain in the Council chambers are not going if P. enough. There are electric light fistures. in the chambers to which they are entitled just as much as to the chairs and desks.

And if it is due the councilmen that they should be rewarded with the furniture they have been using, it is due to the Mayor and to the heads of the various departments that they should also have their office furniture, including the rugs and fixtures. While this thing is going on the automobiles the department heads and Mayor have been using should not be forgotten. The cars are second hand anyway. The users of them and their families have had pleasant associations with them, and for old times' sake should be allowed to keep them as their own property.

They are entitled to some recompensafor rerving the city unselfishly. The councilmen have received no salary, it is true, but no one pretends that the salary paid to the department heads and the Mayor is big enough to pay for the services of men big enough to fill the jobs.

Why not let the retiring officials take the City Hall itself and divide it among themselves? If this were done the ebstruction at the junction of Broad and Market streets would be removed and the city would be free to build a new City Hall on the Parkway which would add to the beauty of that dignified thoroughfare. The councilmen are altogether too modest, for they have not the courage of their inclinations.

MEN OF GOOD WILL

THEY say that the correct reading of the song the shepherds heard on the first Christmas morning is "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Whether this translation is nearer to the original than the other form we shall not pretend to say, but it is worth while noting today that it is only to men of good will that peace comes, and that there is no hope for world peace till the number of men of good will is greater than the number of men who bear ill will,

face of disaster. Many a commanding officer has gone down with his ship, for he knew that his career on the sea was ended when his vessel was lost.

But Secretary Daniels is said to have rejected a large number of recommendations for medals made by Admiral Sims and indorsed by the naval board and to have added to the list the names of a large number of men who under the uniform practice of the past would never have been considered as worthy of special honors. And the situation is made particularly ugly because the secretary's own brother-in-law is among those to receive honor after having lost his ship.

If Distinguished Service Medals are to be awarded in this way Admiral Sims apparently does not want one. Every seaman, whether in the navy or in the merchant service, will understand his position.

THE MAGI AT YOUR ELBOW STILL FOLLOW THEIR STAR

Their Millions Are Everywhere Now and Their Search Is Still for Peace

on Earth "We've an right to velebrate Christ-mas," said the Angry Man, "because we have forgotten what it means. The world is hard hearted and merciless. It has no vision and it has no pity."

THERE are always people who talk like T that. And they are quite uncon-sciously the living proof of their own error. For, so long as there are minds in passionate insurrection against wrong and folly, crucity and unwisdom; so long as there are people who cannot but feel the sting of pain inflicted upon others, the mira; le commemorated at Christmas will continue to shine before your very eyes.

The hope symbolized in these days has made a temple of every one who hates injustice. It will live and work wonders so ong as there is compassion in the hearts of men. The world just now looks like a hard-

hearted sort of place-on the surface. The increasing number of people who, like the Angry Man, are dissatisfied with , justify all the implications that began with Bethlehem.

Once there were only three men wise mough to believe in things they could not

Now the mugi are everywhere. Their voices cannot be drowned out. They are a command and a challenge in these uncertain days. They will continue to be heard and felt by a distracted and driven ivilization that each year turns to Christmas as you would turn to a green

sle of peace in terrible seas. Once a year all people are able for a day to know what life ought to be at its best; peace, a place to rest in, human trust and understanding-and things to give away! And once a year all the people are

magi. They are crowding the streets ow, fleeing in railway trains to farms or flats or wherever home may be, blithely risking bankruptcy for their beliefs or for the love of something or somebody.

"They buy fripperies," said the Angry Man, "and spend their money unwisely upon other people."

When the magi begin to spend all their money upon themselves we shall begin to worry about them. Then indeed the meaning of Christmas will have vanished. For the present we are safe.

If, today, there is any one uncomforted or without friends it is because the magi couldn't find him. They buy fripperies, it is true. It is their way, and the only way they know, of buying comfort or happiness or delight for others. The nicest thing of all about the magi, whose armies are marching everywhere, is that they

for them shows only how tireless and determined they are. In their various ways they are following a light that commands them onward.

And they will search the world and they will shake it until they establish peace on earth and good will among men.

SANE RUSSIA AND HER FAITH

MUCH of what has been told concern-ing Russia induces paralysis of thought. Sensibilities are dulled and mental processes balked by the theme of a nation gone mad. What cannot be comprehended is frequently dismissed-like the problem of squaring the circle or the nature of infinity.

And so a good many Americans of heart and-feeling have been excluding Russia from the sphere of their consideration. They have not meant to be unkind, but they have been puzzled and it takes some time for action to emerge from bewilderment.

If the war had not fostered so much that is fantastic, so much which common sense in ordinary times would promptly reject, it would have been generally realized that entire nations do not go mad, and that a government, born of force and nurtured by the same agency, is not necessarily representative of mil-

lions of its people. Speaking at the New England Society's dinner the other night, a granddaughter of General Grant painted a picture of Russia which our own eitizens should have reasoned out for themselves but for the breakdown of analytical safety valves and sprend of much vicicus propaganda. As lit is, the Princess Cantacuzene, for twenty years a resident of Russia, performed in a few fervent words no ordi-

nary service. Her authority on the subject is not to be questioned, and when she shows us that the heart of the Russian people is sound, that bolshevism rules, not by the voice of the public but by the voice of machine guns, that right-thinking Russians by the millions will never give up the fight until representative government is attained, she speaks a language which is credible and fixes an in-

This indeed is the burden of her plea. Sane Russia, tragic, suffering Russia, Russia that has been inflicted with nearly six years of war and will not cease to struggle until redemption is achieved, must be helped. The men are there and an indomitable spirit. But famine smites the land. It lacks food and clothing and medicines. In its pitcous plight it still

looks to America, its traditional friend, to find a way out of the agony. There is more in this record of affection than is generally emphasized. In every crisis in our history Russia has been pro-American, and in the Civil War this sentiment bore concrete fruit in the fleet which paid that significant visit to New York at the time when other Euro-

pean nations were aspiring to recognize the Confederacy. Moreover, these affiliations have not been one-sided. When Russia cast off czarism no nation hailed that act with quite the joy that was in America. The two great nations, long allied in diplomacy, were at last allied

in spirit and ideals. The disillusionment which followed the overthrow of Kerensky was not justified. That wavering mismanager enabled the Bolshevists to secure the arms which made them in the objective sense masters of Russia, But Lenine and Trotsky have not altered the character of the mass of the populace. They have not made converts of the peasantry, they have not corrupted the nature of those magnificent soldiers whose brothers were so often ruthlessly sacrificed by venal officers. Russia is not a paranolac, but a victim of

MAYOR-ELECT MOORE'S LETTER

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George S. Sproule, Toting a Lady's Suitcase Instead of His Own, Was Flustered When Offered City Job

CAPTAIN JOHN VIRDEN, of the Penn-sylvania-Delaware Pilots' Association, is a close friend of George F. Sproule, the new director of wharves, docks and ferries. They have indulged the river habit for a long time. But Captain John, like others of the new director's friends, was momentarily alarmed at possible complications arising from . a comedy of errors on the may say, and the rivers and harbors convention at Washedy of errors on the day Mr. Sproule left ington when Governor Sproul was also at the capital to be called into the Mayor's cabinet in Philadelphia, Sproule was not called until he reached Philadelphia, and just as he was invited into conference his mind was not altogether clear as to what was happening. Here is the story: The genial secretary had arrived in Philadelphia, but he suddenly dis-covered that the suitcase he brought with him was not his. The contents disclosed that it belonged to a lady-possibly a lady physi-cian. Whew! What would the lady say? And at the same time, where was Mr. Sproule's grip? But wait a minute. The long distance telephone is ringing. "Is this Governor Sproul?" "No, this is the secretarv of the commissioner of navigation." "Well, this is the Raleigh Hotel, Washing-

The Governor left here this morning and forgot his suitcase. Somebody took a lady's grip in mistake and she won't leave until she gets it." It was under these peculiar circumstances and with the dire conequences staring him in the face that Mr. Sproule was suddenly called upon to say yes or no to the directorship proposition.

NOT altogether like Benjamin Franklin in achievement, but somewhat suggestive by analogy in that he came out of Mas sachusetts to add to Philadelphia's scientific prestige, is Benjamin Smith Lyman, noted geologist and mining engineer, now eightyfive years of age.

Mr. Lyman, who was born at Northampton and educated at Harvard, followed up his technical studies in Paris and at Freiburg, Saxony, and then engaged in public work in India and Japan. His subsequent geological researches carried him over the United States, Europe, China and British America. He won high honors for his discoveries in China and Japan, and treasures many trophies bestowed upon him by the authorities of those countries. Author of many papers and reports of technical value, Mr. Lyman, like Franklin, pursued many special inquiries, one of which became enough of ; hobby to be put into book form-the mat ter of diet and dishes suitable to the taste and requirements of the vegetarian.

For more than fifty-five years Mr. Lyman has subsisted upon vegetarian dishes, made up largely from his own recipes, and until recent months has been in fairly good physical condition. His flowing snow-white hair and beard closely resemble those of the late Walt Whitman.

THE Civic Club, of which Mrs. Edward ▲ W. Biddle is president, is rejoicing over the new trend in municipal affairs. For more than twenty-five years this organization of women, who like to discuss public questions and who have been striving for improved civic conditions, has been laboring to further these aims. Street cleaning, hygiene, child welfare and other topics which appeal to thoughtful women are frequent subjects of discussion and debate with the members.

N. B. KELLY, general secretary of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, is working with the various committees of the chamber to make a greater Philadelphia. It is the purpose of the chamber to join with the Mayor-elect in forward movements, and some time during January new com-mittees will be formed with this thought in The chamber has twenty-six working view. ommittees, composed of able business men who give their time freely to the discussion and working out of municipal problems. J. H. Hagedorn, of the City Club, also talks of bringing the various civic bodies together with a view of pushing Philadelphia inter-Altogether it looks as if the new year ests: could be a busy one from the munic

JUSTICE, who travels a great deal and

observes as he goes, made a speech at the Washington convention of the National

Rivers and Harbors Congress which attracted

attention. He figured out that the work on the Delaware river channel had been largely

instrumental in bringing 100,000 men to the banks of the Delaware during the war, and

The Christmas Tobacco

By Christopher Morley Illustrated by Charles H. Sykes

(According to an eastern legend, tobacco used to be grown in the fields outside Bethlehem)

ROM the golden aisles of riot, From the frantic jostling press, To a side street's frosty quiet Homo walked, with bitterness. All the color, bustle, glamour, Seemed to him but empty clamor.

> In the great stores' teeming spaces. In the throng of Christmas Eve, He saw worried, weary faces-Told himself, "I disbelieve! Merry Christmas, Day of Days-Hypocrite commercial phrase!"

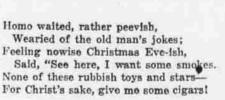
> > Did he have some private reason Thus so savagely to brood? Anyway, in cheerful season There he walked in cynic mood, Roaming aimless, without plan, Lonely, a disheartened man.

Christmas trees, banked high and fragrant, Breathed a whiff of balsam sweet, But the misanthropic vagrant Strode ungladdened down the street. "Holly ?" cried a corner grocer---Homo drew his surtout closer.

Dusk was starred, the sky blue-vaulted People hurried home from work. Where he saw cigars he halted, By a wooden turbaned Turk. Ashamed, with empty hands, to see All carried parcels, saving he.

> Queer the shop, it seemed (he entered) Stocked with candy, pipes and toys; And the dealer stood there, centered In a group of bright-cheeked boys. Urchins loitered, slowly choosing Clockwork apes they thought amusing.

Ancient 'bacconist, queer fellow-Oriental kind of chap-In complexion rather yellow, Bearded almost to his lap. Chuckling, showed the boys to please Tinseled stars for Christmas trees.



"What is this-a kind of toy-shop, Or a home for nicotine? Lord, is this a Yuletide joy-shop? Bunk!-the Christmas stuff, I mean. Who falls for fables any longer?-Too mild. You must have something stronger?"

> The children ran. The old man, turning, Showed a dark and foreign eye. Homo, with annoyance burning, Felt ashamed, he knew not why. "The way you ask, I can't refuse you; Something special I will choose you."

> > On a rearward shelf he fumbled And drew out a parcel rich, Wrapped with eastern fabric, jumbled O'er with patterned silken stitch. Opened it. "Now here's a weed That's exactly what you need."





spiration for constructive work.

ther it be ill will to their political on ponents or to the men of other nations. Which, being put into straight English. means only that peace is a state of mind before it is anything else.

SAFETY FIRST

FURE MARSHAL ELLIOTT'S Christmas Eve warnings, if heeded by h useholders, will prevent many fires tomor-

Christmas decorations are inflammable at best. The Christmas trees are full of pitch and easily set on fire, as every one knows who has disposed of them on the rubbish pile in the back yard. Fire should be kept away from them, not only the fire of lighted candles, but the flame of a gas jet or the spark from an electric wire.

A little foresight will prevent disaster and enable every family to spend the whole day in joyous content, whereas a little carelessness with fire may make the day an anniversary of mourning for years to come.

BEL-, BEEL- AND BAAL

A MONG the feasts that never took place that proposed by Belshazzar Raizley will be prominent.

The handwriting appeared before the ners sat down at the tables and it forde the feast. The hand was the hand the Mayor and the writing was in the in of a veto of the appropriation. It id the Belshazzar of the Thirty-ninth ard and his associates that they had men weighed in the balance and found wanting in proper respect for what was becoming in a moribund municipal body. The Belshazzars may call upon Beelzebub for help, but it will be in vain, for he is either asleep or is taking a journey, as the prophet told the priests of Baal when they vainly called for fire to come down from heaven to humiliate their rival. Whether Baal is in South Philadelphis or not we do not know, but he was not at hand in the Council chamber yesterday.

SIMS AND HIS MEDAL

TT IS difficult to blame Admiral Sims for refusing the Distinguished Service Medal awarded to him for his conduct the war.

He declines it in order to protest against the discrimination of the Secretary of the Navy against men who were uccessful in what they undertook and in favor of men who behaved gallantly chen they failed in accomplishing what hey set out to do.

It is contrary to the traditions of the m to reward men who lose their ships, newever gallantly they behave in the

seldom buy anything, even fripperies, for themselves.

What is it, then, that they seek? You have only to trail a few of them around to know. Mankind always flies back at this time of the year to the true and ancient things.

So people will travel half way around the world to look again upon a face in a doorway, to feel the touch of patient hands, to hear a remembered voice, to live a moment in the life that their hearts

acclaim. .So they will continue to do in an interval that sees hatred and selfishness almost wiped out of the world and faith restored. The meaning of Christmas is as clear to them now as a lamp fixed upon a high hill. If the magi find it obscured at other times of the year the fault is not theirs. They steer for it always as best they can.

"Nineteen kundred years," said the Augry Man, "and look at the world today and listen to its leaders,"

We would far rather listen to the people-the people who will keep the lights burning in the homes of the world tomorrow. And we would rather listen to the magi who troop faithfully toward down the price of eggs by boycotting them. these guiding signs. They have been The remarkable thing would be if the price doing some wonderful things. They will 'stayed put" when the women start to buy do more wonderful things. Upon them again. There is a moral in the incident, of must rest the hope of the world. course, but it is, perhaps, not the one de duced by the optimist,

There never has been a time when they forgot the meaning of Christmas for long. That is why the times are daily becoming more critical of leaders. It is why the sick have never been friendless or without care. It is the reason for wars and crusades, hospitals and the organized pity that only lately saved whole nations from slow death. Pity, as some one has said, is a rebel

passion. And it is pity for the weak and a love of right handed down over the nineteen hundred years that have elapsed since Bethlehem that has led the magi of more recent years-the ones that crowd you good-naturedly in the streets today-to batter down empires, dethrone kings and swing civilization nearer to the way in which they want it to go. They are not yet done. They still have much to do. And they will do it. They have not forgotten what Christmas means,

"The world has no vision!" said the Angry Man.

It is because the world has a vision that leaders of nations everywhere have reason to feel like men approaching a day of judgment.

There were magi in the trenches. Their resolute voices are in books and in newspapers. They are not unknown in the high places at Washington, London and Paris. Bitter and despairing criticism written or cried out by those who speak

us tyranny so preposterous in its of view. plans that its downfall is inevitable. DARK COMMISSIONER THEODORE

There are several non-Bolshevist ports in Russia, notably Odessa, to which food and urgently needed supplies may be shipped. The opportunity is still at hand for Americans to think straight about a present Niobe among nations, to assist in drying her tears and to justify, at least to some extent, the pathetic trust that is placed in us.

VARE HIS OWN SANTA CLAUS

SENATOR VARE has lived too long to believe in the Santa Claus myth. He evidently holds that if you want something in your stocking on Christmas morning you must put it there yourself. What he seems to be looking for just now is a big chunk of discord and he is exerting himself to the utmost to get it. If he can raise ructions in the new city Council he will do it. But it remains to be seen whether he gets more than he is

Humpty Dumpty markable in the fact Can Come Back that Chicago women

counting on.

drive

There is nothing re-

English, French and

were able to

that perhaps a million others were benefited in one way or another. The National Rivers and Harbors Congress has been running along for many years under the direction of Senator Ransdell, of Louisiana, but the Washington convention elected in Senator Ransdell's place Congressman John H. Small, of North Carolins, vice president of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association the Atlantic Deeper whiteways Association and for many years closely associated with Congressman Moore, of Philadelphia, in the development of eastern projects. J. HAMPTON MOORE,

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who was Lloyd George's predecessor as
- premier of Great Britain? 2. In what century did Hannibal live?
- 3. Who were the Nine Worthies? 4. Name three of the most noted of con-
- temporary French musical composers. 5. What is the meaning of the word
- divagate?

6. On what does the mango grow? 7. What is Charles's wain?

- S. From what city does Victor Berger come?
- Applause From the Belgian law officers Gallery have framed an in-9. Name a characteristically American dictment of the exkind of pipe? kaiser. His plea will, of course, be that he
 - 10. When did Dewey win the battle of Manila Bay?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. It takes from nine to eleven hours for Twenty-five thousand barrels of whisky a vessel to pass through the Panama Canal.
 - 2. Cardinal Logue is the primate of all Ireland.
 - 3. There are ninety-six seats in the Senate, exclusive of the Vice President's, 4. California has "Eureka" (I have found
 - it) as its motto.
 5. The transport Buford, taking the reds to Europe, sailed under scaled orders. It was hinted that the first port of call
 - would be in Finland. 6. Two of the most eminent British ex-ponents of spiritualism are Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
 - The Romans numbered their years from the year corresponding to 753 B. C.
 - 8. The Tagus is an important river of the Iberian peninsula. It rises in Spain and empties into the Atlantic below Lisbon, Portugal.
 - A loggia is an open-sided gallery or arcade
 - 10. The ocarina, familiarly known as the "sweet potato," is named after a goose. "Oca" is the Italian word for hat fowl and "ina" ina suffix.

In the smoke-blued air, all hazy, Homo stared upon the face, Thinking, "Why the old man's crazy." Tossed a coin and left the place. Shut the door. Above, afar, In the evening, one great star.

THEIR IL ALL IS

The cigars thus recommended

But, as he had once offended,

Brittle seemed, and rather dry;

Homo drew his purse to buy-

"You can have just one of these,

And I'll take no money, please."

Curious and most amazing (Homo thought) to see that sky-Never had he seen such blazing, Such a golden lamp on high. That cigar, too, what a flavor! What a richly pungent savor!



Strangely, too, the air seemed milder, And, along that humble street Christmas costume was much wilder Than he had been wont to meet. Fancy dress, this part of town-Curious, that eastern gown!

> In a little park he tarried-Faint the clanging of the cars; All the sky was lucent, clarid, Pallid with a foam of stars. Softly he heard the church chimes ring "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

What could be those strange shapes moving Silhouetted in the square? Lo! he rubbed his eyes, reproving Sense that so betrayed him there. What'was that tall shambling beast, And those turbans of the East?

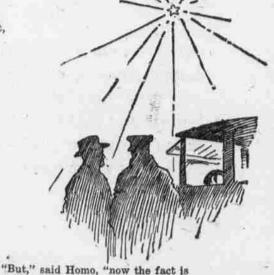
Down before a shabby dwelling Knelt the shape; again; a third; Strangely clad, tall figures telling Something in a foreign word. Lights gleamed; voices came from far-Then he threw down his cigar.

> Crossed the park, his senses whirring, Toward the house where they had been-There, beside the curbstone, purring, Stood a shining limousine. Asked the chauffeur, standing near: "Say, what's this, a circus here?"

> > "Well, it might be! Can you beat it? That's the car of Doctor Bruce-And I'm saying you don't meet it Very often south of Spruce. What's the trouble? Oh" (with scorn), "Just some baby being born."

There were three-" "Say, friend, you're right! Never in the doctor's practice Did I see it like tonight. Two docs to consult. It's queer, Three wise guys like that, down here!"

Homo looked upon the lowly Little home, one pane alight. Thinking, then he answered slowly "Hope they all come through all right. That's religion, in the end— Wish you Merry Christmas, friend!"



It is perhaps a case of mistaken identity. is Santa Claus.

retiring councilmen think Father Penn

There is doubtless sugar enough pro-curable to preserve the political plums which

are about ready to drop.

Yuletide Note-Mr. Plum Pudding is going to miss his annual nip of brandy this

Old King Coal may have temporarily nit scrapping, but he has not yet called for his fiddlers three.

Winter took off his furs and mittens as took possession yesterday.

will pass through this city within the next days. There is an army willing if not able to cry, "Thou shalt not pass!" One spirit that can be seen and felt is

was the victim of a frame-up, but that need

not prevent his judges from hanging him.

