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Philadelphia, Monday, February 16, 1920

A BOOMERANG FOR VARE

THE zest with which Mayor Moore has taken up Senator Vare's defiant utterances regarding Chief Hepburn's street-cleaning charges is comforting to a public disgusted with neglected streets and justly indignant over the abnormal remuneration alleged to have been accorded to incompetence.

It is encouragingly evident that Mr. Moore stands squarely back of Chief Hepburn in the latter's expose of the excessive profits which have been going to the negligent contractors and that any so-called political pressure from the Vare camp will simply expedite a square deal and a vigorous reformation of conditions that have grown intolerable.

Mr. Moore is no cloistered critic. He has inspected thoroughfares whose condition he calls "disgraceful." His direct announcement that his administration has no intention whatever of surrendering to political contractors and examination of the Vare books "is not a bad idea" reveals the sort of vigor which will have the fullest measure of popular support.

HOG ISLAND SIMPLIFIED

THE ultimate fate of Hog Island is unaffected by the purchase of the shipyard site by the United States shipping board. The government simply exercised an option which results in giving it full control of the yard.

The ownership of the land and the plant is now identical. Under the existing agreement the International Shipbuilding Corporation is to operate the yard until the twelve vessels now under way are completed. The disposition of Hog Island will then be a problem for the government to determine.

THE RAIL DECISION

REPUTATION by influential rail unions of the minority that clamored for a transportation strike was inevitable. Without the active co-operation of locomotive engineers, firemen, trainmen, signal men and telegraphers, whose representatives decided to continue work for a peaceful adjustment of their claims, no serious interruption of rail service could be brought about by the maintenance-of-way men's union.

The older brotherhood leaders have learned to read the lesson of events. They know that any policy likely to carry a labor organization into conflict with the will of the country would certainly bring disaster and loss to the union itself. In accepting the suggestion for a later settlement through a wage tribunal, which was advanced first by Mr. Hines and later by Mr. Wilson, they have made a strike seem highly improbable. And they left the maintenance-of-way men with no alternative but to co-operate with the "other" organizations in a settlement on the basis of patience and logic.

DILUTED MILITARISM

HARD sledding is ahead for compulsory military training bills in Congress despite President Wilson, Senator Wadsworth and other pacemakers who continue to talk with monotonous insistence of war.

Majorities representing both parties in Washington have been observing the effects of General Wood's boom upon the country and they are shy. General Wood, as a presidential candidate, symbolizes a governmental policy of militaristic tendencies. His boom already wears a foreshadowing weather-beaten aspect.

Nothing could more vividly suggest the desperation of the general's managers than their attempt to have the woman's vote organized to pull them out of the mire. Much tea was poured at the suffrage convention in Chicago in behalf of the soldier candidate, but one may venture to suppose that ten gallons has a limited potency in an emergency involving the feminine mind and feminine conviction.

In the debate on compulsory training we shall hear much about the benefits it might provide for the youth of the land. Much of this will be true. Camp life is stimulating. So is golf and tennis and baseball.

youngful officers who, with the material for a good-sized army under their hands, could not be content for long. An officer's life is dull in times of peace. Moreover, it is unprofitable. Active service brings not only diversion. It also brings promotions and higher pay.

THE LANSING INCIDENT AND AUTOCRATIC PRESIDENCIES

Stand-Pat Leaders in Both Parties Likely to Redouble Their Efforts to Nominate a "Safe" Candidate in June

ASIDE from the merits of the controversy between the President and Mr. Lansing, its effects upon the immediate future deserve more than passing consideration.

The first and most obvious result to be expected is the disruption of the Democratic party by factional quarrels.

Mr. Wilson has had remarkably unanimous support from his party. When he took office he was the one man in it who had definite and positive policies. He knew what he wanted. The other leaders had been devoting themselves for so many years to destructive criticism of Republican policies that they were not able to agree on any constructive program.

But there have been whisperings of discontent heard in Washington from time to time. Now and then the discontent has been shouted aloud in the Senate. But on the whole the Democratic leaders have subordinated their own views to those of the President. The reluctance with which they have done this has increased with the years. Men familiar with their temper have for months been looking for an open revolt to occur at any time.

The treatment of Mr. Lansing, who, like the party leaders, has subordinated his own opinions to those of the President out of considerations of personal loyalty and high-minded patriotism, exhibits to the others the kind of a reward they may expect for this kind of fealty.

So we may expect the Democratic leaders in and out of Congress who carry their brains under their own hats to begin to say in public what they have long been saying and thinking in private, and the Democratic party will cease to consist of one man. Unless all signs fall the party will enter the presidential campaign in as great a state of demoralization as it entered the campaign of 1896 when Grover Cleveland had disrupted it by his persistent determination to have his own way, regardless of the political consequences.

But the action of the President will not affect the Democratic party alone. As it is the culmination of the conditions which inevitably accompany the administration of a man of dominant personality who refuses to play the game with proper regard to the susceptibilities of his associates, the disposition of the leaders in both parties toward the nomination for the presidency next summer of a man who will regard himself as their associate rather than as their boss is likely to be strengthened.

That disposition is already manifest. The organization Republicans have been looking with favor on Senator Harding, of Ohio, and Governor Lowden, of Illinois, just as in earlier days they looked with favor on William McKinley. Mark Hanna nominated McKinley because it was known that the candidate would work harmoniously with the organization and would not try to set up a political dictatorship in the White House.

The organization Democrats are just as eager as the organization Republicans to bring about the nomination of a "safe" candidate who will play the game with them. The Lansing incident will improve the chances of every such aspirant for the nomination from Governor Cox, of Ohio, to Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska. Champ Clark, with his long experience in Congress, may even pose as the McKinley of 1920. If he had a Mark Hanna to back him he might win this year what he lost in 1912—the Democratic nomination. He has already put on the market a book containing the story of his life to serve as a campaign document.

The relation of all this to the prospect for the success of the efforts of those who wish to see Mr. Hoover nominated is not far to seek.

Every one who knows anything about Mr. Hoover is aware that if elected to the presidency he would not be a President of the McKinley or Van Buren type. His supreme qualifications lie in his well-known habit of going straight for what he is after and getting it regardless of political pressure. He would not play politics as President in the ordinary sense of the words. That is, he would not deal and dicker with party leaders for support. He would appeal to the country over the heads of the politicians. His friends are confident that the things he would seek to do would commend themselves so completely to the best judgment of the people that the politicians would have to fall in line or suffer the consequences.

As soon as the name of Mr. Hoover was mentioned in connection with the presidency the old-line politicians laughed at the suggestion. They said they did not even know whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, and that he could get no support until he declared himself. He met this challenge by saying that until the parties had declared themselves he did not know to which party he be-

longed in this crisis, thus challenging a definite and concrete statement of policy from men who never commit themselves to anything if it can help it, and rebuking the twaddle-mongers and political puffers so completely as to gratify every one who has any respect for straightforward honesty.

If the political paleontologists interested only in the fossilized formulas of a bygone age have their way no man of Mr. Hoover's type will be nominated by either party, not because there is any danger of Mr. Hoover becoming a party autocrat like Mr. Wilson, but because they wish the President to be merely a cog in the political machine, moving only when the whole machine moves.

If Mr. Hoover or a man approximating his independence and ability is nominated by either party it will be through the imperative demand of the country at large, a demand so unmistakable that the politicians dare not disregard it.

SHIPS ON THE BLOCK

THERE are so many elements of novelty in the auctioning off of the cream of the former German liners, which begins in Washington today, that certain misconceptions of the situation have been, perhaps, natural. In particular the status of all ships flying the American flag has been misunderstood, in some quarters deliberately, in others ingenuously.

As a matter of fact no special rulings are necessary to determine the government's rights over any unit of our commercial fleet in an emergency. Although owned by a company of international composition, the St. Louis, St. Paul, New York and Philadelphia were promptly converted into scout cruisers in the Spanish War. Their American registry immediately established the jurisdiction of the United States.

John Barton Payne, chairman of the shipping board, has, however, performed a public service in explicitly outlining the conditions under which the thirty vessels, which once flew the red, white and black, are to be sold. No bids covering the entire fleet are to be accepted. The ships are to be sold to as many private companies as possible. They will always be available for government purposes. They must retain their American registry. They are to ply on routes which, in the opinion of the board, will best serve American commerce.

It is hard to see how legitimate criticism of such a plan can be made. In theory, at least, it is admirable. Practical considerations, however, demand that the ships should bring prices commensurate with their intrinsic worth.

Senator Ashurst's contention that the whole fleet was to have been sold to a single concern for \$28,000,000 has been emphatically disputed. Had his forecast been verified the transaction would have been outrageous.

It is said that the Leviathan alone could not be replaced today for less than \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000. It is preferable for the ships to be retained by the board than to be sacrificed.

Fortunately, there are strong probabilities that the disposal of the ships will be rationally conducted and that bids will be entered from a variety of sources. The world is still short of merchant vessels. Passenger services under the American flag are still ridiculously disproportionate to the dignity of the nation and its commercial position.

Private ownership cannot be made profitable under the "dry" laws in a somewhat frivolous subterfuge. There is inadequate sea communication between the United States and so many foreign ports—in particular those of South America—that the demand for accommodation is far stronger than the call for highballs. If the "sporty" elements are offended their reservations are still unlikely to go a-begging.

Opposition to the unprecedented auction sale is in direct conflict with the public's present marked antipathy to government ownership.

Dr. Thomas P. McClelland told C. P. students that chemists were a dominant factor in the big war. He said truly that German chemists made it possible for Germany to make its wonderful display of martial strength at the beginning of the carnage. It might be well to note the fact, perhaps, that this use of chemistry was one of Germany's chief crimes. It revolutionized warfare and robbed it of all its civility. Once chemistry took a hand, however, it worked beneficently as well as malevolently, and unquestionably did its share—a big share—to bring the struggle to a successful conclusion. And not all the experiments born of the strife were for the furtherance of hostilities, for one of the important events of this bloody time was the discovery by American chemists of the secrets of German dyes.

Apart from misplaced windows, lack of water and gas supply, lights badly located and a badly arranged amphitheatre, it is said by the janitor, perhaps, that the paper of the Philadelphia General Hospital, designed by Philip H. Johnson, perpetual city architect, is all that can be desired. The janitor has a luxurious bathroom, which occupies more space than some of the workrooms for scientific investigators.

Says Senator Vare, "Philadelphia ought to go down on its knees and thank heaven for the street-cleaning contractors it has got." The senator is to be congratulated on a joyous lack of proportion. He is a happy state of mind that a sense of humor would blast. Otherwise he might be destroyed when the Mayor gets after the "jokers."

Having been on the carpet for a week, street-cleaning contractors will go to the mat today.

There is bitter significance in the fact that the only bid thus far received for the Hog Island plant is from a junk firm. Philadelphia cannot afford the ignominy attached to such a transaction. Hog Island is a valuable asset of which the city should avail itself.

MILLION SHAKE EXPERTS

That Number, at Least, in the United States Have Had Experience of Earthquakes

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN
ARE you one of the estimated million in the United States who have experienced an earthquake shock? The reports during the last six weeks of the earthquakes in southern Mexico have led to the question.

No other part of the Western Hemisphere in the last twenty years has experienced quite so many seismic disturbances as southern Mexico.

I have been interested in the accounts of earthquakes in that region because I happened to be one of the estimated million who have felt the effects of a genuine earth tremor.

Not a mere earth shudder, either, which left its only record on the seismographs of the various meteorological stations in the country.

It occurred while traveling in what, down in Mexico, is known as the "trembler" area; that is, the earthquake zone. It runs in irregular fashion across the country from the Gulf of Tehuantepec to the bay, or gulf, of Campechy on the Atlantic side.

A LONG and tiresome railroad ride from Oaxaca landed me one afternoon in the little city of Orizaba, the last town of any consequence on the plateau before the railroad to Vera Cruz plunges down into the hot lands of the coastal regions.

There is one thing in Orizaba that attracts the attention of every observant American, or at least did, that ever descended at its station on the Vera Cruz-Mexico Railroad line. It is a great sign painted on the bricks of a high warehouse wall facing the station. It is in large white letters, unique because it is not only a good job of sign painting but is in English. It reads:

Orizaba manufactures the only Beer that ever made Milwaukee jealous

The hotel was of the usual type of native Mexican hotel. It was a quadrangular building with a courtyard open to the sun, with a fountain playing in the center. The basin of the fountain was surrounded by a low stone wall about eighteen inches high, and the water in the basin came to within about six inches of the rim.

My room was on the second floor, opening upon a balcony or roofless corridor that overhung the courtyard.

This courtyard or patio was flagged with big stones. In its rear, on the ground floor of the hotel, were the quarters of the servants and peons employed around the place.

IT WAS a bright, hot afternoon, with not a cloud in the sky. The courtyard was deserted and the hotel, from the prevailing quietude, seemed to be asleep. It was siesta, or rest-time.

The single door opening on to the veranda was wide open as I stood in front of the bureau shaving. There was no other exit from the room, which resembled a big stone cell.

Suddenly the floor seemed to rise and fall with an undulatory movement, and for an instant I experienced a feeling of nausea like a sudden quail of seasickness. "Your liver's out of order," was my mental exclamation as I steadied myself with one hand on the bureau.

Simultaneously from somewhere close at hand came a series of the most piercing shrieks in a woman's voice that I had ever heard. They were of a woman in a frenzy of terror. I donned my razor and rushed out on the balcony, to find my traveling companion, who had the adjoining room, ahead of me.

"What is it?" he cried as the screams continued. I noticed people rushing from the servants' quarters toward the center of the courtyard and the front of the hotel. In the second room beyond my own, the door of which was open, I saw a stout Mexican lady of about forty in the arms of an undersea, gray-haired gentleman, her senior, who was vainly endeavoring to soothe her. The woman was glancing toward my husband, who was very dark, was a yellowish hue with fear.

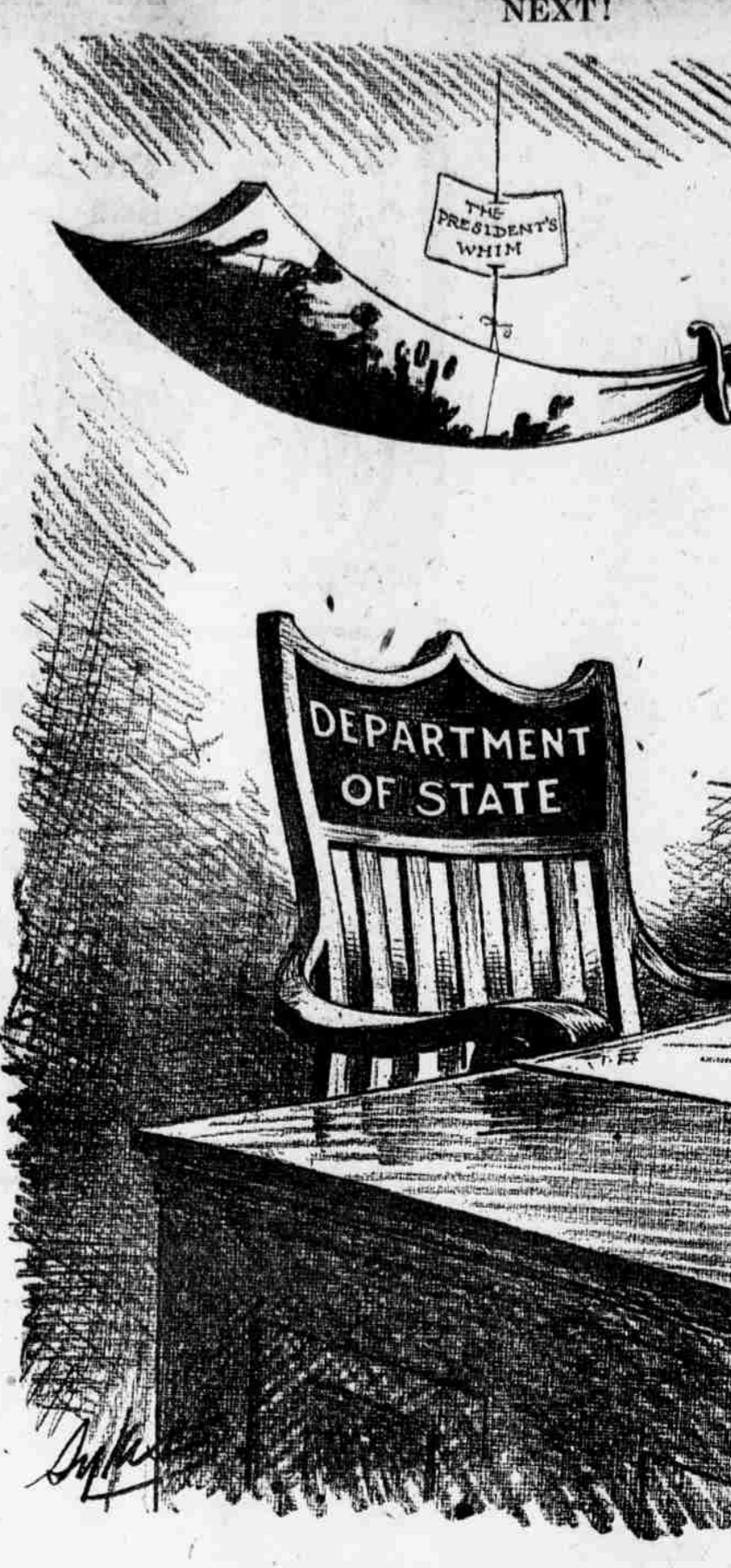
"What's the matter?" I asked. "Trembler! Trembler!" he replied in Spanish. It was an earthquake shock. I turned and looked down in the courtyard, to see the servants and many of the guests of the hotel on their knees around the fountain, with hands and eyes raised to heaven in prayer. In contrast to the shrieking woman, there was not a sound or moan from those in the courtyard. They were too busy praying and awaiting the next act in the seismic drama.

In less than ten minutes it takes to tell it, in the phraseology of a decadent literary style, my companion and myself, with safety first uppermost, with the shrieking woman and her terrorized husband following, ran along the balcony, down the stairway at the end and out into the public square, beyond the danger of least tumbling walls. We were found a score of people ahead of us, while others came rushing from the surrounding stores and dwellings, heading for the center of the square, the only safety zone in sight.

THERE were no other immediate shocks. After a time, following the example of the natives, we returned to the hotel. The proprietor of the hotel illustrated the force of the disturbance by pointing to the fountain. The tremor had been heavy enough to lift the placid water in the basin six inches and dash it over the rim, where it had dribbled away in little streams on the pavement.

IN MY rambling around Orizaba afterward I discovered that no great damage had been done beyond shaking some stones from the walls of old buildings and breaking off a tall flagpole in front of one of the public structures.

It was the shock that virtually destroyed the city of Chilpancingo, where hundreds of persons had been killed in that little city and the surrounding villages. The earthquakes reported by telegraph from Vera Cruz during the last month or so had their center of disturbance in the state of Vera Cruz. The upheaval was on the western side of the earthquake belt. Its most disastrous effects were in the vicinity of Jalapa, where villages were wiped out of existence both by earthquake shock and volcanic eruption. The town of Barranca Grande was overwhelmed.



FROM DAY TO DAY

RUSSIA'S Revolution Mistakes of Peacemakers "I Told You So!" They Cry But All Alike to Blame Trading That Betrayed Peace and the Colleges

LOYD GEORGE says that the Russian revolution cannot be crushed by force. This, he says, he told the Allies at Paris last year. He did so. The records show it.

Wilson no doubt told the Allies the same thing, for he was less favorable to the Russian adventure than the others. And Clemenceau doubtless knew that the Russian revolution could not be crushed by force. He had even fewer illusions than the other two.

Yet they all did exactly what could not and should not have been done. They closed Europe's greatest factories and built a wall of fire about Europe's greatest bed of natural resources.

Everybody cries "Produce!" "Produce!" but there is no production. The world not only can't get into its stride again after the war, but it finds that the peace fastened a ball and chain to one of its legs.

In face of the facts, the victory psychology is weakening, and Mr. Lloyd George says, "I told them so."

THE universities and colleges of the country are trying to raise \$200,000,000 to meet the high cost of living which the war and the peace have brought upon them. They are doing so openly, with advertisements in the newspapers, with "campaigns" conducted by press agents, with the voluntary services of committees of alumni.

The crisis in education is too great for the colleges to depend upon their presidents getting the money out of the rich privately, the way a wife gets money out of her husband. Endowments must come by right, not by favor. "Producer of producers," says an advertisement of Cornell University asking for \$10,000,000, "she must go on."

ADRIFT

IT'S a free life, the sea life. When the turbines roar their song And the old ship, the bold ship, Churns merrily along. It's a square life and a rare life. With its wind and spray and foam. With its rough pals, sure enough pals. And the turbines rushing you home.

So sweep the decks down, buddies. Stand your watch on the foe's leek. And break out a smile, there, buddies. We'll be home in another week!

It's a dear life, a dear life. When the engine misbehaves With the lost ship, ocean-tossed ship. In the maw of the hungry waves. It's a long life and a sour life. With longings unfulfilled. For the home cheer and for you, dear. When the turbines' song is stilled.

So hold on tight there, buddies. It's blowing a nasty squall. Don't dream of the home fires, buddies. We may never get home at all!

What Do You Know? QUIZ

- 1. What is ex-Secretary Lansing's native state?
2. Lord Kitchener and Lord Nelson had the same first name. What was it?
3. What is an exordium?
4. What is the literal meaning of the word adieu?
5. What American general was nicknamed "Kaiser William"?
6. What is the first appearance of the expression "the mighty dollar" in American literature?
7. What is "boxing the compass"?
8. Of what country is Tchernan the capital?
9. Who are the Maoris?
10. How many scruples make a dram in apothecaries' weight?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. John Barton Payne has been appointed secretary of the interior.
2. Texas is the southernmost state which has approved the suffrage amendment.
3. Midway is the largest island in the Philippines.
4. Rear Admiral Joseph W. Oman is the governor of the Virgin Islands of the United States.
5. Previous to 1804 each elector voted for two candidates for President. The one who received the largest number of votes was declared President and the one receiving the next largest number of votes was declared Vice President. Amendment XII to the constitution provides that the President and Vice President shall be voted for on distinct ballots.
6. A pavaise is an ancient state deity originating in Spain. The word is descended from the Latin "pavane"—"peacocks."
7. Croesus, king of Lydia, was a famous rich man of antiquity. He lived in the sixth century B. C.
8. John C. Foster wrote the music of "The Swanee River."
9. A "Carthaginian peace" means a peace in which the defeated foe is virtually exterminated as a nation. Such a peace was enforced by Rome after the third Punic war.
10. Jean of Arc was born in Domremy, a town of France situated on the Meuse river, twenty-nine miles southeast of Nancy.