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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1920

A FOUR YEAR PROGRAM FOR PHILADELPHIA

Things on which the people expect the new administration to concentrate its attention:
The Delaware river bridge
A dredging bay enough to accommodate the largest ships
Development of the rapid transit system

HOPE FOR OLD COURTHOUSE

IN HIS description of the historic Supreme Court building in the State House group as "disgraceful" Mayor Moore states a self-evident fact. A famous and venerable structure which our sister cities would be proud to possess has been shamefully neglected.

WINSTON'S RESPONSIBILITY

ONLY ten days of Mr. Hepburn's term of office as chief of the Bureau of Street Cleaning remain. They are likely to seem ten days too many for delinquent contractors and a diurnal decade too short to satisfy the public.

REVEAL THE FUME NOTES

PRETAN prejudice, though always with us, is not always paramount. In that critical period of the Paris conference when Mr. Wilson spoke out frankly and categorically concerning the Fume crisis he was supported in the most disparate camps.

THE GERMAN SHIP INCUBUS

THE extraordinarily fine fleet of passenger and merchant vessels which we took from Germany is fast assuming the proportions of an incubus. A temporary injunction of the District Supreme Court has halted the sale of these steamships by the shipping board. It is de-

creed that both presidential and congressional authority for such a disposition of the liners is lacking.

Hence, unless such sanction is eventually forthcoming, the principle of federal ownership, of which the country is supposedly so weary, will be legally fortified. The board at present has the option of operating these valuable ships or of letting them rot.

While it is entirely desirable for Congress to scrutinize carefully any transactions involving the vessels; while it is right to preserve their American registry and to prevent sacrificial sales, it is difficult to see how popular sentiment can be served by stifling private enterprise.

It may be safely assumed that the public would like to see the government retire from the shipping business. Steps in this direction cannot be taken if Congress pursues a dog-in-the-manger policy. It is distinctly up to our legislators to devise some fair and sensible way out of the tangle.

IS "THE HABIT OF FREEDOM" DISAPPEARING IN AMERICA?

Elihu Root Joins Mr. Hoover in a Revival of the Art of Sound Political Criticism

OF COURSE, there are men in Washington who, like Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Kitchin, cannot understand Mr. Hoover and aren't ashamed to reveal their limitations in newspaper interviews. They will not understand Mr. Root, who, in his address to the New York state Republican convention last night, was no less frank than Hoover and no less courageous in his approach to political realities.

The test of a man's fitness for any high office ought really to lie in his ability to understand men like Hoover and Root. But parties war horses who have thrived on a political doctrine of one-half of one per cent logic mixed with red, white and blue bluntness will naturally be mystified by any rational discussion of living issues.

Your old campaigner had an easy time. Deficient taste and deficient intelligence were his. He invented "benevolent assimilation," "sound currency," "tariff reform" and a lot of other phrases that meant nothing even to him.

Because of the sort of men who cannot understand Hoover, Bryan was "the silver-tongued orator of the Platte" and Blaine was a "plumed knight." On the wings of such phrases men got into important office. It was not until Roosevelt appeared that realistic political criticism was revived in the United States. It was a lost art for a generation.

Root, like Hoover, talks constructively of actualities. There was in his address last night one paragraph nobler and more significant than anything that may be found in the recent speeches of the matter-of-fact dog administrator.

"Restore," said Root, "the habit of freedom. It is dangerous for a people to acquire the habit of bowing to power without limits. They soon become subservient and then character essential to freedom degenerates."

The habit of freedom? That is a fine definition of a quality that threatens to vanish in American life. If Mr. Palmer will call at this office he will receive an engrossed transcript of that paragraph from the Root address.

He will have only to promise to paste it in his hat.

Mr. Wilson and his advisers ought to read it. So should labor leaders. Judge Gary should have it framed over his desk. For laws and social conditions that have grown up silently in the country and conditions in labor and in industry that seem somehow to be regarded as sacred and beyond criticism tend steadily to eliminate the habit of freedom. Powerful influences operating in various ways are responsible for a general disposition to servility that is like dry rot in any national consciousness.

The important thing, however, is this new evidence of an improvement in political method. After Root and Hoover no politician will have the courage to cheat his way into office with platitudes.

A labor tribunal of national scope is suggested by Mr. Root. It is only a little while since labor organizations were thinking in terms of force, while some few leaders of big business insisted that there was nothing to adjudicate between them and their employees. Mr. Gary said as much.

Hoover is quite as daring as Root. He is the first public man of importance to say flatly that the fundamental cause of the bituminous strike was not greed and lawlessness among the miners but bad organization in the coal industry. Like Mr. Root, he implies that behind labor troubles there are conditions requiring rational study and orderly remedies.

This sounds strange in a speech supposed to be political. The Senate sent a solemn committee to study the causes of the steel strike. The committee was on tour for weeks. Its members seemed to know less when they returned to Washington than Hoover knew through his own casual observation and experience.

It is interesting to observe that both Root and Hoover, whose addresses are certain to have a profound effect on the political thought of the country, are acutely aware of the need for a decentralization of governmental authority. What is more, they are not afraid to say so in specific terms. The country will understand them even if Washington does not. It has been learning through bitter and costly experience.

Infinite travail has not yet taught Mr. Wilson that most of his troubles come from too much power. No gifts of mind or heart, no matter how great they may be, can take the place of the collective opinion which normally sustains a government like ours. One man's mind can never be as dependable as a collection of minds. Inspiration, imagination and great hopes are factors of immeasurable value in government. But mass opinion, expressed through the selected groups with which the President is unable to

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

A Twenty-Minute Diary

MY TRAIN into town from Wayne Junction had been late, and the evening air on the platform had whetted my appetite to an amazing degree. Then when I was safely on board and settling myself into the warmth of the cushions, what must a heartless young brat across the aisle do but take out a bag of peanuts and begin noisily to munch them and to exhale the delicious odors of his roasted food.

What I at first beheld there enraged me still more, for the sky to the west beyond the station was all a glowing, quivering pink like a monstrous bowl of jelly, islanded with dark little berries of purple cloud. Then the train gave a quick lunge and ground mercifully off toward the south. The tall black stacks and the acres of flaming blasts at Midvale rushed by me under the sunset, the powerful hum of a thousand huge machines roaring out heavily above the rattle of the train; on an acre of blue-lit windows below a jungle of stacks—the swift confused sight of blinding curls of orange flame, the white glows of hot flowing metal—and then suddenly the cool flash of snow, and the calm vision of lines of long quiet yards behind low bright houses—children's sleds pulled up to the kitchen doors, and within the little houses the appaling glimpse of plump housewives bearing in the steaming puffs of soup. I ground my teeth bit in a moment the vision was gone. A moment later in a quick rise and rush the city clutched in about me, with its snow patched Louetops, its low smoking chimneys and the slender crossbars of wireless antennae wherever there are half-grown boys, in pairs, hungry for their mysterious friendly intercourse through the ether, across half-a-dozen yards of tin roof. I took my hunger away to see the thing spread out there before me, already unnoticeable and commonplace, a pulsing invisible life, setting, in the humblest places, its mark of the deathless romance of youth that no ventures toward strange horizons where no feet of youth have ever trod before.

Hoover covers a wider field than Root. And it will be difficult for Root to balance his unqualified appeal for compulsory military training with his cry for a return to "the habit of freedom." If there is one thing that can eliminate that habit it is a widespread system of enforced militarism. But both men will doubtless learn as they continue to grapple with issues that are changeable and elusive. They have set a fashion of frankness and courage that other politicians will have to follow. And that is enough for the time at least.

ANOTHER USURPER

UNLESS Senator King, of Utah, watches out he will become unpopular with the bureaucrats in Washington. He has had the audacity to ask the Senate to pass a resolution asking the postmaster general by what authority James I. Blaklee, of Carbon county, Pennsylvania, fourth assistant to Mr. Burleson, has sent out a questionnaire to thousands of farmers and what appropriation had been made to pay for the proceedings.

Mr. Blaklee's questionnaire was intended to disclose the attitude of the farmers toward their business. He reported a few days ago that a majority of those who had replied were discontented and were planning to engage in some other occupation.

Senator King, however, is convinced that "officials are too prone to extend their authority and to engage in activities entirely outside of their legitimate field." His legitimate duties as the fourth assistant postmaster general relate to the maintenance of the rural free-delivery routes and to the purchase of equipment and supplies for all branches of the postal service. He has extended them to include an inquiry into the state of popular sentiment in the rural districts on current questions.

There was a time when no official of the Postoffice Department would have dared meddle in such matters; but in these days, when the executive departments are interfering in all sorts of matters, with and without authority of law, anything may be expected.

It is hoped that the Senate will pass the King resolution. Then it will be interesting to see what sort of a defense Mr. Burleson can put up in behalf of the activities of his subordinate. If he justifies the man he will have to differ radically from the President, who dismissed his secretary of state on the charge of usurpation much less serious than that of which Mr. Blaklee is suspected.

There is an interesting and pleasing significance in the declaration of Doctor Grayson that President Wilson may soon return to his typewriter. It may be that the President had been hitting the old machine in the Lansing letters would never have been written. Sober Second Thought has a chance to work when letters are drafted, re-drafted and copied, a chance wholly lost when first thoughts are caught hot by stenographic marks and coldly transcribed through soulless blue ribbon by unthinking neophytes. It will be noted that there have been no "May I not" in recent communications. The "May I not" is a phrase conducive to mildness of expression even when intent is strong. The return to the typewriter may mean the rejuvenescence of the dear old phrase, the rebirth of sanity, a guarantee against the recurrence of jarring notes, the resumption of that smoothness of composition and stateliness of diction that soothes the victim as he is put to sleep.

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FROM DAY TO DAY

TARDIEU'S STORY

True Story of the Peace Self-Determination Jolted Wilson Shows Self-Dental Fun Dies A-Borning Some Unreal Concessions French Eye for Realities

How Clemenceau got out of President Wilson both the right to occupy the left bank of the Rhine and the American-French alliance in the whole story of the peace.

The President went to France saying "Disarm. put your faith in the brotherhood of man and peace and good will on earth."

Mr. Clemenceau is a great diplomat. Mr. Wilson thought of a happy retort, which he did not utter because politeness forbade his utterance, but which Mr. Wilson's friends repeat for him now.

Mr. Wilson stuck at the French soldiers on the left bank of the Rhine. It wasn't according to the principle of self-determination.

Clemenceau was obstinate. He was also inspired. He said to Mr. Wilson—M. Tardieu does not tell this, but Mr. Wilson does with great satisfaction—he said to Mr. Wilson, "You have a heart of steel."

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IN THE SUBWAY

SHE WAS BUXOM

Ardent eyed, of a warm pallor. And she gave her eyes to the man Constantly.

He was elderly. Furtive eyed, best foot foremost. And he basked craftily, watchfully. Waiting.

Her left hand Was innocent of wedding ring. Yet her gaze held all the knowledge Of the ages.

He was near shabby. With a bow-tie of black. And nondescript linen. Not fresh.

She was decked. Bravely out in pearl beads. That accentuated a too-fat throat. That the gown fell away from. Scorning.

She became vexed. At my fascinated gaze. And bade her accomplice Stand between.

I dreamed. And searched my memory. As to whether she were known to me. Or a type.

HELEN U. ATKINSON.

November Hills

THE hills are balm of saffron gold. Smooth curving to the bay. Oh, spare that hallowed haze of brown. One more November day! Pale brown is honey to the soul. Too weary from the world; I cannot bear to see the glare Of winter green unfiled. Deep mellow dun, the shade of fawns. Rich cream, or Oolong dyes; 'Tis sunlight from the air distilled And soothed fragrant air.

VIVIAN GURNEY.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What is meant by starch chamber methods?
2. Who was Marco Bozaris?
3. Which state in the Union, excluding Texas, has the most railway mileage?
4. What President of the United States was elected from Indiana?
5. What historical concession to popular liberties was known as the Golden Bull?
6. What was the fastest day's run ever made by a transatlantic liner?
7. Is a zebra scientifically rated as a black animal with white stripes or a white animal with black stripes?
8. What is the oldest university on the American continent?
9. What is a volivrine?
10. How many sides has a pentagon?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. In Shakespeare's comedy "Twelfth Night," the scenes are laid in Illyria, which is another name for Dalmatia.
2. A dahabeeah is a Nile sailing boat. The original meaning of the word is gilded barge.
3. A rapid rise of the barometer indicates unsettled weather.
4. Banda Oriental is another name for the territory comprised in the republic of Uruguay.
5. Madame Caillaux shot and killed Gaston Calmette, editor of the Paris Figaro.
6. Pomona was the Roman goddess of fruit trees.
7. Germany declared her intention to wage unrestricted submarine warfare on February 1, 1917.
8. Alock and Browne crossed the Atlantic by airplane in sixteen hours and twelve minutes.
9. Roosevelt ran twice for the presidency. The original meaning of the word pandemonium is abode of all the devils.

THE OPENING GUN

THE CHICAGO SHERIFF WHO INSISTS UPON HANGING PERSONS CONDEMNED TO DEATH IN PLAIN SIGHT OF THE OCCUPANTS OF HIS JAIL IS LOGICAL.

"If capital punishment means anything at all," says Sheriff Peters, "it is a deterrent to further crime, and an example to others. The very class it is intended to reach are those confined in the jail."

The trouble is that the world isn't logical. Capital punishment is a survival of other days when society was logical.

It invited everybody to see hangings, on the theory, apparently, that not only those who were confined in jails but everybody else who might be tempted to go to jail would be chastened by a view of the end to which evil courses led. The world is not so sure of itself as it once was.

It is not so pure of capital punishment as it once was. It has been doing its executions more and more privately until now all Illinois is shocked when a sheriff tells it brutally, "If hanging is a good deterrent from crime, then it is good that those who need most to be deterred from crime should see the hangings."

LORD READING won't be American ambassador. Lord Grey won't come back. Lord Robert Cecil declined while the peace negotiations were still on at Paris.

The list of declarations is likely to be long and honorable. Perhaps Lloyd George, when the coalition splits up, might be prevailed upon to take the post in Washington.

Then if France would send Clemenceau here on some extraordinary mission the Big Three might get together and compare notes on what each of them really got out of the Peace Conference.

No one of them got much. Was it a people's victory? No. The war had destroyed so much that there was nothing to divide.

As City Statistician E. J. Cattell has figured largely in all affairs designed for the betterment of Philadelphia, it was but meet and proper that Philadelphia business men should write to do him honor as they did last night at the Bellevue-Stratford. It was one out of thousands of banquets which he has attended where he had a chance to concentrate on the first of figures, No. 1.

Notice has been received at the navy yard that six old battleships have been placed out of commission. The life of a battleship may be described as from the scrap to the scrapheap.

One never knows. Until we heard of the meeting scheduled for today in the Mayor's reception room we had not thought the matter of increase of pay for policemen and firemen admitted of debate.

The difference between Mr. Wilson's obstinacy and Uncle Sam's firmness is the difference between a treaty delayed and a treaty ratified.

It now transpires that Wilson's "brief and brutal" note to the Allies concerning the Adriatic contained 4000 words. Quite enough to be polite to.

Our own theory is that the woman in black who is robbing local homes is the same mysterious person whose face at the window is destroying the peace of mind of the Gumps.

As the Poor Richard Club would have it: "Truth lies in an inkwell."

It is confidently believed that Bergdoll will be "good and mad" if the alienists find him bad and sane.