

The Evening World

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ONE OF AL SMITH'S NOTIONS.

I AM going to Albany to go to work. The office of Governor is big enough to take every minute of time a man has, aside from that he feels he should give to his family.

That's what Alfred E. Smith said just after he was elected Governor two years ago, when he announced he would accept no invitations to dinners or other public gatherings during the two months following his inauguration:

"This may be a departure from custom, so far as the Governorship is concerned, but I am unable to understand how a man can be Governor of the State and be making public speeches and eating dinners away from Albany three or four nights a week. I don't believe I was elected Governor for that purpose."

This was one of Al Smith's notions of the Governorship.

He has stuck to the notion through his term. Whatever his ambitions may be, nobody has seen him boost them at the expense of the Commonwealth that elected him.

From his conduct as Governor it might be assumed he rated no political office in the United States more important than the Governorship of the State of New York.

State interests, State economies, State improvements have claimed his full thought and energy.

If hard, consistent, practical work for the welfare of the State is a measure of political ambition, then Alfred E. Smith ranks among the most ambitious men in public life.

The people of New York, however, cannot afford to lose a Governor whose ambition works that way.

They would be cheating themselves not to reflect him.

MACSWINEY DEAD.

THE long expected death of Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, cannot fail to have its effect all over the English speaking world. His hunger strike so long sustained has further embittered the feud between the English and the Irish without in any way pointing to a settlement.

MacSwiney's slow starvation has, however, helped to focus the thought of the world on the English-Irish question. Everywhere there is a more insistent pressure on England to find some way out which will satisfy both the Irish and the other peoples of the world.

On the one side of the quarrel MacSwiney is considered as a martyr; on the other he is criticized as an emboldened zealot.

The immediate political effect of his death is doubtful. "The luck of Lloyd George" seems to hold. In England the coal strike holds the centre of the stage and nothing else can compete in public interest. The clash of public opinion and criticism of the Cabinet is not likely to be so sharp to-day as it would have been a month ago when the public mind was not so full of other troubles.

HIS ONE DAY.

WITH Elihu Root and William Howard Taft on one side and Hell-Roaring Hiram and Bloody Bill Borah on the other, it must be admitted that Candidate Harding is in a pathetic position.

In this campaign of 1920 we have the strange phenomenon of a man running for the exalted office of President of the United States and yet unable to say anything or do anything which his followers will not interpret away or accept with reservations.

Anything Harding says to-day will be explained away by one or the other party of his supporters to-morrow.

But a time is coming when Senator Harding will have an opportunity to assert himself if he desires. A day is coming when he can hold the whip-hand.

On Nov. 1, and only on Nov. 1, will it be possible for Senator Harding to have any real influence on the balloting.

On Nov. 1, if the candidate is so inclined, he can state his policies, if he has any, and appeal directly to the voters on their way to the polls.

At the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour he can speak, and his supporters will not have time to explain away his views.

THE SHRUNKEN.

IN THE London Daily Chronicle, G. H. Ferris writes:

"Unless America can be brought back into the common council, the process of reconstruction will be so spoiled and protracted that we shall run a grave risk of a general European collapse."

Not much more than a year ago a distinguished

American said in the columns of the New York Times:

"We have been the living spring for this last century and a half from which these ideas have sprung, and we have triumphed. The world to-day, except for a comparatively few reactionary and communistic autocrats, is democratic, and we did it."

"A man who takes a wife and blesses the world with several infants cannot go away and leave them on the claim that there was no legal marriage."

"To abandon the covenant now means that the treaty itself will collapse."

"Having gone in with our eyes open and with a determination to free ourselves and the rest of the world from the dangers that surrounded us, we cannot now pull back from the job."

"It is no use to hold a great revival and then go away leaving a church for continued services half done."

The American writer of the above was Mr. Herbert Hoover—now allied with Hiram Johnson in supporting a candidate who says of the League covenant:

"I do not want to clarify those obligations. I want to turn my back on them. It is not interpretation but rejection that I am seeking."

WAKING UP!

THERE was no mistaking the cordiality and enthusiasm of the greeting which New York City extended Saturday to Gov. Cox and the League of Nations issue—to the Man and to the Message.

The Message is greater than the Man. It is greater than any group of men, greater than any political party. Nothing else accounts for the notable subordination of partisanship in the great meeting at Madison Square Garden.

Gov. Cox's speech was admirable. It was an excellent plea to have in the newspapers of the country on "League of Nations Sunday." The response of his hearers was more sincere than boisterous.

Gov. Cox synthesized the winning appeals he has been making in recent speeches. He laid stress on the simple yet complex economic factors which are forcing America into the League. He went to new lengths to emphasize his willingness to concede and conciliate, and so eliminate partisanship from the consideration of the questions involved.

There is no mistaking that the tide has turned. Gov. Cox's prospects are infinitely brighter to-day than they were a month ago or even a week ago.

The tide has turned. What the advocates of the League have hoped for is transpiring.

America is waking up!

While Senator Harding has retreated to the Front Porch and feebly prates of a bygone age, Gov. Cox is driving home the facts in simple and effective fashion. His appeal is to both the intelligence and the conscience of his countrymen. The voters are rousing. They are comparing the straightforward Cox stand with the wiggle and wabble of the Front Porch Candidate as exposed by his rival supporters.

America, the Giant, is stirring in its sleep. There remain eight days. The election depends on how fast the awakening progresses. Eight days is at least a week too long from the standpoint of the Republican managers.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS ON THE LEAGUE.

The originals of these letters are on file at headquarters of the Veterans' Cox-Roosevelt Club, Meigs D. Hildreth, Executive Secretary, Murray Hill Hotel, New York.

"Holyoke, Mass. I read to-day a newspaper headline in a local journal: 'Sixty Thousand Women Voters Fall to Respond to League of Nations Lure.' This, mind you, was a head on a news article relative to the Maine election.

"It is a 'Lure' is it? Then I maintain that the World War was a lure—it was a lure that fooled the world, and to-day Germany laughs. She laughs because she won. She laughs because she sees her conquerors are not big enough to co-operate in peace as they co-operated in war; they will not co-operate to save lives as they co-operated to lose them.

"I saw the horrors of war. I appreciate the sordidness, the utter folly of it all. I saw dead Germans who believed they had fought for the same ideals as our allies and ourselves. Do you imagine for a minute that the fair-haired young peasant boy lying there in the gutter, blood-stained and mud-begrimed, had any other idea than that he was fighting to save the Fatherland? He was drafted to serve under the chosen son of God, and the letter he carried in his pocket from his mother asked him when he thought the horrible war would end, so that he could come back and work on their farm. I saw it, and I saw the boy.

"Unpatriotic sentiment? Not! We rightly entered the war; we might well have entered it sooner. What was our best reason for entering the war? We were told that it was to stop future wars.

"Remember the posters, remember the songs, remember the speeches, remember the promises! 'Yet, what have we done as a nation to keep faith?'"

For the Right Fought the End.

A Texas veteran writes: "I am an overseas soldier, and was wounded. I stand firmly for the League of Nations and want what I fought for, and I am going to do my part in getting what I fought for. It isn't anything but right, and I am for the right thing until the end."

(To Be Continued.)

Built on Sand!



By John Cassel

Mr. Root and The League

By Newton D. Alling

In reading Mr. Root's speech delivered at Carnegie Hall on the 20th one is not surprised to recognize the easy manner in which an experienced advocate can turn his powers or argument to such purpose as he may find most agreeable.

Having in the past gone on record practically in favor of the particular covenant under discussion, and having committed himself through acceptance of a position on the commission for organization of an International Court under its provisions, he still is not dismayed, when his party loyalty is at stake, at the task of squaring himself with his past declarations.

To the ordinary straightforward, straight-thinking citizen the task seems impossible except at the cost of stultification or direct retraction of previous statements and opinions, but that is not necessary in the case of an advocate of the long experience and facile mind and tongue of Elihu Root. He takes the document which he had previously praised and supported, with a few deft phrases turns its passages from right to left, and behold what was good has lost its virtue and what was going to be a boon to humanity becomes an object of suspicion and even of dangerous import.

He would have a league, yet he will have no league like this one. It must provide for justice, yet must be powerless and see its justice ignored. He believes in international law, yet his international law is to exist only in the abstract, with no concrete action to back it up.

Mr. Wilson is usually accused of idealism, yet here is the practical Mr. Root carrying out into the realm of the actual a period when a thing is to be because it should be. He and other critics of the League repeatedly say that war can not be prevented, yet they find it within themselves and advocate some sort of intangible thing which is to pronoun international law without any definite plan of enforcing it and thereby prevent a war.

What is international law without an organization behind it to make it good? Is it anything more than international good manners? And when some nation decides to ignore these good manners, as in 1914, what is going to stop it? We have seen the vain attempt of the Hague Tribunal with its Ephemeral Court. Oh! ye practical men who point to the paper of security the dreamer Wilson! What do you want, a league among nations which will be an effective instrument to prevent war or don't you? There is no logical middle ground.

The critics of the League, and Mr. Root supports them, say that the Covenant is a league for war and that it is an alliance among certain nations, although he admits that the neutrals are invited in. Yet Mr. Root knows that there is a very different provision for the entrance of Germany and her allies which they are themselves to and are willing to join. As for its being an alliance for war that can only be characterized as a deliberate misstatement.

Article X is the instrument by which the world will be policed. Mr. Root himself cites and praises the provision of the league for a three-months' consideration of any controversy, and as he says: "First, speed delay to afford time for investigation and for passion to cool and sober judgment to prevail," and "three other things taken together to prevent war, all of them with the object of securing peace." There was also a provision standing by itself quite outside of the general scheme of the league \* \* \* and forming no part of that scheme.

Let me ask Mr. Root: If all the nations of the earth were included would that eliminate his fear of an alliance? Again, if a league without Article X had been in force in 1914, what would it have accomplished? It would have been a failure and a disgrace. But if a league with Article X had been in force in 1914 then Germany surely would have paused before she brought down upon her the wrath of the civilized world. With it she could have had "delay" to afford time for investigation and passion to cool." Without it was blood war overnight. Tell me, Mr. Root, how you are going to have delay without Article X? How are you going to have national law and world court without an army and navy? Answer me as a lawyer and advocate! Where is the strength of any court without a sheriff and militia?

The intention of Article X is to keep the small nations such as the Balkans in order. If we had such an agreement among the nations of Europe in 1914 the Balkan situation would have been settled without the big war. Our quota would have been 25,000 troops at the most instead of two million, and five million lives would have been saved.

And yet Mr. Root, the advocate says that the League is made to get us into war! The Balkan situation has been known as the tinder box of Europe. And why? Because the large nations of Europe sat around in different camps suspicious of each other and waiting their chance to strike and draw the others, interfering because fearful of losing some future advantage. But had there existed a well formed agreement among them all, what would have been the result? The Balkan situation would long since have been eliminated from the world's problems. That situation can be compared to several families whose children are fighting and ultimately drag the parents into the brawl. On the other hand, with a small police force the children are kept from fighting and the families remain friends.

Mr. Wilson is right. Article X is the heart of the treaty or covenant and without it any association, world court, or what body of international law falls to the ground and fails its purpose. By its action it would prevent war and, in spite of all the prophesy of the great advocate, it knows it.

Among "great holy cities" are Allahabad, of the Indian (India) Mahometans; Benares, of the Hindus (Hindoes); Cuzco, of the ancient Incas (Peru); Jerusalem, of the Jews and Christians; Mecca and Medina of the Mahometans (Turkey and Arabia); and Moscow and Kiev, of the Russians.

The most northern point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.

The most eastern point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.

FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Prohibition a Failure.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Having been a reader of The World for years, I am naturally interested in your readers' column, and very much so during the last year and a half, during which time we, the people of a free nation, have been forced to sit idly by while hypocrites like Anderson have taken advantage of us. While a big part of our voters were overseas they put forward their fanatical ideas, such as Prohibition, and were able to bribe or force their way into office at the coming election. In respect to Prohibition, I would like to ask Anderson a few questions:

1. Will Anderson tell us how a Prohibition agent can live on \$1,500 a year, or about \$29 per week?

2. Will Anderson tell us how any saloonkeeper can pay overhead expenses, buy high priced motor cars or be independent on the sales of imitation beer?

3. I think Anderson's pet idea has been given the chance he yelled for and that it is a failure in so far as prohibiting anything or doing anybody any good.

4. I've seen a pretty good letter to-day, signed "William Maher," asking for the names of Congressmen and Senators who voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Enforcement Act. This is a step in the right direction. I would also suggest that you add the names of those who failed to vote or absented themselves, as they are in the same lick as I see it. In furtherance of this, why not start organizing an Anti-Prohibition Party to be used the same way as Anderson used his?

Hobbes a Believer.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I read in The Evening World of Thanksgiving, that "the British King was born in Germany. I was a theologian, and every one in Antwerp will show you the house where Hobbes was born."

No Place for Vaccination.

To the Editor of the Evening World: It seems to me that I might be a very accurate meter to have a vaccination man as the executive head of a wonderful, advanced, good nation such as the United States.

We are a fortunate people to have been blessed with splendid Presidents in the past, including every one from Washington through Wilson's two terms. But suppose a President proved to be vacillating. I feel confident it would not be wholesome for the Nation. It surely is not wholesome in business.

As a citizen of this glorious country I for one will vote for the Governor of Ohio to head our splendid Nation for the next four years. It is requisite for a man to have definite purposes in his work and duty. Pre-

umably Gov. Cox appears to me to have the worthy attributes to fill the highest office in the gift of the people of our country.

I intend to cast my vote for the Democratic nominee, and in doing so shall feel from my heart I am doing right for my country. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

New York, Oct. 13, 1920.

A Southern Southerner.

To the Editor of the Evening World: In reference to B. Mortimer George's letter I would suggest that he go down South and air his views. I was born right in New York City but lived most of my life in the South, and I know whereof I speak.

While I don't advocate a practice of the Ku Klux Klan, yet it has proved itself a good thing in many instances when a negro has attacked a white woman in the South. It has not a scare into them better than anything else could have done. The Southern people have put up with a great deal from the negro, but one thing that will make them rise up on a mass is the protection of their white women.

I don't know what kind of a Southerner B. Mortimer George is, but certainly he is not a real one when he speaks of "Hooker T. Washington, who was a personal friend of mine."

He further states that perhaps the idea of abolishing racial ideas is only a dream. I am afraid it is only too true.

Again I state, let B. Mortimer George go down South, among real Southern people, and express his views. I am sure he will be accorded a hot reception.

Theatre Ticket Speculators.

To the Editor of the Evening World: In The Evening World of Oct. 18 I read with great interest Sophie Lynn Lusk's experience in endeavoring to purchase theatre tickets at the Hotel Astor's news stand. I think it is about time that The Evening World should step in and endeavor to crush this monster.

The theatre ticket speculator is without a doubt a menace to the theatre and amusement world. As a matter of fact, the theatre managers are solely to blame for this evil of graft and highway robbery; they encourage the ticket speculator.

When a new play opens out of town you will find the ticket speculators at hand to look the play over and ready to talk business with the manager for a block of seats for the New York run, and the manager is perfectly willing to turn his tickets over to the speculators provided he gets his price. The manager cares nothing about the theatregoing public who step up to the box office and are willing to pay their good money to witness his play only to be informed by the box office man, "Sold out," thereby forcing the people with real money in their hands to do business with the speculator and be compelled to pay the price this grafter demands for the tickets.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake. (Copyright, 1920, by John Blake.) IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

This is a question discussed by philosophers, who reach different conclusions, the most interesting answer being the joke, quoted by William James, "It depends upon the liver."

To a man in ill health, and beset with troubles, or bowed with grief, the answer seems to be "no!"

But ill health means, or one can learn to endure it, as Stevenson and Pope and many important men have done.

Time dulls the edge of grief, and temperament enables a man to rise superior to it.

And, whether life is worth the living or not, we have to live it, so we might as well make up our minds at the beginning to make the best of it. The only alternative is suicide, and it was Shakespeare who made Hamlet say that it was better to "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

As a general thing, life is pretty much what you make it. Your individual life is inside and not out.

You can shut out troubles if they harass you, and find pleasures in reading and in reflection, and in association with the people who love you and are interested in you.

And who so poor but can find a few faithful, loyal friends?

Life is most worth the living when one has something useful to do, something in which he is interested.

To do well a job that is part of the world's work is far more entertaining than any pastime ever devised. The happiest people in the world are the workers. The unhappy are the idlers.

Unless you are unusually ill or sinned against you can make your life not only tolerable but enjoyable.

Get something to do. Get an honest ambition, which is ambition to help others, and not to walk to success over their heads.

Divide your work and play time so that you can rest when you are tired and work when you are fresh. But be sure to assign by far the longer hours to work. Then you can make your life worth the living, and when it is over you can feel that you were not sent here in vain.

The speculator has them. You go into any one of the hotels or ticket agencies and ask for tickets and if they do not have them on hand watch them call the theatres on the phone and get them. The Treasurer is holding out a block for the speculator, and when you pay the grafter's price he gives you a printed order on the theatre for the seats. The Treasurer receives you with smiles and hands the tickets to you because he is in on the graft with the speculator.

It is distinctly understood between the speculator and the Treasurer that the latter is to receive a definite amount of money above the box office price, and he gets it and the speculator does not get his tickets. This evil is carried on by the manager, speculator and the Treasurer, and there should be some means taken to wipe it out.

The Evening World is the paper that can help to do it, and I sincerely trust it will proceed immediately to take steps to help the theatregoing public.

There should be a law in this State prohibiting the sale of a theatre ticket above its printed face value.

C. T. BILLING.

New York, Oct. 20.

"That's a Fact"

By Albert F. Southack

One of the finest State mottoes is that of Kansas, "Ad astra per astra," while that of Colorado, "Nil sine numine" (Nothing without Providence), breathes a religious sentiment.

Arizona's "Sitat Deus" (Founded by God) is similar, and New York makes the indisputable claim of "Eccelsior."

Among "great holy cities" are Allahabad, of the Indian (India) Mahometans; Benares, of the Hindus (Hindoes); Cuzco, of the ancient Incas (Peru); Jerusalem, of the Jews and Christians; Mecca and Medina of the Mahometans (Turkey and Arabia); and Moscow and Kiev, of the Russians.

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