

The Evening World

Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, No. 58 to 68 Park Row, New York.

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WHERE DID IT FUSE?

THE political reporter of The Evening World finds that the prevailing sentiment among Republican district workers is: "No more Fusion. We will go it alone in future municipal campaigns."

The plain fact is that for the last two campaigns the Republican organization has not fused. It has sulked. It has not delivered the goods. It has demanded spoils without working to win them.

The Republican organizations in the boroughs have played fast and loose with Coalition and Fusion. They have played in cahoots with Tammany. Even now there is City Hall gossip about Republicans who are likely to fare well in the next Administration.

Fusion? When? How? Let us hope there will be no more "Fusion" as in 1917 and 1921.

The decision of the Public Service Commission to base telephone rates on State-wide service may be expected to afford Mayor Hylan another opportunity to defend the people against the "interests."

NO MAN HAD A BETTER RIGHT TO BE THERE.

WHEN Woodrow Wilson followed the body of the Unknown Soldier down Pennsylvania Avenue yesterday, it was as a soldier who all but gave up his life for the very ideals President Harding eulogized at Arlington.

The crowds cheered Wilson. On a day when the heart of the Nation was touched, it naturally turned to Wilson. It is only when the baser emotions of selfishness are in the ascendant that the Nation gets away from Wilsonism.

The Evening World's correspondent, David Lawrence, wrote:

"Mr. Wilson wanted to participate. There was hesitation about inviting him."

Why there should have been hesitation we are unable to conceive. If any man belonged in that procession, Woodrow Wilson did. Of that there can be no question.

If there was hesitation in Administration circles, it must have been hesitation born of guilty conscience, unwillingness born of diffidence toward one who was deeply wronged by partisan animus and partisan misrepresentation.

Only those who can remember the death of Abraham Lincoln have seen this Nation as deeply and sincerely moved as it was yesterday by the burial of its Unknown Soldier. Nor was it possible when Lincoln was buried to bring the country so together by telegraph and telephone.

ENVELOPES THAT DELAY MAILS.

POSTMASTER GENERAL HAYS is quite right in asking the public not to make use of those "cute" little envelopes so much in vogue for sending holiday cards and greetings.

If you must use the small envelopes, they should be inclosed in standard-sized envelopes for mailing. In the Christmas rush the country is entitled to the best mail service possible. It should aim at the greatest good for the greatest number.

It would be entirely proper for the Post Office to announce that small and inconvenient-sized envelopes will be held over until the bulk of the Christmas and New Year's mail has been disposed of and delivered.

The inconveniently small envelope that does not fit into the postal machinery holds up mail that does fit. One small letter will delay several standard-sized letters. It should not have the right of way.

One reason for renewing your membership in the Red Cross is its employment service for ex-service men. The New York Chapter, the largest in the country, has found jobs for more than 4,000.

OUTLAW EMPLOYERS.

IN a statement from the employers' side in the garment-making controversy we read:

"The manufacturers honestly feel they are in the right."

"Honestly" is misused in any statement from the so-called "Protective Association."

Individually the manufacturers may be honest. Collectively they are not honest. Their word, as used in writing, is "a scrap of paper."

They call "outlaws" in precisely the same way salaried businessmen call teamsters.

that the railroad workers were outlaws when they broke working agreements.

These outlaw employers have forfeited every bit of public sympathy for the merits of their case against slacking workers.

If there is any force in public opinion affecting industrial relations, now is the time for it to make itself effective. The public should punish outlawry by employers as vigorously as it did employee outlawry.

It is contrary to trade union policy to invoke the injunction in trade union disputes. But at times the Federal authorities have stepped in to ask for injunctions.

Why wouldn't that be a good plan now? It is in the interest of workers and consumers that tens of thousands of garment workers continue production.

Why not enjoin the employers against increasing unemployment by breach of employment agreements?

AT LEAST THIS.

THE International Conference for the Limitation of Armaments opens at Washington to-day.

From rendering the last solemn honors to its Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day, the country turns to the one opportunity it has accepted to prove to itself and to the world that he did not die in vain.

After the war, forty other nations joined a League and signed a Covenant "to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war."

Forty other nations willingly took the risks of such partnership for the sake of the great end in view.

The United States of America shrank from the risks. It would have nothing to do with League or Covenant. It stayed aloof and alone.

One of the aims of the League of Nations was and is the reduction of armaments.

That is a great aim. Realization of it will lessen one of the chief provocations to war and also lighten the load of taxation on overburdened peoples.

The tangible benefits promised by a reduction of armament appealed to the United States more than the larger co-operative purpose of the League.

The people of the United States are deeply interested in the disarmament proposition because they understand it and see plainly what it will do for them.

Popular desire for reduction of armament was what compelled the present Administration at Washington to call this conference.

Popular desire for reduction of armament is what is going to compel the present Administration at Washington to do its utmost, honestly and above-board, to make the conference come to something.

Over the grave of America's Unknown Soldier, President Harding said yesterday:

"There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

That is very fine. The chief difficulty so far has been not for civilization to find its voice but to find tones and accents that would appeal both to the American people and to their present Government.

This Conference for the Limitation of Armaments which opens to-day provides a comparatively simple and specific aim.

It is an aim not too ideal to be grasped, not so unselfish as to inspire misgiving.

Yet, as we have said, it is a great aim and an aim leading toward the realization of the larger aims professed by the Nation when it sent its Unknown Soldier to battle.

God help the people of the United States and their Government if they cannot at least get together behind this aim with all the strength of genuine will and purpose!

The Tiger and the Bulldog in the Bow.

TWICE OVERS.

"THE heart of Britain is deeply set upon the success of the conference."—Lloyd George.

"WE must keep the country (Philippine Islands) within its income. We are not going to gamble on futures."—Governor General Leonard Wood.

"ARMISTICE DAY, the eleventh of November, should be made sacred throughout the entire civilized world."—Marshal Foch.

"THE people of New York do not like Gov. Miller's trend of mind."—John Kirkland Clark.

"DON'T let the word paternalism scare you. It won't scare any progressive public-spirited official."—F. H. La Guardia.

Supporting a Mad Dog!

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By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives 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 few words. Take time to be brief.

Out-of-Date.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It seems to be rather the fashion these days to criticize The World.

Your ideas as to Honor, Truth, Justice and Liberty are out-of-date. Your vocabulary contains many obsolete words of the "boom" and "swine" type.

You had the effrontery to say in an editorial last week that a beverage which contains one-half of 1 per cent of alcohol is not an intoxicating liquor.

Judging by past performance, I am positive you are wrong in stating that "intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes" doesn't mean "intoxicating liquors for medicinal purposes."

Liquor is such a terrible poison that Congress in its wisdom found it necessary to amend the Constitution in order to prohibit persons in good health from using it.

Oh, it would be too horrible!

HYPOCRISITE, New York, Nov. 6, 1921.

Not Drafted.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Drafted Man" quite convincingly proves that the regular, the National Guardsman and the drafted man were all technically "drafted" men.

Personally I recognize no distinction between volunteers and drafted men—we were all there for the same purpose.

On May 22, 1917, at the age of seventeen, I joined the United States Navy and served two years, the greater part of the time overseas.

"Drafted Man" can prove me, technically, legally or otherwise, a drafted man, I'll sign over to him all my rights to the Government and State bonuses, or give him twenty-five cancelled postage stamps, whichever he considers the most valuable.

EX-COALHEAVER.

"The Next War."

To the Editor: I am a steady reader and an admirer of your valuable paper, your interest and the space you give to our Government to spend so much time and money entertaining these foreigners to no end whatever—in the name of Universal Peace and Disarmament (ha! ha!), when the money they are thus wasting could be advantageously used in the building up of our army and

navy in preparation for the next war,

which no man of intelligence can deny will come. And come soon, in spite of the meaningless gas being emitted by numerous politicians and pacifists of all nations.

Taxi Rates Too Low.

I am an Evening World reader, also a taxi driver. I have always found this paper fair and just.

Miss Loeb in the issue of Nov. 3 printed a letter from Mr. Otto Gutfreund, wherein he claims the Twentieth Century drivers are making money. I have to dispute Mr. Gutfreund's word.

Mr. Gutfreund may be making money at \$20 a week and expenses, which he gets from the poor suckers out on the streets twelve and fourteen hours after paying him \$200 to join a month for the privilege of driving a taxicab.

He claims that in Chicago they are running for 20 cents a mile. How can a man live at that rate? In your opinion the further the fares drop the better for the public. This is a mistake.

When a man invests every cent he has in the world and finds he cannot make a decent living he gets desperate, especially after twelve to fifteen years in this line of work.

BROWN AND WHITE TAXI DRIVER.

Too Easy to Get a Taxi License.

I have been a licensed hackman for the past twenty years. I can safely say that I never thought such a low class of men could get licenses.

I know of one man who served three years for criminal assault "coming across" with \$25 and getting a license through friends in Tammany Hall.

He and hundreds of others have got past by handing over a little graft. A lady came to me a few nights ago and asked me if I had seen a cab in which she had left her handbag, containing \$85. The driver, instead of waiting, had driven off.

This is the sort of thing that makes it bad for a decent man who is trying to make a living on the streets of New York.

So long as these conditions exist in the License Bureau the public is in constant danger of being robbed by these gunmen and ruffians of all nationalities. The sooner we have a change of administration in this department the better.

Take a walk down Broadway any night and look them over and you will find that I am right.

UNCOMMON SENSE.

By John Blak.

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FOCH.

Visitors to Washington this month are likely to see passing in a motor car a slender, rather diminutive Frenchman, dressed in the quiet horizon blue of the French army.

There is nothing magnificent or awe inspiring about his appearance. He does not look stern or forbidding. Viewed from a distance you would say he was just an ordinary French officer—one of many hundreds who have visited this country since the beginning of the war.

If you are lucky enough to get a close up, however, you will see a keen eye under a shaggy brow, and a face that is expressive of high determination—not a handsome face, but the face of a man who "goes through."

The little man is Foch. He is nothing like as impressive as that other great commander of the French armies, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was even smaller in stature.

There is no pride, no ferocity, no consciousness of might in his face.

And there is a difference in the men. For Napoleon fought and won battles for Napoleon. Foch fought and won them for France.

When his job was done he was content to go back to the duties of a French officer. He wanted no titles and no crown.

His modesty and his devotion to the good of others you may read in his face.

At the first Battle of the Marne, when the whole world felt sure that von Kluck was going to break through the French defenses, sweep on to Paris and win the war almost at its beginning, Foch sent this message to Joffre, then his commander:

"My right is crushed; my left is in retreat; I am attacking with my centre."

He continued to attack with his centre, despite what seemed almost certain defeat. He held the enemy till Gallieni brought out his taxicab army from Paris, and saved the day.

A quiet, unassuming man, Foch won his high place by sheer devotion to duty—a habit that was his from the days of St. Cyr.

His has been a glorious life, because it was an unselfish one. He has had ambition, but it was ambition for his country. And because he had the right sort of ambition, his country honors him and will continue to honor him far more than it has honored the greater but far more selfish Napoleon.

absinthe is a spirit flavored with the pounded leaves and flowering tops of wormwood, together with angelica root, sweet flag root, star anise and other aromatics. This mixture is macerated for about eight days in alcohol and then distilled, the result being an emerald-colored liquor. The best absinthe is made in Switzerland, the chief seat of the

TURNING THE PAGES

By E. W. Osborn

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I'm sittin' on the doortop And I'm eating bread an' jam. And I aren't a-cryin' really, Though I speks you think I am.

I'm feelin' rather lonely, And I don't know what to do, 'Cos there's no one here to play with, And I've broke my hoop in two.

I can hear the child's playing, But they see they don't want me, 'Cos my legs are rather little, An' I run so slow, you see.

So I'm sittin' on the doortop, And I'm eating bread an' jam, And I aren't a-cryin' really, Though it feels as if I am.

So runs the plaint of "The Littlest One" in the book of verses bearing that title (Stokes), written by Marion St. John Webb.

There is an age, it seems, when bread and jam do not constitute the whole joy of life.

Thursday Thrift --- Turning the pages of the December Dellinastor one may find these words by Lella W. Breeling on the value of an appointed Thursday:

I was tired of being constantly reminded of my neglect of things usually deferred; so Thursday became my odd-job day for the sort of jobs that hide in the corners or behind doors.

It is the day the garbage can is rinsed and put on the stove to boil with a half-cup of salt soda solution, and hung out to air.

The bread box is scalded and aired on Thursday.

Every properly managed refrigerator should be thoroughly cleaned at least once a week, so I resolved to do it on Thursday.

The laundry goes on Thursday; clothes are collected for the cleaner and rugs are thoroughly cleaned.

Thursday being, of course, the cook's day out, the thrifty housekeeper find an hour to work up the Thursday boiled dinner?

Recalling a Time When --- We gather from Denis Mackail's "Romance to the Rescue" (Houghton Mifflin) this passing reference to a time that was:

It was a very hot summer after a very cold winter in one of the years when omnibus conductors still wore billycock hats, when tradesmen wore still polite when people still told funny stories about bicycles, and laughed at the Germans, and were slightly nervous of the French, when aeroplanes, taxicabs, prohibition, bridge, revolving heels, poison gas, Dorothy strap-bangers, relative, the North and South Poles, Thomas Baskin, dress-fasteners, Miss E. M. Dell, depth charges, pro-boers, superas, scooters, early closing, jiveys, Kingsway, flashbacks, vorticism, rubber-cored golf-balls, safety first, permanent waving, and countless other pleasures and refinements of present-day life were still undiscovered.

Ain't it wonderful, Mable, as dere Lieut. Edward Streeter might inquire, the things that have happened since before the high cost of living?

The Pessimism of a Poet --- From "The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge," works of a peasant singer commended by Lord Dunsany, we cite a single stanza to show how an excellent poet can set a bad example in making the worst of things:

A hundred books are ready in my head To open out where Beauty bent a leaf, What do we want with Beauty? We are used

Like ancient Prosperina to dismal grief, And we are changing with the hours that fly, And growing odd and old, my heart and I.

Luxury as a Traffic Necessity --- Some wisdom of the times from a page of the current New Republic:

To support its own—that is, to sustain the increasing number of people who crowd into it and live by it—business must extend itself faster and faster by a law of progress.

It extends itself rationally so far as it can; then irrationally or by any means, from necessity, and ends by inducing an artificial, whimsical demand for a great variety of things that are necessary neither to the comfort of the flesh nor the salvation of the soul, useful only to the vanity.

Such demand is easily deranged. Poor women demand for a great deal do without and business in dismay talks of a buyers' strike.

The making of non-essential things is performed abated. Labor begins to be disemployed.

And the creature, so delicately and reciprocally ramified that the difference between 100 and 150 cars of railroad freight in a year, is shackled at the top.

Think of Miss Luxury deciding to cut down on embroidery silk in New York—

And affecting the traffic receipts in San Francisco.

James James and Every Woman --- From James James's "Guide Book to Women" (Dutton) these brevities:

Every woman when she knows that she is in the wrong will instinctively accuse the man of being at fault.

Every woman's wristlet watch is always wrong. The woman forgets to wind it up.

Every woman will discuss every woman's husband, including her own.

Every woman has to sit down three times before she is quite comfortable.

Every woman gets the keenest pleasure out of shopping.

Every woman is jealous of every other woman.

Every woman sees herself more beautiful than she is at her mirror.

Every woman refuses to cook meat for herself when there is no man about.

Every woman has moods when she does things which she wouldn't do when normal.

Every woman's grown covers a multitude of sins. Every woman is unpenitent.

Every woman spoils her first baby. Every woman hates darning.

Every woman loves being loved.

Every woman is either thinner or fatter. Every woman moans. And every woman is a child.

Whether the pen name James James masks man, woman or schoolgirl, nobody knows.

Every woman will agree that the author of the "Guide Book" is no gentleman.