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Why Couldn't He Do It?

The *World* reports this remark of Senator HITCHCOCK's concerning the President's attitude:

"It is a little embarrassing to be in the dark as to what the President's attitude is, but it leaves the Democrats free to act as they see fit. I do not think any proposal of compromise will come from the President. He could not very well offer a new treaty after having signed a definite one at Paris. . . . It would be almost bad faith on the President's part to suggest changes in the treaty after helping frame it and after signing it."

We confess we cannot understand the Senator's process of thought. Why could not President WILSON offer a new treaty after having signed a definite one at Paris which is inacceptable to the Senate and to the American people? Why would it be "almost bad faith" for him to suggest changes in the treaty after helping frame it and after signing it?

Why can he not do exactly what JOHN HAY did in 1901? Secretary HAY had previously negotiated with Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the British Ambassador, a treaty covering the most important questions of national interests and international relations which then engaged the attention of the American people. His whole heart was interwoven with this canal treaty project which President MCKINLEY submitted to the Senate for ratification. The Senate refused to ratify it, just as the present Senate has refused to ratify the Wilson treaty, without amendments making important changes in the original plan and designed, as in the present case, to protect American interests and safeguard American independence of action. The first Hay-Pauncefote treaty failed, to the unconcealed chagrin of Secretary HAY and of the Administration he had represented in the negotiations.

What did JOHN HAY do? Plead, as Senator HITCHCOCK now pleads for President WILSON, the impossibility of offering a new treaty after having definitely signed one which the Senate had refused to accept unchanged? Whimper, as Senator HITCHCOCK now whimpers in behalf of President WILSON, about the "bad faith" of suggesting changes in the treaty after helping frame it and signing it?

Not by a long shot! Secretary HAY accepted the situation man fashion, unpleasant as the situation was to his pride of authorship. He resumed negotiations with the British Government and produced a document conforming with the Senate's objections to the original draft. He concluded and signed, on November 18, 1901, along with PAUNCEFOTE, his former collaborator, a second Ship Canal treaty, revised and corrected to the American taste. His President submitted the new treaty to the Senate, and ratification was advised inside of a month from the date of signature. The result of his broad minded and self-effacing statesmanship is our possession of an American built and American controlled canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

What we should like to learn from Senator HITCHCOCK is the nature of the obstacle that makes it impossible for President WILSON to do that which Secretary HAY did for his country under conditions so strikingly similar in many respects. Is there in the personal opinions and personal acts of the later statesman something sacrosanct that did not apply to the earlier servant of American interests?

A Sea Story With an American Woman as the Heroine.

A news despatch from Mobile gives the rather meagre details of a voyage of a four masted schooner which must have been filled with all those stern realities of life aboard a sailing vessel that appealed so strongly to JOSEPH CONRAD, and with all the sea perils and heroism that found such favor with the late W. CLARK RUSSELL. It is the account of the arrival at that port of the Jean L. Somerville from the Canary Islands, with a woman, Mrs. ISABELLE ORAM, at the wheel, the first woman, it is believed, who ever piloted a vessel across the Atlantic.

Before leaving the Canaries the mate and cook had deserted and the first day out Captain ORAM took ill. His wife kept him on deck most of the time and together they took the readings and set the course. He steadily grew worse and at San Juan Mrs. ORAM tried to persuade her husband to go ashore and have another master placed aboard. He was a veteran Maine skipper and it was not a part of his creed to desert his ship. Off San Antonio light Mrs. ORAM says he told her "I can't help you get the sun to-morrow." He died that night.

She signalled a steamer once, but it could offer her no assistance because the sea was too rough to lower a boat. For three days she was at the mercy of a strong head wind, and when at last she was able to take bearings she was 200 miles out of her course. She brought the schooner back to its course and began the battle to reach port. Some of the sails were carried away, but the schooner fortunately did not leak. A passing steamer towed the vessel off Pensacola, and from there Mrs. ORAM brought it into Mobile Bay.

The credit of being the first woman to pilot a vessel across the Atlantic may not be hers; but Mrs. ORAM's feat will be remembered as one of the fine, brave achievements of our merchant marine service.

Reds Lucky to Be Arrested.

Droves of Reds rounded up by Federal, State and municipal authorities for deportation or jail can thank their stars for what has happened to them—happened in time. They have been cornered by American law. It gives way neither to violence nor to anger. It deals out justice against the Red, as against anybody, and deals it with an even hand.

Whether there are in this country 5,000 or ten times 5,000 of the Reds willing to attack our institutions and liberties, they all would be as mad as March hares to dream that they could practise the violence which they preach against the Government of the American people. If our agents and instruments of government did not, by locking them up and making overseas cargoes of them, restrain them from committing the crimes they are crazy enough to meditate the Reds would have to meet the will and the power of the American people to obliterate them from the face of the earth like a pack of wolves.

But while the Reds have wild, disordered intellects as to what should be done with the possessions, the rights and the persons of other human beings, they are cunning enough and self-important enough to appraise their own skins at a precious value. Losing their lawless freedom of action is less costly to them than losing their hides. Going aboard a ship for a short journey across the seas is more comfortable for them than being jerked into eternity.

In America, where there is no breathing space for the Red whose hand has dared to strike, he does well for himself to go only far enough to get himself arrested before he has the chance or the stomach to journey the longer, blacker road to the gallows.

Senator Fernald on the Covenant.

A terse obituary of the Wilsonian scheme of supergovernment for America was supplied by the Hon. BERT M. FERNALD, the senior Senator from Maine, to a reporter in Lewiston on the occasion of the Senator's recent visit to his home in West Poland. The report is worth reproducing here:

"When asked what he thought would be done with the League of Nations by Congress during the present session Senator FERNALD said that in his judgment the League is dead. He felt that the old treaty with Germany would be revived and that the two countries would go along as before the war.

"'What of the other countries; what will they do?' he was asked.

"'I suppose they will have a little league of their own and be happy,' was the reply."

It is encouraging to learn that at least one of the two Maine Senators knows the difference between a compromise and a cadaver.

Truly a Doctor of Letters.

If you would see the monument of the late Sir WILLIAM OSLER look around you the next time you sit in sullen silence in your doctor's office and you are almost certain to find it on his shelves. It is a bulky red volume, "Osler on the Practice of Medicine," first published in 1892 and edited and reedited every few years since then.

It is no small feat to write a lasting classic of the medical school and the doctor's office, for that profession, unlike its brother the law, is less likely to build on old foundations. SMITH first publishes his exhaustive work "On Titles to Horned Cattle in Cities of the First Class." JONES, in view of a decision changing the status of goats as horned cattle, thereupon gives us "Jones on Smith on," &c. But in medicine to-day's authority is apt to be to-morrow's curiosity.

But Dr. OSLER not only wrote with learning and authority, he wrote with charm of style and occasional flashes of humor, both uncommon in medical writings. He had a fine scorn for the man who loves a weighty word solely for its weight. MYLES STANDISH, the distinguished Boston eye surgeon, used to preface one of his lectures by saying, "Ophthalmological nomenclature is the essence of polysyllabic idiocy," and Dr. OSLER would have agreed as to some other branches of medicine.

He had no patience with the man who seizes upon a symptom, gives it a Greek name and calls it a disease. In his chapter on neurasthenia he gives an amusing list of the names which have been invented for the "phobias" which possess patients. To draw upon one's own or another's Greek for claustrophobia to indicate the fear of a closed space or batophobia for the fear that high things will fall is not a tax upon ingenuity. The physician who found a neurasthenic patient who was afraid of a railway journey had a harder task, but he produced siderodromophobia (the fear of running iron) and was happy.

Dr. OSLER had a happy fondness for the short word and the simile from every day life, understandable to any layman. Take this description of the arterio-sclerosis which comes prematurely to some persons:

"A man of 28 or 29 may have the arteries of a man of 60 and a man of 40 may present vessels as much degenerated as they should be at 80. Entire families sometimes show this tendency to early arterio-sclerosis—a tendency which cannot be explained in any other way than that in the makeup of the machine bad material was used for the tubing."

No polysyllabic idiocy about that last phrase. Or take this, "the ingestion of a larger quantity of carbohydrates than can be warehoused, so to speak," as a graphic putting of medicine into plain English.

The fatal forty of Dr. OSLER's much quoted and much misquoted speech appears in some of his discussion of wise living. In a chapter on obesity he cites with approval this aphorism of GEORGE CHEYNE: "Every *wise* man after *Fifty* ought to begin to lessen at least the quantity of his *Aliment*, and if he would continue free of great and dangerous Distempers and preserve his Senses and Faculties clear to the last he ought every seven years go on abateing gradually and sensibly, and at last *descend* out of Life as he ascended into it, even into the Child's Diet."

"Put in other words," wrote Dr. OSLER, "it reads, We eat too much after 40."

Brief and understandable is his summary of the whole question of under or over weight: "After 40 we tend to become thin or fat, and the former are usually happier and live longer."

Here are some sentences in which Dr. OSLER put into terms of every day life the case of the neurasthenic handicapped by heredity:

"We do not all start in life with the same amount of nerve capital. . . . So long as these individuals are content to transact a moderate business with their life capital, all may go well, but there is no reserve, and in the exigencies of modern life these small capitalists go under and come to us bankrupt. . . Many patients come under our care a generation too late for satisfactory treatment, and it may be impossible to restore the exhausted capital."

Dr. OSLER's humor cropped out now and then in this book on the most serious of subjects. Hysteria following accidents brought this:

"A majority of patients with traumatic hysteria recover. In railway cases so long as litigation is pending and the patient is in the hands of lawyers the symptoms usually persist. Settlement is often the starting point of a speedy and permanent recovery. I have known return to health after the persistence of the most aggravated symptoms with complete disability of from three to five years duration."

A high art to write entertainingly on technical subjects, and few have practised it more successfully. Lawyers might offer as a rival Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, whose book on torts has cheered more than one weary student of the law.

President Poincare on His Future.

It is an attractive personality RAYMOND POINCARÉ presents to the world as he prepares to leave the Presidency of France and to return to unofficial life. His term has covered the great war to which France looked forward for more than a generation. To him was given the privilege of speaking the nation's joy over the return of the lost provinces. Through days and months and years of dread and anguish he bore the burden of his office. The removal of the Government to Bordeaux in 1914 was condemned as betraying lack of confidence, as demoralizing the people; but the outcome of the war proved the French were not demoralized. And POINCARÉ looks forward to a busy, useful career when he leaves the service in which he has given so much.

"I do not think I have arrived at the time for inactivity; I will resume my place as a private citizen, but I will keep my public interests. In my opinion the Constitution has in no sense foreseen that an ex-President should be condemned to obscurity or should merely preside at meetings of charitable institutions"; these are POINCARÉ's words. They instantly bring to mind that great American who in 1909 left the White House to enter immediately on another phase of his wonderful career, in which he continued, though not in official place, to guide and instruct the people. ROOSEVELT did not accept the conclusion of his term as President as dismission from active participation in affairs of state.

Like ROOSEVELT, the French President may write, "I must earn my living"; he did not grow rich in the Elysee Palace; the high cost of living continuing, he does not expect his successor there to amass a fortune. He will not practise as an advocate before judges he has appointed. Moreover, chance brought him into power in a time of upheaval; he has "acquired some very fixed notions" he failed to recognize before the war. These ideas he feels constrained to expound. The interest and understanding of foreign affairs characteristic of POINCARÉ in his political activities are not dulled. And here is a thought worthy of study. POINCARÉ says:

"It was during the war that I particularly felt the ties that attached the South American countries to the fortunes of France and caused them to share our anguish. I have here a great book made up of letters received from Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Peru and from all parts of South America during the blackest hours that we went through. I continue to receive them. This morning I received a letter from a Brazilian school teacher announcing that he had placed his small school under the protection of Joan of Arc 'for the honor of France.'"

The Latin predominance in South America naturally excites the imagination and fills the mind of a great French statesman. He will not say he may visit South America. The trip is not planned. But there could not be a better ambassador of friendship and mutual understanding from France to the sympathetic peoples of South America than this robust, learned, experienced politician, and no man will fail to recognize the possibilities of material and spiritual welfare for France and for her sister republics below the Panama Canal which lie in the cultivation of closer relations between them.

A Prohibitionist Does Grave Injustice to a Poet.

In Washington the general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, WAYNE B. WHEELER, thought to emphasize his horror at the wickedness of New York by uttering poetry. The verses he chose were written, he said, by "an ex-Federal official." We quote the verse as Mr. WHEELER gave it, although he has veered a point or two from the original:

"Vulgar of manners, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred,
Heartless, Godless, Hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night,
Bedwarfed the man, overgrown the brute,
Ruled by boss and prostitute,
Purple robed and pauper clad,
Raving, rotten, money mad;
A squirming herd in Mammon's mesh,
A wilderness of human flesh,
Crazed with avarice, lust and rum—
New York, Thy name's delirium."

Alas! that anybody should credit these immortal lines to "an ex-Federal official," when it has been established beyond question that they were written by the Hon. BYRON R. NEWTON, who, far from being an "ex," is at the moment the Collector of the Port of New York.

The trouble with Mr. WHEELER and other amateurs is that they have lost their grip on the classics in clutching at free verse and other passing froth. It is not inconceivable that Mr. WHEELER could not identify Mr. NEWTON's great tragic poem "Why?" or those masterly verses "To My Fiddle" which begin as follows:

"Queen of the Heavenly Muse, my magic shell,
In every varying strain thy chords doth swell,
Whether in major joy or minor riddle,
First out doth come an oath, and then my fiddle."

That poem, written in the first year of President HAYES's administration, was enough to tell the world that there was a new Byron. It was many years later that the "Ode to New York," from which Mr. WHEELER quoted, was written; for Mr. NEWTON never saw a city until he was 26 and it was a long time before his pen would stab city wickedness.

The next time anybody recites the immortal Ode he ought to say that it was written by the only Orleans County Ploughboy Poet who ever served consecutively as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Collector of the Port of New York.

It might have been easier to comprehend MAETERLINCK if he had used a ouija board.

To compute one's age the census man might ask "How many times have you heard WILLIAM J. BRYAN mentioned for President?"

Pursuing an invincible purpose continually to glance from China to Peru, from Andean crags to London's golden Strand, and by report to aid in general understanding of what on earth this world can be, our attention is not infrequently arrested by matter displayed in the Kansas City *Independent*. Thus, in a late issue, in a department edited by "Betty Ann"—an incorrigible gossip!—appears this frank statement and advice: "I have frequently seen very young matrons and unmarried girls smoking in the Pompeian rooms. Boys—it's a good tip: Give her a cigarette case." If unmarried girls cannot be kept from smoking in Kansas City, though some may blame them yet they are to be praised for a sense of unity, so to say, or it may be better to say a recognition of historical fitness, in selecting the Pompeian rooms as the scene of their indulgence. There was in an early day of this era a great deal of smoking going on in the rooms of old Pompeii, but, Betty Ann, those who smoked there had no future use for cigarette cases.

Wave of laziness disturbs France.—*News headline.*

In some other countries it is called social unrest.

Positive Facts.

One member of the Massachusetts Legislature gives his occupation as "professional humorist."

* * *

In October, 1919, Cuba exported 19,690,820 cigars, about 5,800,000 more than in October, 1918.

* * *

Two hundred thousand Russian soldiers are still held as prisoners of war in Germany.

CLOCK WATCHERS.

Who Is to Blame if a Lad Fails to Become a Good Mechanic?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your editorial article entitled "Out With the Clock Watchers and Loafers" appeals to me. I have a friend who has been an employer as well as an employee and therefore is possibly competent to argue the merits of both sides of this question of wages and service.

This friend started his mechanical life by serving a four year apprenticeship at the machinist's trade in Brooklyn and soon woke up to the fact that unless his employers made a success of their business they could not pay him the price his skill justified, and acting on this policy he soon rose through all the grades of gang boss and foreman till he became superintendent of one of the most famous machine shops in New York city.

Then, having been brought in contact with many prominent engineers of the early '60s, including Captain John Ericsson and Lieutenant Charles E. Emery, he soon learned much of the science of steam. Urged by his associates he started in as an expert along this line of service, and during the last fifty years he has made examinations, tests and reports that have resulted in the investment of upward of if not over $200,000,000 in betterments, which is a record that possibly very few men of this day can show. The point I want to make is my belief this success is in a large measure due to the thorough manner in which he learned his trade as well as his belief in a square deal.

As an employer he was possibly a trifle prejudiced in favor of American mechanics, as he has often asserted that he has found them more faithful at their work and not mere clock watchers, and in order to get these men he not only was willing to pay the union scale of wages but to add a bonus when the profits on the work would justify it; and this he finds helps to make his men loyal as well as dependable.

As an employee when his day's work was done he had nothing to worry about until the next day, but as an employer he has spent many a sleepless night wondering if checks due would reach him in time for the next pay day, and possibly this is one of the most vexatious questions the capitalist has to contend with and something the workman does not have to contend with.

When we old fellows were boys we had to serve three to four years to learn a trade, and when our time was up we were well on the way to become skilful and reliable mechanics, but what is the practice to-day?

When a boy sees a "Help Wanted" card on, say, a machine shop door and makes application for work, does the foreman or proprietor make any arrangement with him to develop him into a good mechanic by advising him to study drafting nights at Cooper Union or some other similar school and to read carefully some of our excellent technical journals, of which we have an abundant supply? Not much. The boy is given a job at cleaning castings and a little later he is put on the bolt cutter, from which he advances to a drill press, and in this way in a very short time he is a full fledged machinist, gets his union card and receives the same pay as the most skilful and reliable workman.

To the writer this has always seemed unfair and the question is, Who is at fault? Is it the trade union, which insists on the same wages being paid to all regardless of merit, or is it the proprietor, who charges up the time to the customer at the same rate regardless of efficiency?
W. H. ODELL.

BROOKLYN, January 3.

DICKENS FOR NEW YEAR'S.

A Serious Message to Mankind Contained in "The Chimes."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your correspondent who writes that for thirty-seven years he has read "A Christmas Carol" at this season finds a responsive chord in me. I have not missed reading it aloud the night before Christmas for over twenty years, and sometimes read it between seasons. To me the Carol is good at any time.

But why not suggest "The Chimes" also? It bears the same relation to New Year's as "A Christmas Carol" does to Christmas and its message is far more serious and important. "The Chimes" is indeed the work of a great humanitarian. To those of your readers who have not read it it might be of interest to quote the last paragraph in the book:

Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows and the actors in them but a dream; himself a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, waking but now? If it be so, oh listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide and none too limited for such an end—endeavor to correct, improve and soften them. So may the New Year be a Happy one to You; Happy to many more whose Happiness depends on You! So may each Year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.

And, by the way, I often wondered who it was that cast Dickens aside by a wave of the hand because "he could not describe a gentleman." G. L. NOLLAF.

BROOKLYN, January 3.

Lip Reading School to Reopen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Board of Education announces the reopening of the school of lip reading for adults hard of hearing at Public School 93, Amsterdam avenue and Ninety-third street, on Monday evening, January 5, at 7:30 o'clock, in Room 312.

Miss Kathryn Newman, who originated the study of lip reading in this school, will conduct the class and has planned to make the lessons of greater interest than ever this coming term.

All hard of hearing adults wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity of learning to read the lips, which the Board of Education offers free of charge, are urged to register at the school on Monday, January 5, at 7:30 P. M.

NEW YORK, January 3. J. G.

One Year.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* After reading your stirring editorial article recounting what has happened to Mr. Wilson during the past year the following lines from a poem by Harriet Beecher Stowe, written in 1859, come to mind:

One year, one year, one little year,
And so much gone.

ALBANY, January 3. C. R. S.

Common Sense, Short and Straight.

From Harvey's Weekly of Yesterday.

THE SUN is right when it calls for square declarations from a meaningful candidates. This is no year for weasels. The more candidates the better! say we—then pick the best!

THE TREE OF SANTA CLAUS.

Balsam Firs of Little Use Except at Christmas Time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The author of a letter signed "Tree Lover" recommends the abolition of the Christmas tree in the interest of forest conservation.

I dislike to disagree with any one who takes as his text forest conservation, but as one who has given many years to the study of forest conditions in northeastern America, who has spent many seasons in the woods of Maine and eastern Canada—the land of the Christmas tree—who has made a scientific study of the balsam fir, as the Christmas tree is widely known in its native wilds, in its relation to forest growth, and as one withal who is in no way associated with the commercial exploitation of forest products of any description, I cannot but wonder whether, to put it plainly, "Tree Lover" knows what he is talking about.

Does he know that in many parts of eastern Canada the balsam fir grows like a weed in old abandoned pastures, much as red cedar and juniper do with us? Does he appreciate that forest grown specimens are of little value for decorative purposes, and that rather than depleting the forests the harvesting of the Christmas tree crop helps the farmer to keep his pastures open?

Does he know that as lumber there is almost no market for balsam fir; that as pulpwood it is decidedly inferior; that in the form of mine props it bring only about 10 cents a post; that as a Christmas tree it probably represents a higher source of revenue to the producer than in any other form? Does he realize that many farmers in the north woods region purposely allow their pastures to grow up to balsam fir in order that they may benefit by the demand for Christmas trees?

I am as deeply concerned as any one in the preservation of our forests, but the use of the balsam fir for Christmas trees has little bearing on the problem.

CHRISTMAS TREE LOVER.

YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, January 3.

A VICTORY ARCADE.

Plan for a Memorial at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Rodman Wanamaker, chairman of the committee on the victory memorial, invites the submission of plans and ideas on or before February 1. Why does not some bright, ambitious architect submit a plan for an archway spanning Fifty-ninth street for the double purpose of carrying Fifth avenue over the crosstown traffic and providing a dignified arched entrance to Central Park?

The need of separating the grade crossings of our main avenues and our main cross streets goes without saying, but at Thirty-fourth street and Forty-second street the city does not own the necessary land.

At Fifty-ninth street, however, an arcade could be started at Fifty-eighth street with approximately a 6 per cent. incline carrying an arch over Fifty-ninth street and ending in the park at Sixtieth or Sixty-first street. This might also be used as an outlet in the early future in the double decking of Fifty-ninth street to the Queensboro Bridge.

The congestion at the Plaza is already a public nuisance and is growing worse every day.

This same plan should be utilized at Broadway and Fifty-ninth street. I remember being stalled in a motor cab for half an hour at 5 P. M. last fall on the day of the subway strike by the congestion of the motors carrying people home up Eighth avenue and Broadway.

These plans probably could be carried out without removing the Columbus Monument or the beautiful Pulitzer Fountain, although the rather unnecessary balustrade around this very beautiful fountain would probably have to be sacrificed.

The arcade at Park avenue and Forty-second street has already demonstrated its great utility, but why not carry out the same idea at a point which is destined to be still more congested? One of these archways might be dedicated to our victory in the late war and the other as a memorial to Mr. Roosevelt.

Every one speeding up town or cross town in quest of business or pleasure would ever be reminded by these useful monuments of the object of their dedication, and that is what a memorial should be and not a silly shaft which nobody ever thinks of looking at.

LOUIS KELLER.

NEW YORK, January 3.

SENATOR OWEN'S DESCENT.

A Possible Welsh Strain in His Scotch-Irish-Indian Ancestry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* According to THE SUN Senator Owen of Oklahoma asserts in his autobiography that on the father's side he is of Scotch-Irish ancestry. But Owen, both as a personal name and then as a surname, is purely of Welsh origin. It accounts also for Bowen, son of Owen, contracted from ab Owen.

The Welsh entered Ireland as early as the time of Henry II. and not a few came in succeeding periods. Hence as a result of intermarriage the present Owen descendant may have both Irish and Scotch blood in his veins.

But why should he ignore his original Welsh progenitor? J. A. H.

NEW YORK, January 3.

Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* You have castigated Lloyd George and Clemenceau's acceptance of President Wilson at his word—even after the elections here in November, 1918.

What else could they do? They well knew that did they offend him in the very slightest he would pick up his hat and coat in the greatest rage possible and leave them and their nations in the lurch, and as he had done from August 1, 1914, until Congress declared war.

They did the best possible and gave Wilson a chance to put his scheme over on us here. The very astute European statesmen knew all this and acted from their standpoint very wisely.

R. J. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, January 3.

Where the Old Calendar Will Do

From the Wisconsin University Bulletin.

If for any reason you do not get a new 1920 calendar early enough the old 1919 calendar will tide you over for a while. The January calendar for 1920 is the same as the May calendar for 1919 and the June calendar of this year will serve as February calendar for next year, although it runs a couple of days beyond the end of February. This equivalence of the May and June calendars to those of the following January and February is always true, and it is one of the curiosities of our calendar. There is no corresponding relation for any other months.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Transfigurer.

Amid a flowing world I live,
Where all that is is fugitive.
Think not reproach if I confess
To kindred changefulness.

Nothing I meet one moment stands,
But all is Proteus to my hands,
And through a maze of wildering shapes
Away, and down the verge, escapes,
Yet in the underworld [illegible]ures,
And tantalizes with new [illegible]

When I was young I was afraid
Of the strange tricks the Genii played,
Clothing with glamour earth and skies—
But unbeheld by other eyes.
Now, I have come to think my sight
Pierced through the Veils and saw aright.
What I have thought is but a rose—
It is a crimson wind that blows
To set my heart still more on fire
With beauty craving and desire!
What I have deemed was idle dust
Caught on the burning summer gust—
Behold! it was not dust, but Man,
That lived a little whirling span,
Then, stooped, and fell . . . to point the place
Where I must be—after a space.

Give me no stone of rich esteeming,
With me 'twill lose its solid seeming:
The emerald dissolves away,
Becomes green sea in sunlit play;
The ruby will not hold its shape,
But drops in ichor of the grape.
And counterchanges, too, I know:
Thin element can solid grow;
Thus I have seen the drops of dew
That some lone morning meadow strew
Into a single brilliant run—
Those million drops become as one!

Transfigured also I behold
New faces take the place of old,
And images that Passion framed,
Molten, refashioned, and renamed.
If any hate me, oft I find
That to his rancor growing blind
I take him for my friend, perchance—
And this shall melt his frosty glance.
But sometimes will my friend, alas!
Seem as a stranger, when we pass,
Into strange speech and ways surprised,
By looks I never knew, disguised.

L'ENVOI.

Midmost a flowing world I live,
But thou no longer—yet, forgive,
Thou who from Change released hast been,
And grant that I more grace shall win,
More balm for sorrow passing sweet.
Transfigurer! Thine eyes I greet,
With their blue fire, and all thy face,
When, glancing into starry space,
Where Lyra's azure sphere hath been,
Thy loveliness, unveiled, is seen!
Thou, so long gone, so unforgot,
Smiling, and saying, "Death is not!"

EDITH M. THOMAS.

As Others See Us.

Behind the scenes, where none might hear him rave,
Save those to whom he tips for silence gave—
Rinaldo Jones, the actor, tore his hair,
And beat his puny breast in mad despair:
"This audience," he shuddered, "cannot be one
That knows a brilliant futurist to see one;
And I must smile into their silly faces,
When they applaud me in wrong, foolish places,
And mask my fury, lest they gather how
I hate to greet them with a pleasant bow!"

At the performance of the problem play
That held of cheer or hope no dullest ray,
The audience that saw Rinaldo Jones,
Felt chills and boredom creep through all its bones:
"This dreadful man," they shuddered, "cannot be one
That knows a decent drama should he see one,
And we must keep up interest on our faces,
And clap in all these stupid, silly places,
Lest he should take affront, and gather how
We writhe that we such rubbish must allow!"

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

The Snow Path.

From the Baltimore Sun.

It is here the fairies walk,
And here the pixies go,
Beneath the woodland's hallowed peace
To cloisters of the snow!
So soft and fluffy white,
This baptism of the night,
But soon so many feet will stray
Across it through the busy day
It will grow hard as shining sleet
To trip the tread of careless feet.

Along the roadside like a strand
Of ermine, following the land
In dip and rise; across the field,
Deep through the wood—a glistening shield—
It stretches like a magic thing
This snow path—feathers from the wing
Of white goose picked and fluttered down
To make a strange sight in the town,
And carpet with the floss of dreams
The woods, the hills, the frozen streams.

It is here the kelpies play,
Round and round in roundelay;
Circling, circling, hand in hand,
Such a wild and merry band;
Happy in the sport that brings
Gladness for so many things—
The bright dear light upon the snow,
The far, transfiguring afterglow
Of fairy fires in camps that lie
Beyond blue Aprils of the sky.

John Doe; His Luck.

From the Kansas City Star.

Think on the state of one John Doe, who's always in a pickle,
Perhaps it's o'er a million scads, or maybe but a nickel.
The only time that he escapes is when the badgered jury
Becomes so obfuscated by the lawyers' sound and fury
That no one need be shocked at all or think it strange or quaint if
They sock it to defendant when they really mean the plaintiff.

TENNYSON J. DAFT.

An Obsolete Smartness.

From the Washington Star.

Now many a man has changed his views,
And ceased his chatter gay,
Where people seek dull care to lose
In some peculiar way.
No more are we compelled to hear
Some wild eyed egotist
Declare himself, in accents queer:
"I am a Socialist."

No more do idle brains go out
On intellectual larks,
And get folks all mixed up about
The ravings of Karl Marx.
Plain Common Sense has gone to work
And Fancy must desist.
Nobody murmurs with a smirk:
"I am a Socialist."

The Outside Guest.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Winter's there, in the lonesome night—
Traveller, old an' weary;
Ask him in—to the fireside bright,
For the skies are cold an' dreary.

Ask him in—in the old time way,
From the shadows, slow advancin';
He wants to come where the fire dreams stay—
He's a great old chap for dancin'.

The Wild Geese.

From the Christian Science Monitor.

The wild geese fly far overhead
By the changing leaders sped
In forward flight untiring.
The wild geese fly far overhead,
And as they go they call, and call:
"Come south, come south;
It is the fall!"

The Passing of the Pie.

I closed the eye at the mince pie
On New Year's Day, ah, me!
'Twas Prohib' stuff and but a bluff
Upon your uncle, see?
Of old I sang the gladsome tang
That condiment possessed;
But now I quit the thing to wit
And lay it down to rest.
There was a snap beneath the flap
Of upper crust and low
Once on a time—that's why I chime
My 1920 woe:
There was! It's gone! That's why I pause
When some one says, "Mince Pie?"
Nay, Pauline, nay! I turn away,
A teardrop in my eye.
The thing is robbed of soul that throbbed;
Yep! that's the reason why.
Anæmic is the disk, gee whiz,
Of water wagon pie!

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

The Sun Calendar

THE WEATHER.

Eastern New York—Partly cloudy to-day; to-morrow fair; continued cold; fresh northwest winds.

New Jersey—Cloudy to-day; to-morrow fair; continued cold; fresh west and northwest winds.

New England—Fair and continued cold to-day and to-morrow; fresh west and northwest winds.

Western New York—Snow flurries to-day; to-morrow cloudy; not much change in temperature; fresh west and northwest winds.

Observations at United States Weather Bureau stations, taken at 8 P. M. yesterday, seventy-fifth meridian time:

Stations.	Temperature. High.	Low.	Barometer.	Rainfall last 24 hrs.	Weather.
Abilene.........	60	26	30.32	..	Cloudy
Albany..........	18	10	30.12	..	Clear
Atlantic City...	16	10	30.22	.01	Pt. Cldy
Bismarck........	18	4	30.50	..	Cloudy
Boston..........	22	10	30.08	..	Clear
Buffalo.........	12	2	30.16	T.	Cloudy
Charleston......	40	30	30.22	..	Clear
Chicago.........	10	4	30.34	.01	Cloudy
Cleveland.......	12	2	30.26	T.	Cloudy
Denver..........	42	24	30.42	..	Clear
Detroit.........	12	0	30.30	..	Clear
Galveston.......	58	48	30.26	..	Clear
Helena..........	30	10	30.48	..	Clear
Jacksonville....	48	34	30.24	..	Clear
Kansas City.....	40	18	30.26	..	Clear
Los Angeles.....	60	58	29.72	.20	Cloudy
Louisville......	18	6	30.32	.06	Clear
Milwaukee.......	6	—8	30.36	T.	Clear
New Orleans.....	56	42	30.34	..	Clear
New York........	20	9	30.18	..	Pt. Cldy
Oklahoma City	50	28	30.40	..	Cloudy
Philadelphia....	20	10	30.24	..	Clear
Pittsburg.......	10	0	30.28	..	Cloudy
Portland, Me....	14	8	30.02	..	Clear
Portland, Ore...	42	32	30.24	..	Clear
Salt Lake City.	20	18	30.24	..	Cloudy
San Antonio..	56	35	30.34	..	Cloudy
San Francisco.	62	44	29.96	..	Clear
St. Louis.......	34	10	30.28	..	Cloudy
St. Paul........	2	—10	30.50	.04	Clear
Washington....	18	8	30.24	..	Cloudy

LOCAL WEATHER RECORDS.

	8 A. M.	8 P. M.
Barometer	30.17	30.18
Humidity	50	53
Wind—direction	W.	N.W.
Wind—velocity	34	20
Weather	Clear	Pt. Cloudy
Precipitation	.00	.00

The temperature in this city yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

8 A. M....9	1 P. M...17	6 P. M...17
9 A. M...10	2 P. M...19	7 P. M...15
10 P. M...13	3 P. M...18	8 P. M...13
11 A. M...13	4 P. M...20	9 P. M...12
12 M......15	5 P. M...18	10 P. M...12

	1920.	1919.		1920.	1919.
9 A. M.	10	33	6 P. M.	11	34
12 M.	15	33	9 P. M.	12	33
3 P. M.	18	34	12 Mid.	13	20

Highest temperature, 20, at 4 P. M.
Lowest temperature, 9, at 8 A. M.
Average temperature, 14.

EVENTS TO-DAY.

A memorial service in honor of the first anniversary of the death of Theodore Roosevelt will be held at Trinity Church at 4 P. M. The Rev. Dr. William T. Manning will make an address, his topic being "The Message of Theodore Roosevelt's Life to America To-day." The anthem will be Martin's "Whoso Dwelleth" and the flags of the Allies will be carried by the choir.

William Howard Taft will speak on anti-American activities for the American Legion, George M. Cohan Theatre, 8 P. M.

Stony Wold Sanatorium benefit concert featuring Mischa Elman, John Charles Thomas, New York Symphony Orchestra, Hippodrome, 8 P. M.

Anna Curtis Chandler's children's story hour, "A Story of the Taj Mahal," illustrated, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 3 P. M.

Young Men's Hebrew Association, art class, St. Nicholas avenue and 159th street, 10:30 A. M.

Alfred Mansfield Brooks, lecture on "The Neglected Art of Drawing," Metropolitan Museum of Art, 4 P. M.

Christodora House, community night, lecture, open forum, 147 Avenue B, between Ninth and Tenth streets, 8 P. M.

Joseph Dana Miller, address, open forum and music, Henry George School of Economics, Morris High School, 8:15 P. M.

John Drinkwater, lecture on "The Playwright," auspices New York Drama League, Garrick Theatre, 65 West Thirty-fifth street, 3 P. M.

Miss Mabel R. Beardsley's vaudeville shows, as given for men in uniform during war, Bijou Theatre, 209 West Forty-fifth street, 8 P. M.

Colon Council, Knight of Columbus, George M. Cohan's "Johnny Get Your Gun," Central Opera House, Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue, 8 P. M.

Pastor E. E. Franke, free lecture, "An Ugly Spot on the Map. Will the Nations Apply the Blotter?" Broadhurst Theatre, Forty-fourth street west of Broadway, 3 P. M.

Louis Kaufman Anspacher, lecture on "Leadership in the New Era," auspices Brooklyn Civic Forum; P. S. 84, Glenmore and Stone avenues, Brooklyn, 8 P. M.

Cosmopolitan Charity League, meeting, Hotel Astor, 2 P. M.

Phi Sigma Sigma Sorority, meeting, Hotel Astor, 2 P. M.

Question Club, meeting, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 1 P. M.; dinner, 7 P. M.

Sadakichi, lecture on Joan of Arc in the Trenches and Machen's Idea of the Revolt of the Animals, Greenwich Village Inn, 4 Sheridan Square, 4 P. M.

Meeting of the Irish Literary Society of New York, Hotel McAlpin, 8:30 P. M.

Miss Juliet Stuart Poynts will speak at the Modern Thought Forum at 195 Lenox avenue at 2:30 on the subject, "Education and Labor."

Lecture by Alfred W. Martin on "Jesus and His Supreme Contribution in Ethics," Society for Ethical Culture, Sixty-fourth street and Central Park West, 8 P. M.

Judge Julian W. Mack will speak at a meeting at the Washington Heights Synagogue, 508 West 161st street, at 8 P. M.

Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, and the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman will address the men's conference of the Bedford Branch Y. M. C. A. at 3:30 P. M.

A gyroscope in action and various other scientific instruments were used by Prof. C. R. Robertson to show the mandarin Chinese what civilization and education had done for the United States, preparing the way for the missionary and educator. The machines will be shown at the men's meeting of West Side Y. M. C. A. at 4 P. M., when Prof. Robertson tells the story of his work in China.

Everett Dean Martin will lecture on "What Is Man—Self Feeling and the Unconscious?" Illustrated by Freud and Adler. People's Institute, 8 P. M.

Cantata, "The Sages of Sheba," St. Bartholomew's Church, Park avenue and Fiftieth street, 4:30 P. M.

Lecture by Alfred Mansfield Brooks on "The Neglected Art of Drawing," Metropolitan Museum of Art, 4 P. M.

Conference of New York delegates to the American Jewish Congress, McAlpin Hotel, 2 P. M.

The Cosmopolitan Charity League will hold a meeting in the Hotel Astor at 2 P. M.

A meeting of Phi Sigma Sigma (ladies' frat.) will be held in the Hotel Astor at 2 P. M.

FOR MEN IN UNIFORM.

Church Services—For list of churches and hours of service see Saturday morning and evening newspapers. Or ask at W. C. C. S information booths or units.

Home Dinner (25c.)—League of Catholic Women, 371 Lexington avenue (at Forty-first street), 12 to 2 P. M.

Special Dinner (25c.)—Cardinal Farley Club (15 East Thirtieth street), 12 to 2 P. M.

Country Walk, 2:30 P. M.; supper, 7 P. M.; music, 8 P. M., Central Y. W. C. A., 610 Lexington avenue (East Fifty-third street.)

Tea—Y. W. C. A. Debarkation Hostess House, 373 Lexington avenue, 2 to 5 P. M.

Concert—Vacation Association Club, 35 West Thirty-ninth street, 4 P. M. Tea served 5 P. M.

People's Institute, Washington Irving H. S., 40 Irving place, 25 and 50 cents.

Open House—National Emergency Relief Society, 238 Madison avenue (near Thirty-eighth street), 2 to 7 P. M. Meet old friends and make new ones. Musical entertainment. Men in service or recently discharged cordially welcome.

Lectures—Manual Trade School, Twenty-second street and Lexington avenue, "Self-Feeling and the Unconscious," 25 cents. Metropolitan Museum of Art, Eighty-second street and Fifth avenue, Story Hour; "A Story of the Taj Mahal," 3 P. M.; "The Neglected Art of Drawing," 4 P. M.

Supper—(25c.), also sandwiches, &c. League of Catholic Women, 371 Lexington avenue (at Forty-first street), 5 to 7:30 P. M.

Moving Pictures—K. of C. Recreation Centre, Bridge and Sands street, Brooklyn.

Concert—People's Institute, Washington Irving H. S., 40 Irving place, 25 and 50 cents.

Major Hetrick Dies of Wound.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 3.—Major Harold S. Hetrick, United States Army, in charge of Mississippi River engineers in this district, who was shot by an unidentified assailant in his home Thursday night, died to-day. He was born in Wisconsin in 1880 and was graduated from Yale in 1901 and West Point in 1906.