

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

THE LESSONS OF VICTORY

Peace Will Be Made Enduring When Governments Learn to Be as Brave and as Honest as Their Peoples

GERMANY was beaten from the first. The inevitable collapse and surrender of today were merely delayed. The unconquerable forces that opposed Wilhelm's armies and made their doom certain were the judgment of civilization and, above all, the hope of mankind, which cannot die.

It will be days before we are able fully to realize that the war is ended. But it is ended. The thing that changed the manner of our lives and our habits of thought and our views of our place in history. The madness and glitter that were German utterance are in the dust. The people are upon their knees to await the judgment and the charity of those they wronged. France singing in the dust of victorious battle at Sedan, the world's wickedest king in flight, captains plodding with white flags where they hoped to go as conquerors, Nemesis rattling the doors of the mighty, the faces of oppressed peoples turned to the sky in new faith—so moves the panorama of the stupendous end of the greatest adventure in human experience. The war is won.

But what shall we do with the victory? No empire ever conceived could be so great as that empire of common interest, of enlightenment and new human relationships that wise statesmen might rear from the waste and sorrow of four matchless years. Millions of men have died. They will live in history forever to challenge this age, to ask what has been done with the gifts they gave. They don't die for anybody's pride or for the material benefit of any homecoming group. They saw no other end. We shall have to see as clearly as they did or in the end we shall have lost. Something of the old junkerism still remains everywhere. It is here and it is lurking behind the armies that reduced the German menace. It will be at the peace conference. It must be met as mercifully as it is won by a German nation.

There are days that should make it easy to experience religious faith. The war was filled with intimations of high destiny. History, when it is calmly written, will reveal a group of factors clearly felt that seem to have reacted to impulses not always traceable in the world of familiar things.

France endured for four years the blows intended for all civilization and never moved her head. Forgive France will be a story of warning to the strong, of inspiration to the timid. For what greater purpose was she tempered? And surely it was from her heights that the spirit came which moved the Belgian Parliament when Belgium made the epochal decision and prepared to fling herself under the wheels of the German army. There was Kitchener, who lived in silence through a year of "white" walls in the army that saved France; Kitchener who did his work and died. There was the indomitable soul of Joffre, which saved civilization at the Marne and, in the latter end, there was Foch, with a patience greater and more god-like than Joffre's, who had the strength to wait when waiting meant agony to half a world. And there was Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, whose part it was to wait and to endure, and ultimately to bring from the dust and horror of the war a splendid peace adequate to justify and to make plain the ends of value and the goals of sacrifice.

Simply, in these hours, as I look back upon the work of these men—each a soldier, each following a light revealed mysteriously to his eyes alone—is to have a new belief in forces that exist above the world? Men who are fitted to bear the accumulated burdens of the race and to persevere through places where there is no light to a great end are not accidents. They answer the beck of every great cause. They always appear, the shining ones, when they are needed. They are part of the plan. So it has always been and so it will be to the end.

In the future judgments of Mr. Wilson's great service to humanity it will always be remembered that the war we have just ended was not the war it was begun. It was the President, with the inspiration of the nation behind him, who changed it and made it a thing to which all just men might consecrate themselves. Humanity became aware of a savage thing. Men flung themselves at it in tide after tide. They ceased finally to fight—even as they fought most bitterly and in the greatest loneliness—for empire or nationality alone. They had seen something higher. They were moved by a passion for right that lies deep in every human consciousness to be roused only in a crisis. The tears of laughter or pity or faith in God.

Did they fight in silence? There was no way. It fell to Mr. Wilson to be the voice of all these men of every nation—to give utterance to the things they felt in their hearts. And so the common desire to be free from the old obsessions and injustices and wrongs of government, the driving wish of all people to be just to one another if they but have the opportunity, was expressed clearly not only to Germany, but in the councils of all other nations where the old blindness and appetition remained. With faith and courage were required of the President it is easy to imagine. He was a lone voice, followed steadily against all tides of misunderstanding and criticism. Yet it is plain now that his inspiration came from the first essentials of greatness—a trust in plain men everywhere, a passionate desire for their welfare, an unwavering belief in their honor and their strength.

None of the President's mistakes, such as they have been, can matter in the light of this supreme achievement. He has made the United States trusted even by its bitterest enemies. And it is to him that the broken people of Austria and Germany looked at last from the depths of their agony.

That indeed is statesmanship.

It will be the height of criminal folly in these great hours or in the future for any nation or any group to let individual pride or vanity feed upon the victory over Germany—to say "It was I" or "It was we" who served most nobly. All men were noble—all were brave. The war brought them together in ways too intimate and too terrible to make mean passions justifiable. Yet the United States has to its honor achievements such as never before were recorded. From a base thirty-five hundred miles away, over three thousand miles of open water, we sent one of the greatest armies that the world has ever known within a little more than six months with the incalculable equipment necessary for war on land, on sea and in the air. Within a year we made an army of three million trained men and provided artillery, ammunition, food, organization. Aladdin could hardly have done more for us. We have done it in the involved and difficult arts of warfare formerly strange to us. It will be said of us that we turned the tide and made the way for victory. This is true. But did not Belgium and France and England at some time turn a tide and help make a way for victory—and at more terrible cost than we have had to suffer?

But for Belgium France might have been lost. But for France England would have had no time for preparation. Italy flung herself in and turned a balance. And then our turn came in that process of sacrifice. We played an epic part. Joffre had said even in 1914, "Stand and die!" Haig said he was fighting with his back to the wall—and stood his ground. Foch in his turn said, "Stand and die!" His polka smiled and stood and died. And then Lloyd George announced that it was a race between Hindenburg and Wilson.

No one doubted who would win. And when Wilson appeared, he appeared with all the people of the civilized world behind him.

The war has represented no individual triumph, so clearly as it represents a culminating and victorious aspiration of the spirit of mankind. So we must think of it now and in the future. If all government shall attain to a new philosophy of conduct we shall have truly won. Life now must start all over again. It must have a brave and imaginative beginning. This should be the great attainment of the war. If the rights of the little or the weak are not to be respected and revered everywhere upon the earth, the war has not been worth while. Only after the future alignment and relationships of nations are outlined at the peace conference, and only after the forces that exist at times above Governments are tamed, can we be certain of complete victory in this momentous hour of the world's history. The peace conferences and the forces that make themselves felt there will be watched as men were never watched before.

In the difficult days ahead we must put our trust in the President and in those who have been able to see as far and as clearly as he has seen. We must give them all our strength.

For there must be no more wars.

tremendous costliness. Cashing in the stamps now might necessitate increasing the size of the next Liberty Loan. It is now certain the next home issue will be offered to aid the inspiring cause of bringing the troops back from Europe. The more money at the Government's disposal through war stamps, the easier its huge reconstruction tasks will be made. Redeeming war stamps at this time can be justified on no grounds, either purely material or idealistic. The best thing to do about these pledges is to buy more of them.

We will bet a pair of wooden shoes that Holland feels uncomfortably crowded today.

WAR AND WOMAN'S DRESS

ONE who is merely a man is not supposed to have any knowledge of woman's dress. He can be only a dazed and humbled spectator at the endless, changing panorama of the seasonal modes. There was a time when he might have supposed that feminine arts and habil-

appear more charming than they ever did before. Time was when haughty ladies had other notions of style. They walked in costumes which were assumed to be experienced to improve the virtue of grace, but rather the laborious bodiliness of stuffs the torturing and twisting of one sort of material after another into forms almost shockingly removed from all laws of line and proportion. This used to be works of frenzy, in which fruits and glances and dangling things prevailed to attract attention from eyes bright with fatulence or a face lovely enough to shine alone. Observe the improvement in the blessed day when dresses are being made that depend on simple and stately lines and a knowing design for superfluous ornament! Hats, too, are following a similar trend. They do not confuse the intellect of an onlooker or blind him.

A voice in the background queries that all we have written here is illogical. It contends that the great virtue of simplicity in dress is in itself representative of the virtues of an act and an attitude of attainment as in simplicity of action to our spiritual existence. This may be true. We do not know. Nor shall we argue. We have said what we believe.

We have an impression that the question of Wilhelm's ultimate disposition might be easily settled if he were permitted to walk unimpeded for even a few minutes in any street in Philadelphia.

THE FUTURE OF HOG ISLAND

IF ANY one has any doubts about the future of Hog Island and the surrounding territory of the Delaware River he should read the summary of terms of a bill in another part of this newspaper which are being presented and general approval of the American International Corporation, which bought the island and built the plant. The Government has supplied the money for the plant and there is an arrangement made which will give the plant to the corporation as a prize to be agreed on if the Government does not care to take title to the land.

The ownership of this great property is not of great importance. Whether it shall ultimately be bought by the city and the State or whether it shall be controlled by the national Government or by a private corporation will be settled according to the best judgment of all concerned. What we are concerned with just now is the continued use of this shipyard and ocean terminal for the benefit of the nation first and incidentally, for the benefit of this city.

It cannot be stated unless there is a fatal dearth of men with vision, foresight and courage. We do not believe that there is any such dearth. The bare statement of the world shipping conditions is sufficient to justify the belief that there is commercial genius enough at the command of this city to keep the Hog Island plant and the other shipbuilding plants on the Delaware in operation for years to come.

Here are the figures: When the war began there were 500,000 tons of shipping. This has been reduced to 100,000 tons by the submarines and by other causes, leaving at present 400,000 tons, of which about one-half is in such bad condition that it must soon go to the scrap heap. There are, then, 200,000 tons of shipping which will not leave to be replaced in the near future. It is estimated that to take care of the world's commerce from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 tons of shipping will be needed within the next ten years. In order to provide this amount it will be necessary to build from \$2,000,000 to 4,000,000 tons.

This must be produced in the shipyards of the world. The shipyards that build it fastest will be those which will get the business. A large part of this tonnage must be built in America and a large part of that built in America must be constructed on the Delaware River. The business is in sight. The plants for building the ships are in running order, with the momentum acquired by the necessity of rushing war work. The man who believes that we are going to allow this momentum to be checked and permit the shipyards of England, France, Germany and Japan to do what we are equipped to do has lost faith in the ability of his countrymen. We are not such pessimists.

The ships will be built and many of them will be built on the Delaware. If they cannot sail the sea under the American flag they will be sold to citizens of other nations which will know how to keep their merchant flag on the high seas.

But the war has awakened this people to the needs of a merchant marine. Our shipping laws are so mistaken that if it had not been for the war there would have been scarcely an American ship on the ocean today and our whole foreign trade would have been carried in foreign bottoms. But we have a merchant fleet now, not big enough for our needs but big enough to show us what we can do when the laws are changed. As Mr. Knight says, we must either repeal the La Follette seaman's law or we must grant subsidies to ship owners. It may be that we must do both. At any rate, we must do whatever is necessary to enable our shipping men to compete with the shipping men of any other maritime nation. There can be no doubt about this.

But neither new shipping laws nor subsidies will accomplish the end unless our chief ports are equipped with the most approved facilities for loading and unloading the vessels. Every hour saved in port means increased profit to the ship owners. Every device for expediting the shifting of freight from the railroads to the ships and from the ships to the railroads reduces the time which a ship must remain in port. Every business man knows this. And every man familiar with the Great Lakes knows that American ingenuity has devised the most perfect machinery in the world for handling certain kinds of freight. The same ingenuity will be applied to handling ocean freights right here in Philadelphia. The future of Hog Island is secure, no matter whether it is ultimately owned by the American International Corporation, the Federal Government or by a corporation controlled by this city and this State.

Somebody has defined Worth Considering Bolshevism as an agitation for the freedom of the press. What could be more natural, therefore, than an outbreak of this sort among German soldiers?

"GET A NEW CHAUFFEUR, I RESIGN!"



CAMPBELL BALLS

To the Town of Tidaholm FAMILIAR TO YOU of Tidaholm where Swedish matines come from, in all your box through which I come. Your life I get no crumb from.

UNWORTHY town of Tidaholm. My scratching I am numb from: Your matches that just melt and foam. I'd like a rebate sum from.

THE tedious town of Tidaholm Tandsticks all are bum from: 'Til you the matches made at home. Which smokers are less gum from.

Even Phoebe Snow, who roots for the road of anthracite, will admit that the Chalmers-Tourneville-Capelle-Guise road now takes the place of honor as the greatest highway in history.

The N. S. M. S. M. Dear Sociates—You will, I know, be gratified to learn that you have been elected a member of the National Society for the Mitigation of Soldiers' Misconduct.

But there is still more important work awaiting our society. The great war is drawing to a close. The United States has given thousands of its finest young men to the cause, and it is only right that their communities should commemorate their devotion. Our prominent cemetery designers are already at work and much of the machinery has been built to turn out on a production basis the appalling figures that misguided mayors will soon unblinking unveil if not intimidated. Think what every town park and village green in America will look like ten years from now, with grand old Gloomy Gus in tin trousers at one end, supported by piled cannon balls, and Sumbler Sam at the other, in a tasteful circle of alternate six-inch shells and depth bombs!

I can feel your shudder at the picture. Permit me, therefore, to break to you the news that the president of our society has made you a member of the new Committee on Abatement, which within a few weeks is expected to have an agent in every stone-cutting yard and bronze foundry in the country. We shall shrink at nothing to furnish our noble aim. Our children's children must, of course, be brought up to hate war, but there is—there must be—a way to accomplish this other than by compelling them to suffer the atrocities about to be attempted.

You can help to save America from one of the worst consequences of the world conflict and I am confidently counting on your co-operation. On receiving your acceptance I shall send you the society's instructions to nephewies, one of our special ten-pound sledge hammers, a list of the stoneards and monuments in your neigh-

LET THE LEADERS LEAD

Now that the Republicans are assured of a majority in the next Congress, entrusted with the grave tasks of the future, it is time that the leaders begin to consider a reform of the method of selecting committee chairmen.

Custom, grown hoary by years of observance, places at the head of every committee the man who has served longest on it as a member of the existing majority. There may be better men on the committee, but they are passed by in favor of men who by good fortune have been able to preserve their political lives and retain their seats.

Under this rule the important committees of the House have been presided over in the present Congress by men out of sympathy with the sentiment of the nation. Other charges could be made against them, but this one is sufficient. In the Senate the late Senator Stone, of Missouri, was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the period when a pro-American rather than a pacifist afraid of the German vote should have directed the deliberations. When affairs became acute he had sense enough to remain out of the committee room and permit others to look after its business.

The seniority rule, mitigated by the rule of common sense, should commend itself to both houses of Congress. There are men there who have served for years and are also brilliant and able and deserve the chairmanships. There are others whose only qualification for a chairmanship is length of service. The constructive work that must be done by the new Congress is of such transcendent importance that the rule of every successful business house should be adopted and the men fitted to lead should be placed in the positions of leadership.

It cannot be said of Wilhelm that he went down and out. He went out and down. The Philadelphia man who was sentenced to a year in jail for stealing an automobile tire would probably have been riding around in perfect safety if he had, as they rudely say, snatched the car first.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Which member of the German aristocratic commission came under the displeasure of Captain Cushman of "Me and Gott" fame at Manila Bay in 1897? 2. What was the ancient capital of Poland? 3. Of what German kingdom is Konrad the Crown Prince? 4. Who said "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small"? 5. What is the meaning of the word melange? 6. What is a surcouf? 7. What kind of a beard is known as an imperial? 8. What is an easy way to distinguish planets from so-called fixed stars? 9. How many Presidents of the United States died in office? 10. Who is a hyprocrite sometimes called a Teck-suit?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. Marshal Turenne, the famous French general under Louis XIV, was a native of Sedan. 2. Senator-elect Newberry was Henry Ford's opponent in Michigan in the recent congressional election. 3. Zurich, with 312,000 population, is the largest city in Switzerland. 4. Pateen is Irish whiskey from an illicit still. 5. Samovars, used mostly in Russia, are tea urns with an interior heat tube. 6. Pev Wolfington was a noted Irish actor. Her dates are 1714-60. 7. Goethe's "Starche in Preuss" said "No man is a hero in his own eyes." 8. Honolulu is located on the island of Oahu in the Hawaiian group. 9. Queen Elizabeth was the last Tudor ruler of England. 10. Fanny's inches make an ell.