

WE WILL ASSURE UNIVERSAL PEACE

Chancellor Jordan Says Present Struggle Is Greatest Victory for Peace in History.

CONFLICT MUST END SOON

Military Efficiency Caused Strife. United States Would Be Foolish to Increase Armaments, He Says.

"Europe's war has not shown the Hague Peace Palace to be the world's cradle and most costly seat, but has demonstrated that a horror of great all nations involved are disclaiming responsibility for it, that universal peace eventually is assured, declared Chancellor David Starr Jordan of Lehigh University in an address at a capacity audience in Poli's Theater yesterday under auspices of the Washington Peace Society.

"This war can be acclaimed as the greatest victory in history for peace advocates," said Dr. Jordan, "for no monarch, no government, no people dare assume responsibility for it, but the face of that new peace—public opinion, Caesar, Napoleon, Bismarck, boasted their wars. Today few generals get their names printed and the few printed cannot be pronounced."

Dr. Jordan showed how none of the nations involved caused the war. "It matters not who caused it, but what caused it," he declared, "and I say military efficiency caused this struggle. Military efficiency, rivalry of militarism, and naval efficiency, and the few printed cannot be pronounced."

"They call Mr. Carnegie's little gift for peace a costly failure. Yet all he gave for peace would not support this war until midnight. With the money that he spent for this war in a year he could build a peace palace in every town in Christendom and headhunting. And we already hear demands for a bigger army and navy for this nation."

"I don't think this war will last through another winter. Lloyd's in London says it will last only until March. But it must end soon for the men in the trenches are getting tired of fighting for \$1.50 a month, twenty-three hours a day, in water up to their necks, and getting shot to get warm, without even union wages or union hours. We must line up capital against war, for capital gains is more harmful than any panic that ever hit business. We must line up labor, too, for labor knows it must fight and die for national glory."

"In the Boer war it cost \$6,000 to kill a man. Today it costs only \$300. Before the war ends, when the allies of the machine gun, pneumonia and typhoid get busy, the price per man for glorified wholesale murder probably will be reduced to \$200. And the worst feature of the war is that these men are not plum men, but university men and skilled laborers."

RAISE FOR VICE SQUAD HEAD. Sylvester Recommends Promotion for Sgt. Catts.

To add importance to his position as head of the police vice squad, and also in appreciation of good work, Sgt. "Johnny" Catts, of the First precinct, soon will be made an acting lieutenant, as a recommendation of Maj. Richard Sylvester is acted upon by Commissioner Frederick L. Siddons.

Since he was put in charge of the "vice squad," Catts has been instrumental in making more than 200 arrests for violations of the Kenyon "red light" law, resulting in injunction suits being brought by the District Attorney's office to close two places declared to be a nuisance in the meaning of the law.

CONCERT PROGRAMS. By United States Soldiers' Home Band, By A. H. ...

MUNICIPAL EMPLOYMENT BUREAU POSSIBLE HERE

Appointment of City Committee to Handle Unemployment Problem to Be Considered Soon.

The appointment of a municipal unemployment committee for the District similar to one appointed by Mayor Mitchell to handle the problem of unemployment in New York, seriously will be considered by the Chamber of Commerce committee investigating conditions among the laborers of Washington.

In New York this committee is planning to co-operate with the railroads in providing laborers to see any demand for operatives or laborers in any part of the country during the winter. This will be done with a view to reducing the unemployment in New York. It also was stated yesterday that this plan may receive a local application following consideration by the Chamber of Commerce committee.

"The plan of carrying unemployed men from a city where they are present in large numbers to places where their services are needed is not a new one to Washington," said P. T. Moran, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce committee. "Ever since it was laid before the British Parliament five years ago, it has been kept in mind by Washingtonians, and at one time its adoption was considered by the Board of Trade. It is possible in this crisis it may be put into operation. The committee also will consider a recommendation to the District government that a municipal committee be appointed to cope with the present situation among the unemployed."

"A hopeful sign at this time is that owners of local property that long has been neglected are beginning to make repairs, and in that way lessen the number of unemployed building tradesmen. This comes as a result of a suggestion made by our committee."

OBITUARY. "Mamie" Elizabeth Smith, colored, who died last Friday, aged 113, will be buried in Madison County, Va., following services this evening at Mt. Gilead Baptist Church. "Mamie" Smith, who was the oldest resident of the District, is survived by five sons, nineteen grandchildren, thirty-one great-grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

Dividends Unchanged. The Baldwin Locomotive Works has declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 3 1/2 per cent on the preferred stock and 1 per cent on the common stock, payable January 1 to stock of record December 15.

American Car and Foundry Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on the preferred stock and 1 1/2 per cent on the common stocks, payable January 1 to stock of record December 15.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on the preferred stock, payable December 31 to stock of record December 15.

The American Car Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on the preferred stock, payable January 1 to stockholders of record December 15.

When sewing machine needles become blunted rub them across a whetstone, which repeats as good as new.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN By MABEL HERBERT URNER. Originator of "Their Married Life" Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Helen is Depressed at Their Homecoming Until a Real Calamity Threatens.

DEAR, it's so late—must you go to the office tonight? "Got to look over some of that mail before I see Griffin in the morning. This the one you want?" Warren was unstrapping one of the trunks.

"Both of them, and you'll have to open this suit-case," Helen handed him the key. "That lock catches."

"Now, see here, don't try to unpack tonight. Just take out what you need and get to bed—don't stay up for me. Here, I'll not want this," taking a steamer cap from his bulging overcoat pocket.

"Wait, dear; do wear your muffler. It's much colder here, and you're not used to it yet."

But Warren, scorning the muffler, buttoned his coat with a vigorous, "Cold? The ice—no! that infernal dampness we got in London."

Anxiously Helen followed him to the hall door, and stood there until with a final nod he disappeared into the elevator. Then she turned back to the dusty, dimly lit apartment with a feeling of utter desolation.

Had they landed in the morning, it would not have been so cheerless, but there was something inexpressibly gloomy about this home-coming at night.

How strange and unfamiliar everything looked! As she switched on the lights and went from room to room, Helen almost wished herself back on the steamer. Even their stateroom seemed now more familiar than this.

There were no clean dusters. Nora had left them all in the bottom of the broom closet, black as floor cloths.

Not having the heart to investigate further, Helen turned off the kitchen light, in the hall closet's rag under which she took for a duster.

Even the toilet tissues on her dresser Nora had not put away and the air had tarnished the silver—a rusted the pins in the cushion.

The first thing tomorrow she would call up that Danish employment agency. She would never take Nora back, that she was now grimly determined.

The snow blew in from the outside sill as she raised the window to shake out the dust cloth. It was piercingly cold. The wind was growing stronger.

It rattled the window panes with a dismal whine. Oh, why had Warren gone down to the office on such a night?

How desolate it must be in that great deserted building with only the night watchman on guard.

She pictured him unlocking his dark office with the silent covered typewriter, the closed desks and safe. He had taken her there once at night, and she had never forgotten that impression of his dead stillness, of tense suspended activity.

Her nerves already taut, she started violently as the phone shrilled out. It was Warren! He was calling her up just to break the awful loneliness of that office. She flew into the front room, falling over an open suit-case in her eagerness.

"Hello!" joyfully, "Number, please," snapped central. "Why—you called me."

"Mistake. 'Cuse it, please." Resentful and disappointed, Helen turned away. The wind was now shaking the windows with a rattling sound.

She thought of it howling through those deserted canyon-like streets around Warren's office.

Impulsively she turned back to the phone—she would call him!

"Cortland 1428!" Then she waited eagerly. It had been so long since she had heard Warren's voice on the wire. There had been no occasion to phone him in London.

She could hear the buzzing at the other end, but the expected click of his taking down the receiver did not come. Then at last, "Cortland 1428 don't answer!"

"Oh, ring them again, central. I'm sure some one's there." Another long wait, then central's voice with a note of finality, "They don't answer. I'll ring you if I get them."

SITS ON GERMAN BOMB; CALL A TAILOR, PLEASE

Tommy Atkins' Trousers Suffer Damages, but Otherwise He Is All Right.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald, London, Dec. 6.—Further observations by Col. Swinton, the official "eye witness" of the War Office, were made public by the press bureau tonight.

The uneventfulness of affairs on the front continues, he writes. The Germans are keeping up their efforts to throw bombs into the allies.

The other day, in their rush to get away from one missile, two men fell over each other. One was actually sitting on the bomb as it exploded. When the smoke cleared away the man discovered that he had escaped with slight injury, but his trousers were torn to shreds.

Afterward another soldier, trying to escape round a traverse in a hurry, sat down on a bomb which, however, failed to detonate.

"On our left," he writes, "the French have made progress. Both north and south of Ypres they have captured some German trenches."

"In the center we have gained some local successes."

By 11 o'clock Helen had worked herself into a state of feverish anxiety. Unheeding the stinging cold, she had thrown up the library window and was leaning far out, hoping to recognize Warren in every muffled figure that came up the street.

Once more she turned to the telephone.

"Central," pleadingly, "see if you can get that number now!"

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nursing of boys who had been brought home, and she had offered to take Suzanne with her.

"Chocolate is very nourishing and sustaining," replied Mrs. Adams.

"The boys carry it along with them on a march and, when they feel hungry or fatigued, eat a piece without stopping."

"Don't you see," "Oh, I'm more than willing to make it, and since the call for it has been sent out I'm sure it is required; but it seemed an odd thing, at first, to be making for soldier boys the required number of moments she began to see more of romance than practical good in it."

"Finally it was 'fudged' to the proper consistency and she spread it on a flat dish, smoothing it with her spoon as it fell, rather reluctantly, from the pan. Good fudge always leaves the pan unusually sticky, and Suzanne, in a test of its having been 'fudged' sufficiently,

"I wonder if any of the boys will get a whole box, by any chance," she said to herself. "I wonder!"

And then she went on with her candy making, thinking and wondering as she stirred and by whom it would be eaten. Girl-like she wore romances about it, and as she sat in the window "fudging" it after a moment she began to realize that such trifles as it had been her good fortune to be able to do could be so deeply appreciated.

"And the good people all over the country even sat to it that was had candy chocolate sweets—our marches. It was great!" the boy said.

"Did you have any fudge?" Suzanne asked, timidly. "Fudge? The best ever and one of the fellows in our regiment has come clean daffy over some girl who sent a box with her name written all over it. He placed it together, taking out 'randy out of our very mouths almost'—the soldier laughed—and managed to make out her name and where she lives. He swears if he lives he's going to find that girl, and—well, you know how such things always turn out."

Suzanne had turned a brilliant scarlet but neither the soldier nor his mother seemed to notice it. "What a silly thing for a girl to do," she managed to say.

"Flumb silly-yes, but I guess she makes up for it by being a good-hearted girl or she never would have made the fudge at all."

Little by little, after that, Suzanne discovered what regiment the soldier was fighting in—the boy who had eaten her candy. She learned that his name was Robert Moore and that he lived in the city in which she was now nursing his comrade. Something told her she would learn more of him, and the thought made her happy.

When her charge was well enough to be about she left him, but not before she had promised his mother to go each summer, that she lived to visit her in their city. The old lady said by the way that she owed her a tremendous debt and intended on paying it partly in this way.

It was three summers later that she went down to the cottage at the invitation of the old lady and her ex-soldier son to spend a fortnight. The war was over, but war times and war days were still the topic of conversation.

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VICE SQUAD TOO SMALL TO COPE WITH SITUATION

Rev. Dr. Granger Blames Police for Not Properly Enforcing the Law.

"Vice Scattered Everywhere." "The expected has happened! Having abolished a segregated district, all Washington now is dotted with red lights."

This statement was made by the Rev. Dr. Charles Everett Granger in his sermon last night at Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church on the subject of "The Vice Crusade" which has been started in Washington as a result of The Herald's exposure of conditions existing under the Kenyon law.

"We are told that the red-light condition is rotten," Dr. Granger continued. "It remained for one of our great daily papers to make public the facts and press the issue. There is at present a big spasm of cleaning up, but we are told the vice squad is so pitifully small that it is impossible for it to do the work. Why is the law not being enforced? Why are its framers made one mistake. They should have considered whether the local police force is larger by the by than that of any other city in the union."

Why, then, the small vice squad? Antivice laws are enacted in order that vice may be less profitable, and they are enacted to be enforced. Why then are they not enforced? Why is not the Kenyon law in particular enforced, and why are conditions as they are? Again we say, it is up to the police.

LAYMAN SAYS DANCING CLEANED BY PUBLICITY

Judge De Lacy Thinks Catholic Church Will Not Prohibit It—Hesitation Is Poetry of Motion.

Modern dances have been made so innocuous that they can be enjoyed by any one with propriety, Judge William H. DeLacy, a prominent Catholic layman of this city, said yesterday.

Judge DeLacy, who has a report from New York that the Emerald Society, which a year ago cancelled plans for its annual ball because of the disapproval by the Catholic Church of the new dances, would hold it this season.

In the report, it was said that the objectionable features which brought the disapproval of the church had been eliminated.

"The modern dances, as now executed, I believe to be entirely innocent," said Judge DeLacy. "The hesitation waits upon the publicity, the very poetry of motion, I think probably has been the cure for the unseemly dances. There is nothing, to my mind, wrong with the dances we have now."

WOULD DEMOCRATIZE PRESS

Gilson Gardner Thinks Masses Should Control Papers.

"Newspapers of the United States will not be free to print all the news until they are published from the viewpoint of 95 per cent of population, instead of from the viewpoint of the 5 per cent owning class," said Gilson Gardner, of the Catholic Enterprise Association, in an address yesterday at Trinity Temple before the Secular League.

He said rich men control newspapers and publish them according to their own views.

If the owners of the 5 per cent newspaper will publish the 5 per cent view," Mr. Gardner said. "The owners really do not own their papers anyway; it is the advertiser who controls the policy, because their support is essential to publication."

"We are working under an economic system which is as free as the way to get absolute freedom is to democratize the system. As long as we are in an economic system, we will be as free as the economic system is free."

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