

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—Jeremiah, xvii.7.

Text suggested by Earle Wilfley, pastor of Vermont Avenue Christian Church.

D. C. Schools "A Disgrace"

SENATOR CAPPER of Kansas fearlessly and frankly indicts his colleagues in Congress for such rank indifference to the public schools of the District of Columbia that the schools "are a disgrace to the Nation and the Nation's Capital."

Senator Capper places the responsibility squarely on the shoulders of Congress, which he charges has been generous to Washington only in "good intentions."

The people of the District thank God there is a Capper in Congress. Doubtless there are other men in that body who are just as sincere friends as this able statesman from Kansas, but they have not translated this friendship into forceful speech and action whenever conditions demanded.

Senator Capper can expect no votes in return for his support of our schools. His speech was made, therefore, in a spirit of true Western fairness, and in behalf of a helpless American city whose people constantly appeal to a body responsive only to the demands of a voting citizenry.

Fortunately for the District public schools, Senator Capper's indictment of Congress must be taken into careful consideration in that body. He speaks after long and thoughtful study and investigation of conditions here. He is chairman of the joint Congressional committee on local public schools, and he has put in many months looking into every phase of the matter.

He charges that Congress has legislated for the schools by piecemeal for years, absolutely unmoved by appeals that the schools should be legislated for in systematic manner covering a long period. This charge is undeniable.

Besides the good effects this notable speech may have in Congress, it is bound to arouse teachers and instructors throughout the country to the Congressional neglect of the schools of the Nation's Capital. The National Education Association, with 100,000 members, at its last annual meeting in Boston went on record in favor of strengthening and improving the schools of Washington that they might become models for the whole country.

This may or may not mean anything to Congress, yet if the school teachers of any State or Congressional district feel that education in the National Capital is being neglected by an indifferent Congress, their votes and influence may become factors in future elections.

Another Milestone

ONE brief paragraph in the recent report of the Postmaster General registers an advance in American political thinking.

"Newly appointed postmasters," it says, "are no longer permitted to enter upon their duties in ignorance of the first principles of post-office management. Training schools have been organized at central accounting offices where they receive adequate instruction."

Gone, apparently, is the proud feeling that any green citizen can qualify miraculously for any public office by the mere fact of getting appointed to it.

The establishment of schools for political vocations is new proof of the swing toward education.

In a Nutshell

SENATOR COUZENS, a sincere believer in public development of water power, is quite right in holding that Muscle Shoals should be a Federal project.

But when the horse that you lead to water refuses to drink, a practical driver has to consider alternatives.

Uncle Sam has balked, and Henry Ford has made an offer. If it is not a good enough offer, let somebody produce a better.

Stars and Stripes

"What becomes of all the pins?" asks a woman's magazine. Why not ask the babies?

Statistician says there were 3,000,000 accidents last year, but this does not include the two cases where the telephone operator got the right number.

Some people seem to think that condolence is a special form of congratulation for widows.

Need of Direct Primary Seen

THE Boston Herald mourns over the incapacity of the Administration to hold the Republican members in line for its reactionary policies. It does not blame the President and it does not blame Senator Lodge, the titular Republican leader, or Mr. Mondell, the Republican leader in the House. THE BOSTON HERALD BLAMES THE DIRECT PRIMARIES!

In the good, old days before the direct primaries, when candidates for the Senate were nominated by the State Legislatures and for the House by district convention, the Herald declares that the Presidents and party leaders were able to control their majorities in both Houses.

Undoubtedly, they were able to control their majorities in both Houses for reactionary measures.

Then, indeed, the railroads and the gas and electric light companies and the manufacturers' lobbyists in the State Legislatures and the party bosses taking the crumbs from the lobbyists' fees were able to control the selection of Senators and Representatives. In those good, old days before the direct primaries the President could control his majority in the Senate and in the House when he was doing the bidding of some reactionary interests.

The real government was the invisible government, first the powerful lobbies and behind them the bankers and the financial interests generally.

What a pity it is that the direct primaries have compelled representatives to represent their constituents. In New York State the Republican party under Governor Miller abolished direct primaries. Now all the Progressives in the Republican party want direct primaries restored to restore the public confidence in the party.

Hokus Pokus

H A! the nighted ghost of a valiant Klansman walked the dim aisles of a Brooklyn church a week ago. He told the secrets of the prison house of the Ku Klux Klan. He unfolded a tale whose lightest word must have harrowed the soul and frozen the blood of every worshiper.

List, list, O list! to the awful klucking: "It is the purpose of the Ku Klux Klan to revive the chivalry of the people and to combat those who would tear down our institutions. . . . We are opposed to the bootlegger, and we are organized to maintain the supremacy of the white race and to keep Protestantism in the ascendancy."

A bit disappointing, the walking of this ghost. He should have announced their support of the law of gravitation and their determination to defend the multiplication table to the last digit. For they still are legion who refuse to believe that twice two is four.

Which means that most of the solemn pronouncements of the Klan are matters of course to all decent citizens. But when they talk about "keeping Protestantism in the ascendancy," we, in turn, must protest and remind them of two things:

First—The letter and the spirit of the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution which prevents Congress from making laws "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This, of course, enjoins tolerance and noninterference upon not only the National Legislature, but upon every zealous Protestant as well.

Second—There is the historic incident which also bears its lesson to overenthusiastic Americans. When the zealots of his day came to Frederick the Great with the demand for the conversion or expulsion of all Jews that philosophic monarch replied: "Make all citizens good Germans, but let them choose any road to heaven that they prefer."

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WAYSIDE WISDOM Copyright, 1922

By S. E. Kiser

IF you've made up your mind to play this game There are some tricks I think you ought to know: You needn't utilize the midnight flame In getting wise, but practice looking so; Adopt an air of worldly condescension. Dress in a style that will attract attention. And learn some stories that were old long, long ago.

BE sure to raise an ample mop of hair, And wear it in a tangled, mussed mass; Learn, if the papers kid you, not to care, And don't forget to have a cheek of brass; When questioned, have a stock of trite evasions, And keep in mind the fact, on all occasions, That people don't want wisdom, they want gas.

SAY nothing that they do not wish to hear, Speak always with the broad, or Harvard, a; Be English in your manner and appear To hide deep meanings in the things you say; Be late in keeping your engagements; never Hand out a new idea whatsoever; The old things "go," the new are thrown away.

LOOK solemn, son, when pulling off your quips; And always wait to let 'em "get" your jokes; Drag something in concerning baby lips, Refer to clinging vines and sturdy oaks; Assure 'em it's the Anglo-Saxon's misallor To keep the world from going to perdition, The people, recollect, are mostly folks.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

Wise men tear up their foolish letters Fools put them in the mails.

WHY WORRY?

A lady who has come here from a foreign strand says American women are overpainted No matter, so long as the coal men don't get control of the paint business.

UNTAPPED RESERVES

By Livy S. Richard

WE hear much of the waste of natural resources such as minerals, timber, water power. But the greatest of wastes is the waste of our untapped internal reserves.

Tell a boy in Summertime that if he will do a certain number of tasks before noon he can have the afternoon off for play, and he will do in an hour work which usually would drag through half a day.

He taps his reserves and trebles his velocity. Put before a grown-up some goal which stimulates the faculties and the same response follows.

WHAT anyone can do when he really wants to do it is simply amazing when measured alongside the routine performance.

Nor does this extra speed tire. The internal something which inspires the added effort sustains it incredibly.

If exhaustion followed this geared up voltage, valid argument could be urged for taking one's ease. But if the stimulus is natural, a response of nerves and muscles to will, the more you do the more you want to do and the easier you find the doing of it.

CIVILIZATION'S job these coming years is to key up men's voltage to the tasks of reconstruction.

The late Wu-Ting-fang once said the addition of an inch to China's shirt-tails would keep busy every loom in Christendom.

A one per cent gain in humanity's voltage would recoup war losses in a decade, and leave not one of us wearied in consequence.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP Copyright, 1922, by Star Company

By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—I wonder what you'd think of what poor tired workmen think—workmen in old clothes—workmen with dinner pails, in old clothes—who stand on street cars on their poor tired feet?

I wonder what you think—they think—of women who do not think—women who ride on street cars returning from shopping trips or an afternoon at the movies—or women riding just for fun—I wonder what you think they think—the poor tired workmen—of women who do not think and take from them their seats? MRS. H. L. W.

DEAR MRS. H. L. W. HE'D SAY to you. I DON'T believe. HE'D HATE to think. IT IS a question. THERE WOULD come a time. OF TIRED men. WHEN A son of his. OR THOUGHTLESS women. OR HIS son's son. OR OF just a seat. WOULD NOT be moved. IN A trolley car. BY THE same instinct. OR A subway train. THAT NOW prompts him. I'D RATHER think. TO GIVE his seat. IT'S JUST a question. TO A thoughtless one. OF CHIVALRY. OF THE gentler sex. OR A deep respect. HE SOMETIMES thinks. OF WOMANHOOD. IT IS unfair. AND I'LL undertake. TO HIS tired feet. FOR THE tired man. FOR HE knows quite well. IN WORKING clothes. THAT WHEN he thinks. HE'S MORE content. TO SAY for him. THAN IF he sat. THAT WHEN he thinks. WHILE A woman stood. WHO TAKES his seat. I THANK you.

Walking on Eggs--By "Bugs" Baer

OUR glorious American hen is clucking easier now that Clemenceau is going back to his own roost. That Tiger who hatches diplomacy from hardboiled eggs enjoyed our hardboiled hospitality and proved that you can grow old and respected on eight petrified incubator jewels for breakfast.

EVERY morning at eggs o'clock he ran pool on double quartet of strictly fresh, cold storage farm eggs which had gathered city education.

HE attributes his long life to scoffing at eight eggs. You've got to live long to eat eight. Napoleon only gobbled seven and fails to mention them at all in his memoirs. Nero was an egg, but Alexander wept because of hemispheres.

not knowing that ovals were more important.

IT is an awful thump to American indignation to know that Washington ate his eggs softboiled.

CLEMENCEAU'S American tour was very good. He ran eight in New York, but missed his seventh in Boston on an easy carom. His Chicago 'eight were all masse strokes. He ran out his string in Washington and another block of eight in Baltimore. Clemmy ran up against slow tables in Philadelphia, but managed to get his eight in three innings.

THEY rolled badly in Cincinnati. On his return date in New York he regained his old form and demonstrated that France triumphs in incubator billiards.

AS Wilhelm clogs nimbly around Holland, blaming his defeat on his generals, he must finally realize that his trouble was not due to military blunders, but to his own diet. If he had crowned eight Humpty-Dumpties he might have won.

HOOVER said food will win war. And hardboiled eggs are food. If you are that hungry.

YOU can take your padlock off your henhouse door. Clemmy is back in France. He made favorable impression over here. But he didn't frighten anybody.

IF France wants to intimidate us, she had better send over some Tiger who eats 'em shells and all.

THE SPECTATOR The Lever

SOMEWHERE around 2,000 years ago, in Greece, a gentleman by the name of Archimedes expounded the law of the lever. He grew so enthusiastic about it that he claimed he could lift the world if he had the proper lever and had some place to stand. Dos posto, or, Give me whereon to stand, is his favorite saying.

About all the supremacy of man over the other animals depends not upon his superior strength, but upon his cunning, which enables him to use tools. The man drives the horse simply because he knows enough to put a bit in the horse's mouth and the horse does not know enough to spit it out. If it were simply a question of brute strength, the horse would be driving the man.

Yakima Canutt, the cowboy broncho rider and steer wrestler, explains how a man who weighs but 150 pounds can throw a steer weighing more than 1,000 pounds.

IT seems all to be due to the idea of the aforesaid Archimedes.

"Long horns on the animals," he says, "are of especial benefit to the steer wrestler, who is to grasp these protuberances firmly and apply Archimedes' principle of leverage. Speed, nerve and strength are necessary adjuncts but with all these, the wrestler—or, as he is called in the West, the "bulldozer"—would be failure. He has to know the proper holds even if he thinks Archimedes is a building in Paris or his principle is something that banks draw interest on.

"Ten Jack Dempseys and ten 'Strangler' Lewises couldn't throw a steer if they didn't find a vulnerable spot at the base of the animal's brain to strike, or if they failed to apply the proper leverage handed down to the cowboys of America by the ancient Greeks."

THIS same law that enables a man to throw a steer is available in many of the other formidable tasks which present themselves to him.

Of course, it is true in mechanics, where a puny man by the use of steam can whirl a many-thousand-ton train fifty miles an hour along the road, or by a hydraulic lift can handle ponderous blocks of granite as deftly as if they were child's playthings.

BUT the same law is usable in the concerns of the spirit.

Fortunes are made not so much by hard work as by leverage—that is, by making other men and other forces lift what we ourselves could not budge.

Even the clever woman does not win her way by the use of her own powers so much as by her skill in setting other forces in motion.

The successful politician is the one who can move the great mass of public opinion by using forces not his own.

And even in the most important business of all, the department of character and the attainment of happiness, it is not so much our earnestness and effort as it is our resourcefulness in employing "powers not our own."

Something to Think About

By Bruno Lessing

THE BLOC SYSTEM.

IN the world of American politics today many movements are on foot. As Artemus Ward used to say, "2 bad, 2 bad!" They might travel farther if they took a taxi.

In Congress, the farmers' bloc is gathering strength. Without the farmer the country will go to pieces. So, according to the latest style, we must have a farmers' bloc.

And what would happen to this land of ours if the laboring men quit laboring? Why, we would go to pieces. Sure, we must have a labor bloc. Sam Gompers is the labor bloc. So much for that.

THEN there's the Hon. La Follette. He don't like nothing. He's sore on the Republicans and sore on the Democrats. So he is getting up a Radical bloc. He won't go so far as to say that he wants to get up a third party. He don't think it ain't come to that yet. But he must have a bloc of some kind. So let's give him the Radical bloc. They are sore on everything.

THEN there's the Wall Street bloc—which is always on the job—and the prohibition bloc and the jobs-for-the-boys bloc. All of which leads to the suspicion that we are on the high road to a government of blocs.

If this should be the truth, you and I would be forced to the conclusion that the old way of governing this country of ours was about played out. It wasn't satisfactory. The world

war gave it too much of a jolt and its wheels were thrown out of gear. The plan outlined in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States don't work no more. We gotta have a change. We need blocs.

Well AND good. If we need change, I'm for change. If blocs, like bobbed hair, come into style, I'm for blocs. The great trouble with us common people is that we do not recognize the changes that are going on in our Government until they are put over. Then the alarm clock goes off and we wake up.

LET'S accept the bloc system. Let's look it squarely in the face and say to it: "Well, if you're here to stay, we welcome you."

Benvenuto! (That's the Italian for "welcome," only it sounds more imposing.)

BUT I'd like to suggest a cartoon to our old friend Oppen. He has hit upon Dough and Dubb as representing the two extremes of our national life. Dough represents about 100,000 people. Dubb represents 104,999,999.

Picture No. 1—Dough scratches his head and tries to figure out which bloc will bring him the most mazumeh. (Cush, iron boys, kale.)

Picture No. 2—Dubb stares aghast at the list of blocs and exclaims: "Ain't there no American bloc?"

The Spirit of the Season

To the Editor: THE spirit at this time is peculiarly excited in doing for others. Through the great mass of society there is a present state of mind beautiful to behold.

There are great principles running through and binding us to the Christmas season. At this time we remember by our gifts and self-sacrificing attitudes that Christ did not come to work upon the surface of the human heart, but to pervade it with his religion of service and good will. He did not come to inculcate transient feelings and action, but to implant permanent principles and to give a new life to the world.

The Church of Christendom has endeavored for centuries to represent and make known Jesus Christ as the most august being who ever came or moved on earth. He is separated in our thoughts from all other men, and when we behold so much self-denial softening the

human instincts, we cannot help but have faith in the ultimate outcome of our human nature.

A man must, indeed, be chargeable either with gross ignorance or gross prejudice who does not see many happy influences of the Gospel.

Manners are softened and domestic relations hallowed. Human suffering awakens new sympathy, and individual and associated efforts are continually diminishing its amount. There are glorious changes going on to improve the condition, education and morals of the people. And Christianity, were it to win no other victories, would deserve, for these reforms, the everlasting gratitude of the human race. But these are only superficial changes, compared with its great purpose. Its design is to work more deeply, to guide and raise men up the culture of that spiritual and universal charity which distinguished Christ.

THE MEN'S ORGANIZED BIBLE CLASS WORK.