

NEW YORK HERALD

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1921.

These Twenty Years.

The first fifth of the twentieth century ended last Friday night. These two decades have been eventful and memorable.

If we could look into the school books of a thousand years hence it is unlikely that more than two events of the last twenty years would be found mentioned.

Not an utterly bad twenty years, yet a score that anybody would care to see repeated if the evil episodes had to be retained.

What a Lot of Time!

We like optimists and we hail Professor Moulton of the University of Chicago as one of them. He insists that "the past and future existence of the earth is a million years."

The official canvass of the vote for President in New York State sets Senator HARDING'S plurality over Governor COX at 1,089,929 votes out of a total of 2,652,405 ballots cast on November 2 for the Republican and Democratic candidates for President.

The overwhelming character of Governor COX'S defeat in this State may be gauged by the fact that Senator HARDING'S plurality here was greater than any plurality ever given to a candidate for President by the whole nation until 1904, when Roosevelt defeated PARKER by a national total of 2,545,515 votes.

It is a record plurality which discloses the non-partisan Americanism which lay behind the ballots cast last November.

Steering Libraries.

An interesting suggestion is made elsewhere on this page by Mr. C. B. WHITE. His observations during a voyage across the Atlantic in the steamer have convinced him of the need of libraries for third class passengers, who, for the most part, are immigrants.

Mr. WHITE readily imagines the effect if the newcomer were able to spend a week with books telling him of American history, literature, geography and government. Nor does Mr. WHITE overlook the largeness of the job of supplying books that could be read by men and women who speak dozens of different languages.

A proposal like Mr. WHITE'S must be reduced to practical possibilities. A library of twenty-five different books, each volume printed in, say, twenty-five different languages, would be asking too much.

influence. Yet in many individual cases the elevating influences remain. It is likely too that the churches are in greater vigor than they were. They put themselves into the struggle with whole hearts.

It is in the realm of science that the last twenty years shine brightest. The heart of man is not much softer than it used to be, as the war showed. The brain of man is no more efficient in its functions than it was when the Pyramids were built.

Let some reader remind us of an oversight, let us add that in the last twenty years the poles of the earth have been discovered. Mankind had long known that the poles were there and that their discovery would add nothing to our material good, but there was always a desire to have them visited.

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Comparing the Incomparable.

Are our actors as great as those of older days; are plays now as well written to be played, not to be read? A successful modern play producer thinks the answer should be "Yes."

The value of any quality which must be estimated by sight and sound, as the qualities displayed in acting or in an acted play, must be, may be written about until grunting shelves collapse, yet naught will be set down to enlighten the reader except that what the writer saw and heard pleased, displeased, or possibly bored him.

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Harding's New York Plurality.

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pleasure which comes to all those who love the soil and its cultivation. They give liberally of their time and money in the economic development of modern agriculture, and by their efforts many wise and useful object lessons have been imparted.

Most of the farms are in New York, though several are located in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, while one is in Rhode Island and another in Vermont. That of W. B. DICKEYMAN is at Mamaroneck and there he has developed a splendid type of the trotting horse through blending the blood of the sires Bellini and Atlantic Express.

In such a book—and we have merely hinted at the proper contents—should be printed in his own language and put in the hands of an immigrant on the day he set sail for this country.

Those who regard the country estates of rich men as mere show places have no idea of the amount of practical information disseminated by such organizations as the Farmers.

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Last Year's Death Rate.

The Health Department has announced that the 1920 death rate for the city of New York was 11.93 per thousand, as compared with 12.39 for 1919.

The number of deaths in 1920 was 73,249, against 74,433 in 1919, an absolute decrease of 1,184. From this decrease the department figures a saving of 2,824 lives in the year, on the basis of increased population.

In 1919 we had a serious epidemic of influenza, which was much worse in its effects than the milder visitation of last year. With regard to the health prospect for this year, as affected by the possibility of a recurrence of influenza, it should be borne in mind that susceptible persons have been exposed to this disease now for a comparatively long time, and immunization of the population may be assumed to be fairly general.

Farming for Fun and Knowledge.

Few persons are aware of the existence of the New York Farmers, an association of men of intelligent pretensions and ample means who own estates in the East and find pleasure in the promotion of agriculture, the breeding of live stock of all kinds, and who pass on the results of their experiments for the benefit of all the agriculturists and stock raisers of the country.

There are fifty members of the society. Among them are merchants, bankers, lawyers, college professors and physicians, and all are men of importance in their varied interests.

At the recent gathering President FRANK R. STUBBS, who was head of the New York Stock Exchange and has been for many years vice-chairman of the Jockey Club in charge of its breeding bureau, had Major CHARLES L. SCOTT of the Federal Reimbursement Service address the Farmers.

The Treasury Department made a ruling the latter part of November which permits sales of wines and beer as well as trade in run, in the Virgin Islands. The Treasury Department holds that the islands are outside the United States so far as enforcement of prohibition is concerned.

The Amalgamated Order of Bootleggers, whose members prosper so notably elsewhere in the United States, is likely to protest against this decision as a distinct restriction of its possible field of profitable operations.

A man who cannot run an automobile is accused of exploding the Wall Street bomb. His incapacity should aid the authorities in their search for him. In this day a man who cannot run a motor car is an object of general curiosity in all parts of the land.

Poems Worth Reading.

Time said to Life: "Do thou my bidding, slave. Weave thou my fabric or I cut the thread. About thee are the unnumbered dead, And all thou seekest hides in yonder grave. Before thee went the beautiful, the brave. The undaunted heroes whom the Cæsars led— These are laid low within a little bed And over them brown autumn's grasses wave. Life said to Time: "No slave am I to thee. Master I am, and thou my trusted tool Wrought by the high God to my eager hand. Wielding thee well I verily am free— Free from the folly of the taskless fool. Who knows thee not, to serve or to command?" JOHN JENNINGS ROOBY.

Decline and Fall of the Revolution. When mellow bells of old St. Paul's And Trinity began To play on New Year's Eve I met A pale and haggard man. He wandered up and down Broadway But heeded not the throng, I touched him gently on the arm And asked him what was wrong.

"The glad New Year is here," he cried, "No resolutions I Can make on this auspicious date As in the years gone by. The girls smoke cigarettes and so It cannot be a vice, The anti-gambling law has put A ban on cards and dice.

"The Volstead act has made it high A capital offence To eat raisins at a prize; I would that I were hence. At calendars I therefore feel Inclined to sneer and scoff, For what is New Year's when, alas! There's nothing to win off?" MINNA LEVINSKY.

The Lost. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The clouds lay in waves of gold across the west, The wind came and coldly blew upon my chest, The night crept up silently, and with it came An echo—an empty voice—your whispered name. The moon came and strolled along its westward track. My prayers were like teardrops on an April day. Your voice whispered faintest words from far away. Through fog rifts the rays of moonlight shimmered down, A castle came from wind-blown leaves of autumn brown, By moonlight a rosebud peered through leafy lace, A dream came, and through its haze I saw your face. HELEN EMMA MARINO.

Light. From the Los Angeles Times. My lamp shall be thy gentle eyes, So calm, so full of love, That brighten all life's gloomy skies, As stars that shine above. My lamp shall be thy ardent hope, So steadfast, true and clear, A beacon to poor souls that grope A-down a darkened year. My lamp shall be thy tenderness, So soft and free from care, Like mother's hands that come to bless A child at his prayer. NANCY BUCKLER.

Seafarers. From the National Marine. Not theirs the cunning, shifty ways of shore— Shrewd eyes half closed, suspicion ill concealed. They meet us openly, and, what is more, In their frank truth our smallness is revealed. The fancies of a myriad men Have mused upon the sight! And wondered as they gazed again And felt their hearts grow light! Some have imagined that our vessel vast Doth filter through the soul To strengthen and to guide at last The spirit to its goal. Thank God for what no man can know, What utters no replies. By meeting mystery we grow To be more than we are. Not darkness only bars our ways And wilders most our thought! The truth may come in such a guise It dazzles, is not caught. So daily, hourly, let me learn The worthless lore to win, The lines where knowledge back must turn And faith her path begin. Let me peruse the book of space Where time's a thing of naught. The fair blue sky that veils the Face By whom all things were wrought. RAYMOND MINTURN PEXE.

The First Snowfall. Snow—and the closing in of wintry days. The white and baffling weather, And does it mean the parting of the ways. We gaily walked together? Snow—and a wind that pierces shrewd and chill, Incessant in its blowing; And does it mean the light behind the hill? For us has ceased its glowing? Snow—and gray shadows etched upon the earth. Before us and behind us, And does it mean only some ghost of mirth? Will now be left to bind us? Snow—and I hear the shiver of the night. As one a poignant warning; Would I might look to-morrow on the light. Of some blue vernal morning! CAPTAIN SCOTLAND.

The Pilgrim Republic: a Parable.

Several Nationalities Helped to Found the Plymouth Colony and to Frame Its Institutions.

In a large sense the Pilgrim company at Leyden, made up chiefly of English and Welsh folk but with eight nationalities represented in its body, was a type and parable of the American Commonwealth.

At first scattered and unknown to each other, coming from all parts of Great Britain, they were during their eleven years discipline in Leyden under John Robinson's leadership compacted into unity of aim and purpose. That purpose, clearly shown in their record, confessions, writings, acts and policy, and consistently followed, was to form a free church in a free state and to allow to others the same freedom.

Further, the Dutch municipal archives and civic documents, in which their marriages and places of birth or domicile are recorded, were as far from being of unmixed origin as they were from being unanimous in their opinions on minor subjects.

The popular version of the history of American origins as set forth in most of our school books—long written by one section of the country—virtually ignores the facts of both our composite ancestry and of frontier and indigenous influences. The majority of our current dramatic, fictional and pictorial representations of the Pilgrims are based on locally hardened traditions. These look too steadily at the gate money long kept up the notion that we are an annex to Great Britain and only a daughter nation of England.

The recorded facts were long ago brought out quite accidentally by the Dutch scholars. These gentlemen, church historians seeking their own, while searching the municipal archives of Amsterdam and Leyden long before Americans or Englishmen were eight nationalities among these Separatists. In a word, Professor de Hoop Schaeffer, the Mennonite scholar, and Messrs. Kist and Swalve, the Reformed Church pastors, made examination for the purpose of looking up the history of their own forebears and found also that of the Pilgrims. They preceded our own researchers in English, Welsh and French were spoken among these Leyden Separatists. It is highly probable also that all the children born in the republic, who later formed the young and strong settlers of Plymouth, spoke Dutch. The Netherlands adds testimony also to the cosmopolitan character of the Leyden company whose representatives came over before 1623, not only in the Mayflower but also in the later Pilgrim ships Fortune, Ann, Handmaid and Little James; that is, previous to the arrival of the state church Puritans of Boston and Salem.

When by the first mail in America north of the Hudson a letter was sent by Governor Minuit from Manhattan to Plymouth it was penned in the languages of both the Netherlands and France. Bradford the Pilgrim answered this missive in Dutch, which he spoke and wrote.

Into the fellowship of the church at Leyden all members of the Reformed churches of the countries represented in it were welcomed. To them the sectarian lingo of later date, and even the elaborate Puritan creeds of New England, were unknown. Even the term "Pilgrim" was not written by them, nor even of them, until Bradford, about 1650, in his manuscript used it in quotation and only in a spiritual sense. The phrase "Pilgrim Fathers" was first heard in 1795, the first public commemoration of them having been in 1765.

Moreover, it has never been proved that Miles Standish, who was not manifestly one—to Americanize the alien on our shores! If we fail in this disaster surely awaits us, for the average emigrant ship of to-day carries no such cargo of ideas and people as freighted the Half Moon of 1609 or the Mayflower of 1620 or the New Netherlands of 1624.

Yet if we are able to unite and harmonize all the cultures and inheritances of the many strains of humanity seeking our land even as well as the Pilgrims did, who can doubt that our Republic will produce the grandest commonwealth in the history of man and for his helpmate the most beautiful woman our race has ever seen? Such is the orthodox creed of true Americanism. As of old, it can be said of those who in this venture of faith believe and try: "They can, because they think they can."

Opinion of the Drilled.

A Schooboy Dislikes Military Training After Three Years Trial. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I have just passed the age of 18. In almost any State but New York there would have been no material difference between the last minute of my eighteenth year and the first of my nineteenth. But I live in New York, so I felt happy when my birthday was past for the reason that it meant no more military drill for me. During the three years I have trained under the New York State Commission I have not been helped one atom. I am no exception, for I am speaking for several average lads. My posture has not been improved, neither have I been taught to recognize authority, for the majority of "officers" we had were boys trained in the Scouts and supervised by a Lieutenant of the State militia. I recall, with disgust, each October when the companies were organized going through the same drills, breaking in new victims with the old. The older boys would have to listen to long talks about the art of right facing, about facing, and the like. By the end of the drill year some time in June we had progressed so far as to do a "squad drill" without each man attempting to execute some other move. The next year would mean a repetition of the same movements and instructions. If I recall correctly, I believe I have had a rifle to drill with about seven times during the entire time I have drilled. A. M. J. NEW YORK, December 31.

A New Administration.

Found wanting in affairs of note The old year now is downward hurled, And by an overwhelming vote The new year comes to rule the world. He lacks experience, but yet Possesses virtues rich and rare, We needs but hope his Cabinet Is chosen with the proper care. Let Wisdom take the post of State; The post of War let Honor fill, Economy upon the slate Would give the Treasury a thrill. These are but hints—could it be done Unhesitating we affirm We feel that 1921 Would almost get another term. McLANDBURGH WILSON.

Charitable Possibilities of a \$150,000 Literary Article.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Kindly ask President Wilson to write that article for which \$150,000 has been offered. If, as he considers, it is not worth it and it would be unethical for him to receive it, why should he not donate the sum to the Hoover fund for starving children? A few days ago a number of persons paid \$1,000 each for ten cents worth of food for these sufferers. NEW YORK, December 31.

The Procession Back to Europe.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dumba, Rutensteyn, Bernstorff, Berkmann, Emma Goldman and now the Soviet ambassador-in-imitable, Ludwig Martens—al! departed. My word, though the mills of the gods grind somewhat slowly, yet withal they grind musically and exceedingly hard. Next! FRIENDSHIP GLOUGHER. NEW YORK, December 31.

Puzzle of the Shirts.

Uncle Sam Said to Be Buying in Albany, Selling in New York. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I have just arrived here on a business trip and find the local industrial situation very much stirred. A big government contract for men's outside shirts—not undershirts—has just been awarded to Albany manufacturers and operators are coming here from other cities on the promise of work. At the same time in New York city and other trade centres I note the Government is advertising large quantities of men's shirts for sale. I don't understand this. J. W. GIBSON. ALBANY, December 31.

No Trade With Russia.

Lenine and Trotsky in the Position of Dealers in Stolen Goods.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: All civilized nations should refuse to trade with Russia for the reason that Lenine and Trotsky are trying to destroy the governments of all civilized nations.

Lenine and Trotsky are usurpers. All the property they have in their possession or control they have taken from the owners by force, without paying them for it. In other words they have possession of property, but no lawful title thereto.

All the goods they want to trade with other nations are stolen goods, and any who acquired possession of such goods in trade would get no lawful title thereto. This fact of itself is a sufficient reason for refusing to trade with Russia, and as soon as the Russians find out that this is the reason they will banish Lenine and Trotsky and organize a stable government founded on the principles of law, justice and liberty. JOHN E. KUZIN. PITTSBURGH, December 31.

Steering Libraries.

Their Possible Usefulness in Fitting Immigrants for American Life. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I have just landed from a steamer trip across the Atlantic and I am impressed with the need of a library in the third cabin of ocean steamships. At present only the first and second cabin passengers have it. Nor can one blame the steamship companies for flinching the task of equipping a library for the polyglot mob below decks. On our boat in the third cabin twenty-five languages were spoken. And yet, just because of the babel and the motley, a library is needed there more than anywhere else. They have not the recreations provided for the passengers above decks. The voyage is for them a long monotonous. Ten days is the average duration, oftentimes made still longer when they are kept in port on the steamer awaiting transshipment to Ellis Island.

These ten days present a priceless opportunity to teach to these newcomers the history and literature of America, her geography, the mechanism of our Government, first lessons in English, the life story of foreigners who came here and made good. In that moment the immigrant is in a teachable mood. The adventure into a new and far land has excited all the nerves of his mind. He is awake as he never was before and as probably he never will be again. Pathetic is their eagerness to learn about this America, theme of their long time dream. The desire to inform themselves as to what to expect in port when examined for entrance, would spur even the dullards to seek in knowledge. The trip, instead of a dismal waiting time, would be transmuted into a floating university; a ship teeming with intellectual life and eager, fervent inquiry.

To provide so many tongued a library and reach it forth to so varied a host is a job beyond the competency of the ship's crew. It would have to be done by a steward specially trained. The Carnegie Fund would doubtless provide the books. But the librarian would have to be a man of vision and leadership, such as our library schools and neighborhood houses are turning out. This would mean a steering library association supported by gifts from the socially minded. That the steamship companies would welcome such an association need hardly be questioned. To make the ocean trip more enjoyable and lift the tone of life aboard for both passengers and crew would be to their interest.

Some critics the ship officers for what seems unfeeling harshness in dealing with steerage folk. I do not see how that harshness can be avoided. To get things done by a mob that does not know what you are saying requires a throwback to the primitive; persuasion being out of the question, naught is left but brute compulsion. Undoubtedly the treatment of ideas and people is rough and always will be. From which the poor fellow, pushed and hauled and shouted at, gets a sore impression of America at the very threshold, and seeds for anarchistic bitterness later on are sown in the spirit of many of them.

To counteract that impression a library steward would be invaluable. He would be America's hand of fellowship held out. As head worker in institutions of social service in New York I have known how often it was to be stricken out these newcomers, once the warping into a gnarled and tangled knot has taken place. We must make contact with the immigrant while he is voyaging hither. For that contact could there be a fitter medium than books, helpfully chosen and courteously proffered? The movement of peoples into America is an event in universal history. I fear that at present we are doing but little to humanize this migration of the multitude. C. B. WHITE. MARLBORO ON HUDSON, December 31.

Not for Young Men Only.

A Man Past Threescore Thinks There Is a Chance for Him Also. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: It has been said that this is the young man's day, his day of opportunity, that the world will be his and he seeks to him for the achievement of great things. To this I take no exception; it is as it should be. But is there to be no old man's day? Must a man at sixty spend the balance of his days in unavailing regrets because of life's failures and adventures? Having passed the threescore mark I find myself, because of adverse circumstances, stranded. To secure employment at my age is an impossibility. But and those dependent upon me must live. Having inherited artistic genius from my father and having been a student with him for some years I can sketch in black and white with pen, pencil and crayon, can paint in oil and water color, any subject that may be desired, but do not know how to find a market for my work. I am quite sure, however, that there is an old man's day for one who can produce something that the public wants. OLD MAN. SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., December 31.

A Tribute to Faithfulness.

From the London Times. The death is recorded on our front page of Mary Susanna Hitch, aged 83, "the faithful and loving mother and friend for fifty-four years to the family of the late Sir William Crookes." The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to this paper and also the local news items. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

After Death, Dreams.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: My way of thinking of after death: If we live a good life it will be as a pleasant dream; if we live a bad life it will be as a bad dream. One is heavenly and the other is hell and torment. GEORGE A. SCHEIDT. NEW YORK, December 31.