The Public Be Served

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

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The News Scimitar

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A WORLD GOVERNMENT

In his famous poem, written when he was a young man, "Locksley Hall," Tennyson turns prophet, and predicts a time when the war drums should beat no longer, and when there would be a parliament of man—a federation of the world. Dimly, maybe, the afterward laureate saw this vision, but his wonderful powers of expression enabled him to visualize it to the world. It has not yet come, but the approaching peace conference is a beginning which may herald in a world government. Not all the world will be represented, but the genesis of all governments was the casual meeting of two or more men. These were serious-minded men, and they only made a beginning. Later on they attracted other men minded like themselves, and these conferences grew in numbers and influence until a government or law-making power was formed. The coming peace conference may be the nucleus for a world government or a parliament of man, as the poet saw it in his dream. No matter how long the conference sits or how wide a range it takes, it can only make a beginning—an unextended point. It cannot hope to complete its task. No human act or accomplishment is complete. All are fluxional, vehicular and transitive. There is nothing static or adamantine. The constitution of the United States, which the great Gladstone pronounced the greatest and most perfect work ever turned out by the hand of man in a given time, was not a complete work. We had to appoint a supreme court to interpret it, and tell us just what it meant, and we have been tinkering at it and amending it almost ever since, a hundred years ago. The high council should not feel disheartened on this account. Let the delegates try to feel as did the sage of old, who declared: "By the gods, it is in me, and it must out." Out it will, in time. And while it may come near and fail, like the shepherd who perishes in the snowdrift within a few feet of his own cabin, where a fire burns cheerfully, others will complete the task. On the banks of the waters of life, humanity is always perishing for want of a drink. Nevertheless we must push forward and strive for the desired goal. America will be a big factor in the great council. Our trouble will be in making our voice understood. Europe has been so calloused and indurated by centuries of Machiavellian diplomacy, tergiversation and falsehood that it may not now be pervious to direct, honest statement, coming without guile or ulterior purpose. It is something so unusual and unaccustomed to the diplomats and statesmen of Europe. America will present the invulnerable essence of democracy, and our geographical immensity and limitless wealth will dazzle the imagination of all beholders, and give our message a potency that cannot easily be resisted. It will take time, but this great conference under the same or some new name will meet again and again, and continue working on the problem until it is solved. It should have all the time necessary. At one crisis in chronology there was a paucity of time, and the god Hermes—who must have been the original craps shooter—shook dice with the moon and won from her a good many hours of time so that Osiris could be born; and a league of nations which will protect the weak against the strong and prevent future wars will be a greater Osiris, a greater than any character in mythology. It should be the prayer of everyone that a sufficient number of extra hours be intercalated to enable the great commission to put its work on a firm foundation, where it can stand securely and grow. The high commissioners occupy exalted thrones which must never be abdicated until men and women are so organized that they can live without cutting each other's throats or destroying each other's civilization and property.

Nominalism is well enough in its way for pragmatic or utilitarian purposes, but idealism, while intangible, is a loftier aspiration, and points the way to a possible or ultimate realism.

Students of history who have passed the sixth grade will not be too sanguine or expect too much from the deliberations of mere men, great men though they be. They will be disposed to believe that universal peace can be best maintained by letting each nation follow its own national ideals.

Any attempt at exterior or collapsing pressure to bring about conformity will result in failure, as it has always done. This was the fatal weakness in the Roman system of world empire, and the chief element of strength in the British system of empire. England established her rule by letting subject peoples alone as much as possible; not interfering with their religion or harmless customs. Just what the great conference will do remains to be seen; but no matter what it does its work will only be preliminary and tentative. It is one of the greatest adventures into empiricism ever undertaken by the sons of men, and that it will be fruitful and beneficent we should hope and pray.

Individuals have sought the betterment of mankind in a small way, and their modest beginnings have amounted to much. This is the first time in the world's history that the civilization and intelligence of the leading nations of the world ever met together to attempt to benefit not particular races or countries, but all mankind; and in time the Hun, despised and execrated, will, in spite of himself, derive benefit from the effort that is about to be made for the general good. He may, and likely will, be punished severely, but even punishment will have a chastening and a purifying influence on him.

MERITED TRIBUTE

Before us is a copy of the Daily Commonwealth, published at Greenwood, Miss., by James L. Gillespie, father of Lieut. Gordon Gillespie, who so gallantly gave up his life on the fields of France in behalf of a cause that can never die. The paper contains a collection of letters and editorial comment upon the life and character of the splendid young man. They were well earned and deserved. No finer boy than Gordon Gillespie ever lived, and we have the word of his comrades in arms that no more valiant soldier ever went to battle. Lieut. Gillespie went into the army a private, and was content to be a private, for patriotism is not measured by rank. But he was advanced because the army needed such men for its leaders, and we who knew him feel assured that he had no pride in the promotion except the pride he had in the opportunity for greater service. Every expression to his memory was modest and sincere, and no American hero more richly deserves the tributes that were paid to him by sorrowing friends.

Every person in Memphis should join the Red Cross during the Christmas membership campaign. It is a distinction to belong to this splendid organization. The cost is $1 a year. Memphis should lead the country as usual in this campaign.

Movie of a Man and a Broken Shoe String—By Briggs

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

PEACE UNDER THE WHITE FLAG.

Three women friends, whom I had not seen for a long time, chanced to drop in on me the other afternoon at tea. One of them was an old maid, another was a woman on the shady side of 50 and the third was a poor woman.

I had remembered the whole quartet as thin and haggard looking women, with strained, overwrought expressions on their faces, and a general appearance of being about to qualify as patients in a sanitarium for nervous breakdowns. To my surprise I beheld them all looking fine and fit, happy, placid and contented, with not so much as a crow's foot of anxiety and worry tracking a single face.

"What have you been doing to yourselves?" I cried in amazement, "you look as if you had been simply soaking yourselves in the Fountain of Perpetual Youth ever since I have been away."

"Well," smiled the old maid, "I can lay no claim to being any Ponce de Leon, but I've done the next best thing to discovering the elixir of eternal youth. I have found the secret of happiness, and it consists in surrendering to the inevitable. You know what the Bible says about its being hard to kick against the pricks. Take it from me, it's all of that, and then some.

"Personally, I have been perfectly blissful ever since I gave up the struggle to get married, and resigned myself to being an old maid.

"It was the wear and tear of man hunting that wore me to a frazzle.

"So I gave up the struggle to get married. Husbands ceased to mean anything in my life. I like men and I enjoy their society, and since they have realized that I have no designs on them, and am perfectly satisfied with spinsterhood, I have more attention from the opposite sex than I ever had before. Oh, I tell you it's jolly good fun to be an old maid after you quit fighting against it."

"Same way about being old," said the woman who is on the shady side of 50. "I was perfectly miserable from the time I realized that I was losing my youth until I frankly and honestly ran up the white flag of surrender to age.

"Finally, I realized what a fool I was making of myself, and how impossible it was to delude anybody into seeing me as I wanted them to see me, instead of as I was. So one grand and memorable day I surrendered to time. With a cry of loud joy, I flung my pomade bottles into the garbage can, and let out my corset strings, and treated myself to the first square meal I had had in years.

"Why, age is a regular picnic as soon as you cease to struggle against it. It's a blanket excuse that enables you to do everything you want to do, and lets you out of doing the things you don't want to do. It's a regular cinch."

"So is poverty," said the poor woman. "I have been through the hell of shabby genteel. I know what it is to go through all of the horrible makeshifts to appear to be better off than you are. I know what it is to spend the money for rent, so that you can have a good address, that you need for food. I know what it is to wear a fine frock over an empty stomach, and to give a pretentious pink tea when your children are hungry for bread and milk.

"I know all about the heart-breaking, nerve-racking strain of trying to keep up with people richer than you are, and of the humiliations that those must suffer who hang on to fashionable society by their eyelashes. I know that awful sound of the knock on the door of the creditor who comes with bills you can't pay, and how like a cur dog you slink down back streets to avoid meeting those to whom you owe money.

"And I know the peace that passes all understanding that comes when you give up the struggle, and get down to living life on an honest platform, where you can pay as you go, and where you don't try to look like a near millionaire on a clerk's salary.

"Genteel poverty is purgatory. Honest poverty without any make believe frills to it, is full of comfort and even luxuries. A chop and a potato are just as nourishing as truffles and terrapin. The thing that has neither nourishment nor flavor is mock duck.

"The moment I gave up the struggle to appear prosperous though poverty stricken, I found that I had plucked the sting from poverty. It isn't poverty that's so bad. It's the fighting against it, and when once you accept it as your lot in life you pass into a sort of nervana into which the worry and trouble of style and fashion does not enter, and which lifts you far, far above the voice of Mrs. Grundy."

"There's great peace under the white flag," I said, thoughtfully.

"Amen," responded my guests.

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BUM ALIBI.

The solicitor had been away in the country calling upon a client, but on his return there were signs of loafing and laziness on the part of the junior clerk.

"Thomas, that typewriter has not been touched today!" snapped the man of law.

"Oh, sir!" ejaculated the junior. "Why, I was using it only an hour ago!"

"Then," thundered the employer, "how comes it that there's a spider on the machine and that he's woven a web over the keyboard?"

"Sir," remarked the lad, "I'll tell the truth. There was a fly in the works of that machine. Rather than waste my time in entraping the insect, sir, I—er—introduced the spider, sir!"

Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course can tell;
Got sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.
—Paul Gerhardt, translated by Elizabeth Charles.

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME SHINE.

Gerrick's clerk, Fred Pullman, has left for parts unknown, leaving many unpaid bills behind. Our people might have anticipated as much. When he came here he was a loud dresser and sought to impress everybody, especially the girls. But he was disappointed, because they all let him severely alone. Since leaving here, he has been seen at Des Moines, Indianapolis and other big places.—Mercyville (Iowa) Banner.

* * *

Germany's end should have been expected. She was ruled by efficiency experts.

* * *

Now watch a lot of slackers grab for two lumps. Herbert Hoover is going to Europe.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin will find that marriage is no custard-pie comedy.

* * *

NOW, HENRY, BE GOOD.

(Henry Ford said when the war is over he will haul down the American flag over all his plants and never raise it again, but would raise in its place the flag of all nations.)

Don't haul the flag down for a pattern that's new.
No flag is as good as the Red, White and Blue;
A flag that is cherished from Texas to Maine;
A banner respected from China to Spain.
A flag for the Belge and the Pole and the Swede,
A flag for all races whenever in need.
A flag for the Slav, for the Russ, for the Greek,
A flag for the great, for the small, for the weak.
A flag that is flying in splendor anew,
A flag of all nations, the Red, White and Blue.
—JOHN C. WRIGHT.

* * *

We will not know just what to think about recent events in Germany until we hear from the kaiser's American dentist. Boy, page Dr. What's-his-name.

* * *

About time to cross the "Victor" out of the names of the ex-kaiser and several of his sons.

* * *

"Grapefruit," says a health bulletin, "will prevent influenza." But what we are looking for is something that will prevent grapefruit.

* * *

Looks as though the war has ended just in time to save a lot of bartenders their jobs.

* * *

At least the immortal "six sons" will not be fighting among themselves over which one shall have America.

* * *

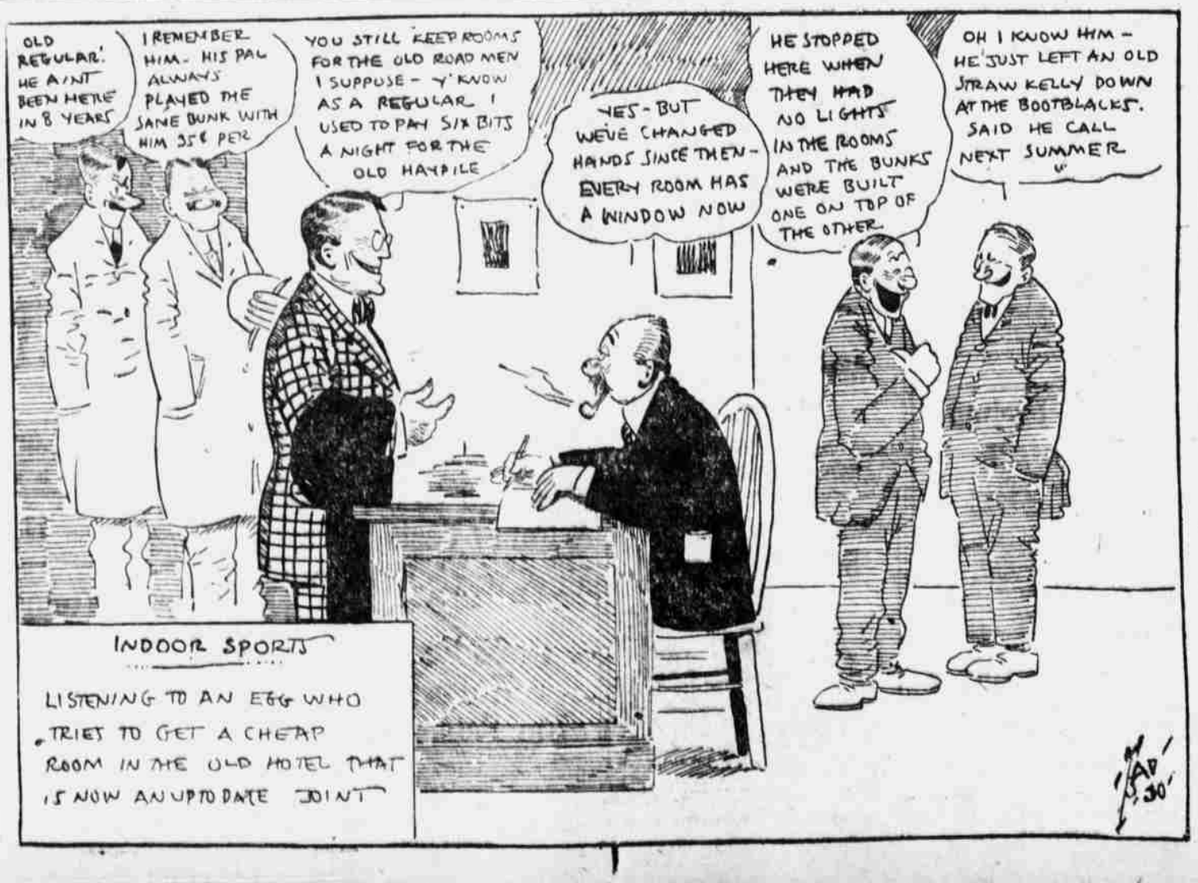
Bolsheviks would like to send a diplomat to the peace conference. More likely he would be a diplomutt.

* * *

ADD HORRORS OF WAR.

Mlle. Celeste, the modiste, has returned from Paris and says the new skirts will be so tight that a step of four inches only will be allowed.

Ladies will dress with the aid of a shoe horn and will eat from the mantel.



DEAR K. C. B.—Did you know Lieutenant John Manning Battle, U. S. A.? He went west at Xivry fighting the Babykillers. (You probably know his uncle, George Gordon Battle.) Well, if you did know Poor Jack, you won't need any explanation of why his friend is sending you this check in memory of him for your Christmas fund.

If you were not privileged to know Lieut. Battle, perhaps you can form some idea of him when I tell you that he was the type of man who, when he is gone, you think of around Christmas time so that you may keep his memory green by watering it with charity.

A. B. M.

* * *

FIRST OF all.
WHEN I opened the letter.
I SAW the check.
FOR TWENTY-FIVE dollars.
AND AS money goes.
AT CHRISTMAS time.
IT SEEMED a lot.
AND BECAUSE the letter.
WAS JUST a letter.
I LAID it aside.
UNTIL LATER on.
AND THEN I read it.
AND WHEN I had read it.
I LOOKED at the check.
FOR THE second time.
AND THE figures were gone.
AND I quite forgot.
IF IT had been large.
OR IT had been small.
AND I didn't much care.
FOR IT seemed to me.
THAT THE really big thing.
WAS THE proof it brought.
THAT THE good we do.
AND THE good we have.
MUST STAY behind.
WHEN THE shadows come.
AND WE look out west.
FROM THE battlefield.
OR WHERE we may be.
AND GO on our way.
WITH THE setting sun.
AND THIS young man.
THIS SOLDIER man.
WHO HAS gone away west.
AND WHOSE eyes are closed.
AND WHOSE lips are sealed.
AND WHOSE hands are numbed.
MAY STILL look out.
THROUGH THE eyes of his friend.
AND STILL may speak.
THROUGH THE lips of his friend.
AND STILL may write.
WITH THE hand of his friend.
AND SO it is.
THOUGH WE put him down.
IN THE list of the dead.
FROM "OVER there."
THAT IT isn't true.
HE IS really dead.
FOR IF he were.
THEN HOW could he come.
ON THIS Christmas time.
IN THE heart of his friend.
AND THE hand of his friend.
AND WRITE this check.
THAT LIES in my desk.
AND BID me go out.
AND DO for him.
WHAT HE would have done.
IF THE house of clay.
IN WHICH he had lived.
HAD NOT collapsed.
AND LEFT him to live.
IN THE hearts of his friends.
TILL THEY shall be gone.
I THANK you.

Twice Told Tales

News of Memphis 25 Years Ago. | News of Memphis 10 Years Ago.

DECEMBER 18, 1893.

The following firms at Memphis paid duty yesterday: Manogue-Pidgeon Iron company, on tinplate from England, $183; Irby & Gilliland company, earthenware from England, $58.

The congregation of the burned Grace Church will worship temporarily in the building on Vance street near DeSoto street.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Samelson, lately of Chicago, are guests of E. Lowenstein and family.

"Herrmann the Great," magician, is attracting throngs to the Grand opera house this week.

Mrs. James S. Robinson entertained at cards yesterday.

A 50-minute battle between Peixoto's rebels and regular troops at Cobras Island, Brazil, caused shells to be thrown into Rio de Janeiro.

DECEMBER 18, 1918.

Acting President Gomez of Venezuela today declared war upon Holland, after a blockade of Venezuelan ports for a week.

Gen. Antoine Simon, leader of the successful revolution in Hayti, has been unanimously elected president of the republic by the Haytian congress.

Dr. A. U. Boone next Sunday will celebrate his tenth anniversay as pastor of the Memphis First Baptist church.

The jury at Union City to try the eight alleged nightriders was selected today and the trial is proceeding.

A negro charged with murdering a 13-year-old white girl was lynched this morning by residents of Lexington, Ky.

Receipts of the Vanity Fair ball, which are just announced, show a total ticket sale of $2,400.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW,
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

"The woman is a fool!"

That is what nine out of ten people would say, believing with Jeremiah that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. It is the dogmatic verdict of worldly wisdom.

But I wonder whether she is not more astute than those who pityingly shake their heads at her credulity. Are the children of this world always wiser in their generation than the children of light?

Here is the story and the problem, as I gather them from the letter she has written me—a very human letter and presenting not only an unusual type of a wife, but a somewhat different aspect to the familiar "triangle." Is she wrong in countenancing the attentions of her husband to another woman, she asks me. Her friends all tell her she is making a grave mistake.

She is a young woman and has been married five years, she writes me. Ah, that crucial fifth year of matrimony, when the discords and disagreements and misunderstandings always come to a head, and the association either goes up with a bang or else settles down to a peaceful acceptance of the situation.

But, to continue with the narrative, there is also a baby, a lovely child two years old, to whom she is devotedly attached and to whose comfort and that of her husband she gives up all her time. One gets the impression of a home-loving, domestic sort of a woman, and of a placid, well-ordered home.

If the dinner perhaps is of herbs, be very sure it is well cooked and neatly served, garnished with contentment. She is happy in her love for her husband, and very sure of his love for her. He shows it, she says, in every way he can.

But an Eden must have its serpent. Where does it lift its threatening head in this tranquil environment? The reader who is versed in the thrills of the movies or of fiction will not question long. Ah—a strain of jagged music—the other woman!

But the "other woman" in this case waywardly refuses to cast as a sloe-eyed and sinuous "vamp," a conventional wrecker of homes. She is a young girl, the wife says, whom both she and her husband knew before their marriage, and who since then has been an intimate visitor at the house, spending almost every evening there and keeping the wife company, as the husband's business often detains him down town until as late as 11 or 12 o'clock.

On the whole, she appears to be a breezy, companionable person, good-humored, sensible and tactfully discreet. If occasionally she stops, at the husband's place of business when down town in the evening and returns home with him, she makes it a point always to have another girl along.

The husband also poses poorly as a deceiver and Don Juan. There is no camouflage about those late hours he keeps. The character of his business compels it, and his evenings off he spends by preference at home. Sometimes when detained late he and this other girl will stop somewhere and have supper together, but he always informs his wife of this in advance and secures her assent.

So the affair has progressed, with none of the three people involved seeming to have questioned it in any way or to have regarded it as other than a pleasant and congenial friendship shared mutually by the husband and wife. "I love her as much as I would a sister," the wife confesses; and although she knew that her husband had been somewhat attentive to the other girl before his marriage, no thought of jealousy appears to have entered her head until it was implanted there by the suggestion of "friends."

The situation has been brought to a focus over two theater tickets which were given to the husband. He proposed that he and his wife should use them, but as she did not care to go, he then decided to take the other girl. And now a chorus of strenuous voices is being raised to warn the blinded woman that if she consents to any such scandalous proceeding she will surely live to rue it. "You will be sorry when it is too late," she is told.

And so a woman's peace of mind is disturbed, her confidence in her husband and her dearest friend possibly destroyed, and the happiness of her life endangered by the evil imaginings of a lot of busy-bodies. That their poisonous counsel has already begun to work is proven by the fact that she writes to me. She should set her foot down hard, they tell her, and put a stop to the affair.

Rubbish! Piffle! Stuff and nonsense! No woman ever yet held a husband by jealousy, by nagging, by suspicion and distrust. Love begets love; confidence, confidence. Doubt and jealousy beget unfaithfulness, deception, a thousand ills. This woman's own intuition should be a surer guide to the truth than all the ominous suggestions of these so-called friends. She might be blinded by affection in regard to her husband, although I doubt it; but never in regard to the other woman.

Yet, even granting that she is blind, living in a fool's paradise, isn't a fool's paradise better than the hell of shattered illusions?

Before she listens to the sibilant warnings of these advisers, let her study the effect of their gospel upon themselves. Has any of them as happy a home as she, as devoted a husband, as true and helpful a woman friend? They and their whispered inuendoes are the serpents that threaten her Eden, not the "other woman."

HABIT?

While in a certain government office recently Sir Evan Jones, the British transport board chairman, overheard the following dialogue between two fair typewriter tappers:

"Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?"

"Rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'Yours truly.'"

HAD REASONS.

For three successive nights Newpop walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup.

"Why, James," exclaimed his wife, when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?"

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."

THEATERS.

Orpheum

The Comedienne Extraordinary
Cecil Cunningham
In a Repertoire of Exclusive Songs
Ed— —Neely
Flanagan and Edwards
Harry Beresford & Co.
In "A LIVE WIRE"
George— —Charles
Moran and Mack
Next Week—Valeska Suratt & Co.