

Europe's Idea of the President

What Woodrow Wilson ate, what he wore, what he read and all that sort of thing filled the newspaper columns in Europe when first they essayed their character sketches of the man. Even the solemn and official Paris Temps devoted nearly two solid columns to a character sketch of the familiar type, while less inspired dailies like the *Matin* and the *Humanite* had their correct and graceful observations of his well-creased trousers and the nosegay in his buttonhole. He was quite the "chic" and decorative being, noted the Socialist organ, a figure calculated to adorn the Hotel de Rambouillet in the great days of the Duchesse and the Marquise, when they gave those gorgeous banquets. After a long observation of the man, facilitated by his protracted stay in Paris, the European dailies are enabled to sketch the executive character from a less objective point of view, to look into

the soul of Wilson. This they have done, from the serious Temps to the irresponsible Socialist *Avanti* of Naples.

Summing up the revised idea of Wilson the man, it seems that the supreme shock he imparts is due to the discovery that he is no orator. Mr. Wilson's fame as a speaker had preceded him to the Old World. There were expectations of a master of the spoken word more fluent than Poincare, more epigrammatic than Clemenceau, more fiery than Briand, more temperamental than Lloyd George himself. Blank was the amazement of the Socialist organ in Paris to learn that Mr. Wilson is none of these things, to say no word about these qualities all combined. Mr. Wilson is understood today in the French press to be skilled in the preparation beforehand of somewhat elegantly phrased but slightly stilted compositions which he commits to memory and recites in an easy and conversational tone. This, as the French journal remarks, and its contemporaries endorse the assertion, is not oratory. "It rises barely to the level of elocution." Nature, our contemporaries concede, has denied the President the gift without which the orator is unthinkable—emotion. Mr. Wilson, reciting genially what he has worked up in advance like a pupil doing a task, can electrify no audience with the vehemence of his spirit, the flood of his passion, the tide of his feelings. His personality is not, as the French say, communicative. He sets no one afire in Briand's great manner. His voice has range without compass, carrying qualities but nothing electrifying. He does not shine in debate. He is clearly unused to it. Interruption disconcerts him. He can not meet his fellows on the plane of discussion as equals and share in the rough and tumble of contradiction and retort. In brief Mr. Wilson has no spontaneity. He speaks from above to those below.

A limitation of this kind is serious, as the London Westminster *Gazette* remarks, because it shows that Mr. Wilson could not have risen through a parliamentary body to a post as prime minister unless he abandoned the use of rhetoric and climbed by means of hard work in less shining spheres than debate.—Current Opinion.

BLESS THE PILGRIMS

The pumpkin pie is the drum-major of the dessert parade, always, at this season. And now that the frost has silvered the cheeks of these globes of luscious tissue, and the "fodder's in the shock," we realize that the fall days are come. It is now time to think of the coal bin and the pantry. The chill days are coming. We must emulate the provident squirrel. If prepared, winter isn't so bad when we think of the apples, mellow and rosy; of the cider, brown and sparkling; of the good smoked ham; of the walnuts and hickory nuts and the cheerful blazing fire; and, best of all, that brown and toothsome pastry which is filled with the sweet, desirable and honest pumpkin.

But we don't have to wait for winter. The pumpkin beckons us now, and Ohio Valley people know how to accept and enjoy the invitation.

The pumpkin is a poet. It colors all the landscape with golden gleams. It tells us that promise and fruitfulness and pleasure are abroad. It prints us to the browns of the fields; the multitudinous colorings of the woodlands; and we know that just beyond the horizon Indian summer is gathering her misty, dreamy robes and soon will walk with us for a little time. And so we bless the Pilgrim Fathers for the continuous gift of these orb'd sermons filled with solemn sweetness.—Cincinnati Inquirer.



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