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paid coaches and meddlesome alumni and the tendency to concentrate interest and attention on picked squads will be discouraged by college opinion. It will be well if, when college athletics really "come back" it can come with something of the broader and more human systems that have prevailed for years abroad, and especially in English universities, where sports are a mixture of art and science developed and maintained not for the sake of a university's reputation, but for the sake of the youths of the land, whose participation in all games gives them a training and a temper not available to the undergraduate who is only permitted to sit in the bleachers and exercise his lungs.

**WORLD OPINION WILL NOT TOLERATE SECRET PACTS**

**Perpetration of the Allies' Covert Treaties of 1915 Would Render League of Nations a Sham**

WHILE the war endured, vital reasons of policy justified the taboo on the topic of the secret treaties signed by the Allies in the pact of London in 1915. Portia's injunction, "to do a great right do a little wrong," was a policy frequently applied and in a variety of ways by all the co-belligerents under pressure of a common peril. America's distaste of backstairs diplomacy was of long standing and yet secondary in the hour of crisis to her abhorrence of German autocracy, the foe of civilization and sane liberty.

Wrangling over the details of covert deals might disastrously have muddled a problem whose solution depended first of all upon united devotion to an immediate aim, the destruction of the Hun menace. We shunned the pact-of-London theme. Our Allies, too, temporarily brushed aside certain subjects intimately related to their tradition and designs for the future.

It is at once the weakness and the strength of the Peace Conference that it will lift many a veil of reticence. Disagreements, heretofore sidetracked, will receive new emphasis. There are virtually none of the national pilots unfurrowed by the prospect of some choppy seas. On the other hand, frankness, however painful, is usually of ultimate salutary advantage. Ostrich-like tactics at the peace table might conceivably bring forth a pact ostensibly radiant with moral beauty. But such a pledge would not be worth the cost of the parchment. Failing to take cognizance of unsettled sources of international irritation, it would be as futile a document as any which Germany signed at the Hague.

Happily, there is little reason to believe that a sheer mockery of that sort will be perpetrated at Paris. The very fact that, as the opening of the sessions draws nigh, reports of conflicting claims grow increasingly louder is evidence that a good many cards, on the existence of which it was momentarily pleasant not to dwell, will be laid on the table. Some, it is true, may, even yet, be reluctantly revealed, but it begins to look as though there will be sufficient electricity in the council chamber air eventually to clear it. The process should be wholesome. The chance of resultant benefits ought to fortify timorous souls now shocked when they behold current problems bristling. Facing facts, although uncomfortable, may be also tonic.

**ROBINSON**

THE best that can be said of former Superintendent Robinson, as he returns to his berth at the head of the Police Department, is that if he were fit for his job he wouldn't accept it.

The normal pride of almost any man would compel him to steer aloof from a position in which earlier failure had been conspicuous enough to bring discredit on the community.

A sense of tolerance may be general. Robinson's friends wish merely to let him serve the short tour of duty necessary before he can retire under the service pension fund. Otherwise, unless the Vreem-Smith administration is ready openly to antagonize all the decent sentiment of the community, it has made an extraordinarily bad beginning for the new year.

The responsibilities of this new year are heavy enough to make it feel old at the very outset.

**IT IS ABOUT TIME THE LAW WAS ENFORCED**

WHAT happens when a law is not enforced was again illustrated on New Year's Eve, when two persons were killed by firearms and a third was wounded.

No one is supposed to be allowed to carry a pistol without a permit, and no one may shoot a pistol or a gun in the streets unless he is authorized by the proper authorities.

Yet at every celebration for months, when the people have been crowding the streets, some one has been killed by a pistol shot.

If there were no pistols in the crowds, no one would be killed. But the police apparently do not interfere when men and boys use firearms.

A rigid enforcement of the law would prevent the shocking "accidents" that have marred the popular rejoicings. A preliminary proclamation forbidding the carrying of guns and the summary arrest of every one found disregarding it would quickly make the streets safe for innocent participants in street celebrations.

Mr. Daniels' notion of disarmament seems to be power strong enough to make it universally compulsory.

**POINCARÉ AS OUR GUEST**

DIRECTLY in line with the doctrine of international friendship so forcibly emphasized by Mr. Wilson in his Manchester speech is the announced decision of Raymond Poincaré, President of the French republic, to visit the United States at the conclusion of the Peace Conference.

Something more than a mere exchange of courtesies will result from such an undertaking. Even discounting much of the enthusiasm elicited by our own President in France as an inevitable convention, the inherent psychological effect of his presence there cannot legitimately be disputed.

Similar influences will work for good when M. Poincaré comes here. The salient attributes of American character and American statesmanship are pretty clearly understood the world over. French traits are continually puzzling the outsider. America misjudged them grievously between 1870 and 1914, and new riddles have even arisen in this reconstruction era. M. Poincaré will be enabled to perform some valuable services here of deeper worth than the mere spectacular flash of good feeling.

That he is the type of leader to grasp such opportunities is incontestable. No President of France since the Third Empire fell on September 4, 1870, has so vigorously impressed his personality and purposes on his fellow citizens as has this scholarly and patriotic executive. Loubet, Fallières, Faure and their kind were overshadowed by their Premiers. Despite the eminence of men like Viviani and Clemenceau, Raymond Poincaré has remained a dominant figure in the republic. America will be proud to welcome him on his own high merits.

"Man blasted his road with dynamite," screams our Bolshevik manifesto. And his spelling likewise!

**THE FUTURE OF COLLEGE SPORTS**

THERE is a moving significance in the fact that much of the activity of those who are working to "bring college athletics back" is inspired by thoughts of men like Hobe Baker, who can return now only in the memory of the multitudes who knew and admired them. Whatever doubts may have grown up about intercollegiate sports must have vanished in the last year. Every college athletic field contributed brilliantly to the work of war.

Like numerous other institutions of the easy-going days of peace, however, college athletics will never be the same again. The spirit of criticism and the regard for athletic ethics now felt everywhere in the land, will serve to wipe out many of the things that formerly existed in the intercollegiate system of sports. The harsh and alluring professional, fostered by

**THE CHAFFING DISH**

To Our Patrons

Very early in this New Year we take occasion to thank our patrons for their forbearance during the period of the War. Owing to the humor rationing imposed by the Government Humor Administration, and the very large amount of humor needed in Congress and by the Committee on Public Information, it was frequently impossible for us to deliver adequate supplies of amusement for civilian use. Not infrequently we had to fall back on substitutes, synthetic jokes, pathos or even poetry. The public has been very lenient, and we appreciate the patriotic spirit in which you have subsisted on scanty fare.

It is expected that in future deliveries of genuine goods may be made with greater frequency.

The Chaffing Dish.

**NOT YET, BUT PERHAPS SOON**

THE suggestion of the London Express that the Prince of Wales come to America for a bride is not likely to be taken seriously by any one. But if the prince really wanted a bride fit to be a queen, he could find scores of girls in this city qualified by beauty, grace and intellectual capacity to adorn any station in the Old World.

And it would improve the royal British stock to replenish it with fresh blood. But that is not a matter of great importance, for there is less interest in royalty and its preservation today than at any other time for centuries. England, Spain and Italy are the only considerable Powers in which royalty still survives. It has disappeared in Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, where democratic governments are now forming. It remains in England merely as a symbol or rallying point for the scattered portions of the Empire.

Yet if the Prince of Wales were to be allowed to choose his bride without regard to her titled ancestry, he would doubtless be delighted with the opportunity of coming to this country, where he would be sure to find a girl to his liking. Other royalties have found such girls here, but alas! they could not get the consent of their families to such a union, and the American girls would not consent to enter a union which for reasons of state might at any time be dissolved.

Two words describe the creed of Bolshevikism: bums and bombs.

**THE HORRORS OF PEACE**

Douglas Fairbanks writes: "Some day I propose to write a novel. The main reason for this determination is the fact that I have never written one. . . . By so doing I will expand my imaginative faculties and thus prolong their usefulness. The fact that not one novel in a thousand is likely to measure up to a masterpiece should not halt one's determination to put over a winner if possible."

**THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY**

MELANCHOLY is the privilege of human beings. Horses and dogs, elephants and canaries may suffer extremes of pain, want or discontent; they are not, I think, melancholy, which is a pain of the mind and implies some power to consider the world as a whole. Melancholy is certainly a very superior gesture of the intellect. It is not to be confounded with peevishness. It is a proud malady; man never feels so elevated, so entirely wise, as in his melancholy fits.

MELANCHOLY is of two kinds. It may be a settled philosophy or habit of thought, inclining the individual to a darkened view of life and its problems; or it may be only a transient mood, due to some vivid momentary realization of human adjustments. It is not to be scoffed at, because it may be due to the most trifling causes, such as the contemplation of a wet umbrella, or a surfeit of pastry, or a choked pipe when no cleaners are handy. A melancholy founded upon a trivial matter may rapidly spread, like ripples in a pond, filling all the mind with active pulsations of discontent, touching upon innumerable topics, such as municipal government, the price of beef and the activities of the Bolsheviks. Again, melancholy may be due to self-pity, or to pity of others. A man may pity himself because he is so poor that he has no fun, or because he is so rich that he has no fun, or because others are pitying him. This form of melancholy is agreeable but transient. A man may pity others because they are unlike himself, or he may pity them because he sees them baffled by insoluble problems. This form of melancholy is to be encouraged.

**RECAPITULATING**

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, with its consistent record of bad service and arrogant manners, has gone into the hands of a receiver. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, for similar reasons, met a similar fate some years ago. This is the familiar fruit of institutions which persistently antagonize the public, irritate it with incompetent administration and at times imperil its life.

It must appear to any rational-minded person that the news from Europe is adequate to assuage the anxieties of those politicians who have been worried sleepless over the likelihood of a third term for Mr. Wilson. If the President has any special craving nowadays, it must be for rest and peace.

One war that never will be settled, that will go rearing down the line of time longer after all the nations have settled down to ways of permanent peace, is that which rages between the "wets" and the "drys."

The new year had a wet start—both

HE CAN'T SEE IT

**THE EGOTIST**

AN EGOTIST is a person who insists on talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself. His talk is incessant, fluent, often eloquent, but it suffers from a certain monotony of subject-matter, for it swings, as inevitably as the stars in their courses, about one great center of gravity, himself. The egotist is at least as often a woman as a man; and, as in other respects, one sex is deadlier than the other: which will depend on your own. In conversation the egotist habitually emulates the practice of Lord Macaulay, who, knowing that it was quite unlikely that any one in the room could approach the immitable conversational powers of his lordship himself, naturally asked, "Why waste time listening to dull fellows?" The egotist is rudderless and unsteerable in discourse; he is, indeed, no very good listener. For when he himself talking he employs these interstices in his own consciousness to a better purpose than listening that of thinking up what next to say. In short, the egotist is a tiresome and disagreeable fellow to everybody but himself. But in this he is more than compensated, for the buoyancy of his self-esteem sustains him lightly in the surges of life on which he floats as tidily as a cork; for, come what may, he will sing no miserere.

EGOTISM is somewhat like moisture. Spread as dew upon the leafage of an open nature, it is harmlessly exhaled in the sunshine of a rising day. Accumulated until it fills a little vessel and frozen by neglect in the shade, it will do as water does, expand and crack the pot. "Great wits to madness are allied" is merely the popular expression of a recognized truth, physically demonstrable in the circumstance that, like the pot, the cranium will not give; whereas, the expansion technically known as a "swelled head," if it goes on, must inevitably crack something. There was a boy once at college who sedulously and impudently affected red and blue socks. Not red and blue on one sock, not red socks at one time and blue at another, much less socks of one color decorously concealed in high laced or buttoned shoes, but right foot red and left foot blue, alternating with right foot blue and left foot red, worn with shoes only properly to be designated decollete. The punishment meted out by his classmates to this outrageous creature in color it does not become a modest historian to disclose. Suffice it to say that punishment did not cure for the egotism which once expressed itself in red and blue socks. The egotist's outfit in naive and yellow "poetry," as immodestly decollete as were ever those sophomore feet. The Gownsmen will not say that as yet anything has cracked, but there is a great strain.

SOME persons are more subject to egotism than others, though nearly any human being may fall into chronic megalomania, if fed too much on the rich food of adulation. Persons of under-stature, especially if they be stout, often walk about on a species of inflated egotism, of self-appreciation, by means of which they approach more nearly the inches of their more fortunate brethren. Deformity is sometimes most pathetically sustained in a similar manner; and fools float merrily in the shallow waters buoyed by their bladder-bubbles in which is only the rattle of dried peas. Small poets are an egotistical breed, reading deeply into millstones, sandblasting as they go, with a little weans. Reformers who discover exactly what is wrong with the world are apt to find, each man for himself, the only panacea to right it. And when a man has made a pile of money, especially if the process of the making has involved chiefly incubation, there is nothing which will not tell you precisely how to do. "Money speaks" in all the idioms of egotism; too often it thunders in terms of the veriest tyranny. The megalomania of a monarch has wrecked four empires in our day; the megalomania of the Bolshevik another. And megalomania is only human egotism raised to a dangerous beyond power and intrusted with a mechanism beyond its comprehension or control.

HAPPY is the cobbler who sticks to his last. The neglect of this obvious course of conduct develops curious manifestations of egotism at it. The man who has achieved a measure of success in some one

**THE EGOTIST**

thing feels therefore that he may speak with authority on all others. One who knows a little law gives forth deliverances on statecraft for the instruction and enlightenment of potentates. And he who can translate some pretentious inscription—or has imposed on the world a belief that he can—becomes, therefore, an authority on the latest air route to Japan. Oliver Goldsmith was not content to be the foremost stylist of his time, a master alike in drama, essay and fiction; but he was even more proud of his skill as a gamster, wherefore he died heavily in debt. He was a wondrous one-day of the feats of an acrobat, wherefore he fell over a chair and barked his shins. Alas, poor Nell!

POSSIBLY, like much else, egotism is only a matter of degree. Consciousness is inseparable, from life and self-consciousness is only a more concentrated, a more centered consciousness, and so on to egotism and its excess in vanity and megalomania. It is not only the weak who are egotistic. Indeed, some of us float ordinarily below the line of a proper appreciation of ourselves, waterlogged with the notions prevalent at the moment, which ooze in on all sides and leave us at the mercy of every wave and new current. However, some of the strongest men have been quite conscious of their strength. Artists, authors, musicians and the like irritable genius exhibit an exasperating hyper-consciousness and dilation of the limits of the ego; and there is something about religious ministrations which—well, not to mince matters—justly herds together many of the cloth into a class, not wholly made nor yet quite female. As to such as make a profession of that art which we all exercise, the criticism of others, it was said of one such that his love of letters centered in the study of his own. Certainly his charity never extended to the fifth, for there is nothing so repugnant to the true egotist as excellence in others.

STILL, great men are not infrequently egotistic. Greater men lose themselves in the largeness of their ideas, their art, their projects. Carlyle was a grumpy egotist; Whistler a waspish one. Bernard Shaw is an exasperating egotist, against whom there is only one remedy: "Don't read him." And there are not wanting examples of any of these much nearer home, did not politics, discretion and good taste forbid the naming of them. On the other hand, it is difficult for the man of average self-awareness, of the usual self-seeking, to conceive of any one as possessed of a woodpile wherein an African of greater or less stature and blackness is not continually hiding. The last thing that a veritable egotist can appreciate is disinterestedness in anybody other than himself; and in himself disinterestedness is commonly an optical illusion.

**THE EGOTIST**

The ex-Kaiser will be getting jealous of poor old Torquemada if he learns of the outrages now being committed in reference to his name.

Surely these are dream days in England. Count Plunkett, just elected to Parliament by the Sinn Fein, had to be released from jail before he could take his seat.

Pluck carried the French armies to glory. Pluck, under the other definition, seems to be the watchword of not a few French statesmen.

It is surprising to learn that a riot in Posen caused Ignace Jan Paderewski to faint. Judging by his valor in the concert hall, we had thought him proof against the nervous shock of any tumultuous uprising.

General Pershing's Coblenz order is intended to let the Germans know that peace is not yet made and that war conditions enforced by the occupying army must be respected, willy nilly. The sooner the Germans recognize that they are conquered the better it will be for their comfort.

Senator Hoke Smith cannot understand why President Wilson can seriously consider "so impossible and impracticable" a plan as that for a League of Nations. And we cannot see how Georgia can seriously consider "so impossible and impracticable" a man as Hoke.

**THE EGOTIST**

NOT irresponsible to a hint of ankles. Not without a certain soft derision. For flashing heels, preposterous. As engines of this haste—I fall in sauntering with long ease behind her. Braking even my usual twenty-minute-to-do thirteen gap. Least I shall overrun her snailing with fusings seven-inch steps. That comfortable half-there leeway of the whole time grant I hear in unaccountably certainty within my waistcoat pocket. Nor turn a hair when down the line—Where? Cluff! Cluff! Cluff! a train! Leads carry my lady a fall major third out of her fur. Clief! Has she no watch? Oh, yes, but will slip strap. Or even check up with it? Oh, no. Further, can it be doubted that she has allotted. At least one half hour by some credible clock. Infallible chronometer of the kitchen, say? Verily. Yet to this spirit. Frantic, disintegrating, synchronizing puff with on-coming puff. Scuffling on nonceable heels. Generously redeeming promises lodged in a hint of ankles. I let out a link. Of course, that's the express, and equally, of course. The lady knows as well as I that the town locomotive. Can't very well climb over it. But every day for every year she could digest this pedal leason. Yet—scurry at the near snort of the superior throat. I have let out a link—No sharp addendum, two more inches in a lazy stride, perhaps—And duplicate whether it were not charity? To collar her. Think she to glance around and learn of that long loathing line behind? She thinks so. I should be glad to translate nonchalant for her. Pounding the gravel in her wake, with a delicate air, French for please. But there she flutters on; and after all these he ankles. Breathless but swollen of triumph she pulls up. And the express yields her a flap in the face. Five minutes later she rushes the local. Dangling in—And I surrender slim fawcett for the ladder to a rumbust smoking-car. STANLEY K. WILSON.

Repugnant. Here Wilhelm slumps. For Mercy's sake. Tread softly, friend, lest he should wake. —Oliver Herford, in "The Laughing Willow."

**WHAT DO YOU KNOW?**

QUIZ

1. What three countries divided the spoils in the partition of Poland in the eighteenth century?
2. Where was Abraham Lincoln born, and from what State was he elected to the Presidency?
3. How many Sinn Feiners won seats in the British Parliament in the recent election?
4. What English university students are known as "Camies"?
5. How many feet make a knot of nautical mile?
6. What colors are in the flag of Kyania?
7. What was the real name of J. M. Barrie, the author of "Peter Pan"?
8. What is a leghorn?
9. From what mountain did Moses view the Promised Land?
10. Who was called the Washington of South America?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Franklin D. Roosevelt is Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
2. Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote "Marco Spontini."
3. The meeting days for the President's Cabinet are Tuesday and Friday.
4. "In His Own" means in place of, instead of, or "Camies" being French for please.
5. The Mont-Cenis tunnel runs under the western Alps that form the boundary between France and Italy. It is nearly eight miles long.
6. Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India.
7. According to the last census, Washington employed a larger percentage of the population than any other American city.
8. The Latin word "meccati" means "I have shaved."
9. Brandy is called brandy after the French town of Brandy in the Champagne region near Angoulême.
10. Christopher Columbus was the voyager of the "Santa Maria."