

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Tuesday, January 27, 1920

THE BRIDGE MENACE

MEMBERS of the Operative Builders' Association who told Mayor Moore that the Camden bridge will interfere with the development of the northeastern section of this city must have been well versed in the warnings of the past.

HAMPERING THE POSTOFFICE

POSTMASTER THORNTON is asking for more room to accommodate the rapidly growing mail business of the city. He says that the receipts of the postoffice have doubled during the last seven years and that they will increase more than \$5,000,000 a year before the end of 1922.

THE SENATE'S FINAL TEST

THE foreshadowed senatorial "ultimatum" on the peace treaty will at last be a guide to public opinion. A belated national cheer will go up if a workable agreement of the factions is reached.

SHRINKING VIOLETS

EVERY four years at about this point in the winter the ranks of the "Far-Be-It-From-Me Club" swell prodigiously. The raucous roars of those rude fellows, the presidential campaign managers, are answered by the mere mutters of shrinking violets.

behalf of a residence in the White House. Governor Coolidge insists that he "could not seek this office." Mr. Palmer is devoting all his time to anti-secession. Mr. Bryan is censoriously interested in the keeping of certain Democratic politicians over the corpse of Mr. Barleycorn.

A PRINCE OF FRAUDS WAS JOHN BARLEYCORN, M. D.

And We Seem to Be Facing an Epidemic of Nerves Rather Than an Epidemic of Flu

THE SPROUL BOOM

IN THIS last week of January the race for the Republican presidential nomination is among the favorite sons of the various states. What will be in the last week in February or March is still concealed in the mists of the future.

Consequently the friends of the favorite sons are justifiably active. It is the general impression at the present time that Governor Sproul will be presented to the convention as the candidate of Pennsylvania, backed by the delegation from that state, just as Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, will go to Chicago with the united support of the Bay State delegation.

The dinner to Governor Sproul in Washington last night was arranged to bring his candidacy to the attention of the Republican politicians in that city. His friends believe that all that is necessary to secure support for him is to allow him to be seen and heard, so that it may be known what manner of man he is.

It is by no means certain that a revival of influenza is either present or impending. The health authorities and the doctors generally are less disturbed than the general public. Reports from hospitals and army and navy stations indicate that what is abroad is a mild form of influenza nearer in form and effect to the old-fashioned grip.

Thousands of people who wait for street cars to ride a short distance would be healthier and happier if they learned to walk. Motors, taxicabs and street cars have taken away the last opportunity for wholesome exercise that remained to people who live in cities.

Precautionary measures are easily possible to those who use even overcrowded trolleys. The navy has an admirable method. All men on every station are lined up regularly once or twice a day when grip, colds or "flu" are prevalent.

Let Barleycorn lie. Leave the worrying to the health authorities. Doctor Furbush appears to know very definitely what he is about and he isn't getting excited. He has done a great deal of work with and for the army and he has the army's habit of refusing to take chances or do things by halves.

IS DEPORTATION THE PROPER CURE?

The Ideas of Undesirable Aliens Cannot Be Got Rid of by Sending the Aliens Out of the Country

By CHASE S. OSBORN

Mr. Osborn is a former governor of Michigan, where he made a splendid record as a progressive and enlightened administrator. He was born in 1868 and was engaged in newspaper work, as reporter and later as editor, from 1886 until a few years after he was elected to the governorship. He has been a representative of the University of Michigan and commissioner of railroads for the state.

IF you persist in thinking of ghosts you will see one—or your overworked senses will tell you that you see one. The relation between physical and mental processes is undeniable. Doctors cannot explain it. But it is revealed to them in astonishing ways every day.

Even in the old days of dominant autocracy the practice of deportation was notoriously a failure. Perhaps the most notable example in modern days of an attempt to regulate by deportation was the practice of Russia during the old regime. Everybody knows just how signally Russia failed. There was something in Russia's favor, too, in the matter of law and morals.

Suppose that the Asiatic cholera had broken out here, as it has in the past, would we try to cure it by shipping it back to Asia where it could most likely be dealt with and where it would continue to germinate and form a world menace until the cause were eradicated?

IN THE meantime we are confronted with an actual condition that must be met. How? Perhaps by a kind of "home" deportation or internment. In the case of the Indians we adopted something of the kind when we placed them upon reservations and restricted them there. There are not as many known so-called "Reds" as there are redskins. It is reported that the government has a list of some 60,000 undesirable, more or less. It would not be at all impossible to intern these somewhere in a locality in America where they could have plenty of room at least to partially maintain themselves.

WHEN the known "Reds" are rounded up in their own Utopia we can then, with some hope of permanent success, engage in measures of cure and prevention. I used the illustration of the Canadian Indians. Permit me again to refer to that noxious weed. The best remedy for getting rid of them is to remove them from the ground they occupy and then cultivate intensely. The same course will cure the "Red" peril. The cultivation of the soil is the best and more just government, the correction of industrial justice, the abolishment of child labor, the clear demonstration that this is not a government for the few.

There must be a general recognition and admission of the fact that if conditions were as they should be in this country, and if every one of these socially unbalanced and intellectually hungry people. It may take a long time to bring about a state of things wherein insanities will be entirely eradicated. If a certain, a positive, more deportation will not avail, even with no consideration for the humanities and injustices involved.

Mr. Lodge, who once declared in print that "a peace treaty ought to be ratified," has a right to plume himself on the fact that he was not betrayed into saying "when."

Even self-determination can be carried too far, as some of us realize when our feet take sensational liberties on the slippery sidewalks. Rhode Island behaves as if she were proud of her early performance, which almost resulted in her exclusion from the United States.

THE THIMBLEBUM TREE

THE Thimblebum Tree grows up high on a hill. But its roots grow far down in the vale: Its branches resemble a Bilfoll's tail.

With a trunk like a Buddak's tail. It shivers all over with zephyrs above. But in blizzards it stands just as still. And steady as any old Tiddeumtown. On the banks of the Filipin Phill.

You'd rightly suppose that a Thimblebum Tree. Growing high on the billtops of Zeer, Would bear what the natives would most like to see— Many crores of gold thimbles each year. But learn right at once that your thought is not sound. For that crop such as that could not be; For thimbles, you know, being hollow and round, Could not grow on a Thimblebum Tree.

The fruit that it bears, to be strictly correct. Is crops—well, I am sure you'll agree, Its crores are just what you would rightly expect. Would be grown on a Thimblebum Tree. Then why would you wish for its name when you know? Aud, besides, what would gold thimbles be To women of Twippittin Twippin, who sew With the twigs of the Thimblebum Tree. —Cartoons Magazine.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What is the name officially given to the late war in the records of the United States navy? 2. Who named John Marshall to be chief justice of the United States? 3. How many republics are there in the western hemisphere? 4. Who wrote the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"? 5. When was Charles I of England executed? 6. Who created the picturesque and amusing fictional character of Colonel Mulberry Sellers? 7. What is the second largest city in Japan? 8. What is a pranomen? 9. What is the singular of the word die? 10. What are thermes?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. The peace treaty with Germany declares that the tribunal to try William Hohenzollern shall be composed of five judges, appointed respectively by the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. At present, however, the United States, owing to the delay in ratifying the treaty, cannot be represented. 2. Stockholm is the capital of Sweden. 3. The battle of Saratoga is especially important in American history since it was this victory over the British in the Revolution which encouraged the French to make an American alliance in the war. 4. Karl Marx, the German Socialist, lived in the nineteenth century. His dates are 1818-1883. 5. Minoan is the name given to the very early Mediterranean civilization of Crete, the nearby islands and the Greek mainland. Minoan, formerly regarded as a legendary king of Crete, is now thought to have existed. 6. William L. Marcy, a senator of Jackson's time, is said to have originated the phrase "To the victor belong the spoils." 7. Two rivers in Australia are the Darling and Murray. 8. The total membership of the House of Representatives, disregarding temporary vacancies, is 433. 9. Jonathan Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels." 10. Herbert C. Hooper was originally a mining engineer.

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

AN Early Train THE course of events has compelled me for several months to catch an early train at Broad street three times a week. I call it an "early" train, but, of course, these matters are merely relative. Seven "foggy" five minutes are very precious, perhaps; but quite rathe enough for one of Haroun-al-Raschid temper, one who seldom seeks the "oblivion of repose" (Boswell's phrase) before 1 a. m.

Nothing is more pathetic in human nature than its facility of self-deception. Winding up the alarm-clock (the night before) I meditate as to the exact time to elect for its disturbing buzz. If I set it at 6:30 that will give me plenty of time to shave and reach the station with leisure for a pleasurable nap. Then, when I wake at 6:30 I will think to myself, "There is plenty of time," and probably turn over for "another five minutes." This will mean a hideous spasm of awakening conscience about 7:10—an un-bathed and unshaven tumult of preparation on the shoe manufacturers who invented boots with spikes all the way up to Sixteenth and Pine. Of the vile seizures of passion that shake the bosom when a car comes along, seems about to halt, and then passes without stopping—of the spiritual scars these crises leave on the soul of the victim, I cannot trust myself to speak. It does not always happen, thank goodness. One does not always have to throb madly up Sixteenth, with head restored over one's shoulder to see if a car may still be coming, while the legs make what speed they may on slippery pavements. Sometimes the car does actually appear and one buffers aboard and is buried in a brawny human mass. There is a stop, and one wonders fiercely whether a horse is down ahead, and one had better get out at once and run for it. Tightly wedged in the heart of the car, nothing can be seen. It is all very nerve-racking, and I study, for quietness of mind, the familiar advertising card of the white-bearded old man announcing "It is really very remarkable that a cigar of this quality can be had for seven cents."

SUPPOSE, however, that fortune is with me. I descend at Market street and the City Hall dial, shining softly in the fast pale blue of morning, marks 7:30. Now I begin to enjoy myself. I reflect on the curious way in which time seems to stand still during the last minutes before the departure of a train. The half-hour between 7 and 7:30 has vanished in a gruesome flash. Now follow fifteen minutes of exquisite dalliance. Every few moments I look suddenly and savagely at the clock to see if it can be playing some saturnalike trick. No, even now it is only 7:32. In the lively alertness of the morning mind a whole wealth of thought and accurate observation can be crammed into a few seconds. I halt for a moment at the window of that little luncheon on Market street (between Sixteenth and Fifteenth) where the food comes swiftly speeded from the kitchen on a moving belt. I wonder whether to have breakfast there. It is such fun to see a platter of pale yellow scrambled eggs sliding demurely before the porcelain counter and whipped dexterously off in front of you by the presiding waiter. But the supple coffee of the Broad Street Station luncheon generally lures me on.

WHAT mundane joy can surpass the pleasure of approaching the station lunch counter, with full ten minutes to satisfy a morning appetite? "Morning, colonel," says the waiter, recognizing a steady customer. "Wheatcakes and coffee," you cry. With one deaf gesture, it seems, he has handed you a glass brimming with ice water and spread out a snowy napkin. In another moment here is the coffee, with the generous jug of cream. You splash in a large lump of ice to make it cool enough to drink. Perhaps the seat next you is empty, and you put your books and papers on it, thus not having to balance them gingerly on your knees. All round you is a lusty savor of satisfaction, the tinkle of cash registers, napkins fluttering and flashing across the counters, colored waiters darting to and fro, great clouds of steam rising where the big discoverers are raised on the cooking tables. You see the dark-brown coffee jacket quivering in the glass gauge of the nickel boiler. Then, here come the wheatcakes. Nowhere else on earth, I firmly believe, are they cooked to just that correct delicacy of golden brown color; nowhere else are they so soft and light of texture, so hot, so beautifully overlaid with a smooth, almost intangible suggestion of crispness. Two golden butter puts salute the eye, and a jug of syrup. It is now 7:58.

AS EVERY one knows, the correct thing is to start immediately on the first cake, using only syrup. The method of dealing with the other two is classic. One lifts the upper one and places a whole pat of butter on the lower cake. Then one replaces the upper cake upon the lower, leaving the butter to its fate. In that hot and envious embrace the butter liquefies and spreads itself, gently anointing the field of coming action. Upon the upper shield one smilingly distributes the second butter pat, knifed off into small slices for greater speed of melting. By the time the first cake has been eaten, with the syrup, the other two will be ready for manifest destiny. The butter will be docile and submissive. Now, after again making sure of the time (7:50) the syrup is brought into play and the palate has the congenial task of determining whether the added delight of melting butter outweighs the greater hotness and primal thrill of the first cake which was glossed with syrup only. You drain your coffee to the dregs; gaze pityingly on those rushing in to snap up a breakfast before the 8 o'clock leaves for New York, pay your check and saunter out to the train. It is 7:43.

THIS, to be sure, is only the curtain-raiser to the pleasures to follow. This has been a physical and carnal pleasure. Now follow delights of the mind. In the great gloomy shed wafts and twists of thick steam are jetting upward, heavily coated in the cold air. In the train you smoke two pipes and read the morning paper. Then you set down at Haverford. It is like a fairland of unbelief. Trees and shrubbery are crusted and sheathed in crystal, lucid like chandeliers in the flat, thin light. Along the fence, as you go up the hill, you marvel at the scarlet berries in the hedge, gleaming through the glass ribs of the bushes. The old willow tree by the Conklin gate is etched against the sky like a Japanese drawing—it has a curious greenish color beneath that gray sky. There is some mystery in all this. It seems more beautiful than a merely mortal earth vexed by sinful men has any right to be. There is some ice palace in Hans Andersen which is something like it. In a little grove, the boughs, bent down with their shining glaziers, creek softly as they sway in the moving air. The evergreens are clothed with lumps and bags of transparent icing, their fronds sag to the ground. A pale twinkling business suits over the ground. The sky whitens in the south and points of light leap up to the eye as the wind turns a loaded branch.

A CERTAIN seriousness of demeanor is noticeable on the generally unfurrowed brows of student friends. Mideyars are on and one sees them walking, freighted with precious and perishable erudition toward the halls of trial. They seem a little oppressed with care, too preoccupied to relish the enticing appeal of this crystallized Eden. One carries, gravely, a cushion and an alarm clock. Not such a bad theory of life, perhaps—to carry in the crises of existence a cushion of philosophy and an alarm of resolution.

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"JES' PLUGGIN' ALONG!"

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