

Evening Public Ledger

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who are forever telling the country how it should behave have been able to read the profound meaning of their impassable streets. The very snow shouts at them. It shouts of the inevitableness of primal labor, the splendor of pick and shovel and the destined requirement of work that is work; of the work that nobody wanted to do.
New York works, of course. It works with needle and thread, paper and ink, spotlights and pianos. But it shrank from the wheels of labor that actually makes the wheels go round and puts food on the table and steam in the pipes. Soap boxes, dreamers and theorists, who are more plentiful in New York than they are elsewhere, have been believing that hard labor could somehow be avoided in a perfect world. The snow came as if it had been sent by an ironic fate to convince them that labor of the sort that brings perspiration, a big appetite for food and wholesome fatigue is still and always will be a necessary accompaniment of rational existence.

BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR OUR GREAT UNIVERSITY
Old Penn Deserves the Highest Type of Provost Procurable and the Most Abundant Measure of Popular Philadelphia Support
REALIZATION that this is a college town returned to Philadelphia yesterday when announcement was made of the resignation of Provost Smith.

Consciousness of this fact is, however, intermittent. It is, indeed, so rarely recurrent that the truth is often disputed. The relationship of the University of Pennsylvania to its birthplace is frequently misjudged, misconceived, undervalued. Much foolish cant is spilled. Diversity and magnitude of interests in a great metropolis are advanced to cover attitudes of indifference.
In spite of its authority and devoted students, education is too commonly dependent on its invasion of the news. Sometimes a winning football eleven, welcome and praiseworthy but certainly not completely representative of the traditional aims of culture, arouses the due sense of intimacy. Academic "sensations," inherently significant as they may be, are, in general, mild in comparison.

But the present change strikes a note of publicity very vital to Philadelphia and to its illustrious institution of learning. The resignation of Edgar F. Smith inspires regrets and at the same time opens the gate of opportunity. The University is a current popular topic—something it should have never ceased to be. It is typical that a loss should be responsible for the awakening. An ideal community would rally to its college when one of its distinguished servants, such as Doctor McMaster, completed his monumental history of the United States or when another, such as Hugo Renner, penned his standard and exhaustive life of Lope de Vega or when another, such as Doctor Farabee, shed authoritative new light on tropical entomology.

Granted the city has at times forgot that its size does not bar it from the role of a college town on a great scale, such as Boston is; granted that Philadelphia sometimes needs a jolt to develop its latent powers, the shock is here, the impact is existent.
To speak plainly, the time has come both for holders of Pennsylvania diplomas and citizens who never signed a matriculation card to give the University a square and inspiring deal. New pathways are to be trod under a new leader. The selection of the best equipped man for the high post is, however, not all. What the University primarily needs is support, financial, moral, psychological; service of the sort which prompts pride as the power generates.
An endowment fund will be a magnificent bulwark. It is a civic shame that it has not been already found. The money is here. It is absurd to forecast that so intensely Philadelphia an institution as the University will lack such indifference if the campaign is conducted on the proper lines.

In general, the public is weary of "drives." But this one could be of stirring import. Affection is one conceivable spur. Pride is another.
Here is an educational factor, venerable and seasoned with ennobling traditions, an instrument of culture respected in every land where progress has a meaning. In medicine, in dentistry, in engineering, in architecture, in economics—to mention only a few of its fields—its eminence is exceedingly impressive.
Nomads on the banks of the Tigris or the Nile have heard of the University of Pennsylvania. They have guided its representatives at Nippur and Babylon and occasionally, it seems, are more aware of old Penn than members of the community whose ancestors evolved the institution. Many South Americans, Chinese, Japanese, Porto Ricans and Cubans who were students within its walls quicken with retrospective interest at the name. The eagerness of these far-flung Pennsylvanians to help their alma mater is hardly to be questioned. But it is not upon them that the prime responsibility falls. To an exceptional extent in a large city, the University draws upon the "home town" for its students. The body of native alumni is formidably numerous. Enlistment of their services on behalf of financial guarantees which will relieve the college from the necessity of underpaying its professors or of hindrances to strengthening its faculty ought not to require either irritating or abnormally herculean efforts. Similar conditions apply regarding the abundant well wishers of the University who have never studied within its walls. With fitting machinery a "drive" to make the institution truly representative of the greatness of Philadelphia should function with comparative ease.

THE tremulous utility of New Yorkers in the face of a third-rate blizzard continues to be one of the amazements of the hour. One day the big town was flip and confident and boastful of its imperial scope and prowess. The next it was prostrate in its flots.

Most of the streets in Manhattan are still almost impassable. The snow obstinately remains. The mayor has talked to the newspapers, "flew with alarm," the critics sneered, officials debated, the public grumbled, officials and everybody asked shrilly why some one didn't do something.
One cannot but wonder whether the folk who theorize in offices and the other folk who preach odd political doctrines to the East Side and the subway multitudes

provost, not only money, but in spiritual backing, the controller of these stately forces of culture will be in debt to the community. Upon him will devolve duties and obligations with which no second-rate official can cope.
Organizations of all kinds, however vast—even, for instance, the United States—assume in some degree the personality of their directing head. Rightly or wrongly, attention is inevitably focused on the commander.
Obviously scholastic distinction is one essential in the make-up of such a working leader as the University requires. That, nevertheless, is but a single exigent factor. Other requisites are authority of public status, breadth of vision, qualities which make both for executive efficiency and public endorsement. In a word, a big man is wanted for a big university.

If names cannot be cited, at least types can. General Thornton, himself a Pennsylvania graduate, who made over England's North-Eastern Railway, fits into the category. So does William H. Taft. As personalities these men are, of course, not likely incumbents. But as types they are. Dr. William Pepper filled the bill. Men of his caliber, of Lovell's, of Seth Low's, of Herbert Hoover's are not so elusive that a diligent combing of resources cannot produce them for the University.
The trustees can bring the University very close to the heart of the town if they combine discretion with foresight, if they eschew makeshifts, if they submit a head for the University commensurate with incontestable distinction of this organization over which he will preside.

Without deprecating in the least the splendid record of the University in the past, it may be said that the opportunity for redoubling its fame and Philadelphia's is strikingly manifest. A more effective reciprocity of honors between the college and the town is due. It is not visionary to conceive this fusion. Prosperous Philadelphia abounds in the constructive assets. The University has its admirable potencies.
Get together!

PHIL JOHNSON'S CONTRACT
MAYOR MOORE very properly wants to know whether the director of health is required to employ Philip H. Johnson to design all the buildings to be erected by his department.
Johnson was architect for the old Department of Health and Charities under a continuing contract made on March 30, 1903, under Mayor Ashbridge. He has received large sums in fees from the city and the attempt to get rid of him permanently has not yet succeeded, though it has been made more than once.

Mayor Weaver gave the contract for designing the contagious disease hospital to a different architect and Johnson accepted the situation. Mayor Blankenburg tried to get rid of Johnson, but did not succeed, and Mayor Smith threatened to disregard him, but Johnson continued to be employed.
Johnson is a brother-in-law of the late Israel W. Durham. When Durham died, Charles Seger, a lifelong friend, inherited his leadership of the Seventh ward and assumed many of his political obligations. So long as Durham's brother-in-law wished to remain architect of the Department of Health and Charities Seger supported him with his influence. This is a matter of political history. But Seger himself is now dead, and the obligation of loyalty to Durham's friends has not been bequeathed to any one seriously interested in the matter.

Whatever City Solicitor Smyth may report to the Mayor on the legal validity of Johnson's contract, the political validity of it has ceased to exist.

BROTHERS ALL!
WITH the exception of the Irish question, the subjects discussed by King George in his address at the opening of the British Parliament might have been discussed by the President of the United States in an annual message to Congress.
He urged the adjustment of coal-mining controversies on an enduring basis, the regulation of the liquor traffic and measures stimulating the production of foodstuffs.
These are the common problems of all nations at the present time. France and Russia and Germany and Italy are struggling with them just as the United States is seeking a way out. They relate to the great fundamental struggle for existence in which all living creatures are engaged. They are not affected by the spoken or by the kind of political institutions which organized society has set up.
If while we are considering them we can remember that men of other climes and other languages are also thinking of the same things we may get a better appreciation of the solidarity of the human race and a deeper sympathy with the common problems of all nations, and thus lay the foundations on which alone a successful League of Nations can rest.

Prejudiced Against Him
Former Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany has offered to give himself up to the Allies in place of hundreds of Germans demanded. The young man is not at all modest in the value he places on himself. And he can blame nobody but himself if the world considers his action a theatrical gesture rather than the noble self-sacrifice which it might appear at first blush.

Try a Few Mixed Metaphors
The renewal of the treaty debate in the Senate puts all the fat in the fire for the "bitter readers." Article X may yet become an ex-issue. It may be that the compromisers are now securing their reservations for a through trip.
The street-cleaning department is still wrestling with the man's white burden. Goose feathers continue to give goose-flesh to contractors. And "the beautiful" begins to wear an ugly look of derision.
The Canon of Coventry, England, suggests that ignorant people should be killed off. But why stop at ignorant people? Why not include silly people like causers who go off half-cooked?

FOR 'IS 'EART IS TRUE

Walter L. Sanborn Declares Bolshevism Won't Grow in Maine. Famine in Freight Cars

By GEORGE NON McCAIN
WALTER L. SANBORN is a Pennsylvanian by adoption. He is a product of Maine and a fine sample of the kind of men Bowdoin College turns out. In a business way he is editor and publisher of the Jansdale Reporter, which will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this year.

If there is one member above another among the thirty-one members of the Bowdoin College Alumni Club of Philadelphia and vicinity whose affections hark back to campus days, Walter L. Sanborn is that man. Paraphrasing the old, old sea ditty, "Is 'art is true to Bowdoin."
"Let me tell you something unusual," said he in his big breezy way the other evening at the Manufacturers' Club. "In the recent raids by the Department of Justice agents against the 'Reds,' the old Pine Tree State was the only one in the Union in which no 'Red' arrest was made.

Maine isn't the kind of soil in which communism and bolshevism flourish. The ozone of her patriotism means death to that sort of microbe. President K. C. M. Sills, of Bowdoin, who came all the way from Brunswick to talk at the annual dinner of our alumni exiles, made that statement, and you can fancy what effect his words had on the old grads present.

Maine is as steady in her politics as she is in her patriotism. She keeps her representatives in Washington firm after term, and as a result she's usually in the middle of the road with her sleeves rolled up every time there's a fight, for she has able men to look after her interests."
And congressional history for half a century proves Sanborn is right.

ROLAND R. REUTLINGER, coal operator, who is interested in mines scattered through four western Pennsylvania counties, offers a very cogent reason for the prevalent famine in freight cars and the consequent disturbance of trade and transportation.
Without mining words he places the blame directly upon the shoulders of the railroad administration.

He informs me of the authority of responsible western correspondents that there are from 25,000 to 30,000 loaded coal cars standing on sidings at various points in the West.
During the recent coal strike the administration diverted thousands of cars of coal from nonunion fields. At the conclusion of the strike this confiscation ceased, and as a result thousands of cars which had been diverted from original routes were left without destination or disposition.

According to Mr. Reutlinger, the railroad administration apparently thinks that its public duty ended when it diverted the coal from the eastern operator and wholesaler, and sent it on a wild goose chase over the country. Pennsylvania operators are out at least a million dollars, which is represented in commandeered coal lying unclaimed in the West.

In the case of his own corporation, Mr. Reutlinger informs me that it has approximately \$250,000 due it for confiscated coal, of which at least 75 per cent is represented by shipments of the whereabouts of which it has the slightest idea.
"I do not question the wisdom of government regulation during times of stress," said Mr. Reutlinger, who was an officer in the navy during the war, "but I am vigorously opposed to a continuation of it, now that the crisis is past. To this alone is due the resultant chaotic condition in the coal trade."

He cites the further fact that a recent list issued by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific shows that 2630 cars of coal commandeered by the administration of that road for fuel is without record as to the original owners of the property.

THE statement comes to me from James T. Hall that the newspapermen of Pittsburgh have organized a veteran corps. It is proclaimed to be the only organization of its kind in the country.
The Pittsburgh publishers, editors and reporters are "a day after the fair." Without any disposition to be disagreeable or to wet their feet in the muddy undertakings, it is only necessary to direct attention to the fact that the idea is not new nor will they be the pioneer body of the kind in the country. Philadelphia, as usual, leads.

Months ago a newspaper veterans' association was organized in this city as the result of a dinner given by Congressman Moore at Bellevue-Stratford. The requisite for membership is twenty-five years in the newspaper business, or at least an experience on Philadelphia newspapers prior to the last quarter of a century.

The membership of the association today includes more than one hundred and twenty-five men who are qualified for the admission, as was testified at its recent dinner to Mayor Moore, who was a member of the profession years ago.

The Pittsburgh organization fixes fifteen years' service in journalism as a requisite for membership. Such a service in the profession in this country could scarcely qualify a writer for advancement to an editorial position, much less rank him as a "veteran."

The Pen and Pencil Club, of this city, which has survived, as Philadelphia veterans well know, innumerable vicissitudes, is the oldest journalists' club in continuous existence in the United States.

I PRESUME the time will come when, in future years, we will walk upon pavements of chicle instead of cement or tessellated corridors," remarked a prominent city official as he gazed meditatively at a corridor floor in City Hall.
As he spoke he pointed to the innumerable round, black spots that defaced the footway in the vicinity.

They were gobs of chewing gum that had been thrown on the floor by the devotees of the jaw-wagging practice.
"As the gum-chewing habit is increasing it is only a question of time until the floors of City Hall are covered with a coating of chewing gum," he continued. "I have noticed that even the carpeted floors, or rooms are disfigured by this vile practice. With a certain amount of care and attention the corridors can be kept free from these evidences of a depraved taste, but the carpets are ruined and can only be burned."

Those entrusted with the care of the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Reading Terminal manage to keep the marble floors measurably free from the chewing-gum nuisance. Laborers with small, long-handled, spade-like instruments move constantly around scraping the stuff loose. A subsequent application of boiling water, I am told, is used, but in many instances an imperishable stain remains.

We have been so much instructed in the work of propaganda since the war began that many earnest thinkers have come to the conclusion that the old saying should be revised to read, "Organized fears make dishonest men of us."

WHOA!



FROM DAY TO DAY

THE federal authorities have decided that mince pie is not a beverage and therefore may have more than one-half of 1 per cent.
We nominate the author of this decision to a place in the Hall of Fame as a man of rare and distinguished courage.
Of course, it is obvious that mince pie is not a beverage.
But then it is only a brave man in public office who would dare say so.

If Congress had had to vote on the question whether or not mince pie containing alcohol was an intoxicating liquor does any one doubt what it would have voted by a two-thirds majority if necessary that it was a drink?
FACTS do not trouble a congressman.
He is typewriter ridden.
Somebody introduces a bill that mince pie is a beverage or that a liquid containing 51-100 of 1 per cent of alcohol is intoxicating.
All your congressman does is to stop and think how many typewriters are behind that bill.

The click of a typewriter makes him jump.
He is as much afraid of the sound as horses used to be of the toot of an automobile in the days when there were more horses and fewer automobiles on the roads.
Experience has taught him that there are many typewriters behind any bill that contains the word beverage.

Introduce a bill saying that mince pie containing alcohol is a noxious beverage, and he hears the sound of \$25,000,000 being collected to put it through.
He imagines the effect of \$25,000,000 upon the typewriters of the land.
He sees his mails bulging.
He imagines each of his constituents getting \$1000 a day telling what a recreant he is to the cause of virtue because he hesitates to vote against the evidence of his own senses that a pie is a drink.

So he hastens to get in his vote on the side of the typewriters.
What is needed is some league to make the typewriter safe for democracy!

ONE of the strange effects of this war is what it did to the typewriter.
The conflict started on the theory that a solemnly written treaty was a "scrap of paper," and it ended in the belief that any piece of paper covered with ink by a hired publicist man was more solemn than a treaty.
It isn't merely Congress that is typewriter ridden, but the whole world is.

We are beginning now, with the publication of the German memoirs, to get both sides of the story of the war.
What did Germany fear during the conflict?
Not our men or our guns or our resources, but our typewriters!

It is amusing to read in Ludendorff's book how he blames the defeat of Germany upon the superiority of allied program, and then go back mentally to what we were thinking and saying about the havoc that German propaganda was doing to the allied cause.

THE fears which the war implanted are strong in the minds of men still.
There is a dark subconscious storehouse in men which is full of the fears which the race has accumulated in its slow rise from barbarism and its long battle with a hostile environment.

There is the fear of the dark, out of which death descended upon you unaware; the fear of foes, the fear of the elements, the fear of evil spirits and a dozen other terrors.
Awake them and give them a new name and they do not quickly die away.
Ludendorff's ancestors used to be in terror of the evil spirits which were in league with the foe.

Ludendorff himself is more than vaguely uneasy about these evil spirits now appearing under the name of propagandists.
He is wrogy all the time against the voodoo specialists upon his own side because they cannot summon up evil spirits to aid him superior in malignity to the evil spirits obeying the call of the Allies.

VERS LIBRE

THIS modern fad "free verse"
Goes on from bad to worse,
And makes me tired and sick;
Unto the tongue chime all,
Of words that fit and rhyme
Let all the poets stick.

The meanings seem to be
Beyond the mind of me;
Do "free verse" writers know
Just what it's all about?
I often have a doubt,
Just anything will "go."

I wonder if the things
Are thought to move with wings?
No proper "feet" we find;
They do not seem to cheer
Us plodding mortals here;
We like Longfellow's kind.

Come, fellow bardlets, curse
With me our "poems" free;
We write our "poems" free;
The papers grab them all,
Then let the mandate fall—
"No pay for poetry."
MAUD F. JACKSON.

Perhaps some of the workless Council clerks could be given jobs cleaning snow from the streets.

Perusal of the newspapers is not sufficient to indicate that Mayor Moore is still suffering from ennui these days.

The crowd in Munich that sang "Deutschland Uber Alles" was lacking in a sense of humor.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What European nation has adopted a prohibition policy, restricting the sale of alcoholic drinks to very light wines and official beer of minimum alcoholic content?
2. How was this law passed?
3. Who was the vice-presidential candidate on the ticket with Roosevelt in the presidential campaign of 1912?
4. Who is Alice Meynell?
5. Where is Russia?
6. What is the correct pronunciation of the word "ghoul"?
7. How many states have to ratify the suffrage amendment in order to incorporate it in the constitution?
8. Name two southern states which rejected the amendment.
9. What is the meaning of the musical term "bouche fermee"?
10. Who was Hugh Capet?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Admiral von Capelle, former head of the German admiralty, has fled into Switzerland to escape extradition by the Allies.
2. "A feather in your cap" means an honor to you. The allusion is to the Asiatic and American Indian custom of adding a new feather to headdress for every enemy slain.
3. Apuleius was a Roman Platonic philosopher and rhetorician, author of the famous romance "The Metamorphoses or the Golden Ass."
4. In fixing the center of population the nation is conceived as a plane on which each individual is a unit of the same weight. The center of population is the pivot or balancing point.
5. "Faux pas," describing a breach of manners or moral conduct, literally means "false step."
6. It should be pronounced as though it were spelled "fo pah."
7. Bangkok is the capital of Siam.
8. Florida was ceded by Spain to the United States in 1819.
9. John Milton points out that the biblical phrase "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is an echo of a famous line in the Greek classical drama.
10. George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Va., near the confluence of Bridges creek and the Potomac river.

Admiral Sims' position concerning Secretary Daniels appears to be: "Not that I'd say anything against the gentleman or against his character—but—"
We are so close to the University of Pennsylvania that most of us don't know just how big and important it is. But it is never too late to learn.

Wonder if the Home Defense members would have been called on to clean the streets if they had not already been mustered out?
Immigrants are again beginning to flock to the United States. A little bit of weeding out now may save a lot of deportations in the future.

Among the good deeds recorded, Vore beneficiaries will receive James M. Hazlett with a bunch of nice little appointments.
Desperate efforts are being made in New Jersey to resuscitate John Barleycorn, but at last reports he still looked like a corpse.

"Slush" nowadays is descriptive as well as exclamationary.
Jupiter Pluvius isn't to be sneezed at as a street cleaner.
The influenza germ continues to put in a twenty-four-hour working day.