

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH... PUBLISHED DAILY AT PUBLIC LEADER BUILDING... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman...

LOOK AT THE MAP!

That Once-insistent German Injunction May Now Be Profitably Observed by Her Foes... THOSE excellent map makers, the Germans, have long been justly proud of a useful talent...

Just at present those German masterpieces would have for us a particular charm and interest. If their virtues have been correctly reported these works are at once detailed and comprehensive...

The real task begins in trying to keep our supposed model up to date. Topographically, what was once the Russian empire will be quite the same tomorrow...

Far up to the north and pointing from Archangel to Volodga, which lies about half way between Moscow and the Arctic, we can insert a little arrow...

To the east, backed up against the Ural rampart, is Ekaterinburg, occupied by the much-traveled Czech-Slovaks and worthy of another significant dart indicative of pro-ally sway.

Now take a scrupulous glance at that vast low-lying inland lake, called the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants of its shores struggle against a climate almost as irritating as Philadelphia's—scorching in summer, bitterly frigid in the winter months...

We outline another arrow for another army. Observe closely that all these military darts point inward toward Great Russia, almost the only section of a vast continental domain which has not yet entirely overthrown the anarchic Soviet rule.

Outside Muscovy proper it is also possible to sketch in vivid scenes. General Otani's army and some Philippine troops are at Vladivostok, and their presence warrants still another arrow.

West of all our inscribed interpolations one may descry Central Europe, which first gave us the notion of looking at the map. Its Kaisers are now in session planning rickety thrones and hypothetical kingdoms, while their western armies are being pushed back toward the "fatherlands." Time was when, save for the sea chart, we felt disinclined to thrust a map under their infatuated eyes...

However remote the victory over barbarism may be, we are no longer atlasphic. Map study, once the German specialty, may now be pursued by us with profit and on occasion with something akin to glee.

Henry Ford wants to run a factory by water power. Water is getting quite popular these days.

THE COLLEGES AS TRAINING CAMPS

The plan for organizing college students into army training corps, adopted in June, is not likely to be seriously affected by the new draft bill reducing the age to eighteen years. The plan was made by the same men who have advised the reduction in the age, and it may be assumed to be part of the general program to provide trained men for the various branches of the service.

attention of their constituencies to this fact in order that the young men who have contemplated carrying on their education may be encouraged to enter college this fall as if there were no prospect of a reduction in the draft age limit.

Although Germany may think otherwise, it is Uncle Sam's firm belief that the best thing for a submarine debacle is a good chaser.

PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTS

IT IS interesting to read that Charles M. Schwab was "wildly applauded" when, in an address to the Hog Island workmen, he turned a volley of derisive epigrams upon what he called the ballyhoo school of patriotism.

Mr. Schwab seems convinced that the talkers will not win it, either. In his references to the relative futility of mere speeches and slogan-making he suggested, by implication, one of the looming duties of the hour. Plainly the time has come when it is worth while to look twice at the more valuable patriots and ask them a few questions.

It may be that a great many men of the ballyhoo school are not conscious hypocrites. Often enough they are fooled and hypnotized by the sound of their own voices.

The workmen at Hog Island must have had some such conviction—some remote feeling of doubt about the too rhetorical patriot—or they wouldn't have applauded their big boss as they did.

It is a fact, nevertheless, that no single slogan nor any of the speeches that have become familiar nowadays begins to express or even suggest the ends, aims and purposes of this war. Too many men appear to regard the war and the national anthem and the flag itself as incidents in the large scheme of their own self-sufficiency.

It might be said that patriotism begins with a sense of affinity with the soil that has been so kind to everybody and so productive of high and noble things as to compel reverence, fidelity and endless devotion in those it has nourished.

Really great patriots serve for the most part in silence or even in secret. They see their country in the future. They do not brag. It is not by what a man says that you may judge his patriotism.

How To Spell It: Ready to appoint some more near-kings, but it might be well for candidates to remember that there are two ways of spelling throne.

Keep the Soap: Any one with a few soap boxes to spare might send them to Lenin and Trotsky at Petrograd. Kronstadt and the Bolshevik leaders fled Moscow without their valuables.

Germany's Implication that the "Jaskins who helped whip her recently on the Marne were drunk in a way good Siouxology. Any member of the animal kingdom sufficiently intoxicated with the ideal of Liberty becomes a dangerous opponent.

Automobile owners who have many friends and much tire trouble on these warm days will be disposed to feel that the Ways and Means Committee of the House was tottering on the edge of insanity when it put the motorcar in the list of luxuries.

How many Philadelphians realize that almost every night there are uniformed men who have to sleep on pavements or in the parks because there are not enough beds for them? Where is the hospitality this city was once famous for?

Let us hope that the old definition of faith as "believing something that you know ain't so" is not applicable to our confidence in the tale that a Hun U-boat was sunk off Cape May.

At first glance a Labor Day holiday and the drastic work-or-fight order seem almost irreconcilable. The boches don't seem to care for those "whippets" as pets. Call it Austria-Hungary.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

"Street Closed" BARBARA'S heart, like a busy street. Teems with a throng of little feet; And each holds onward with stubborn foot, Jostles his neighbor, pushes, shoves.

BUT all congestion would swiftly stop— No crowd could travel that thoroughfare. If only I, like a traffic cop Could be forever on fixed post there! SCRIPTOR IGNOTUS.

Some good people are troubled because the "Star Spangled Banner" was written to the music of an old English drinking song, of a not too delicate sort. But the fumes of that ancient tavern ditty have long since evaporated; and if bacchanalian airs will speed us on toward the Rhine, here's to them.

Trotsky's Lament On the Cossacks Having Crossed the Don (Kitts by R. Burns) Ye banks and braes o' bonny Don, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye Czech-Slavs, And I see weary fu' o' care? The Cossack sits on the back steps, The Soviets are wearing crepe— The Allies now are on the roof; Lenin, we'll try the fire escape! Red grow the Soviets, red grow the Soviets, The sweetest hours that e'er I spent I spent among the Soviets.

Watch This One Carefully Now that the British have got to Baku they can sit down and enjoy a smoke. Is it possible that the reason for the failure of Lenin and Trotsky is that they did not wear Sam Browne belts?

Isn't it curious that those who struggle to make the world safe for democracy seem to enjoy it so much more when they are fortified by a strip of brown leather along the Sam Browne diagonal? Even the Czech-Slovaks wear one. We are waiting to hear that the militant suffragists have adopted it.

Even the literary world has its mossifs. Think of Irvin Cobb. What does the House Ways and Means Committee mean by classing an electric fan as a luxury? And is The Electric Chair also a luxury?

The obvious is always the thing that the other fellow simply will not admit. Are there any laws in Philadelphia about spitting on the pavement? We often wonder.

In compliance with the Government's request for conservation of energy, we shall hereafter open our mind at 10 o'clock and close it promptly at 4:30. In idea arriving after that time will find the revolving doors locked.

For Butler Fans Only One of the duties of intelligent people is to read Samuel Butler's novel "The Way of All Flesh" before they get too old and unsophisticated. Many a man's mind has been kept artificially alive for some months by reading that book.

There are a good many Samuel Butler fans in this city, and these will be interested to hear that Alfred Emeric Cathie, Butler's famous manuscript, is still alive and living in London. Cathie had fifteen of Butler's drawings, but as his home in Canal Road, Mile End, is on the route of the air raids, he has disposed of them, selling thirteen to Henry Festing Jones, Butler's great friend; and giving the other two to St. John's College, Cambridge, Butler's alma mater.

Read This Before Dinner Every now and then some one asks us if we like vers libre, and we always reply that for those who enjoy a little prose with their poetry, free verse is lovely.

Our favorite free-verse poem, after some of Dove Dulcet's, is by Robert Carlton Brown, and here it is: I know a nice, affectionate girl Who goes about Patting beefsteaks on the back, Running her fingers fondly through the beards of oysters, Holding hands for hours with breaded veal cutlets, Rubbing noses with pork chops, And having affairs with boiled onions. Her emotional eyes light with amorous interest

In the presence of food; They fill with great glistening tears When the plates are taken out And she sits despondent, Weeping gently into her coffee.

The Germans are complaining that their beer supply is scanty. Taking the vat out of Vaterland? If Lenin and Trotsky really believe in self-determination, why don't they try it in Russia?

And if the Russian people want a good jury to try Lenin and Trotsky, why not ship them over to West Chester? SOCRATES.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Palm Beach Uniforms for the Cops To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Your suggestion that summer uniforms be provided for the policeman appeals to me, not so much because I sympathize with the policeman, but because it makes me uncomfortable to look at an officer in a tightly buttoned blue uniform of wool standing in the sun on a hot day.

Now if the officer wore a Palm beach suit, white shoes and a Panama hat and carried a club made of bamboo it would be refreshing to gaze upon such a spectacle of coolness. He would be like an oasis in a desert. Of course, he would be cooler than he is now, but the spectacle of his comfort would make all the rest of us more comfortable. Cannot something be done about it? SUFFERING MORTAL.

Philadelphia, August 16. They're Using Them Germany is now discovering that when the Russians laid down their arms they held out on bombs.—Toronto Mail.

Suggested Economy We will even take rains without thunder and rainbows if we can get them. No unnecessary expenditures in these hard times.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY—



NEMESIS ON WESTERN FRONT

By Simeon Strunsky

IN NEARLY all of the old textbooks on the art of the theatre, as we call it now, you will find a sharp distinction drawn between the underlying idea of modern drama and the drama of the Greeks. When I say the old textbooks I mean those written before 1908, approximately. Since that time the whole subject has been revolutionized by English forty-seven at Harvard and the author of "Seven Keys to Balpate." Textbooks today concern themselves largely with such fundamentals of dramatic technique as (1) the relative advantages of a connection with Klaw & Erlanger or with the Shuberts; (2) the use of the telephone in the development of a plot; (3) the relative advantages of lighting the stage from underneath, from above or from the side; (4) timeliness of subject, such as the war, sugar conservation, women ticket choppers and the like; (5) the relative merits of character development and the "punch," with George M. Cohan laying stress on character, and English forty-seven at Harvard emphasizing the punch.

BUT I was speaking of the distinction drawn by the older textbook writers between modern drama and Greek drama; and the distinction is this: at all times the essence of drama has been struggle; but whereas in the modern theatre the struggle takes the form of a clash of opposing human wills, among the ancients it was a struggle of human beings against the gods or fate or Nemesis. This is a very serious subject covered with precision and thoroughness in the publications of the Drama League. For the moment, however, it may serve to think of Nemesis as the ironic gods leaning down from the azure battlements with a smile watching humanity's chickens come home to roost; watching human beings, in general being hoist with their own petard. Punishment that is peculiarly appropriate, that has the "come back" that turns the laugh on the defendant at the bar, is obviously dramatic; it is Nemesis.

FOR just a month the world has been sitting on the edge of its chair, swinging from thrill to chill and back again, and its eyes on the mighty spectacle unfolding itself in the great proscenium arch between the tip of the Marne salient and the tip of the Montdidier salient. It is drama on a scale the world has never seen and of an intensity it has not witnessed since the French Revolution; drama in the passionate interest of the theme; drama in the clash of will between 4,000,000 armed men on either side and scores of millions on either side behind the battle line; drama in the interests at stake; drama, above all things, in the tingling unexpectedness of the denouement we witnessed during a short twenty-four hour fight on July 18, when the hunted quarry became the hunter, the hapless victim became the stern and just executioner. Well, Mr. Cohan never tittered a laugh out of a tear so handsly, and Bayard Vellier never flashed a pair of automatics with quite such a comical effect as the trick Foch put over in those wonderful twenty-four hours.

"Hands up, Jack Dalton Ludendorff! Make your peace with your God!" the generalissimo was there with the wallop. Ask the military critics who at once began buying seats ten weeks ahead for the march across the Rhine and the Rhine itself.

It has been drama; but which kind, the modern or the ancient? What we have been experiencing these last few weeks—has it been a mere physical and psychic reaction to a sense of something like awe at forces a higher than human, of outraged indignation, yet those there who have been touched with the impious transgressor and delivering him to his fate? Has the history of the last four weeks on the Marne and the Somme been simply dramatic or has it been Nemesis?

A HINT of superstition there, perhaps; but I imagine it is in such intense moments as the lasting substitutions of humanity are born. It would have been intense drama in our modern sense, if the German armies had been smitten down at the apex of their pride by any man along any fifty miles of the western front; it would have been drama at Ypres or before Arras or in the Champagne or Lorraine. But when German hopes at their high tide in 1918 are crushed on the Meuse River, Marne which witnessed the collapse of German hopes in 1914; when the

year 1918 rehearses in detail the story of 1914, with its German plunge across the Marne and the French counter-blow from the Gurcq, and the French center holding as desperately around Rheims as the French center held in 1914 at La Fere Champagne, and the same man who turned the Germans back in 1914 driving them back in 1918—why, then, you have something more than the raw material of drama; you catch a glimpse of the finger of Nemesis. And that is what the common man feels when he remarks that the Marne air is not healthy for the Germans. He is giving expression, lightly enough, to what may be the beginning of a legend among future generations of common men in France, that the Marne is a sacred river which the invader can never pass but to his own destruction; though, perhaps, it is too late for the legend to grow up, as it easily would 1500 years ago, that the Marne is under the perpetual guard of St. Denis and St. Gervaise, whose flaming swords may be seen under favorable circumstances, etc., etc.

SO WE call it a dramatic thing today that a notable part in Foch's victory should have fallen to the American army; that the first important role assumed by the despised American army should have been in a spectacle of victory, instead of defeat, as it easily might have been without shattering our reaction. But the ancients would have again seen the hand of Nemesis in this victorious American army brought into the conflict by a crime such as the Paris under the direction of the gods never failed to avenge by the crime of the Lusitania. For Nemesis was never so thoroughly aroused to vengeance as by vaulting pride; and an insane pride lay behind the murder of the Lusitania; Germany's confidence in her own moral judgments and in her ability to impose them upon the world; pride of power which could do what it will; pride of mind which could not be humbled into a state of murder into the laws of war; not to mention that narrower tribal pride which had no difficulty in proving that it was better hundreds of women and children should drown rather than one German soldier fall a victim to the Lusitania's "munitions." To the Greek mind, Chateau-Thierry would have been the gods' payment for Kinsale Head.

BECAUSE Nemesis peculiarly loves to abase human pride, one of its favorite devices is to raise up the humble and make them the instrument of its vengeance. It should never be forgotten that the turn of the tide for the Allies began not in France, but in Italy; that the first shattering blow to German hopes fell not along the Marne, but along the Piave. And what was Italy on the eve of the Austrian assault? She was unquestionably in the mind of the German general staff and likely in the mind of a good many Allied military leaders the next victim of the irresistible Teuton might, after Serbia, Russia and Rumania. The Italian front was to break on the Piave as it had broken on the Isonzo. The spirit of the Italian people was to break, as it came very near breaking last autumn. Italy was to be forced out of the war like Russia and Rumania, or reduced to helplessness like Serbia and Belgium. At the very least, Italy was to call to her help a good many French divisions that Foch could not spare. And it fell to Italy, the mark and flag of her own creation, to shatter the entire German scheme of victory.

NEMESIS loves to punish with the criminal's own weapons. Germany made her raid on civilization by taking advantage of low visibility. Amidst the fog of perplexity and panic that fell upon Europe with the assassination at Sarajevo, Germany brought up her forces for attack. She fashioned the ultimatum to Serbia under a smoke cloud of pacific telegrams to Petrograd and placatory offers to London. But fate has seen to it that Germany shall be herself the victim of low visibility. The mark and flag of her own creation blinded her to the fundamental factor of morals and policy which will be her undoing. Germany strangled Belgium because she could not see Great Britain pulled into the conflict. She sank the Lusitania because she could not see America in the war. She tore Russia apart because she could not see the soul of a great people waking out of a temporary sleep. Germany surprised the world and finds herself surprised by the world; Nemesis.

Judging by the amount of Hun propaganda current in Finland, Germany has been very vindictive. (Copyright 1918)

MY PHILOSOPHY

SAY! I'm glad I'm livin' such a glorious day. Makes me feel like dancin' two-steps all the way; Makes me feel as rich as any millionaire, With a sure life interest in a world so fair.

Diamonds in the dew-drops, sunshine droppin' gold, Better'n all the nuggets Klondike mountains hold; Sky a sea of azure, one white cloud afloat, Sallin' soft and airy like a fairy's boat.

Lovely flowers a-flingin' perfumes to the breeze; Little winds a-quiver in the leafy trees; Little birds a-singin' like they'd never stop— Joy as light as bubbles comes right to the top.

Bumblebees a-buzzin' in the buckwheat flowers, Haulin' home the honey in the shinin' hours; Rivulets a-lispin', as they flow along, Happy little secrets, trills of summer song.

All day long the gladness, loveliness and light, Then the starry stillness o' the welcome night; All life long the blessin's scattered from God's hand, Then the rest remainin' in the Promised Land.

Heart o' mine, be joyfu'—Ain't no call for tears, Garner up the sunbeams all along the years. Souls that seek for brightness find it manifold, Heart o' mine, be joyfu'! Gather in the gold.

—Lillian Leveridge in "Over the Hills of Home."

Seasonable Suggestions Madam, have you canned all you can? Then eat what you can't.—Detroit Free Press.

German Honors The Kaiser now has an opportunity to reward prominent subjects whom he does not like, or with whose behavior he is more or less displeased, by appointing them to diplomatic posts in Russia.—Boston Globe.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Near what city are Mexico's valuable oil wells located? 2. Who is the new German Minister of Marine, appointed to succeed Admiral von Capelle? 3. How long was the theory that Francisco Bacon wrote the plays ascribed to Shakespeare? 4. What was the rear of the Chinese World's Fair? 5. Where is the world's chief source of nutmeg located? 6. What is the original meaning of the French word "chiffon"? 7. What is the southernmost possession of the United States? 8. What is an isnaun? 9. What is the use of a tray weight? 10. Who was Richard Olney?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is the only remaining "Czar in the world." 2. Sixteen and a half feet make a rod. 3. Mercury is the planet nearest to the sun. 4. Columbus died in Valladolid, Spain, in 1506. 5. Wilkie Mitchell, in Dickens' "David Copperfield," was continually "waiting for something to turn up." 6. The word "condit" should be pronounced as though spelled "condit." 7. The Spanish Parliament is called the Cortes. 8. The real name of Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice's Adventures Under Ground," was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. 9. Maself is a French word describing a number of beliefs spread around a central point. 10. The victory of New Orleans was won by the American forces under Andrew Jackson, January, 1815, before the peace had been signed at the Treaty of Ghent.