

BREAK THE CHAINS!

DEMOCRACY THE ONLY ROAD TO PEACE



What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. "Vandoo" has been used to mean three things. What are they?
2. What is the ailment known as "soldier's foot"?
3. Who was Saint Vitus, and how has his name become connected with a nervous ailment?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. "Harris Goddard" by Mousserges, and "The French noun, 'abri,' means a dugout in connection with warfare."
2. The Athenian year began in June.
3. A morning rainbow is regarded as a sign of fair weather.

WHEN THE LIBERTY BELL RANG

PERHAPS not so many Philadelphians realize that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was not the first great event which the Liberty Bell, enshrined in the State House, proclaimed. For a score of years before the tremendous message of American patriotism was sounded, it had hung in the tower there.

OLD HOUSES

The images of old houses are as beautiful as old tunes. Old faded music that brings a remembered music that awakens music. Like many old houses, it has faded and is fast fading. How many old houses are scattered in the white ghost-land of the brain?

Tom Daly's Column

Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark, The beggars are back in town; And here one stands, with empty hands, On his column-top, looking down.

It was the antepenultimate day of our vacation, and it was raining. It was more than raining, it was a northeaster. That meant there'd be nothing doing in Ocean City for twelve hours at least; not that there's ever much more than that doing in Ocean City for twenty-four hours at most, but you know what we mean. We were stormbound and we might just as well seize the opportunity to do a little work, outdoor pleasure being denied us.

So we came up here in the attic and began to prepare to get ready to write a piece about "Ocean City From the Inside Looking Out" or "Pirates on Barnegat Bay," or something else that would serve to reopen the column without too suddenly and too vividly illuminating the place from which the light was withdrawn two weeks ago.

A voice from below stairs: "If it will help you any to get through what you're doing, so you can help us pick this crab, you might mention that Clay Brick, of Ninth and Asbury avenue, has a lot to do with houses and other real estate around here."

Did you ever look into the teeth of a northeaster (comma) from the cockpit of a two-story shack on the Jersey coast (comma) in mid-September (question mark). Well, you haven't missed much. In the height of the season, at Atlantic City, say, from the roof parlor for what-ever they call it of the Traymore the experience might not be so harrowing, but this is Ocean City.

When we first started upon this adventure, this "Vacationing After the Other Vacationers Have Vacated," we endeavored to induce a servant to accompany us, and this attic was to have been her boudoir.

"What's your destiny?" she demanded, and we told her "Ocean City." We pronounced the name alluringly, with stars and exclamation points after it and with an accompanying illumination of our own pleasant countenance. She smiled a scornful smile, such a smile as we ourselves had always used when Ocean City was praised in our presence. Our snickers had come home to roost.

We hunted up another girl who had never heard of this growing resort, but she attacked us from another angle. "How many in family?" she asked. "Nine," said we, and hung our heads. "Nine," she echoed, with a pronounced German accent, and turned away.

Voices from below stairs: "It's more than a northeaster; it's the equinox, I tell you." "They ain't no such animal." "The equinox still lives. It comes from 'equus,' horse, and 'nox,' night; it's a nightmare."

THE EQUINOX I need to be a truly scientific institution. But lately my dignity has suffered diminution.

And each recurring season, For some mysterious reason, The doctors push me nearer to my final dissolution.

From my lair In the air Though I issue forth to scare, I am nothing but a buggy, buggy, bug-bug-bear!

Time was when people held me in the highest estimation, But I'm busted and disgusted and I've tumbled from my station.

I'm nothing but a chaser, A scoundie joy eraser, A bell, a knell to spell farewell to summer time vacation.

From my lair In the air Now I issue forth to scare, And I'm nothing but a buggy, buggy, bug-bug-bear!

Voices from below stairs: "There's a red flag with a black square in the center flying from the Coast Guard Station, and one of the men said it was the 'northeast storm signal.' Is that why 'Northeast High School' chose those colors?"

You have probably fretted and fussed through just such a northeaster as this and you've looked out perhaps upon the counterpart of the picture we see from our attic window this minute. You may even have suffered the added cross of the practice hour of the semiprofessional soprano across the way, tremoloing through Tosti's "Good-by to Summer," as we are suffering it now.

But save your sympathetic tears! We'll bet you never had the salty breath of the storm sweetened for you with the aroma of fresh gingerbread like Mother makes. Um-Yum! It's tickling our nostrils now.

Voices from below stairs, the Queen's this time: "If your work's nearly done, so is ours. It's stopped raining and if you and the children will walk around to the store for some sauce for the crabs we'll have things pretty nearly ready when you come back."

Before we go, let us tell you the unvarnished truth about Ocean City. In the height of its season it may be as dull as some people say it is, but in September it is altogether lovely. It's a bungalow town and the babies are bigger and better there and the dogs are more playful and friendly than we've ever noticed them elsewhere. The sea is as blue and white and green and the air as aromatic as tired eyes and nostrils could wish to feed upon. And when this storm blows over there are going to be golden days on this quiet beach. September is the month of months at the seashore.

ARE WE STRAFING GERMAN MUSIC?

Problem of Producing "Enemy Opera" Is Again Seriously Discussed

THAT aged bee, nationality in music, is buzzing again in the public bonnet. Time and again have writers striven to prove, sometimes with partisan vim, sometimes coolly, that there could be no question about the propriety of producing "enemy-alien musical works" in war periods. And just as certainly some one else has refused to let the question rest.

Even in France, the land of artistic sanity, there were caterers against the performance of German musical works in the early days of the war. Wagner, the Wagner who wrote some of the most inspired of his flesh-exalting music for Paris, Wagner whose works were staples of the weekly roster in the great pillared building which nearly brushes shoulders with the Cafe de la Paix—Wagner was attacked. Beethoven, whose Teutonic breadth of line has blinded many to his Belgian ethnicity, was attacked. England joined in the litany of nations against all German art. That litany was justifiable on emotional, if not cerebral, grounds.

The United States' singular catholicity in such matters is a thing of record. In this country we have shown almost as much tolerance of German music, even since April, 1917, as we have of the local Bund-schlags or of their editors' doings. Is it possible, however, now that we are in the thick of it, that most German music will be put on the American side? Are we going to sidestep as much German music as possible, while retaining our regard and love for the truly great men and their writings?

The Whys of Importation

The question is bred largely by the season announcement, yesterday, of the Metropolitan company, which provides Philadelphia with most of its operatic material every year. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's prospectus of the forthcoming operatic year certainly points to an abatement of German importations. Perhaps this is partially due to the Metropolitan's inability to get what it wants abroad. Perhaps it is partially due to the "Met's" unwillingness to risk its dollars and its diplomacy on so perilous a venture. Also, please remember that Mr. Gatti is a member of that race which has been making it hot for Austria.

This prospectus is an amusing and enlightening evidence of the trend of the times. Six novelties are promised. Two are by Americans, one by an Italian, one by a Frenchman, one by a Russian. Germany is not mentioned, her sole claim to an operatic grip on the United States being the announcement of a work by a Hungarian. But besides Messrs. Cadman and Gilbert, Signor Mascagni, Monsieur Raubaud and the Slav, Rimsky-Korsakov, Herr Liest makes a very poor showing indeed, though personally he is always welcome for his scintillating talents. In revivals, naturally, the Central Empires stand about as they did in statu quo ante. Wagner sees to that. His "ring" will be sung; and those other works ranging from "Tannhauser" to "Tristan." There is also mention of "the usual number" of other German works to be given, meaning, one supposes, "The Magic Flute" and "Faust" and "Carmen." The Entente, however, has a larger quota, with its Montemazel, Donizetti, Verdi, Gounod and Meyerbeer.

Just where you (or may not) see this potential nationalistic spirit in opera lead us? Will it, as Mr. De Koven and other intelligent musicians hope, lead us to a fruitful cultivation of native creative ability? Will we be able to shake ourselves free (if we decide we want to) from German opera? The query is not without its persistence. For after the war there is bound to be a tremendous, unquenchable detestation of things Germanic, even if they are only vaguely so and uninformed by any spirit of frightfulness. Undoubtedly no one will want to give up Wagner, for he wrote not for a little group of stubborn Junklers, but for the world, and wherever five senses and that sixth sense, called the soul, exist, his music will be cherished. Like the Latin poet, life was his system. Out of it he drew the great pearl of melody that has made him international.

How About Britain?

The Metropolitan's seeming avoidance of things British may appear more significant than it really is. The English music-making artifice has always been a bit lethargic, so far as opera goes. But with the receding of our ostentatious war, it is probable that our opera-going public might do its level best to buy only imports in blood. There is, for example, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's work. Also Griegville Bantock's.

With concert music the matter is somewhat different. Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Bach, Haydn are essentials. And here there is something so detached about the symphony auditorium that one cannot resent the intrusion of any race. So Mr. Gatti's need not fear that his users will be strafed for playing Teutonic music.

The matter of nationality in singers seems to be one that has disturbed the authorities, musical and otherwise, but little. We have Germans singing in opera and Germans playing in orchestra. We have German conductors who have given clear proof of their allegiance to this country, and others who have kept a careful, if not quite understandable, silence. There seems to be no reason why impresarios should worry on this score, so long as their artists' staves are clean. But New York critics, who officially are supposed to have no voice save in matters of art, have pointed out plainly that some bounds must be placed on activities of the operatic genre. Out of this comes a plea for a one-concert dinner at opera and Germans playing in orchestra. And obviously singers who use the green room for German propaganda will prove no great favorites with American opera-goers in the year of crisis, 1918. B. D.

PUBLIC FEEDING IN GERMANY

Public feeding, as is shown by statistics recently published, is already well established in Germany. Out of a population of 64 million in the German Empire with a population of over 16,000 each, 472, in February, 1917, representing a total population of over 24,000,000, reported 2,207 establishments for public feeding, as compared with 27,000, with a total of 1457 kitchens, in October, 1916. Most of the kitchens arrange only for a midday meal, and the majority have a kitchen for a one-course dinner alone. The proportion of the dinner portions applied to the total population of the towns where public kitchens are established would appear on the average to be rather more than 7 per cent. In cities where the conditions are already beginning to raise objections to public feeding, on the ground that those who participate get more than their fair share of a table food—London Economic.

New York found that Philadelphia could not possibly find a market for the bonds offered yesterday. There was, however, a splendid response. So strong is the foundation of municipal credit that no political mismanagement can shake it. It can survive conditions which would wreck an ordinary city.

Sweden has been deceitful, but she is not mad. She has seen, as Germany has never seen, that the chief disadvantage of violating the law of nations is the burden of hatred that such violation invites as a heritage for future years, and she is trying to make amends. The unhappy men in the world after the war will be the German trade agents. Imagine trying to sell "Made-in-Germany" articles to the families of Zeppelin victims!

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AN EPOCH-MAKING PUBLICATION

IT IS impossible to exaggerate the importance of the publication in the Public Ledger of Mr. Gerard's book. We know of nothing in the whole history of journalism approaching it in the magnitude of its effects. It started America and it startled Europe. There was no civilized part of the earth to which the revelations of the former Ambassador did not reach. It wrecked whole propagandas of lies and it revealed to the people of the earth as was never revealed to them before the danger of secret diplomacy, the menace of irresponsible government by autocrats and the inevitable justice of the cause to which this nation has dedicated its entire resources. Men were shown the German Government as it is, its hideous intrigue and revolting disregard of the rights of man and mankind. History will not forget Mr. Gerard and his country will not forget him.

BUSINESS "SHOCK TROOPS"

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"Business must now give to the world an example of unselfish, unremitting, persistent service which will bring to all of us new satisfaction and inspiration. Real success in business is now to be reckoned only in terms of what we contribute without thought of ourselves to the preservation of the splendid ideals for which America stands and for which it will now fight to the last drop of its blood." This was the keynote of the first meeting. Secretary Baker brings the message of the Administration today to this remarkable assemblage.

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AN EPOCH-MAKING PUBLICATION

IT IS impossible to exaggerate the importance of the publication in the Public Ledger of Mr. Gerard's book. We know of nothing in the whole history of journalism approaching it in the magnitude of its effects. It started America and it startled Europe. There was no civilized part of the earth to which the revelations of the former Ambassador did not reach. It wrecked whole propagandas of lies and it revealed to the people of the earth as was never revealed to them before the danger of secret diplomacy, the menace of irresponsible government by autocrats and the inevitable justice of the cause to which this nation has dedicated its entire resources. Men were shown the German Government as it is, its hideous intrigue and revolting disregard of the rights of man and mankind. History will not forget Mr. Gerard and his country will not forget him.

BUSINESS "SHOCK TROOPS"

IT WAS a happy thought of Mr. Finley, addressing the business men's war council at Atlantic City, to refer to his audience as "the shock troops of organized business in this country." The shock troops of the trenches are thrown forward to blaze and bewilder the foe as a preliminary to a slower and steeper movement forward. But such troops go to their work with the knowledge that they must accept considerable sacrifice.

"Business must now give to the world an example of unselfish, unremitting, persistent service which will bring to all of us new satisfaction and inspiration. Real success in business is now to be reckoned only in terms of what we contribute without thought of ourselves to the preservation of the splendid ideals for which America stands and for which it will now fight to the last drop of its blood." This was the keynote of the first meeting. Secretary Baker brings the message of the Administration today to this remarkable assemblage.

These organizers of speed and efficiency have set for themselves one simple test of success which should be everybody's test. That test is the winning or the losing of the war.

"Sink Luxembourg without leaving any trace" is Vorwaeg's advice to the Berlin Government. That Socialist newspaper is heading for disaster, or else the autocracy is.

It would be surprising if the story of a U-boat off Nantuxet proved untrue. Why the Berlin Government should miss this opportunity to destroy all trace of sympathy for the German people in this country would be a mystery.

not belong to the tens of thousands of good citizens who work hard and honestly to gain their daily bread. It belongs to parasites who have sucked at the public fisc until their bellies are swollen, but with no diminution of their greed. The glory of the city is not wrapped up in such individuals, nor need they be protected to keep safe Philadelphia's good name. It is a monstrous doctrine that they should be concealed. In the Holy Land the leper cried, "Unclean! Unclean!" The law compelled him so to do. Were there such a law here, we imagine, there would be such a crying and yelling in the environs of City Hall that steam sirens could not drown the sound. Let us have a reputation for cleanliness because we are clean, not because we conceal the disease which has eaten and is eating into the very vitals of our municipal government.

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