

BLACKJACKED INTO CONSCIOUSNESS



Tom Daly's Column

McAroni Ballads LXXXVII A PROTEST O! call me "Dago," eef you please; You do not tease, Mak' jokes weeth me; I don't mind, For you are kind, Dere ees no talk I weell not stand From you, my fraand, Baycuase your smile ees kind an' sweet Een back of eet, But wen theren, please, I ask dat you Weell neeva do, Dere's jus' wen teord dat I would stop— Don't call me "Wop!"

And They Lived Happily Ever After

An automobile horn sounded in the distance. "He's blowing his own horn," said John. "What horn?" asked his wife, without looking up from the flowers she was transplanting. John glanced sadly at his dog Scrub. The dog grinned sympathetically as John went silently indoors.

WATCHING BOCHES COMMIT SUICIDE

Prussians Ordered to March on Guns Against Terrible Odds By HENRI BAZIN Staff Correspondent of the Evening Ledger with the American Army in France. FRANCE, Aug. 17. I HAVE come over from the French front where I intended stopping a little before returning to the American entraining camp direct to the Canadian front. I say Canadian, although it is, so far as I know, a non-existing front, since Canadians are Britons. But they surely are a real bunch, these "Bluenoses," and, all by my lonesome, I tag them with a front of their own.

Baltimore American Paper Please Copy

"Replying to yours of even date, we would say to H. B. W., "in which you ask us if you are too tardy in telling us that the Keyser Building is on German street, in Baltimore, the answer is: No, you are not tardy, but couldn't you move it around to the American office?"

Beware the Dog!

"You're nice enough to eat!" she cried. "I wish," said her beau, "my dear, you must know your papa's dog's outside. Speak lower or he'll hear you."

Food "Conversation"

Mistress—Bridget, Mr. Hoover says you must stop feeding the policeman every time he drops in the kitchen to see you. Bridget—Yes, mum. An' they say he do be after you wimmin that keep thin darlin' pet poodle dogs—

Unnatural History

Some strange new knowledge, every now and then, we learn by bits and snatches; We gather from the Fifth Ward row What ugly birds a maro's nest hatches.

What No Woman Can Do

Hang up a blanket or tablecloth on the line in the yard and go back into the house without turning around at the door to give it the once more over.

H. G. Wells's Warning

We could have won the war in 1916 if we hadn't been so stupid. I hope America won't be so stupid as we've been. If it is, the result is bound to be a stalemate instead of a victory. We've muddled along with a lot of old men who have had an idea that the only honorable thing was to take one another's part and see that Sir John Craxford or Lord Humphers wasn't chucked out of office just because he was incompetent. That's a great mistake. We should have young men to run this war. Old men aren't flexible. They can't meet new conditions. They're like a blackboard instead of a slate. —H. G. Wells, highest rated instead of lowest.

HISTORIC TOWNS NOW UNDER FIRE

Many of the Austrian Places Shelled by Italians Have Pictorial Aspects

ITALY'S silver sword, flashing with such extraordinary and recent brilliance against the Austrian hordes, points not only to speedy victory for Mazzini's countrymen, but at places of interest and picturesque interest to the casual "trippier," reader or motion picture "shark." Naturally, the chief of these is Trieste. Among the most stirring and significant adventures from the theatre of battle lately are those which have dealt with the steady double advance upon that city. By water and land has it been subjected to an attritive assault. From the west and northwest Italian forces have borne down upon the place. Attacks by vessels of Italian and British ownership on the naval defenses are recorded, too. The faculty on things Italian in Trieste only a reflection of Naples. But even he will admit, when pressed, that the copy is nearly the equal in beauty, in atmospheric charm, in pictorial vivacity of the original painting. Out of the bay, formed like a semicircle, the city springs up, borne aloft by escarpments that are both picturesque in themselves and picturesquely arranged. Like a dark shadow against this visual loveliness is set the Villa Miramir, symbol of a tragic event in the Hapsburgs' historical records. It stands on the left shore, its bases wet with the bay-salt. Miramir was built by Maximilian, brother of the late Emperor of Austria, and himself the martyr, when, in a gesture of fate, became Emperor of Mexico. It was in that sedulous and strident-riden land that he came to his death by violence.

Trieste Lacks Social "Tone"

One of my best friends, a cosmopolitan of parts and an especial devotee of the luscious south of Europe, tells me that he was not intrigued by Trieste to the point of wanting to stay a lifetime there. He objected mildly to the general lack of "social tone" of the place. Trieste was exceedingly valuable to the beauty lover, because it gave on the islands, cities and towns directly south along the Dalmatian coast on the Adriatic's eastern shore.

Pola is another name to conjure with these days. Its quality of popping up in the Italian-Austrian news is marked. This leading naval station comes into view after you turn the end of the prominent cape of the Istrian peninsula. It is no tedious task to bring before one's inner eye the clash between modern and ancient, for while the harbor must be often full of warlike craft, those who have visited Pola will recall that stately Roman amphitheatre, a decent condition of preservation, rising in full view of the center of the town. At some distance off, although you cannot see them from the sea, are temples not yet turned into dust by the advance of the years. These, too, have a historical background of moderate interest.

The first genuine hint of Balkan color strikes the vision in Pola. Native Dalmatian dress is by no means infrequent. Faithful adherence to this picturesque nationality in costume is to be observed in this part of Continental Europe, and in very few others. The hue and cry are the same, the crying colors which Hakot and Urban have sounded in the modern theatre might have dictated the color schemes of these garments. Yellow, red, green and blue are their chief colors, and they are as bright as the rainbow which is exceedingly telling before Anglo-Saxon eyes and so characteristic of the Balkan temperament. The true theatrical aspect of these brave tints is supported by the fiercely pugnaucious character of the men and women. These men, at least the staid element, of the community, make much noise of their plaited, white belts with daggers thrust through them, do not submit from the entreaties of their wives.

Today you are (or should be) as much interested in Sebenico as any other southern point. For here is a naval station, with a large contingent of cadets. Sebenico's position seems a safer one than most. It is situated on the shores of a landlocked harbor, such situation offering a natural protection from assault.

Pagan Times Recalled

Spalato, the next port of call, unlike other places in this article is generally regarded as of little strategic importance. But, like false jewelry or the mystery of the mirage, it is fascinating in minor ways; minor only to the naval or military "heat" for the great world of the historian it has always seemed a very fine sort of spot indeed. Not many towns shelter the majority of their population inside their walls. The great cathedral, a weary of royal rule, caused this edifice to be built in the fourth century. He wanted to have on constant tap a draft of elegant horses like the famous line of England's watering places in the eighteenth century.

There is a touch of pagan pathos in the statement that the Emperor lived there and died there in the faith of Bona, Apollo and Venus. Over in the home which the polytheistic conservative has quitted "the pale Gallican" had conquered Constantine had thrown down the sun-god and the moon-god and the goddess of love and life and laughter and raised up the Cross in their stead. The official Roman world, not slow to follow, had renounced paganism. The Christian dwelt on for nine years, unchanging, doubtless feeling:

I have lived long enough, having seen the world and its end, Godness and maiden and queen, I have seen the night and the morrow, For I have seen the light of the world, But then, Prosperina, sleep.

Just as men of today as one of my contemporaries finely puts it "who have risen to high place take joy in returning to the scenes of their humble beginnings, so it was with Diocletian, who chose a country in which his father had been a slave for his retirement amid the glories of this marvelous structure, many of whose apartments can still be identified.

Proceeding seaward, you encounter Traut. In between lies the coast of Dalmatia, which is synonymous with beauty. Ragusa looms up further on, with its walled promontory which suggests a Parthenon land and sea scope.

Austria's most southern outpost in Dalmatia is Cattaro. This is on the last of a series of inland lakes. A narrow and perilous channel links them with the Adriatic in the comparatively early stages of the war the "peppy" Montenegrins shelled Cattaro from the heights. One wonders what the result would have been, had the Austrians not been so stupid. B. D.

Doctor Delbrueck, professor of history in Berlin University, is pleased with the German note, but only wishes it "might have definitely incorporated the statement that the restoration of Belgian sovereignty and integrity is self-understood." If that is "self-understood," the German Government certainly took great pains to prevent anybody else from understanding it.

SCANDAL

THE Texas Senate, sitting as a high court of impeachment, has found Governor Ferguson guilty on ten of the twenty-one charges presented against him. Chicago is engaged in an effort to throw its Mayor out of office.

The Chief Executive of Philadelphia has been arrested and is out on bail in the sum of \$10,000. The Committee on Public Information has released incriminating documents which show that some citizens and journalists have been contaminated by German bribes, and a dispatch has been published in which it is revealed that the German Ambassador used funds in an attempt to influence Congress and was engaged in a general program of bribery.

There is plenty of scandal and more coming, but we trust that even the most exact moralists will not blame the newspapers for it.

A FAKE NONPARTISANSHIP

THE National Nonpartisanship League, which says it is enrolling 50 per cent of the farmers in Dakota, Wisconsin, Montana and Minnesota communities where it is at work, cannot be called non-partisan when it is noted that Senators La Follette, Gronna and Borah reviled all the way from Washington to St. Paul to attend its meetings. The League's platform might have been written by La Follette. "Whatever ideas we as individuals may have had as to the status of our nation engaging in this war," it says, "we realize that a crisis now confronts us in which it becomes necessary that we all stand unreservedly pledged to safeguard, defend and preserve our country."

It might as well read this way: "We are opposed to the war, but we are going to make every effort to twist language into such a shape as to lure both patriotic farmers and unpatriotic pacifists into the same political camp."

It is to be hoped that the farmers get a just price for their products, in accordance with the basic demand of the League. But what has this to do with the following La Follettisms in the platform: "We urge that our Government . . . make immediate public declaration of terms of peace. We demand the abolition of secret diplomacy. To conscript men and exempt the blood-stained wealth coined from the sufferings of humanity is repugnant to the spirit of America."

There is no nonpartisanship in belonging to a peace-at-any-price party.

THE POPE'S PROBLEM

THE Teuton replies to the Pope's peace appeal having been published, what form will the next act in the drama take? A reply will be forthcoming from the Entente, but it is taken for granted in foreign capitals that this will follow the lines of the American statement. The next important move, then, will center about Pope Benedict's treatment of the American and German replies. It would naturally be supposed that he would seek to determine how these two documents could be made the basis for negotiations.

By the one side he is told: "The German Government is guilty and we will make no peace with it, but only with the people it now misrepresents." From the other side comes the statement: "The German Government is innocent, has always sought peace under a peace-loving Kaiser and appreciates the importance of considering peace negotiations."

The Kaiser and Mr. Wilson are not Catholics, nor are the majority of Germans and Americans. It is in the sphere of secular diplomacy, and not in that which decides questions of guilt and innocence, that the Pope's authority is recognized in this case. The true middle course, which his greatest admirers say he will always take, will be most difficult to follow, for America has taken by no means a middle course, but stands ludicrously extreme in her demands so far as compromise is concerned. America's position is one of extreme charity toward the German people, proof of which is given by the fact that it was seriously feared that our Allies might find it entirely too charitable. It does not even entirely the Kaiser as an individual, but only the system of government which permits him to dictate. If the Pope makes a second appeal, as many believe he will, that appeal can elicit only the same reply which America gave the first one.

Government by murder and murder by auction!

Why was it necessary to go to New York to get thugs? We apparently have plenty of our own.

Argentina has sent another ultimatum to Germany. What good is an ultimatum? The only thing to send is an army.

Rumor is not to be relied on. The report current in April to the effect that the Mayor had agreed to give the P. R. T. a 4 per cent dividend was obviously just talk.

The German reply to the Pope speaks of "an intellectual rapprochement." The United States has been giving plenty of examples recently of what the German intelligence system is.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

TO WHAT depths do men sink when hypocrisy dominates their public utterances and their pose is forever a lie? Citizens of this city have been deceived, and some are deceived yet, when a pious liar, who happens to occupy a lofty position, itself obtained by guile and fraud, talked about high purposes and, in the manner of the Kaiser, called on God as his witness and support. Those who daily barter away the funds and character of the municipality do not have to go far to traffic in human life. If they have ruined one man by bringing unholy influences to bear against him, why should they not put another man out of the way by the simpler expedient of murder? There have been goings-on in City Hall since Blankensburg left just as mean and conscienceless as those recently revealed. Hypocrisy, however, is subtle, and there are always many minds easily to be confused and led astray by the vernacular of hypocrisy. It boasts a vocabulary of holy words, and, as we pointed out on another occasion when the Governor of this Commonwealth was attempting to extricate himself from the entanglements of guilt, phrases have begun to lose their meaning since they have been used to disguise the evil use of the tongue of angels to disguise their nefariousness. But when words fail there is still left the old trick. Respectability, on more than one occasion, has been seduced and trained to carry the banners of the wicked.

We are now told that the "gunmen were hired to shoot Carey at a 'murder auction' in the Bronx," that "Fifth Ward representatives outbid New Yorkers for the 'Frog Hollow Musketeers,'" who were brought to Philadelphia, wine and dined and told to "go the limit" because if anything happened to them they would be granted immunity and the "cops are all fixed." There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the above description of facts. Readers of the EVENING LEADER are not ignorant of the conditions that made them possible. For months we have been shouting from the house-tops that never were municipal affairs in a more "deplorable" condition than now. We possessed information that was reliable. We knew that a carnival of wrongdoing was planned and under way, but we could not get the legal proofs. The most we could do was to cry out almost every day in protest, and we were not in the least deceived, nor were our readers, when the Mayor and his subordinates continued day by day to utter pious phrases. It did not occur to us that a man who cashed in on his occupancy of office by filling his pockets with bond fees would be above factional contracts. We rather guessed that the debauchery of the police arm of the city government was known to him, for he had not given evidence of being a fool. When, a year ago, after the sensational and vicious police raid early in the summer, he kept Wilson in office and failed utterly to carry out his promise to do something worth while, we realized that a political revolution would be needed to straighten matters out.

It is doubtful if legal proof to convict the Mayor can be found. Voters, however, need no legal proof. They can go to the polls in November and give "a moral verdict." That is what they must do if they vestige of political prestige and honor is to be left to this great city.

AN ARTIST IN TROUBLE

REPRESENTATIVES of the great arts, those arts we usually associate with placidity and peace only, have their place in the annals of war. The greatest war has shown that. One cannot penetrate beyond page three of any newspaper without discovering some fresh glory, or shame, attaching to the name of painter, singer or poet. Nearly always it is glory.

In the case of Laszlo, the Hungarian painter, it would seem it is not glory. He has been interned. Although a technical water colorist, he has been allowed to run loose in London society since the conflict started. Now some dark act, some sinister thought is hinted at. Laszlo, however, is not innocent of the sort of plotting and intrigue so used in America, but he is innocent of the Government would not tolerate.

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What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. In what famous novel does the character "Huckleberry Finn" appear, and who wrote the book?
2. About how many drafted men will be put into France in the "conscription"?
3. When will the second issue of Liberty Loan bonds be put on the market?
4. What are the three meanings of "palm"?
5. Why was Mrs. Brewster's second husband called "The Portuguese"?
6. Who was William Ernest Henley?
7. Who composed an "unfinished symphony," which has since become popular?
8. What charge has been made against General Korniloff, of the Russian army?
9. What is a paezette?
10. In which Testament does the story of the prodigal son occur?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. "Make the welkin ring" means to make the air ring with the sound of a bell. It is a poetic term in this connection.
2. The correct equivalent to the English adjective "obedient" is the French "obéissant."
3. St. Francis of Assisi was the founder of the order of the Friars Minor, or Franciscans. He lived in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.
4. The most recently launched British dreadnaught is the HMS Hood, which is now in the Clyde.
5. Students of government schools of aviation and marine engineering who obtain their diplomas in the United States are required to take part in civic duties, to bear arms, to express their "outfitting teeth into a Mill" signifies making a legislative act stronger than it was intended to be.
6. A Laodicean is a person who is indifferent to the opinions of others.
7. The Monroe Doctrine was announced by the President of the United States, James Monroe, in 1823.
8. The term "the hall of the fallen in battle" is a term used in Italian mythology.

MORE ABOUT FAIRMOUNT PARK

ALL the charming spots in Fairmount Park, perhaps the third divided, Wisniewski Park, is the most entitled to that adjective. It is a romantic tract, in that it is a park of the past. The body of folklore which hangs around Wisniewski Park has grown to be a prominent part of national American romance. There are a sort of analogies between the way the tales of the Wisniewski are held in reverence by Philadelphians and Pennsylvanians and the way in which the average New Yorker regards Washington Irving's "Van Winkle."

When one "trips" through this part of the Park one may follow the Wisniewski drive six and seven tenths and thus furnish a mixture of legend and fact. The thought is not a nice one. It recalls modern criminal trials. Being detected, it would seem, at his nefarious business, the Quaker figure of the past, actually meeting the waters of the Wisniewski.

This part of the Park may be entered by the drive, where the pier of the Pennsylvania Railroad rests on the northeast bank of the creek. It is said that on this site there was a four mill in the days of the Revolution. The owner ground glass of pliers with his wheel, and thus furnished a mixture of legend and fact. The thought is not a nice one. It recalls modern criminal trials. Being detected, it would seem, at his nefarious business, the Quaker figure of the past, actually meeting the waters of the Wisniewski.

Going a quarter of a mile further on one encounters Wisniewski Hall. This is now a shelter and a guardhouse. In view is Maple Spring Hotel, a restaurant that has much to offer to the weary pedestrian through figures of birds and beasts are carved from the native laurel. These adorn the hostelry. Just beyond is the site of a log cabin. Opposite is a footbridge over the creek. A white body of several hundred