

Evening Public Ledger

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FOCH: HIS MEANING

EVEN to the present moment there seems to be a disposition in England, fostered by leather-chair campaigners in the military clubs, to doubt the wisdom or the propriety of a generalissimo for the Allied armies in France. Foch has been appointed. He is admittedly a brilliant military tactician—perhaps the greatest on the Allied side. It is presumed that he will act as the supreme commander of the French, British and American forces. And yet there is some remaining doubt about the extent of his authority. Foch is being spoken of as a "co-ordinator," as a "councilor," as a dictator of strategy.

Can it be that even in the light of recent experience the withered and faded traditions of an earlier order will be permitted to endanger the Allied cause and the Allied armies? Lloyd George must surely have spoken for a minority in England—certainly a minority of the empire—when he said that public opinion had been opposed to the centralization of military command in the person of one general. He should not have had to make so sorry an excuse for an admitted blunder. He should have inspired, led and directed public opinion from his superior vantage point and strongly advocated unified command.

In every important development of the war the ordinary considerations of nationalism have vanished in Allied councils. The great armies arrayed against Germany have for the time being at least transcended the ordinary limitations of country. The men who are fighting the Germans might be said to represent a distinct new nationalism of their own, since they are fighting, as every one admits, not primarily for any country, but for the world itself. They are upon a mission for mankind. And yet the pride of some of the older British officers in London and the fear of some British politicians to offend the opinion which such pride engenders in part of the country would confuse the work of these armies by opposing any move to make Marshal Haig a second in command.

Lloyd George admitted that the Germans have profited by centralized control. Haig and Pershing have no apparent objections to a generalissimo. The officers and the men at the front are wiser in war and in life than the men at home. And they do not have to play politics. The armies now fighting for a world cause should have a command adequate to their task.

Foch made the plan that turned the Germans back from Paris in 1915. That was the supreme military achievement of the greatest of wars. If he is hindered in the present crisis the politicians in London may save the pride of a few persons at home by further complicating the task ahead.

Victory is in the air, whether Garibaldi Giragostian can get it out in his way or not.

A DECISION AT SEA?

SINCE the war began there have been military experts who insisted that it will never end without a decisive naval engagement of colossal dimensions in the North Sea near Heligoland. The insistent rumors of extraordinary activity at the German naval bases and the obvious intention of the Germans to stand or fall by the present campaign give these predictions a fresh interest. The possible extent and nature of a massed naval conflict between the German and Allied forces at this time defy imagination.

The engagement, should the Kaiser send out his Grand Fleet, would presumably be waged somewhere near Heligoland, the supposedly impassable island that guards the sea approaches to the River Ems and the German naval base at Kiel. The Germans might attempt a destructive rally against the English coast or even the partial destruction of the British fleet by means of some sort of strategy conceived to overcome the odds against them.

The Allies, on the other hand, fighting simultaneously from the air and from the sea in uncoordinated forms, might try to destroy the Heligoland defenses, the only barrier that so far has protected the Kaiser's naval forces and a part of the German coast. In the event of such a battle the sky would be black over the little island with contending air fleets.

No disaster on land would be so costly to Germany as the fall of Heligoland, and even a partial victory for the Germans over the Allied fleets would mean defeat for England—since it would mean defeat all channels of communication and partly isolate the armies in France.

The British Grand Fleet is intact. The present state of affairs in France is adequate to justify the determination of the Admiralty to hold that magnificent force in check for emergencies. Day and night for almost four years the British navy has kept steam up, its men at battle posts, its decks cleared, its spirit high and hungry for a culminating smash. By the very force of its implied power it has swept German commerce from the seas and permitted the Germans to go out from Kiel only as skulkers in submarines and raiders. The fleet is now almost a holy thing in the hearts of Englishmen. They do not know where it is. They know only that somewhere it is ready to leap.

A naval engagement planned as a cooperative move in the present German drive would involve a large force of American vessels that now are in European waters and many French and Italian battleships. If such an action develops it will be the epic event of the war. It will be faster and more furious than any land action. And on such a battle the fate of the world may yet depend.

THE FALLING LEAF

WHENEVER Lieutenant George Finch, the thirteen-Hun ace of the French air service, flies for the Sunday afternoon crowds at Belmont he includes in the dazzling exhibition the most beautiful maneuver yet evolved by fighting men. It is called the falling leaf. Twice at Belmont multitudes have been shaken to the heart by a sight so familiar to the battlefields that soldiers no longer even look upward for it.

Aloft the machine that Lieutenant Fincher flies sends a thing of golden fire gliding sidling in the sunlight—

oddy enough like a faded leaf. From a height of a mile or two the French aviator lets his plane fall. This is the way of the modern sky rider. "I am dead," signals a fighting aviator in this manner when he finds himself against impossible odds or at a great disadvantage. Down he comes silently, his engines barely moving, turning over and over giddily, slipping to one side and another, without a sign of life or control; falling deliberately a little and a see—quite like a leaf abandoning its stem—quite like a leaf forever and making for a home in the dust. No other human gesture is so eloquent as that descent when it ends abruptly near the earth with a triumphant blast of reawakened engines, with wings suddenly poised, as the little machine takes to the air again like a rocket, to go back bellowing gladly for a better place in the fight. The thing surpasses poetry in its symbolism of resurrection and life regained.

After Russia, after Italy, after some of the colossal blunders of allied statesmanship, a good part of the world at large experienced its falling leaf. But in these intervals human consciousness merely rebounded to summon new and overwhelming strength and new and greater inspiration to the trial for life. The engines are going again, and they will continue till their sounds fill all space.

Essentially the conquest of the air represents only a new achievement of human instinct. The amazing mechanical improvements in aviation are the least of the matter. It seems only yesterday that the Wrights sent up their first clumsy machines. Already men are at home in the air, with an actual sense of wings. Otherwise there could be no falling leaf. Men doubtless would find a way to live in water or in fire if they had a little time for the achievement or a real need of it. It is not to be supposed that they can ever be beaten by a clique of maniacs with swords.

Goodbye, what?
Extraordinary news from the City Hall: "I have no time to talk," says his Honor.

The Y. M. C. A. war work is a great opportunity for service for men over draft age.

A test of self-control is whether a man can look on sweeping these wartime safety notices against the law without yawning.

Two houses in North Philadelphia are on a food of Japanese captives as all that is in the "heat" beverage that the old-time Senators used to camouflage in tea cups when they needed a little stimulant in the course of debate.

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Espionage in Obesity

THE spy fever has struck Obesity, N. J., and all the better Obesitarians are hunting for concealed propaganda.

Dove Dulcet says he has found ground glass in his garden, and he adds that the patriotic red be planted with red and white tulip bulbs and blue hydrangeas, to make a growing national emblem, has come up sour kraut. There has been some sinister work there.

Mr. Dulcet thinks that his mail has been tampered with also. He says he sent a check for his subscription to Beef, Iron and Wine and immediately copies of the Tageblatt began to come to his house.

In order to insure his contributions reaching us unimpaired, Mr. Dulcet has been sending them written in invisible ink. He imparted to us a secret chemical formula by which his writings could be made legible. We mixed up a dish of these chemicals, which we have been using right along to decode Dove's manuscripts. But on Sunday the office cat got into our desk and, to our distress, we learn that she drank up the whole platter of visibility fluid.

That cat had always seemed like the ordinary tortoiseshell of newspaper offices, but these chemicals have brought out on her unmistakable markings of manes and mottles, mingled with what look like the stripes of some fine old hyenas.

But more tragic still is the fact that up to the time of going to press we have not been able to mix any more of the chemical and, consequently, Dove Dulcet's daily contribution remains a blank.

LATER—Just as a forlorn hope we passed Mr. Dulcet's letter through a beaker of look beer. Evidently this had some sympathetic rapport with the poet's ink, for portions of his letter became legible. If we had been able to decipher the whole of the message would have come out. But we could not afford to do this. We pass the letter on to our readers as it stands:

Socrates,
Mrs. Dulcet,
tantum write refuses
today severely wounded
she hired housework
mother-in-law going home
threatened hat pin
I've got mother-in-law
wash dishes stay
sorry
DULCET

Informing Mr. Mordell

Dear Socrates—In answer to Albert Mordell's inquiry, I wish to inform him that the lines

"Tell me not in mournful numbers," etc., were written by William Randolph Shakespeare, a Russian poet of the sixteenth century.

"Maud Muller on a summer's day," etc., is from a poem "Maud Muller," written by the German poet Faust.

"Once upon a midnight dreary" was written by King Solomon about 3000 B. C. Another line of this poem is "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The Kaiser is very fond of this poem.

With this knowledge Mr. Mordell can safely face the Obesity Literary Society.

L. G. D. WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

SOCRATES.

"FORCE TO THE UTMOST" WHAT IT MEANS

Force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.—President Wilson at Baltimore.

THE FORCE OF HUMANITY

THIS series of articles, in seeking to sum up the various channels through which the might of this nation is to be poured "without stint or limit," has discussed the force of Public Spirit, Man Power, Woman Power, Money Power, Sea Power and Mind Power. A topic has been left to the last which is perhaps less tangible, but surely as important as any of those which preceded. This is the Force of World Consciousness, or Humanity.

This nation is not in the war alone. Three and a half years ago it would have seemed almost absurd to predict that our troops, brigaded among British divisions, would be fighting elbow to elbow with Englishmen and Frenchmen in the trenches of Flanders. It would have seemed incredible to think of English and French officers engaged at our campfires in training American conscripts. But so it is. The war has broadened and deepened until the battlefields are reflected in every man's heart, and the issue is become plain as the future of humanity at stake. Little by little the war has shown itself as two contradictory theories of human life pitted against each other. It is the doctrine of the free people against the doctrine of the divine right of mightiness.

The world at large, absorbed in its own affairs, interested in liberal concerns, allowed the Prussian military power to grow from the kitten whose antics were entertaining to watch to the tiger that has laid us waste. The tier had been trained, its claws were of tempered steel, its keepers had grown old without letting it out of its cage. They wanted to see it perform. Wantonly, in red blood, they let it loose on a hapless world.

It took some time for America to realize what was happening. It was natural, inevitable, that this country, built up through more than a century in a settled distrust of European political issues, should at first have held aloof. Indeed, this republic, strangely compounded of all the ingredients of Europe, had first to be nationalized itself before its public sentiment could focus. The sinking of the Lusitania came as a flash of lightning. Never were Macaulay's most famous words more apt, Germany committed "not only a crime, but an error." Then, for the first time, America realized to the full, the tiger was loose.

The war had to grow to a certain stature in our hearts and souls before we, as a nation, could enter it. Those who misunderstand that misunderstood the whole meaning of American history and psychology.

The Allies must win; there is nothing more sure. They will win because from day to day, from hour to hour, the concerted and miraculous strength and union of humanity plays on their side. Little by little, with infinite pains and sorrows, the men who have faced the tiger and have perished in heroic faith under his bitter claws have seeded the new tradition of humanity. Liberty, if she be lifted up, will draw all men to her. Mighty are the bearded armies, the serried guns, the planes with sunlight on their wings, the Michters, and behind all, the brigaded human will.

The collective purpose of mankind, plain now to triumphant and modish expression, is that this thing shall die, shall pass away, shall cease. Though there be before us agonies to which the old distress shall seem but the shadow of a shade, these, too, we shall endure. The tiger must go.

It is this growing will to liberty, this return of the nation of nonconformists and refugees into the bleeding arena of the old World, that makes the present hour so nobly significant. We are strong beyond measurable strength because the assembly of men has taken us once more to heart. We are no longer the shining vision of the western rainbow seas; but a striving, stricken land, battling with the others to win salvation anew.

If the war were between the United States and Germany alone, and if our forces equaled the sum total of the powers of the present Allies, our strength would not be so great. A B is less than AB, for the latter is A multiplied by B, when England and France and America stand side by side their strengths are multiplied together, not added. Such is the mystery and secret of men fighting for a noble cause.

This it is which is the superbest and deepest heart and fiber of our effort; this is the righteous and triumphant force we seek; the knowledge that men of every race and creed and complexion pour out their lives side by side to vindicate the nobility of man. The "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea" is become a mere trickle; the old schemes and misunderstandings are gone. The world is become one continent, and men lay heart to heart to face the foe.

How often one has to go to the comedian for truth! Harry Lauder has said, with a man's tears in his voice, "I own a piece of France . . . my son's buried there." Let us remember in the darkness of our sorrow that the heart of the world is our heart, for our flesh has died to ransom it.

The woman who a few years ago was widely acclaimed as a conspicuous ideal in beauty and character has just been divorced from her husband—for cause. This is another proof that it is easier to be an ideal than to continue being one.

BUYING Liberty Bonds is not an act of penance. The American people do not need to be bullied or frightened into buying them.

We buy bonds because they are a token of our honor, a pledge of our liberty, a symbol of our pride.

Because we have been generously blessed with love and safety and opportunity it is our gladness to make what return we can.

WHAT will the greatest of free nations give toward the freedom of the world?

Distributed by Beef, Iron, and Wine



Sykes

GOETHE AND GERMANY

Mr. Konkle Answers His Critic—A Reader's Comment on Alba Johnson's Railroad Speech

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—No one could quarrel with my enemy friend, James Monahan, even over the Han, and I am not tenacious in wanting to press my idea overmuch to regard Faust. An explanation may be allowed, however. The final redemption of Germany is in process only now; she hasn't reached that turning point at which the young colored apprentice arrived, when, after pausing at his shirt and trousers and, in contemplation of pausing the former, "when he cursed to himself, he got up and went to his father." At present Germany is pausing only her shoes; she'll contemplate the shirt later and come to herself—with exterior aid. At present she is certainly a "tragedy of intellect," just as Faust was before the redemption began. (Apologies to the ladies for speaking of the Han as feminine—a relic of the past.)

Goethe, when he used his lady-loves as material for a psychological laboratory, was doing the very same thing in principle that the Han general staff is now doing with the nations—both equally depraved—"a tragedy of intellect," not a tragedy of passion, but a more devilish thing—an intellectual calculation in cold blood. That's what the master with Germany; she has made the intellect the captain of her soul, instead of morality. She is precisely like the young man who, on becoming of age, says, "The world seems to me to be a fortune, and I am going to get it at all cost." That young fellow's compass points straight to a jail. Principles of morality are not his soul's captain. If he knew enough he would call it "will to power." This idea seems to me to be the heart of life, and no man thinks confusedly upon it but at the most awful peril.

I am not unaware that Goethe and Heine were cosmopolitan internationalists, but that is another question. Here we are talking about spiritual organizations; national and individual types of it. Germany will be redeemed—of course she will—after the Hohenzollerns are amputated, the blood purified of Bernhard tubercle bacilli and is otherwise normalized with a new organ of morality to replace a diseased one. (Apologies to the surgeons.) An international government will then attend to her hygienic arrangements.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Who are the Kennans?
2. Where and what is Harwich?
3. What was the "Ring of Gyges"?
4. Name the author of "Madier's Travels."
5. What's a vic or decree of the "Oricle"?
6. Who is Crown Prince Rupprecht?
7. What is a nucleotem?
8. What is a nucleotem?
9. Who wrote "A Tale of the House in a Well"?
10. What is meant by "honors of war"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. The Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, British coalition cabinet.
2. Phebe's a vic or decree of the "Oricle" omitted them by some printer or body having a spiteful eye.
3. Landwehr in the German military system the last line of man-power defense.
4. Calais an important French seaport on the Strait of Dover.
5. The Golden Horn the estuary of the Bosphorus upon the banks of which Constantinople is built.
6. Harwich three extensive manors in classical antiquity, having the facts of women and the bodies of victims.
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8. Jack Reilly an old slang name in England for the burglar, from a notorious character in a play.
9. Henri de Villeroy the French name for the tower built in France and Italian cities.
10. Harwich a narrow arm of the sea at the mouth of a river or strait.

What Do You Know?
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THE ENGINEERS
By Herb Fendrich
'Twas in the Cambr' sector where th' deat was paled in heaps.
An' th' 'Uns was throwin' molten fire an' 'n' shells.
An' I watched the bloody harvest that th' Dutchman always reaps.
When they pour th' barrage fire an' give us hell.
I saw th' bombers disappear behind a wall o' flame.
An' th' regimental legion blow 't his.
An' I saw a captain lead a chosen number on to fame.
But th' story never lived to pass his lips.
It seemed the end of everything—th' Boches came in herds.
It seemed that Britain's blood 'ad flown in vain.
When through th' line they hacked a ghastly trail with gas 'n' swords.
As they followed up th' Busy Bertha rail.
I wandered in so shell 'n' till th' blighted air was by.
Me right arm mostly miltin' with th' mud.
An' before the Lord I swear I did me bloomin' best 't die.
But me gun was choked with dirt an' drippin' blood.
Thin I crawled an' wriggled mostly till I reached the crater's crest.
Where I took a squint toward th' British lines.
An' I thought for fair I'd died an' got 't passport with th' best.
An' I wouldn't swapped a prince's place for mine.
The Stars an' Stripes was flyin'—'twas the Engineers they say.
Every man among th' bunch 'ad grabbed a gun.
So I loved me 'ead an' blessed th' land what up an' saved th' day.
When they launched th' Yankee fighters at th' Hun.
The gray-boys lay in jumbles an' I turned me 'ead away.
An' I took beneath a quiet khaki tent.
Yes, I gave me arm for England, but I isn't much they say.
With th' righteous world at large at victory bent.

Well, we 'eld th' line at Cambrai, thanks 't good old U. S. A.
'N th' fightin' boys that saved our lines for us.
An' I'm listed now for Blighty, but I won't forget th' day.
With th' Engineers broke up th' bloomin' muck.
There's a million hell-fire ragin' on th' bloody western front.
But they'll never keep th' Yankees from th' Rhine.
An' though I'd like 't seen th' spunk! Tommies pull th' stunt—
'Twas th' Yankee Engineers what 'ad th' line.

When Charlie Chaplin gets into the trenches he won't find the mess there much worse than any he has willingly encountered in putting over his slap-stick comedy.
No, Gwendolyn, Count Czernin does not use the particle "de" in front of his name, but his resignation suggests that it belongs there.

Ring It Again
Ding! ding! ding!
Just hear the old bell ring!
Calling out to you and me.
To save our land and liberty.
Buy, buy a bond!