DISLOYAL TEACHERS EXPOSED BY KLINE

Protective Association Head Says They Seek to Undermine American Morale

CALLS IT DISGRACE

"That the teachers of the German language in both the public schools of the city and in the several children's foster homes are a part of the "pernicious German system" in the opinion of Mahlon F. Kline, head of the American Protective League. This volunteer association has been investigating the alleged German sympathies of the school teachers and has found, the head of the league said, that they are connected with the German system to undermine the morale of the American people and exalt the German nation in an exalted position over the United States, and, in fact, all other nations, in the minds of their pupils.

"It is a disgrace," Mr. Kline said today when seen at his offices at 608 Chestnut street, "to allow our growing children to have instilled into their minds the 'superiority' of the German race over all else by these teachers. They know Germany from her birth to the very day and know everything else that is worth while to remember concerning the outrages of the Hun.

"Especially in the children's foster homes do we find that the children are taught to say their prayers in the German tongue and complete them with 'God Bless the Kaiser,'" said Mr. Kline.

"My offices have been called upon to supply information to the United States Government concerning the activities of these teachers and we intend giving them the facts as we got them, without any coloring.

"The German teachers and the language should be cast from the schools as a war measure, and nothing should stand in the way of the authorities in doing so. What good is there in denouncing the German misdeeds and still teaching their language? What use is there in telling our children that Germany must be despised as the black sheep of the earth when, on the other hand, their teachers tell them, in the German language, that Germany is all right and that anything she has done is right and as well as any civilized nation would do?

"The only solution to this problem is to oust German from the minds of the growing children and let them know from all sides that if she is to be respected, her language, modes of education and accomplishments in the scientific field must be despised," urged Mr. Kline.

FRANKFORD SYMPHONY IN VARIED PROGRAM

Society's Second Concert of Season Tribute to Enthusiasm and Drill

The Symphony Society of Frankford issued a considerable and appreciative audience gathered last evening in the auditorium of the Frankford High School with a symphonic program of merit generously performed. The occasion was the second concert of the annual series of three given under the auspices of and by the Symphony Society, which is now in its tenth reason, and which brings directly home to one of Philadelphia's oldest suburbs opportunity to hear selected works of the classic and standard composers without necessity of long trips to the metropolitan centers. The second concert was much deferred beyond its normal appearance on the schedule, owing to the fuel shortage, which necessitated closure of both the high school building in which the concerts are given and the society's rehearsal rooms. The last concert of the annual series is set for early in June.

Hedda van den Beemt continues as the diligent and achieving drill master and director of the Frankford orchestral forces. His band, under normal conditions, consists of upward of three-score players, recruited from Frankford and vicinity. This year his forces are somewhat depleted owing to the patriotic fact that a number of the younger men are in the service of their country. Yet Mr. van den Beemt has so thoroughly drilled his forces and shaped their activities as to attain a very sizable body of tone, good balance and excellent musical quality.

Attractiveness, volume and sense of rhythm characterized the performance of the program. The program, very appropriately, steered off from the excessively "high-brow," yet made no concessions to mediocre or meretricious music, or the "melody for melody's sake" type. "Favored" the romantic school and there was nothing on it that was not good music, the lighter pieces being of distinctly "standard" character such as the delightly selections from "The Mikado," the overture to Gounod's "Mireille," the gay part of an ambitious opera that has escaped oblivion, opened the program, which was closed by Wagner's resounding "Tannhauser" march. The other purely orchestral numbers were the ever favorite "Peer Gynt" suite of Grieg, and a great suite, "Scenes from the South of France," by Jean Louis Nicode. The numbers given being "Fairy Tale," from Provence; "Moorish Dance Song" and "In the Tavern." This is all varied and appropriate to theme in melody and tone.

The orchestra also accompanied the soloist of the evening, Miss Kathryn Meisle, in the aria "My Heart is Weary," from Goring Thomas's "Nadeschda." Miss Meisle also sang, to the discreet piano accompaniment of William Bradley MacPherson, a group of songs including Tschaikowsky's "None But the Lonely Heart," A. von Ahn Carse's "The Sunshine" and Sidney Homer's "How's My Boy." Miss Meisle's voice is the true contralto and she manages it admirably in production, diction and tone coloring. She is a very satisfying artist.

NEW SONG CYCLE HEARD

Orpheus Quartet Presents Liza Lehman's "Golden Threshold"

The Ship and Tent Club, maintained for the entertainment in off-duty hours of sailors and marines stationed at Philadelphia, was the beneficiary of an interesting concert given last night in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford by the Orpheus Mixed Quartet. The personnel of the quartet is Edna Harwood Gaugler, soprano; Elizabeth Dickinson, contralto; Philip Warren Cooke, tenor, and Donald Redding, bass, all well-known artists.

They gave for the first time in this city "The Golden Threshold," the new song cycle of Liza Lehman, the English musical composer, whose "In a Persian Garden" has for more than a decade been one of the most popular works of her type before the public.

The song cycle had the picturesque environment of an atmospheric Oriental setting and the singers were appropriately costumed. The scenery and distinctive garb added to the interest of the occasion, removing it from the monotony of the miscellaneous concert program. The lighting was effective and the singers' easy and graceful posings added the semi-operatic effect.

"The Golden Threshold" is on a Hindu text, the words being translated from the by Sarojini Naidu. Mme. Lehman has written a score of appropriate intervals and texture, many of her melodies being literal Indian themes, and the scoring is often weird. The cycle, which requires about an hour for its presentation, contains several solos and duets and a number of well-harmonized concerted numbers. The artists gave enjoyable interpretations, both in solo and ensemble.

Chinese Dramatic Recital

By permission of Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, owners of dramatic rights, Dr. Marie Poole gave a costumed dramatic recital of scenes from the first act of the charming Chinese play, "The Jade Jacket," last evening in Witherspoon Hall in the regular course of the Germantown Extension Society. Because of the experience among the Chinese people she was unusually equipped to bring the Celestial atmosphere to her audience.

OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE TEUTONS RELUCTANTLY TAKEN BY WAR NURSE

Friend's Offer to Leave Ostend for England Almost Rejected

Advancing Enemy Hordes Gave Red Cross Party No Rest or Peace

Famous Casino at Watering Place Turned Into Hospital

Confusion Everywhere as Result of Concentration at Port

THE AUTHORESS

"AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT"

A WAR NURSE'S DIARY—NO. 6

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IT WAS 4 a. m. when we arrived at Ostend, dark, cold and wet. All the hotels were overflowing because all Belgium had converged on Ostend. We came to the Casino, a huge showy building which had been turned into a British Red Cross hospital. In one large hall were 500 beds filled with wounded. The Sisters were kind; here and there was an empty bed, so they said we might lie down on these among the patients till 6 o'clock, when we must turn out for them to wash the men. The time came all too soon; we were aroused and turned out into the wet street. We then found our chief and told him we had joined the Belgian Croix Rouge. Proceeding to the central office, we were followed closely by the fox terrier whom I had christened "Bombe."

At Ostend

They gave us six Boy Scouts to run our errands, a motor ambulance, and placed two doctors over the hospital. The doctors were father and son, the elder man a noted eye specialist. Arrived at the palatial hotel we found we were in charge of the whole of it, with the exception of the right wing, which was occupied by the Russian Ambassador and his suite. The dining hall had been emptied of furniture and mattresses had been placed on the floor, the authorities not wishing the beautiful bedroom furniture to be used. A cook was also provided. Besides, there were the four lady farmers and Mrs. C——, all most devoted workers.

Very soon the patients arrived, seventy of them, not seriously wounded. They consisted chiefly of pneumonias, typhoids and wounded convalescents. On the whole, we thoroughly enjoyed that week-end in Ostend. We spent Sunday, Monday and Tuesday there, feeling the work a great responsibility and busy catering for and nursing our large family without a moment's rest. Some of our party dropped in and looked round, and we really felt we had taken a wise step, for they had no work and were sleeping where they could, whilst the weather was atrocious.

The Evacuation

The entrance hall of La Plage Hotel is a thing of costly splendor, the roof a big dome inlaid with mosaics. At night our cook went home, likewise the Boy Scouts. There was no one left to guard all this magnificence, and we two felt hugely responsible, so we sent our lady helpers upstairs to bed while we dragged one of the patients' mattresses to the front door. Placing it on the floor as a barrier, we slept there. This served two purposes—we were near the patients and could also answer the door quickly.

Tuesday night was a night of alarms; there was one interruption after another. First, a drunken man walked in, announcing that he belonged to the nobility, that his mother was the head of all the Croix Rouge and he wanted a shirt. We could not find a shirt, but we had a chest protector; that pleased him mightily. Finding the place warm, he refused to go away, so we bolted up the stairs and locked ourselves in one of the bedrooms. After some time we ventured forth to find that he had gone. We settled down again on our mattress with the faithful Bombe at our feet. Then an officer came in at 11 p. m. and ordered all our soldiers to be down at the great terminus station (the station we first arrived at) by midnight. We found their clothes and dressed them.

Germans Were Close

Fortunately I had held in seventy brown loaves, having heard that there might be a scarcity; the coffee was also over the fire, ready for breakfast. We gave them each a mugful and a loaf. It was very sad to see those poor fellows limp and hobble out in a large body. The station was nearly a mile away, it was wet and dark and they were unfit to walk. Those who could support the others gave a willing shoulder or arm, and so they left us leaning on each other—halt, lame and blind.

Earlier in the evening one of our doctors came round and told us that our party were leaving for England the following day, as the Germans were not far away. He told us that Ostend meant to make a big fight; the British navy would fire over the city upon the besieging Germans, and it was not safe for civilians to stay. But we had thrown in our lot with the Belgians and meant to stick to them, so we declined to leave.

After the patients had departed we replaced our mattress and went to sleep. Suddenly we were rudely awakened by the door bursting open and a tall Garde Civique shouted out in French, 'Everybody is to arise and fly!" We went upstairs to call our friends; by mistake I opened the wrong door, the door of an apparently empty room. To my surprise I found a strange woman in bed. This led to a general discovery. The building was filled with strangers, people who had slunk in by some back door unknown to us. I taught my friend the French for the warning sentence of the Garde Civique, and we each took alternate floors of this immense building, opening each door and shouting, "Everybody is to arise and fly!" It was quite amusing to see the queer assortment of refugees that popped their heads out of those doors and gathered in the corridors — bald-headed old men in pajamas, fat, flurried old women and girls. During the next hour we watched those figures slinking down the stairs and hurrying away like rats forsaking a sinking ship. Also the Russian ambassador and his suite, wrapped in fur coats, drove away in their white automobile and we were left alone. We again packed up our holdalls, removed them to the front door and sat on them.

"Escape to England"

Very soon Doctor Van O—— and his son came round. They urged us to accept our chance to escape to England. The white-haired old man spoke with great pathos; he said that he and his son were Ostend citizens, and would share the city's fate for good or ill, and to help their fellow-countrymen. But for English women to remain at the mercy of the German hordes was rash imprudence. Just then the young doctor came back, saying they were soon to sail, and urging us to join them. He said that an ambulance would fetch us at 6 a. m. and that a lady of great influence and wealth who was interested in our hospital had procured for us a means of transport.

Three of the Harwich-to-Antwerp steamers were secured to take over the wounded to England. Each ship was equipped for five hundred wounded; even orderlies had been provided. Eleven o'clock had come but still no sign of an ambulance; I went round to the quay and found our party. They had not forgotten us, but an unfortunate accident had happened in the midst of all that traffic and turmoil.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

P. R. R. GLEE CLUB AT MEADE

National Army Men Are Entertained by Forty Railroad Musicians

The Pennsylvania Railroad Glee Club is at Camp Meade, Md., to give an entertainment for the benefit of the soldiers.

The club has volunteered to give entertainments at the various training camps and stations in this section. It has already visited Camp Dix and the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in addition to giving entertainments for the Pennsylvania Railroad women's division for war relief.

The club consists of forty officers and employes from the office of the auditor of freight traffic. Seven of the singers are choirmasters. William B. Kraft, auditor of freight traffic, is honorary president and Creswell Victor Dealy is director.

KENSINGTON TO RALLY ON MONDAY FOR LOAN

Thousands of Shipbuilders and Other Citizens Plan Parade and Bond Sale

Kensington's third Liberty Loan drive will be concentrated in one great effort, which will be made next Monday night, and which is expected to result in the subscription of $100,000 for the loan. One of Kensington's "biggest ever" parades is going to usher in the big loan effort for that community and will be followed by a mass-meeting at Norris Square.

Twenty thousand are expected to take part in the demonstration, plans for which are now being completed by the Kensington loan workers. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, seated in automobiles, will have the honor position in the parade. Features of it will be the marching of 1700 men who are in Class A in the draft and the representation of the Cramp shipyards, which will be on a large scale. Two thousand men from the shipbuilding company will be in line, together with a number of floats depicting torpedo-boats and other types of vessels being built at this yard.

Headed by Sousa's Great Lakes Naval Training Station Band, the parade will be punctuated with other high-class musical organizations, including the John B. Stetson Band and the Stonemen's Band. Five hundred Boy Scouts, many Red Cross members, 5000 school children and thousands of members of various other organizations will take part. Several speakers will address a meeting which will be held when the parade ends at Norris Square.

The parade order follows:

Form at Howard street and Susquehanna avenue, start at 7 o'clock, east on Susquehanna to Frankford avenue, to Allegheny avenue, to Kensington avenue, to Front street, to Susquehanna avenue, to Norris Square.

RED CROSS FACTORY SENDS FIRST SHIPMENT

Nine Cases Containing 3700 Undergarments Go to War Refugees in Europe

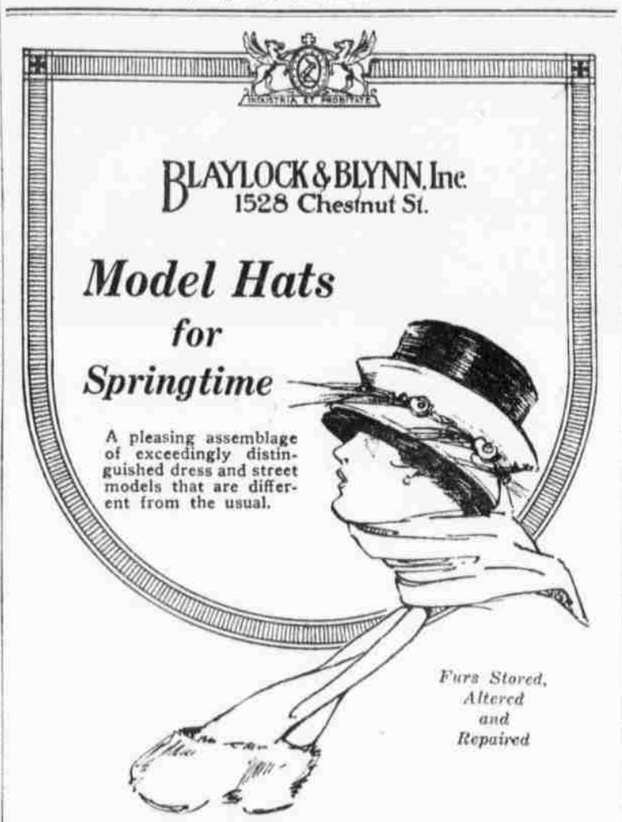
First shipment of clothing made for the refugees of France and Belgium by workers in the Red Cross Volunteer Factory Service No. 1 at 1315 Market street, was sent away today. The shipment—nine cases containing 3700 undergarments for women—was taken from the factory to a Red Cross warehouse from where it will be shipped abroad as soon as possible.

The garments making up this shipment are the first to be completed by the workers in the factory service which was organized a little more than two months ago by Mrs. Grenville Dodge Montgomery. She was among the first to realize the necessity of introducing machinery into Red Cross workrooms.

The clothing in this shipment was completed by volunteers with little or no experience on the machines, and because of this the garments were not finished in record time. The factory workers are now sewing on shirts for the women among the refugees and little dresses for the children.

Six more of the electric sewing machines were installed at the plant this week, making a total of thirty-eight that are in operation daily. The factory service has sixty-eight more machines at its disposal which will be put up next week in order to provide working facilities for the new volunteers.

The workers are to parade tomorrow with the other women's war organizations along Broad street. Motortrucks will take the factory service workers from the plant at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning to the point of formation for the parade. It is expected that fully 150 of the volunteers will march in uniform.



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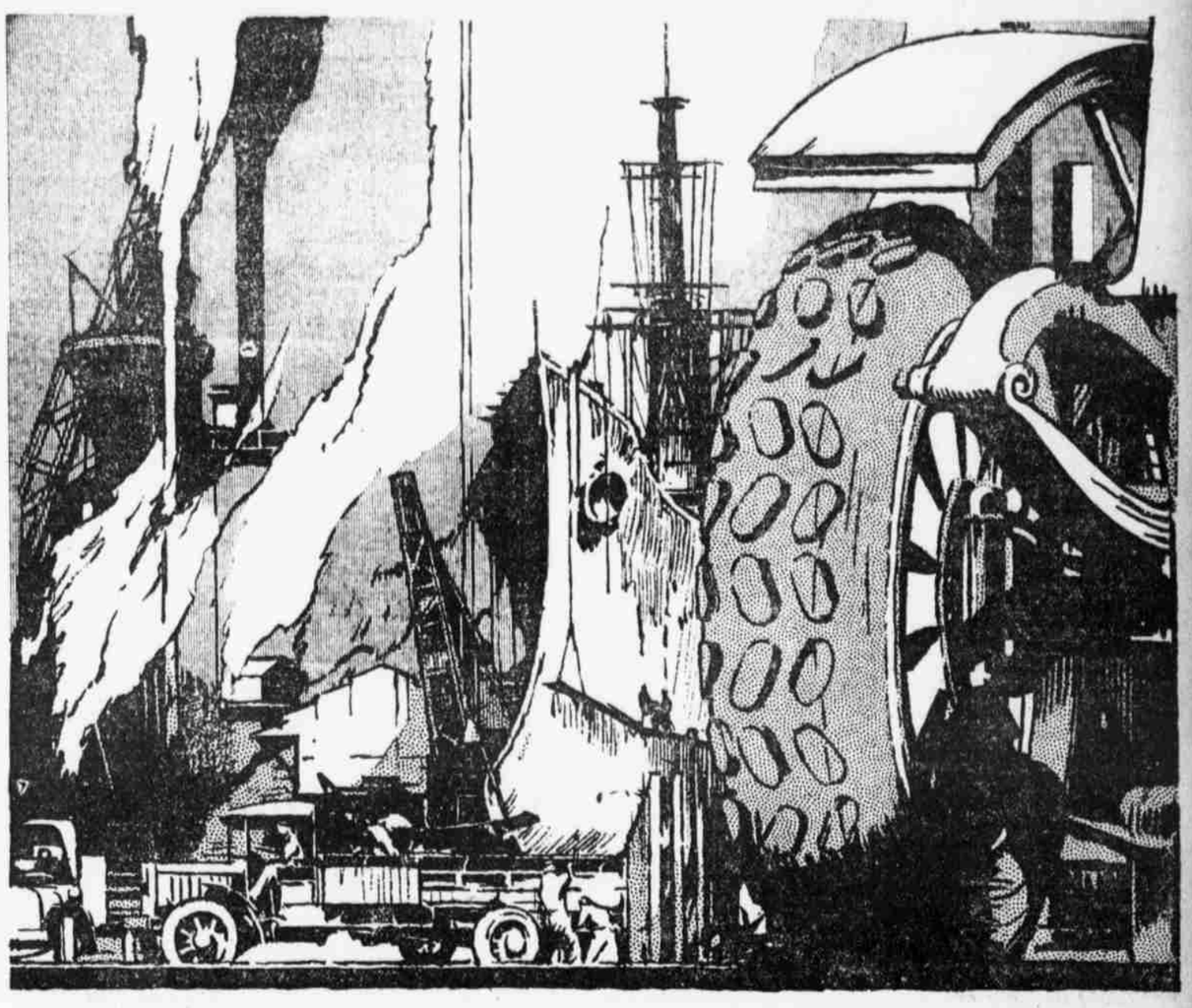

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