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HOW LONG CAN AUTOCRACY HOLD OUT?

THE war will end when autocracy—especially the Prussian brand—finds it impossible longer to get armies to fight for it. How near that time is no man knows. It would be a fatal mistake for us to assume that it is to arrive soon enough to relieve us from the necessity of mobilizing all our available force to defeat the autocrats, even if they have every man in their nations behind them.

Yet an examination of conditions in Germany and Austria-Hungary may be profitable. We know the state of opinion in America. We know what it would be if we had been fighting for nearly four years when we had thought we could win our war in four months. Folks are folks, whatever language they may speak. Therefore we can conceive something of the state of opinion in the Central empires. But we do not have to interpret the people there in the light of our own mental processes. We have some facts.

Take the case of Austria-Hungary: Authentic reports have come across the ocean that Bohemians have deserted from the Austrian armies and are fighting with the Italians. Eighteen thousand Austrian prisoners in Italy from the Transylvanian and Bukovinian districts also asked permission to join the Italian armies to fight their Austrian oppressors. The request has been granted. News of what is happening cannot be kept from the disaffected subjects of Emperor Carl at home. When they learn what determined men have done to secure the destruction of the forces of oppression they will be encouraged to act for themselves.

It was frequently said that the empire would be broken up as soon as Francis Joseph died, because loyalty to him was all that kept it together. The disaffection which existed in time of peace has been increased by the demonstration of the horrors into which a monarch without the nerve to resist German machinations has plunged them. The people are without sufficient food and their sons are dying in battle in order to make the Kaiser great. It is unreasonable to expect them to submit much longer. Progressive disintegration is at work in Austria-Hungary.

Conditions in Germany are not so bad. But the party of democracy, which is growing politically stronger than any other single German party, is fighting the military faction. The line between the Liberals and the Pan-Germans is becoming sharper every month. The Liberals are determined to force their views on the Government. Not long ago there was an election for the Reichstag in a district in Saxony. Thousands of marks were spent by the war party to defeat the Social Democratic candidate, but he was chosen by the largest majority ever given in the district.

When President Wilson set forth his fourteen terms of peace, conventions attended by 12,000 persons were held in Frankfurt and Munich, which adopted the President's terms as their platform. The Government forbade any mention of their action to be printed.

It is generally believed by those familiar with the state of opinion in Germany that the drive in Picardy was begun for the purpose of convincing the Liberals that the military party could win the war. Men were sacrificed by the tens of thousands in a desperate attempt to break through and save the party from a bitter political attack at home. The attempt has thus far failed, and an effort is likely to be made to appease the disaffected by broadening the suffrage basis in Prussia. But as soon as the suffrage is extended the Social Democrats will elect a majority over all in the Reichstag and will call the militarists to an account.

These conditions in the Central empires will have their influence on the duration of the war. But 3,000,000 Americans in arms in Europe will have a more decisive effect.

No one can say nowadays that they do not know how to root at Hog Island.

ANOTHER QUARTER OF A MILLION

THE expansion of the National Army is to begin in earnest today with the call for 250,000 more men from those on the draft lists. Other calls must be made as soon as these men are trained, if not before.

The Government has at last come to a realization of the necessity of getting an army big enough to do the work before it. The nation is expected to stand behind the Administration.

The draft boards are likely to pass every man qualified to serve. The exemptions previously made for trivial physical defects will be abandoned. If a young man is strong enough to go about his business in time of peace he is strong enough to fight the Germans. Unless we mistake the temper of the men on the lists, few of them free to go will seek the inglorious distinction of being known as slackers.

The fact that a man can make 1000 automobiles a day does not prove that he could be a good Senator. But we always assume that if a man makes good at one job he can become a statesman.

THE NEW AMERICAN SPORT

SHIPBUILDERS in America at present need a Kipling or a Jack London to interpret their not only to the country but to themselves. Theirs is the crucial task. Men at the shipyards, those in the riveting crews, others in all the branches of their colossal work, seem to realize dimly the dramatic values involved, for they are constantly bringing a sort of competitive sporting instinct to inspire speed, celerity and efficiency in the most important enterprise of the war.

Fortunately Mr. Schwab has imagination. It is this quality that has helped to make him what he is. His offer of money prizes to "winning crews" at Hog Island and elsewhere may prove to be only the beginning of a larger policy of recognition for the sporting factor in the case.

A champion shipbuilder is more important nowadays than a champion ball player or a champion runner or a champion footballer. He is more picturesque and he is more inspiring. And therefore the medals and the silver cups already talked

PUTTING BOOKS ON THE TRANSPORTS

By Edward Frank Allen

DOWN near the Hoboken waterfront, where the ships that were German sail from docks that were German loaded with soldiers who are American, there are three saloons that suddenly lost their usefulness when war was declared. Today those erstwhile places of entertainment are the scenes of well-ordered activity, for there the Commission on Training Camp Activities, acting through the American Library Association, has established a dispatch station from which books are sent on board the ships that are going to France. A similar office has been established at Newport News in a building constructed for the purpose. These dispatch stations are to handle the bulk of the "overseas" shipments, including those to the American naval bases abroad.

The Hoboken office looks like the shipping room of a big publishing house that is doing a record-breaking business. The walls are lined with boxes arranged as shelves, and in them are stacked books waiting to be sorted and packed. Many of them are brand new, having been acquired by purchase, while others look as though they might have been read once before being donated to the fighting men.

CASES of uniform size, each holding fifty volumes, are filled with a well-rounded selection of books and put aboard the ships. The aim is to have two of them, containing 100 books, to each company, but the matter is finally determined by the amount of available space. The cases are marked "On Deck," so that they will not be stowed in the hold, and each one is so fitted with bolts that when there are several they can be fastened together in the form of a bookcase. On the voyage they are opened and the books are read. When the ship docks on the other side of the Atlantic the covers are screwed on again and the boxes turned over to one of the agencies for distribution, among which are the army chaplains, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and others.

ALTHOUGH many of the same ships are being used, the army transport is a very different proposition from the luxurious transatlantic liners of pre-war travel. No more are the smoking room, the palm garden, the Ritz-Carlton restaurant, the gymnasium. Partitions have been knocked out with ruthless efficiency, so that bunks may be provided for the maximum number of men. A full passenger list in former days was from a half to a quarter the number of troops now carried, so it can readily be seen that there is little waste space.

There is time to read them, too, and it is but a short time after the sailing of the vessel that the lids are removed from the cases and immediately at least one out of every five men has a book to read. Put out of your mind at once any idea that the boys on the transports are satisfied with trashy literature; in fact, they do not even want novels exclusively. Those book cases they have opened so eagerly each contain thirty-five volumes of fiction. It is true, but with them are fifteen volumes of nonfiction.

IN THE dispatch station at Hoboken I asked to see a characteristic selection, and Assa Don Dickinson, who is in charge, took the cover from one at random. Here is what it contained: "How to Live at the Front," by Hector MacQuarrie; "European History," 1862-1914, by Holt and Chilton; "How to Run an Automobile," "The Oxford Book of English Verse," "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert W. Service; Shakespeare's plays, "Life is Risky," a first-aid book; "The Best Stories in the World," edited by Thomas L. Masson; "Elwell on Bridge," "What Men Live By," by Richard Cabot; "A Wanderer in Paris," by E. V. Lucas; Willcox's "War French"; "Over the Top," by Arthur Guy Empey; a simple French text called "Ca et La en France"; a textbook of Military Topography and Photography.

Among the thirty-five fiction titles that made up the remainder of the selection were "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells; "The Four Million," by the soldiers' favorite, O. Henry; a volume of Sherlock Holmes stories; "Parasassus on Wheels," by Christopher Morley, and novels by Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, Harold MacGrath, George Barr McCutchen and Florence Barclay. There is something, in short, for nearly any man who wants to read, whether for information or for filling in the periods between the mess and watching for U-boats.

IT IS the aim of Raymond B. Powdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, to furnish mental relaxation to our fighters quite as much as to combat vicious influences that work toward their undoing, and the supplying of worth-while reading matter is an important part of the program. What may be regarded as a valuable by-product of this phase of his work is the fact that on shipboard many a man who has hitherto never read a book through in his life will contract the habit, and perhaps that is one for which it is worth going to war.

A Speech, Truly! Speaking of the Liberty Loan and the war and the contrasting states of public feeling here and in Europe, it may be said that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half gives.

No "All is Quiet in Germany" Joy that luxury! His people haven't any tears left. They shed them all long ago.

Despite the Poison gas—oline Even though this is a war of motors, no one may say that the German drive has any of the qualities of a joy ride.

Marmaduke, come right to our office, suite 6666, and bring the surplus socks with you. Don't show them to the elevator boy.

W. W. of Course G. W. Simpkins writes from the Jitney Lunch, 34 North Delaware avenue, Atlantic City, to inquire whether, if the war continues until the next presidential campaign, there will be any election.

We are not sure whether there will be any election, G. W., but in any case we know mighty well who will be elected.

SOCIATES.

BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Answers to Inquiries

SINCE our offer to solve problems for our readers we have been deluged with inquiries of all sorts. We had no idea that our clientele was such a problematical one. We have spared no effort to give unstinting attention to all the delicate matters that have been brought before us. Many of these are of such an extremely confidential nature that we cannot allude to them here; but a few may be uncovered, just to show how unremittent and encyclopedic our information department is.

Dear Socrates—I am a young woman with red hair and chinlains. Every day on Market street I have noticed a young man to whom I have taken a violent dislike. What do you think would be the most tactful way to advise him of my aversion? EMILY.

We have a great deal of sympathy with you, Emily, because we frequently feel a strong dislike for persons we observe cumbering the thoroughfares. Walking on people's heels, from behind, is often a successful way of indicating contempt and very few men will retaliate upon a woman. Or you might track him to a restaurant and throw ground glass in his soup. Best of all, call a policeman and insist on being introduced to the object of your disdain. That will be the most severe blow you can inflict.

Dear Socrates—I am very obscure and every day I see so many names of people in the papers; how can I get mine printed? There is a young lady friend of mine who is quite well disposed to me, and I think if I could just get my name printed in the paper she would fall for me. What do you think I had better do about it? FRANK (weight 148 pounds).

Frank, old man, we appreciate your telling us your weighing-in figures. You are none too heavy if you intend to take up the welterweight orange-blossom championship.

Now, Frank, we are going to be very candid with you. If your young lady doesn't fall for you, unadorned by any newspaper clippings, you won't help yourself by getting into print. Have you tried writing her a few little poems or taking her to the movies? You see, Frank, love is a very solemn thing and it ought not to be assisted by mere publicity. Still, if you think that is all you need to get away from single blessedness, we will be a good sport and put you wise. Go and stand in front of the Liberty Statue. Cry in a loud, raucous and bitter voice, "I haven't bought any bonds. I love the Kaiser too much." Then, Frank, your name and address will be in the very first edition that the papers can hurry off the press.

Dear Socrates—I have a great many pairs of silk socks, size 10 1/2, double toe and heel. I can't know what to do with them. What can you advise? They have never been worn and are all in fast colors—dove-gray, claret and pickled walnut. MARMADUKE.

Marmaduke, come right to our office, suite 6666, and bring the surplus socks with you. Don't show them to the elevator boy.

W. W. of Course G. W. Simpkins writes from the Jitney Lunch, 34 North Delaware avenue, Atlantic City, to inquire whether, if the war continues until the next presidential campaign, there will be any election.

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SOCIATES.

"YOU SHALL!"



OVERSUBSCRIPTION

A GREAT WAR CORRESPONDENT

Philip Gibbs, the Voice on the Western Front

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

EVER since the beginning of the great war a quiet voice has been speaking from the battle lines of France and Flanders, a voice that is now recognized as that of one of the greatest correspondents the conflict has produced. It is the voice of Philip Gibbs.

The voice of Mr. Gibbs has a very different tone and accent from those of most war correspondents. The traditional reporter of battles describes in many-colored detail his own adventures, perils and flamboyant humors amid the shock of armies. Particularly our American correspondents in the field have been full of this vitality of self-expression. Their readers are never permitted to forget to whom and around whom these stirring events happen.

Mr. Gibbs' instinct is otherwise. A quiet, reticent, sensitive man, he has not merely sunk himself beneath the surface of his narrative; he has plainly and utterly forgotten himself. His reports, written in the simplest of moving words, describe the horrors and heroisms of the men among whom he has been moving, or the dazed white faces of old men and women cowering in hamlets blotted and fouled.

From the day Mr. Gibbs left London for Paris (July 29, 1914) he steadfastly clung to one aim—to grope, with perhaps baffled but ever pitiful and understanding eyes, for the soul of the vast tragedy; the spirit and meaning that lie behind those windows of ghastly, written dead. Deliberately he washes his paper clean of the vivid painting loved of most describers. He utters his words sparingly, in a painful emotion. Behind every syllable he utters lie the weight and sadness of unforgettable tragedies, gallant and imperishable deeds.

THEREIN lies the secret of Philip Gibbs' noble success as a war correspondent. He has become the chief interpreter to the British empire of the hearts and minds of Britons in the field. Day by day we can imagine him mingling with the men, seeing their weariness, their unflinching courage, their joys, their wounds. He knows that the heart of England beats on those sodden fields; he knows that every home, small or great, yearns to hear what its own men have been doing. That rich love of native soil and blood that is so dominant a strain in all British living is paramount in his thought. He tells what the Kents are doing, the Gloucesters, the Coldstream. The peat-hags of Galway, the heather of the Scot, the dales and moors of Yorkshire, the "blue goodness" of the Sussex Weald; all these are in his heart as he sits down, after some soul-shattering day, to describe what their lads are achieving. Sometimes a kind of hopelessness rises in his heart, a despair of saying the title of what he has seen.

IT IS sympathy, humanity, and plain judgment that make Gibbs' dispatches stand up above all others. When a roomful of men are shouting at the full compass of their lungs, a quiet, pondered voice is doubly impressive. He has put into his work the same ideal passion that has led the armies of freedom to outface flame and steel. His hand, as much as that of any weary private in the muck, is tireless to do its task to humanize our world once more. He never forgets that these "divisions" of which we speak so glibly are brothers and husbands and fathers like ourselves. Telling some touching incidents



A Sandy Hill in Georgia

CAMP HANCOCK

Young Seeger's eyes were lit by Paris shrines.

And Brooke's were cooled by Insh-green English lanes, But what have we—these achings barren plains That deaden mile on mile, some gaunt thin pines Upon the bitter crests of dunes whose spines Go staring through the blue, He ours the pains To insure this soil as well from horrid stains; Be it ours to relieve and keep their blood-bought lines.

Sons of the soil, we had not learned to love Her windy plains and rocks that speak the sun, The trackless desert, or the canyon's trail; Our lives were petty; now with these we prove Niagara and Yellowstone are one, And he who dies to keep them will not fail. —C. F. Bopes in the University of Virginia Magazine.

"Ode to my right there was a network of steel strands, and as I gazed at it I saw a small, dark, shining form in it and I felt a thrill in the breeze. I was curious enough to go over to see what it meant. It was a bit of cloth, and immediately I recognized the tartan of the Gladiators' and blood had that bit of cloth fastened to the wire. Finding it had been torn from a kiln. I asked a soldier for some wire clippers, and he cut the wire on either side of that bit of tartan, and took it just as it was. And as I put the wee bit of a brave man's kiln away I knew I had a good friend for life. For Auld Lang Syne." HARRY LAUDER

IN MEMORY of the brave men who have died, in honor of the brave men still facing death daily, in consecration of the most painful and sacred era in history, can we not buy ONE MORE BOND! Contributed by Beef, Iron and Wine.

Maybe So There will probably be a good many to say that the ten-year-old Romanoff is as fit to rule Russia as Lenin and Trotsky.—Charleston Evening Post.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Which is the Sunflower State? 2. Name the author of "The Deerstalker." 3. What is the meaning of the word "drive" as used in the war news? 4. Identify "The Little Old Lady of Thread-needle Street." 5. What is a sardine? 6. Who is the Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Parma? 7. In what year was the landing of the Pilgrims in the New World? 8. What is a cabot? 9. What great American statesman was killed in a duel? 10. What is the Overman bill?

- Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. "Weeping trees" are deciduous trees with long, pendulous, graceful branches. 2. The author of "The Deerstalker" is Richard Jefferies. 3. The meaning of the word "drive" as used in the war news is the movement of the air toward the equator, to fill the vacuum caused by the heating, rarification and consequent ascent of air there. 4. Charles Dickens. 5. The author of "The Little Old Lady of Thread-needle Street" is Charles Dickens. 6. A sardine is a small fish. 7. The Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Parma was the daughter of Napoleon Bonaparte. 8. The Pilgrims landed in the New World in 1620. 9. A cabot is a sailor. 10. The great American statesman who was killed in a duel was General James M. Smith. 11. The Overman bill is a bill to amend the National Bank Act. 12. "Weeping trees" are deciduous trees with long, pendulous, graceful branches. 13. The author of "The Deerstalker" is Richard Jefferies. 14. The meaning of the word "drive" as used in the war news is the movement of the air toward the equator, to fill the vacuum caused by the heating, rarification and consequent ascent of air there. 15. Charles Dickens. 16. The author of "The Little Old Lady of Thread-needle Street" is Charles Dickens. 17. A sardine is a small fish. 18. Who is the Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Parma? 19. In what year was the landing of the Pilgrims in the New World? 20. What is a cabot? 21. What great American statesman was killed in a duel? 22. What is the Overman bill?