

BREAK-DOWN THE BARS

The Giant Philadelphia, Now Growing Prodigious, Must Not Imitate the Caged Elephant

THE war, plus superb economic and geographic advantages, is in danger of making Philadelphia elephantine. It is rather in humility than boastfulness that its citizens should take cognizance of this indisputable fact. Mere size is but a showy attribute. The placid pachyderms of the zoo and circus accepted constricted cages in place of the vast reaches of tropical forests commensurably fitted for their habitat. Phlegmatic and clumsy, they accept their fate. They eat hay and little peanuts, and the spectacle is almost ludicrous.

A single blow from a giant hoof might dispense with any of their jailers and pave the way for independence and "self-determination." But the almost indifferent captive makes nothing of his vast powers. He may not even know that he possesses them.

If many Philadelphians are as yet unaware of the prodigious development of their city and of the elephantine perils which stand in the way of the proper course of its destiny they are perhaps not wholly to be blamed. It has all come so fast that "self-realization" must undergo almost a daily shock of revision.

On the whole, we have been a prosperous and important metropolis for many years. General contentment with our lot has been ascribed as the cause of political corruption. Some of us have lamented that dark stain, but not enough to cut our suit of civic clothes in too niggardly a fashion.

In consequence, Philadelphia has been called "a great, overgrown village," and there was much accuracy in the epithet. Our singular and amazing state today is not so facetiously described.

On the banks of the Delaware has arisen a dynamo of productive energy. Shipbuilding and manufactures on monumental scales, great influxes of population have come to us as a result of exceptional natural advantages, and of an industrial structure which permitted of vast development.

It is idle to speculate as to the humdrum course we might have pursued had it not been for the war. The conflict and its needs have worked a revolution. The War of 1812 set back the progress of Philadelphia fully half a century. The Great War has, in certain respects, compelled us to jump decades ahead in weeks.

Announcement was made yesterday that \$20,000,000 was to be spent by the Government in the construction of a huge quartermaster's depot at Greenwich Point; that new great piers are to be built; that the Schuylkill River channel is to be deepened to thirty-five feet. In the meantime the Delaware is outpacing the Clyde in ship production, and Hog Island is warming up to a stride unprecedented since men first went down to the sea in ships. Lesser but still tremendously significant instances of growth in many lines can be multiplied.

More boastfulness is awed before such facts. Materially, Philadelphia is fairly rushing into greatness. Spiritually and from the viewpoint of true civic distinction, the unparalleled situation warrants immediate attention. The whole city in its new circumstances requires a new garb measured to the new stature.

Peasant politics in a metropolis of such imperial proportions is criminally absurd. Cheese-paring, inadequate transit service is an archaism. Narrow streets are a regrettable inheritance. "Can't be changed" is a silly cry amid the wonders that surround us. Constructive undertakings must be engineered by men of vision capable of realizing that Philadelphia is quite the largest "village" which the war has wiped out.

Appreciation of this truth, recognition of the veritable necromancy of the times and the substitution of intelligence and integrity for rottenness and pettifoggery in the administration of the new Philadelphia are the ways to make these Aladdin-like changes lasting.

It would be pitiful indeed should the passage of these great days leave us a mere lumbering colossus, cramped in our cage, docile and subjective, like the hay-eating elephant. There must be a stimulus in our food. The dishes are waiting to be filled.

Other cities of history have heaped their high with life-giving fare and the radiance of their names outshines even that of States. Rome, Venice, Alexandria are illustrious primarily as cities. Philadelphia, almost catapulted into eminence, has her opportunity. It remains to be seen how each individual Philadelphian will help to grasp it.

CONGRESSMEN AT THE FRONT NOTHING is perfect. Joy is tempered inevitably by one or another of the tragic emotions to remind us that this is earth and that it was made for sinners. Thus the thrill that should be ours when we read the cables from the west front is dulled by the repeated references to a crowd of hot-potated Congressmen who are permitted to be at large near the battle lines where the Americans have fought to glory through great bitterness. These pilgrims from Washington are appearing more frequently in the news. They flash upon our vision now "enjoying a basket luncheon in the ruins of Chateau-Thierry" and again "dropping armloads of souvenirs" as they rushed hastily to cover from flying shells.

men whose business is war-making? The cables report that the Representatives like to make speeches to the soldiers. It is easy to imagine that the bored and tired soldiers accept a gassing with concentrated flattery of the sort that passes as patriotic oratory in the campaigns at home as an additional horror of war.

During the worst fighting of the present advance officers were needed to look after the adventurous Congressmen. Automobiles transported them hither and yon. Captains doubtless shivered for their safety. It seems like a cruel waste of priceless energy.

The German officers who count steadily when they approach hospital operating tables doubtless are in practice to taking it.

NEMESIS IN RUSSIA

VON EICHORN, the bully and corrupt thorn assigned by Emperor Wilhelm to direct the progress of Germanism in the Ukraine, has followed Mirbach, late German minister at Moscow, to a violent death. Both men were enemies of Russia and friends of the Bolsheviks. Both were assassinated by Russian patriots. The silent forces that are rising against Germany in the Slav empire are rooted in the spirit of the race. The storm, it seems, is just beginning. The German cause at this moment seems menaced in Russia almost as clearly as it is menaced on the western front.

Some recognition of this danger by the Germans themselves is indicated in the unparalleled affront which the Bolshevik Government has just offered to the Allied ambassadors, who have been virtually pushed out of Russia without ceremony. Patience, adroitness and a calm temper are needed to deal properly with this newest war complication. The insult offered the Allied representatives, who were brusquely refused permission to land at Archangel, ordinarily would invite the application of force and demands for an apology. Nothing would suit the Bolsheviks at Moscow and Berlin better than threats and open manifestations of resentment by the Allies.

The whole trend of opinion in Russia seems to be in the direction of the Allied cause and away from Lenin, Trotsky and the Kaiser. The regime of the Bolsheviks, such as it was, is almost over. Is Russia at large, which is now in a mood to turn against Germany, to be distracted with the illusion of a new menace in the form of the Allies? It is for some such culmination that German intrigue in Russia is now directed.

Opposed to the Bolsheviks in Russia are the Social Democrats—radicals according to the concepts of a few years ago, conservatives when their aims are matched with those of the rabid clique now in the saddle at Moscow. The Social Democrats killed Mirbach because he was the enemy of Russia. They killed Von Eichorn in the Ukraine for the same reason. Their representatives have appeared in England with appeals for aid from all intelligent liberals. Thus the same purposes of the first revolution in Russia are again being felt. Lenin and Trotsky, who betrayed not only an empire but a whole world, will be fortunate if they get out of Russia alive. Russia may yet be able to realize President Wilson's hopes by saving herself.

The report that Turkey has broken with Germany suggests the inquiry as to how much further a thing which is already broken can break.

PAINT AND POWDER

WHEN men grow very old and very wise they begin to perceive that many seeming faults in others are but virtues carried to excess.

Here and there at intervals solemn writers rumble in print about the mysteries of paint and powder and the appalling spectacle of Chestnut street or Fifth avenue on a fine afternoon when the artists in rouge are on parade to display their handiwork. The tendency of every critic is to view the exhibition as a revival and a triumph of the arts of barbarism.

One must admit that it isn't always a nice exhibition. The work, for the most part, is badly done. The technique is immature and hasty. There are depressing suggestions of a futuristic tendency in the present aspects of the art of face painting. The vogue for this sort of thing, now at its height, is, of course, regrettable. It is sure to pass. But it might be more profitable to consider its impulse and origins.

Obviously, the artist in self-painting wishes merely to be beautiful. Now, to wish to be beautiful is not to be wicked. A very gifted man, with two or three hours for discourse, might be able to prove conclusively that the girls who carry handbags full of paint and lipsticks and such savage accoutrements are merely trying to do with defective means what any good-looking blossom does when it turns upward a glowing face to brighten a gray world.

Girls and women are more beautiful without paint and powder. But you must not tell them this. They believe nothing that they do not think out for themselves. It is their fate and their misfortune to learn only by experience.

The climax of liberty-saving Anglo-American friendship has been achieved. We fought our transatlantic cousin in 1812 for compelling our citizens to fight for her. Now, by the ratification of the new reciprocating draft treaties, we insist that she do so.

We have heard that our "doughboys" rolled up their trousers and walked across the Ourcq after the retreating Germans. A case of "wade in the balance of victory and not found wanting?"

General Crowder is considering the advisability of extending the work-or-fight order to circuses. Can it be that there is a subtle plan afoot to wipe out political conventions?

If Russia could only manage to smuggle in a few revolutions to the things she is so lavishly sending to Germany the shipments might serve some useful purposes after all.

Ambassador Francis says he will stay in Russia if he has to live on wheels. Russia herself has been trying on revolutions for some time.

THE CEDAR CHEST

At a Child's Bedside IS THERE one who has not smiled at the bedside of a child? If there be one, he has missed Earth's most tender eucharist.

Eager mind that, hour by hour, Opened, blossomed like a flower— To what secret honeycomb Have those wondering thoughts gone home?

Little hands and eyes set free From the day's immensity, Now relaxed and innocent In a questionless content.

Sleep then, sleep then, little guest; We will house thee at the best. Tiptoe, tiptoe, on the floor— Wake not God's ambassador!

Getting Out From Under; or, Dodging Eggs at Gaza By William McFee

Arthur Elder, the artist from Nutley, N. J., dropped into our cave the other day. Arthur is a great friend of William McFee and generally has McFee's last letter in his pocket. After a short but sharp scuffle we despoiled the artist of the manuscript and are glad to print certain extracts from it, with his permission. The letter was written from somewhere in the Mediterranean in May.

Now that it is long over and the ship were in the Gaza stunt. It was fierce, for the enemy had it in for us. Every day we were bombed and bombed and bombed. One day they missed us so narrowly that the bits of shell sank into the wood of the launches on deck. Down below they sounded like an enormous quantity of brittle glass crashing on a stone pavement. The anti-aircraft guns were banging like mad, and every shot, being fired vertically, shook the ship. It was full ahead, full astern, full speed sideways all the time. I must say the Germans took chances. The planes were absolutely encircled with puffs. Sometimes we had to ease off for fear of hitting our own machines who were spotting and fighting as well. Every now and then we could hear the tut-tut-tut-tut of the Lewis guns. All the while the destroyers were waiting around watching for subs. Then later on after Gaza was fallen we had a most wonderful experience. Lying offshore a mile or so we saw the British army marching along the beach, thousands of black dots, men, horses, guns, camels and transport. They halted and we saw the Turks ahead and the shrapnel bursting just ahead of the British. Now and again they took a pot at us and a shell would burst on the water or in the air. Our chaps in the big ships were shelling them with six-inch, and every little while you could see a tall column of yellow smoke shoot straight up among them and spread out like the top of a high tree. Then the shrapnel would quit for a spell while they limbered up and retreated. It was great, only all hands were on the jump to spot enemy planes.

IT IS a queer feeling watching a speck in the sky maneuvering for position right over, knowing he is doing his darndest to bluff you. And the bombs make a perfectly horrible noise as they rush downward. I was (quite unintentionally) on deck at one time when one of the planes (there were two) dropped a bomb which hit the water a good piece off. It screamed like a soul in hell and then boom! and a mighty spurt of water. One fell very close and didn't go off. I was pop-eyed. Fact is, as one of the stokers said, "It isn't safe to be at sea." It was very amusing one day when a plane came over, and after being banged at several times thought better of it and raced away astern low down. The gun crews raced aft and got one of the big guns trained on him and loosed off. But it was a long shot without proper sights and nothing happened. Hitting a plane about the size of a fly speck which is traveling at eighty m. p. h., is no cinch.

AND down below, while maneuvering, when you can't see anything and the orders come one after another and the guns shake the whole outfit, one gets the willies. And off watch (for a man can't be on all the time) I didn't get any rest. One of the guns is just over my bunk, just five feet above it as a matter of fact, and when it went off, O my word! I'm a dab at sleeping, but not in those circumstances. And the darned Turks were always snooping over just as I came off after an eight-hour spell at the levers.

I DO wish you were here! I reckon a water-colorist would go mad out here, trying to get the shades on quick enough. The water is marvelous. The sky is nothing. Don't forget that. In the Orient the sky, about which so many cheap writers and painters rave, is nothing. It is the light of the sky on the water and sand and rocks that is so amazing. I stop and watch it as I walk, and the others stop to see what's bitten me. It changes every moment; changes from cream to straw color, then shades into dun brown and purple. Then a strip of yellow corn-cob sand, then pale green, then deep emerald backed by plum-colored rocks and blue ocean. You haven't time to look at the sky. The tide runs out like a millrace and the dun and ginger smears broaden out into black and brown and red shoals, and perhaps you'll see, stranding just deep in the shallows, a stray nigger, his black body shining like polished ebony, or stooping to lave his humped shoulders, a glorious "note" in the whole riot of delicate color.

Bet on the Odd Sergy changed hands nine times. In matters of this sort the odd numbers are the lucky ones.

Page Allison the sage of Town's End Farm, wandered in here with a large bottle of honey for us. And wheat cakes begin again today.

It seems as though all the world is in conspiracy against our waist line. We have a salted o...



THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Warlike Recollections To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Four years ago today Philadelphia was started, amazed, dumfounded—but in an academic, impersonal sort of a way—at the news that Germany had declared war on Russia. A few weeks earlier we had read in the newspapers about the assassination of the Austrian archduke by a Serbian youth, and during the days that followed we read with more or less interest of the gathering "war clouds over the Balkans." But what of that? Austria and Serbia were thousands of miles away and Philadelphia, with the exception of Colonel George Nox McCain and a few other local globe-trotters, knew little or nothing about those distant countries. As for the "war clouds," who had read "The Light That Failed" had not laughed over the war correspondents in that story and how they spent a large portion of their lives watching that "war cloud" over the Balkans, or, at least, similar war clouds, always planning to be first on the scene, but forever doomed to disappointment, for the ominous "war cloud" was always dissipated and blown away at the very moment when it seemed most likely to break into the Great Storm.

What a long, long time ago it seems since the headlines flashed the news of the outbreak of the great war across the front pages of our local papers, and what a lifetime of things have happened during those four years! During the first week in August four years ago, when the maroon key-green military machine of the German empire was plunging its dagger-like battering-ram through Belgium and France and the vast British empire were plunging into the conflict, do you remember how everybody in Philadelphia and way stations was terribly excited and worked up?

About what? The fate of Belgium or France? Not at all; those concerns came later. The big sensation of the day, during that fateful week in August, 1914, in our town and other good-sized villages (not excluding the Island of Manhattan) was the CLOSING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGES. Think of it, folks—the most resounding echo in our midst in those first days of the war was the TREMENDOUS news that the Stock Exchange had been closed, and nobody knew but the broker's vast temple of finance might crumble and fall to earth!

But today, after the events of the last sixteen or seventeen months, and particularly after the recent happenings along the Marne, the very recollection seems preposterous, well nigh unbelievable. For from the southern-most reaches of "The Neck" to the "furthest north" of Somerton, and from the tip-end of the longest Delaware avenue pier to the extreme boundary of Cobbs Creek Park, there is hardly a home from which a relative or a friend has not gone forth to battle; and there is not one circle of friends but feels today the absence of one of its members.

Not until that June day, more than a year ago, when Secretary Baker, blindfolded, drew from the big glass bowl down there in Washington a slip of paper bearing the number "258"—not until that little slip of paper was taken from the capsule in which it had been contained and the number flashed by wire and wireless to Philadelphia and to every other way station on the line—not until that moment did the war come home to us. For "No. 258" was not a mere number, but a human being, a human being that we all knew—some young fellow between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, who had been selected by Uncle Sam to make up the first overseas contingent of American troops going to fight in the great war.

From that day on Philadelphia and every other city knew that we were in the war. Our friends went away in citizens' clothes, as we had always known them, and came back in uniform—soldiers! Not a street in the city but contributed its quota; not a store, not a factory, not an office of any size but felt that at last the "hotters" of the great war had reached our shores.

And so August 1, 1918, finds the River Marne nearer to us and more significant to us than the Schuylkill. Rheims is no longer merely the city of a once magnificent cathedral, but a place where Philadelphia boys are living, fighting and dying. Soissons means more to us than Norristown, and Chateau-Thierry is nearer to the heart of our city and its people than Pottstown, Reading, Harrisburg or any other city, no matter how near geographically, can ever be.

Four years ago today finance trembled in the balance, and Philadelphia and way stations closed their Stock Exchanges. Today finance is forgotten, except as an incidental necessity. For "the past and present are in deadly struggle" and the "war" is the only thing that counts.

ON BIDDING FAREWELL TO A POET, GONE TO THE WARS

By John Bunker

YOU didn't pose, self-conscious of your lot, Or speak of what might be or might have been; You always thought heroics simply rot, And so you merely wore your old-time grin.

Whether you had a vision in your eyes, Or bore a splendid dream within your heart, I couldn't tell; such things come with surprise And cannot be forecast by any art.

Of those high secrets I can say no word; Nor why on this grim business you were bent; What dreams, what visions in your bosom stirred Will doubtless be made clear by the event.

I know but this, that 'mid the manifold din Of breaking camp we said good-by, we two, And you looked at me with your old-time grin,— And that is all I can report of you.

Foch's Maxims What sort of man General Foch is, to whom we have entrusted our forces, may be gathered from some of his military axioms quoted by Major R. M. Johnston in his appreciative tribute recently published: "The victory will always go to those who best deserve it by the greatest strength of will and intelligence."

"Every soldier must see his general—must feel himself in communication with him and never be allowed to consider himself merely a poor pawn maneuvered by an unknown power."

"A battle lost is only that which you think you have lost. No battle was ever actually and irretrievably lost."

"A battle won is that in which one does not admit himself conquered."

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. Who are the "Elder Statesmen?" 2. Who is the American Governor General of the Philippine Islands? 3. Name the capital and largest city of Rhode Island.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Chevalier de St. George: The name by which the son of James II of England was known, born in America, said to be a relative of Lincoln's before his father's death.

2. A line of communications, in the military sense, is the way for supplies and men from a base to the front.