

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

THE RETREAT IN FRANCE

What It Actually Means, at This Stage, to the Allies and to Germany... PROFESSIONAL observers of the military situation in France have not been disposed to share the feeling of exultation which the most recent Allied victories have inspired in the more impressionable minds here and abroad.

The Allies, say those whose technical experience should enable them to perceive the matter whole, have won important victories. But we are assured in the same breath that the German purposes remain unshaken. The soldier-writers see the German system of strategy still secure, still operating with a measure of success.

The drive which has just gone to pieces appears to the eye of the professional strategist as a peace storm of an extraordinary sort. It was not meant to acquire and hold new territory or new spoils. It was merely a feint of terrorism in the face of civilization.

It is true that the Germans might withdraw to the Aisne, or even to the Rhine itself, and yet give up nothing that they wish or hope to possess permanently. The Hun's heart, his interests, his hopes are now in the East.

The Berlin Government has suffered a dismal humiliation and a great misfortune at the instant when its need of public confidence at home was bitterest. The maneuver devised to encourage and unify public opinion in Germany is an hour of almost utter hopelessness.

There are cumulative evidences in Germany that the collective mind of the population has been staggered by the news from France. The burghers had been assured that peace was near.

The blows in France have struck most terribly far behind the German lines. The confidence of all the people has been shaken. The civilian population is clamoring to the Government for an explanation of things that are unexplainable.

Germany is said to be threatening "severe penalties" for those responsible for rumors of the Marne defeat, but the Allies don't a bit mind being the guilty parties.

IF THE proposed draft bill is passed, thirteen Senators and one hundred and ten Representatives will have to fill out questionnaires. By virtue of their legislative roles, exemption from service can be legitimately claimed.

statements are uncommon. Death sometimes changes the political and personal line-up; impeachment hardly ever. The regrets of constituents are futile until halting time comes around again.

Every time the Kaiser seeks to establish "General Lull" on the French front "General Retreat" quickly relieves him.

NO WONDER the German U-boats, which came over to "terrify" the United States and succeeded in sinking a few unarmed ships, schooners and barges hovered so uneasily for a while off the Delaware Capes.

Moreover, the value of materials which were shipped abroad during our first war year was \$180,000,000 more than that of the previous twelve months. The total will doubtless be outstripped again in 1918.

The present figures have just been published by the Maritime Exchange. They proclaim Philadelphia as one of the great ports of the world. The decrease of \$6,000,000 in the value of our imports was relatively small compared with the immense increase on the other side of the trade sheet.

It may be added that the date to which the text of the little formula refers is 1938. The writer is an eminent Spanish publicist, Jose M. Rinz. Without boasting, he said that history has a particular knack of repeating itself when questions concerning the freedom of mankind are involved.

PLAINLY we are settling down to the serious business of the war. We are less excited and far more efficient than we were even six months ago.

We aren't so jumpy now. The truth was so much more ominous than the fiction that we have settled down to calm estimates and systematic work. It has been found that the Germans in their elaborate and expensive campaigns didn't waste time on relatively harmless ground glass and poison.

Try This on Your Piano... "You can look at it both ways, Mr. Tambo." "Look at what Mr. Bones?" "Why, at the cause of Germany's defeat. She failed to reach Paris because the salt was too slow, and yet, on the other hand, it was much too fast."

THE Germans are invariably either unreasonable or stupid. They are blaming their naval officers for the failure of the submarines when, as a matter of fact, the failure of the submarines is due to American and British naval men.

RUBBER HEELS

LUDENDORFF'S mastery skill in re-treating prompts one to believe he intends to do more of it. It is said that the German verbs lag so far behind Ludy's retreating armies that they are being captured in millions.

And a Callous on His Palm? The Crown Prince is proud of having worn a wrist watch as early as 1905. Maybe by 1920 he'll wear a ball and chain on his ankle.

This Is Encouraging Each soul is filled with power To use at any hour; To rise out from his hole And grapple with control.

Human Beings Human beings are divisible into two classes; those who enjoy being called on for a speech, and those who are panic-stricken at the mere thought of such a catastrophe.

Ballad of Simple Simon I cannot regulate a clock, I cannot keep the furnace going, I cannot button up a frock.

A Tragedy It takes Who's Who to tell a tragedy in few words: HARRIS, Frank, author: born Galway, Ireland, 1854. Educated Universities of Kansas, Paris, Heidelberg, Strassburg, Göttingen, Berlin, Vienna and Athens (no degrees).

Humid Humor Let's kick the Weather Man into the humdiddle of next week! How angry Germany must be at Hog Island for having launched a ship whose name she can't even pronounce.

THE suffering of this terrible war has spared no German home. The Kaiser, crown as ever, William, Potsdam and the members of his "divine" family party are still unscathed.

What a pity that the famous slogan "They shall not pass" cannot be practically applied to mounting mercuries which near the ninety mark.

August, too, seems to have started its offensive. Polish problems are brought painfully near to us by ten-cent shiners.

SOME DAY—



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

WILLOW GROVE SPEAKING as a foreigner—every man is a foreigner in Philadelphia until he has lived here for three generations—I should say that no place is more typical of the Philadelphia capacity for enjoying itself in a thoroughly genteel and innocent way than Willow Grove.

IT TAKES practically as long to get to Willow Grove as it does to Atlantic City, but the suburb does not keep one awake all night and asleep at the office the next day.

Let me state, in passing, that the ideal picnic lunch is always packed in a shoe-box; there should be included an opener for root-beer bottles, and doughnuts calculated on a basis of three for each adult.

THE first thing that always strikes me at Willow Grove is how amazingly well dressed everybody is. The frocks, hats and ankles of the young ladies are a vision of rapture.

WILLOW GROVE, of course, is famous for its music, and at dusk the Marine Band was to play in the pavilion. That open-air auditorium, under the tremulous ceiling of tall maples and willows and green-

more, with the green and silver shimmer of the darkening lake at one side, is a cheerful place to sit and meditate. I had a volume of Thoreau with me, and began to read it, but he kept on harping upon the blisses of solitude which annoyed me when I was enjoying the mirth and moods of the crowd.

THE last arrows of sunlight were still quivering among the upmost leaves when the Marine Band began to play, and the great crowd gathered under the trees was generous with affectionate enthusiasm.

Let me state, in passing, that the ideal picnic lunch is always packed in a shoe-box; there should be included an opener for root-beer bottles, and doughnuts calculated on a basis of three for each adult.

AS WE walked back toward the station the rolling loops and webbed framework of the scenic railway were silhouetted black against a western sky which was peacock blue with a quiver of greenish crystal still eddying in it.

The new taxes on tobacco will arouse a good deal of grumbling among the Grand Army of Nicotine. Another grudge against the Kaiser.

Black Slippers

AT the table beyond us With her little suede slippers off, With her white-stockinged feet Carefully kept from the floor by a napkin, She converses:

READER'S VIEWPOINT

More About Boonville! To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Some friend has forwarded to me your paper of July 31 and marked Socrates's article "Cornucopia" concerning Boonville, Me., my home town.

That Frosty Feeling Turkey, it would seem, is giving Germany the icy mittlenloeps.—Chicago Evening Post.

Spelled Several Ways

What the business world needs right now is more cents.—Detroit Free Press.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Who is Winston Spencer Churchill? Winston. 2. What is a Gordian knot? 3. Where is Camp Funston? 4. When and what was the Negro? 5. What is the location of the Great Pyramid? 6. What is an homestead? 7. What is the largest river in the United States? 8. What is the capital of Spain? 9. What is a noncom? 10. Who said, "For me it will be enough that a marble stone should declare that a man, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin?"