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Philadelphia, Saturday, September 7, 1918

"HELL DEVIL OF THE MARINES" THOMAS S. BUTLER, senior Republican member of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, belongs to the breed of fighting Quakers. When the Republicans control the House Mr. Butler will become chairman of his

His son, Smedley D. Butler, has inherited the fighting spirit of his ancestors. He has been in France now with the marines, provthat he has conscientious scruples

Ast not fighting the abomination known Prussian militarism, and he has been aghting to such good purpose that he has been promoted to a colonelcy. He is known as the "Hell devil of the marines." It was likely, therefore, that it was the Germans who came in contact with him and his men who named the marines devil hounds.

Colonel Butler is an honor to his fighting corps and deserves the promotion which has come to him.

That Pemberton Billing yarn about Britain's big black book seems to have had some foundation in truth, after all. The names of the Hun sea murderers are all interestingly inscribed therein.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT

HAS it occurred to any one that the currency system of the United States s on such a sound basis that with all the inancing of the war which has been necssary gold has not gone to a premium as it did during the Civil War?

This is one of the astounding facts which will attract the attention of the financial historian of this epoch. Our paper currency and our gold are interchangeable. A gold dollar will buy no more than a paper dollar. It has not been necessary open a Gold Room in Wall street for transactions in the yellow metal. There are no daily quotations of the fluctuations in the value of paper currency as compared with gold.

The reason for this lies in the fact that the financial resources have been made ile and that we are on a gold standard, which means that the credit of the Government is behind every dollar of currency issued, and no one doubts the stability of the Government or its credit

A sympathetic typesetter might easily make it the "Groan Prince."

THE CLUB CURFEW

AN ECONOMY in addition to coal saving will necessarily result from the fuel administration's order that Philadelphia's 225 clubs be closed this winter at 11 p. m. Gas will be conserved. And there is gas and gas.

Less because it is specifically venomous than because its peculiar persistence is proof against any mask of even the eariest indifference, the late-evening club ban against this product is not to be seriously deplored. According to the new deal. shortly to be made effective, the bore who sists on telling one just what Foch is thinking about, where the American army will strike and where the ramifications of the German secret service extend, will be spelled to depart at the very time that gas works have been wont to run at full speed. The social charms of club life, now to be abbreviated at the shank of the wening, will be missed; but practical advantages of the new plan will naturally make compliance therewith both patriotic and cheerful. As for the elimination of ous babble, the foreshadowed release ist command the enthusiastic indorseent of hitherto meek and helpless vic-

Hertling says the Kaiser's crown and sty have been staked. Hamburg-steaked. In extra small pieces, is the prospect, if has his way.

AID FROM THE ANDES

VIDENCE that South American friendship for the United States is not merely ical or literary is constantly at hand. latest practical display of this spirit s from Peru, which has just ratified reement with the American Governt permitting the use of the interned

an ships in the harbor of Callao, umably these vessels are of the Kos-Line, which formerly operated between Francisco and Hamburg by way of the west and east coasts of South They are excellent ships, well to either transport or cargo

ally, our country will be glad to us of them, but Americans have a to a satisfaction still more keen over rous spirit of co-operation mani-the Andean republic. The subsupport of the Lima Government dy been the recipient from Rio Montevideo and La Paz. It is to realize that in pursuit of

THE NEW DRAFT

Its Meanings to the Country and to th Man Past Thirty-one

[[SUALLY, when a man has passed thirty-one, his roots are sunk pretty deen. His niche has just begun to wear smooth. The tasks to which he gave himself, his years and his enthusiasms are well under way, perhaps half completed. His habits and associations are fixed.

When such a man is turned off suddenly at right angles from all this and shifted to a far and unfamiliar plane of existence he is likely to experience a sort of hardship that is unknown to those who are subjected to a similar change during the period of happy irresponsibility that is the best of youth. The further a man has progressed toward forty-five the greater will be his sacrifice, therefore, when he is called to military service.

Many, favored by circumstances, will be able to join gladly in the big adventure. And many will feel that they are at the end of their world-forced to leave tasks and ambitions unprotected and unrealized, like a half built house, open to wind and weather. In the lives of a great many men more than thirtyone are subtle bonds that chain them to the familiar existence—ties that are mighty because of the very tenderness that the years have given them. The new draft law, which will become effective with the general registration on Thursday, involves for the draft boards. therefore, an altogether new set of responsibilities. And, it brings the nation close to the peak and climax of its spir-

itual relation to the war.

Some consciousness of the subtle factors that may be involved in the cases of new eligibles doubtless prompted the War Department to leave the way to exemption open for those who can state adequate reasons clearly. Wide discretion has been given the draft boardsprobably for this same reason. The best reasons for exemption are not always the obvious ones. It is to the everlasting glory of innumerable young men-and innumerable young women-that many of the youthful soldiers who plunged into the war at the outset were newly married. They neither sought nor wished exemption. But they had one advantage over many of the men in the new draft. They had the years on their side. They didn't face the prospect of beginning life all over again-a little late. It must seem, therefore, that men "touching forty" will be justified if they feel less reluctance in seeking exemption for cause than men were accustomed to feel in the early stages of the selective serv-

The new man-power law is nothing more or less than an imperative measure of self-defense. It is wisely conceived and it will be wisely administered. Regarded without emotion, it may be said to represent the settled purpose of the nation to assure its safety, now and in the future, at any cost. Americans are accustomed to the realization that the interests of the individual are, in the present hour, secondary to the interests of the republic. And it is worth remembering that no sacrifice that any man may make now is comparable to the sacrifices that would inevitably be imposed upon him were the war to be lost to the

It is by processes like those that will begin on Thursday that we shall, one day or another, realize something of the cost of the war to those who have fought it for us as well as for themselves. In England all men up to fifty-five have been drafted. In France almost every man, woman and child has worked somehow at the war for three years. So far, in America, the war has been but an incident to most persons. Now we are making faster time than any of the nations allied with us. And the unity of America has been an inspiration to the world. We are actually beginning to be unselfish. Here and there you will find furtive profiteers. There are politicians who still squabble and plot among themselves for their own interests. They will be dealt with later on. The rest of the country is prepared to make sacrifices.

It rests with the draft boards in the present instance to make this general task a shade easier for the individual. It will be no easy thing for the boards to pass wisely upon the claims for exemption, which are sure to be numerous in the cases of older men. The War Department has announced its own exemptions in classes of men considered indispensable to the nation's strength and its interests. The draft boards will have to go deeper. They will be led, doubtless, to a contemplation of many of the remote and poignant concerns of life, to a judgment of potentialities, plans and ambitions. And if they have wisdom and discernment the new draft law will be freed of its only sting.

The average American father may take comfort in the fact that even the most overzealous slacker hunters are barred from con-

ducting a pa-faid.

PATIENCE TT IS said that food will win the war. Mr. Schwab says ships will win it. Others hold that wool will win, some put their faith in money and a few believe that guns are the important thing. Now and then you will meet persons who seem to be assured that victory will be won by talk.

s patience—the rarest and the most difficult of virtues—that is winning and will win the war.

Kitchener was patient or England would low be in ruins. At the beginning the armchair population in England clamored to have the whole army sent to France. Kitchener refused. Disaster spread outward from Germany over Belgium and the small British forces placed thereyet Kitchener would not be shaken, crowd stripped him of all its favor

was driven into solitude. And out of that solitude after a year rolled the great army

he kept the British army in England. He of England, and the mob saw, after Kitchener was dead, that it was built upon the essential foundation of the small army that they wanted sent to France.

When Foch was made generalissime verybody waited for him to do sensational things. The Germans tried and tried again to tempt him. But he fell back, took his punishment and kept quiet, London and Paris grumbled some more and Foch let his men full back again. He had the strength to wait-a strength far greater than the strength that is required for action.

President Wilson was patient. And his patience gave the causes to which we are pledged time to mature and become visible and commanding and fully understand-

All great men have been nationt' They have always known that haste doesn't make for speed and that nothing violent

LABOR'S WAR PROFITS COME Senators are beginning to study S the new revenue bill to discover whether it makes a proper levy on the war profits of labor as well as on those of capital.

No one in this part of the country doubts that labor is making war profits. Workmen are receiving \$8, \$10 and \$20 a day, according to common report, Boys are getting a man's pay. Girls are receiv ing for clerical work as much money as used to be paid to heads of departments.

Such rates of pay have seemed to be necessary in order to get the work done that has been done. Those who have left permanent employment to accept positions that from the very nature of the case must be temporary are taking risks in serving their country.

To assume that they will not continue to serve it by paying their proper share of the war tax to which they are liable is a gratuitous insult. The unmarried man or unmarried woman with no dependents who receives \$2500 a year is liable to an income tax of \$90. And the managers of the war industries who are receiving \$4000 and \$5000 a year or more are liable to a tax in proportion.

They are going to make out their income tax report as carefully and as honestly as any person not engaged in war work. And if we mistake not they will pay the tax much more cheerfully than it will be paid by the men whose incomes have not been increased by the abnormal industrial conditions that have brought sudden prosperity to a large group of worthy citizens.

Judging from the prevailing reports from Washington, the "perfect thirty-sixes" are too precious to be taken first. Thirty-five and a fraction, however, means imminent army

FOCH REVEALS HIS PURPOSE THE need for "expert" interpretation of 1 Ferdinand Foch's war plans seems hardly urgent at this moment. The great marshal himself has revealed his major design in a characteristically compact and

luminous sentence. "We shall continue." he informs the Paris Municipal Council, "to pursue the

enemy implacably." Here is a flash of frankness sufficient to embarrass the most pedantic mystery monger. Some of these, it may be noted are in Germany and they have fretted painfully in their efforts to discover the foe's intent. While it can hardly be conceived that Foch's disclosure will soothe the feel ings of a Ludendorff or a Hindenburg, it is at least emphatic enough to relieve their

In its large aspect the generalissimo's plan is one of transparent simplicity. Its authenticity is daily supported by the irrefutable argument of the map. The latest one reveals the armies of freedom eleven miles from Lille. Pursuit is unmistakably as continuous as it is "implacable."

Ferryites taking We Could Do passage across the With One Delaware at Market

street may be exon erated of disloyalty if they ponder wistfully and even enviously over the speed with which the Germans are said to have thrown 500 bridges over the Aismer

War correspondents serving the gradual break-up of the Hun lines say the German army commanders are all at sea. That is more than you can say for the officers of the Kaiser's navy.

But the Facts Are are more fashlonable

than ever. The Fock variety is especially opular just now. Some persons consider even more effective than a "switch." year, when a man's vacation is over and

done with and he stops in front of the window of a sporting goods store and looks at the winged wobblers and the crab wiggiers and the rods and reels and mess kits and enameled waterproof fly-casting lines, and thinks that it's fifty weeks to the next vacation-Oh, ain't it a sad and inglorious feeling

The observation should be suggestive to those wondering where to put the Kaiser and how to get him there. It takes a keen Philadelphian to detect any perceptible change in transit conditions on the streets on which the P. R. T. has

could travel under the ice to the North Pole.

Captain Steffansson says a submarine

supposedly conducted there. The report that Berliners caught circulat-ing the dismal truth about their conduct of the war will be punished suggests that the in the Hun capital need entertain

abandoned the phantom trolley service, once

A. Mitchell Palmer's request for "a real mecrat" in Pennsylvania betrays a pathetic nfidence in a book called "The Age of

THE CHAFFING DISH

What We Are Fighting FRANCIS CARLIN, the New York poet, tells us that the following quotation has been faithfully copied from a letter written by a sergeant of Company A, 120th M G. B'n, N. Y.:

We have seen another bit of German Kultur while we were in the trenches. When two lieutenants were captured by the Germans one of them was murdered and his legs were doubled up and tied to his neck and his arms were tied to his body in such a way that when our men came to take him away and saw the way he was tied they would cut the rope around his neck and explode the bombs that had been placed under his armpits and knee caps and kill the whole bunch of them; but a French soldier who was with them saw the way he was tied and went ahead and cut the rope in such a way that the bombs did not explode, thus saving them from being blown to pieces.

The new chief of the German naval Some Hun lies are delicious. Such is the staff, Captain Levetzow, has been apone whereby the word "fleet" is applied to pointed on the strength of his victorious the collection of stationary warships tied up operations against Oesel Island. It must be a sad blow to the captain to learn that his victory was so poorly press-agented that most of us didn't even know it had happened.

It pleases us very much to see our fellow evening paper, La Razon (Reason), of Buenos Aires, inserting advertisements in United States papers. Some of us are beginning to realize that North and South America are going to be very much closer friends in future, and the more we can learn about each other the better. When we get to Buenos Aires (we shall, some day) we will know what paper to buy.

We notice in the window of a Chestnut street grogshop the following signs displayed: Alt Pilsener and Bavarian March-Brew. They don't seem to give any one a qualm, but it seems unfair to poor oid sourkraut, that had to change its name to Liberty cabbage.

Now that the Rhine cities are protesting against air raids, many people are remarking that Rhine whine was always vellow.

A Threat

When a haircut is a dollar and a shave is fifty cents

In all the barber shops around the town 'il become a Bolshevik or pattern after Hindoo gents. Who bind a gaudy turban 'round their

crown.

My autoscrape will help me to remove the downy growth Which at intervals appears upon my

But for cutting off my tresses, I will take a mighty oath That the barber will get little of my tin.

For developing a bald spot, I might kneel me down and pray For the time when it's too late for herpicide;

Or I could purchase hairpins and then imitate the way That the ladies make a bun upon each

If I could muster courage up, I'd shave my wool all off. And my dome just like a billiard ball

would be: But probably in winter I would generate a cough, Then a doctor'd take my coin away

from me. But of this I'm mighty certains that no barber will get fat,

"next"would rather let it grow and hide underneath my hat, For a dollar is a dollar, that's my text! H. E. R. SOOT.

Meet Mr. Eilshemins!

One of the things that keep Philadelphians humble in the presence of New Yorkers is that we have no Louis M. Ells. hemius.

This engaging gentleman, who keeps his name before the public in the correspondence columns of the New York Sun, signs himself "Supreme Spirit of the Spheres." and it seems to us that in that capacity he ought to be more widely known. In case these words ever meet his piercing eye in its earthward declension we would be glad to tell him that the narrow alley of the Chaffing Dish is always at his disposal. Surely a Supreme Spirit of the Spheres should not be parochial; we humble ones of Philadelphia may be unwinnowed chaff, but we would be glad to feel the whirlwind of his mighty vans.

Mr. Eilshemius is more than a Supreme Spirit. He is a poet, by his own confession; and a singularly sage poet in that (so far as we know) he never admits the public to the perusal of any of his rhythms. He is an artist, an inventor, and he freely admits that about the year 1888 he wrote a fifteen-page poem on the ocarina, long vanished instrument, which, like all his other compositions, has never been approached. "The poem has no equal," says Louis, "in any works of our poets or those of the English. They cannot reach the supreme quality in it."

We are a little touchy for the reputa tion of our own Dove Dulcet, of Obesity N. J., the home of the mosquito muzzle: and that is why we would welcome a showdown on the part of the Supreme Spirit. If his stuff is really better than Dove's, of course there will be nothing to do but hand Mr. Dulcet his passports; his humiliation will (in diplomatic language) have assumed the character of an accomplished fact; but until we have tangible examined some of the output of Mr. Eilshemius we must reserve our judgment.

There is one thing that bothers us about Mr. Elishemius, however, and we may as well say it. Does he come under the provisions of the new draft and what chance does he stand of being called to morta colors? He speaks glibly of the year 1888. when he was already writing poems. But a Supreme Spherical Spirit might begin very young. Frankly, now, is he under forty-five, and has he dependents, other

If Mr. Eilshemius considers that his macy extends as far as this we should be very glad to have the issue between himself and Mr. Dulcet settled by at in this c



"YUST YOU DARE TELL ME YOU PLANNED THIS: TOO!"

SOLDIER JOURNALISM

To the Reporters in Khaki the Hun Continues to Be a Merely Humorous Phenomenon

TF YOUR adversary continues to laugh at you in a fight it is the part of wisdom to wigwag for the lodge brothers or your next of kin. Some of the dismay that is spreading like an epidemic in Germany may be explainable by this axiom. It may be that the boche has been reading the newspapers and periodicals issued regularly by our soldiers in France. Blithe contempt for the enemy, gay good humor and a disdain of any passion so common place as bitterness characterize the journalism of the American expeditionary force. And some of the best humor of who functioned light-heartedly amid the fire and smoke of the recent Rheims-Soissons advance for the Stars and Stripes. the official journal of the 1,500,000 soldiers

now abroad.

THE Stars and Stripes, with a staff that works for the most part in or immediately behind the lines, is without question one of the best-edited newspapers in the English language. The men who write for it write with ease. They have none of the ponderous mannerisms which some newspapers still cherish as inheritances from the sixties, when an editorial article was deemed unworthy unless it resounded like a speech. In the Stars and Stripes not long ago the editors announced that the big-league baseball scores would no longer be printed. This was at the time when the men abroad were disgusted with the evasions of some of the players on this side, who were seemingly afraid of milly tary service. The soldier-editors' paragraph wasn't abusive. It was quietly insulting. It had all the effect of a cigarette butt flipped into a man's face,

THE account in the Stars and Stripes of the part played by the American troops in the recent drive is gayly written. It reveals an unbelievable panorama of guns and smoke and moving cannon and soldiers and a glittering welter of Hunsprivates, colonels, majors, counts-moving dways backward to the prisoners' cages. And to the writers the boche, even the boche in a colonel's uniform, before whom the ordinary Hun soldier would instantly goose-step or click his heels, is never any thing but funny.

TOWARD the end of the vivid narrative the unnamed soldier reporter writes:

You can never make a safe judgment as to the morale of an army from the morale of prisoners, for when any man falls into the hands of an enemy he feels as though the world were coming to an end. So it is quite humanly comprehensible that when the mighty Count von Wendel gave stately recognition of the fact that those Americans had surrounded him he radiated the impression that the him he radiated the impression that the war had either come to an end thereby or might as well stop gracefully instead of

The Count, who was formerly aide-de-camp of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Ba-varis, and whom we found as a lieutenant colonel commanding the Third Bavarian Infantry, had taken refuge in a quarry along with 200 Germans of various ranks.

His cave was surrounded early in the day and the unswerving Yankec infantry day and the unswerving Tankee infantry passed by, leaving only enough to guard the entrances to the quarry and take occasional pot shots into it. All day the invested 260 held out, and then toward sundown they surrendered. They did not shout "Kamerad! Kamerad!" not they. They surrendered in the good old-tashioned way, following a fashion almost forgot in this death or giory war.

For at sundown the Count sent out! a white flag, and with it a formal ness of

emerged, followed by an imposing com-

thing. Possibly he was faintly surprised not to find General Pershing waiting out-side on a milk white charger. Certainly he was yocal with indignation because no motorcar awaited him. The American officers expressed their re-gret—nay, their grief—that none was available, and the last seen in that neigh-borhood of the former aide of the Crown Prince Rupprecht he was hiking with the rest of the 200—hiking fifteen kilometers

to the rear. FURTHER along the report continues: One burly and bristling exemplar of erman militarism with captain's knots o his shoulders and an Iron Cross on his chest was included in a recent bag of He was indignant, to say east, at the time of his capture, mood intensified as he want to the intelligence officer.

He hadn't heard the questioning officer speak more than five words of German before he burst into the conversation. you allow privates to call officers by their first names in this army?" he demanded witheringly.

"Why?" asked the officer. "Well, this pig," said the boche, "called me Helnie every time he addressed me."

A lanky private was called to take a captured German artillery officer to regi-mental headquarters. He had progressed about half a mile when the American no-ticed that his charge was tearing up some papers he evidently didn't want to get into American hands and scattering the pieces along the road.

"Ain't you the cute cuss," said the American. "Now you just go back and pick them all up."

pick them all up."

The officer may not have understood the instructions, but he did the gestures which accompanied them. He spent the next half-hour painstakingly gathering the fragments of a map, which when pasted together showed all the boche artillery positions in his sector. tions in his sector.

An American medical officer, up to his neck in work, was impressing all available men into service to carry wounded Yankees to a dressing station. German prisoners were used for this work. One man in the Hun uniform rebelled.

"I am an officer." said he coldly.

"I am an officer," said he coldly.
"Officer hell!" said the American, doubiling his fist The German helped to carry the litter.

THE Stars and Stripes and the other ably written soldier publications that keep up the community spirit among our soldiers in France are not clever by accident. Some of the cleverest men who left newspaper work in America for the service are on the different staffs.

The Yankee Spirit

From a boy's letter: "Believe me, mother, a great battle is a wonderful thing. When got started-I was in the first wave-I only thought of one thing, that we had to go to a certain point, and that if certain figures in familiar gray-green uniforms got in our way we had to kill them. Bullets and shells did not worry me at all." Gorgeous picture of the will in action, of the man oblivious to everything on earth but his own goal, of the soldier's pride of craftsmanship! Bullets were nothing. Huns were almost nothing-merely things that got in the way .-

A Cyclone on the Way

The attention of the German great general staff is once more to be called to the expressive lines that Ian Hay quoted as sung by the attacking British a couple of years

We licked you on the Marne, We licked you on the Alune; We gave you hell At Neuve Charella.

To a Soldier in a Hospital

COURAGE came to you with your boyof ardent life and limb.

day new dangers steeled you to the test, To ride, to climb, to swim. Your hot blood taught you carelessness of With every breath.

so when you went to play another game You could not but be brave;
An Empire's team, a rougher football field,
The end—perhaps your grave.
What matter? On the winning of a goal

You staked your soul les, you wore courage as you wore your

youth,
With carelessness and joy.
But in what Spartan school of discipline Did you get patience, boy? How did you learn to bear this long-drawn

Restless with throbbing hopes, with thwarted aims. .
Impulsive as a colt. How do you lie here month by weary month

Helpless and not revolt? What joy can these monoto monotonous days afford Here in a ward? Yet you are merry as the birds in spring.

Or feign the gayety, est those who dress and tend your wound each day Should guess the agony.

Lest they should suffer—this the only feat

Graybeard philosophy has sought in books And argument this truth. Have learnt it in your youth. You know the wisdom taught by Calvary

Death would have found you brave, but braver still Your face each lagging day, merry stole, patient, chivalrous, Divinely kind and gay. You bear your knowledge lightly, graduate Of unkind fate.

Careless philosopher, the first to laugh, The latest to complain, Unmindful that you teach, you taught me

In your long fight with pain: God's good indeed. W. M. LETTS.

A Later Paris Fashion Note

From this time on the Germans will not

be permitted to have pockets on their front in France.-Houston Post. What Do You Know?

1. What well-known fabric derives its man from the town of Cambral, in the was

. Who is Chief Justice of the United Sta

4. What is a mean tete?
5. Who was Sanche Panns?
6. What is the meaning of "a in carie"?
7. Who wrote "Guilive's Travels"?
8. What is the real name of Anntole Franchise the noted French writer?
9. Who is the present British Ambasaster the United States?
10. How many full moone are there in a year?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Portuguese is the principal language of Ber