

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS

The Drafting of the Colleges for War Work Increases Responsibility of Public Schools

The responsibility of attending to the nonmilitary education of the youth will rest almost entirely upon the public schools until peace is made.

This is made certain by the order of the War Department taking over 400 of the colleges as military training schools.

No more serious crisis ever threatened the educational authorities of the country. Higher education on the old-fashioned lines is to be virtually abandoned if we read aright the indications of the times.

All this means that for a year or more—that is, so long as the war continues—the work of preparing young men for civil leadership by training their minds is to be abandoned by the colleges in order that conditions may be established under which the work can be resumed without danger of interruption through the ambitions of any nation to dominate the world.

But the work of education must continue in order that young men and young women may be prepared to enter the colleges when they resume their broader functions, and also in order that the boys and girls who will never go beyond the grammar school or the high school may be taught what they need to know.

The public schools will find it difficult, however, to do their work. Those in this city, which open today, find themselves short of teachers. Many instructors have resigned to do war work at better pay.

The Board of Public Education will do its best to solve the problems forced upon it by the extraordinary conditions. The parents who understand the conditions will be chary of criticism if they find that their children are crowded into larger classes than usual and if they learn that teachers without the equipment of those who have gone into other work are called upon to give instruction.

It must not be allowed to slow up. The city owes it to the children and to itself that it continue the training of those who are to be the leaders in its public and business life and that no child who seeks a place in the schools should be excluded through lack of room, for part of a day at least, or through lack of teachers.

Food exposes are often painful, but those on Lehigh and South College avenues are productive only of satisfaction and healthier pocketbooks.

THE report that but 7 per cent of the American troops sent to France are now engaged in the most active battle zone unmistakably indicates that the greatest reserve army in the history of warfare is in process of formation.

It is idle to deny the significance of the Allied forces. The husbanding of American strength is evidently deliberate and purposeful. It would be presumptuous to forecast when the curtain will rise on a new act of the greatest drama in history.

It begins to look as though the school geographies would soon have to enlarge their chapter on imaginary lines enough to admit Hindenburg's.

THE reported mysterious departure from Belgium of the German general staff suggests that it has gone to the bad—Bad Kissingen, Bad Nauheim or Bad Homburg. It is hard to imagine that it could be contented at any dissimilar places in the fatherland.

THE Hun high command unquestionably appeared themselves with high hopes and delightful surroundings for many months in what was once one of the most charming and storied spots in all Flanders.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

NOT long ago we remarked as follows: "Whenever any one urges us to tell the truth we always reply that the truth is so inaccurate."

Several of our readers may have been grieved by this flippancy, so we intend to amplify the thought a little.

YOU have seen James Montgomery Flagg's recruiting poster entitled "Tell That to the Marines." It shows a red-haired man tearing off his coat in anger after reading some news about German atrocities.

A few weeks ago Mr. Flagg made a large copy of the painting, working in public outside a prominent building in New York. The incident aroused much interest and was freely commented on in the press.

Two of the accounts that we have seen of this episode have interested us a good deal. One was in a New York journal, which stated that when Mr. Flagg arrived on the scene to do his air fresco painting he drove up in his limousine.

The other account, which appeared in Philadelphia, must have come by word of mouth, for it ran thus: "Mr. Flagg worked outside the Metropolitan Museum before an admiring audience for days till it (the poster) was finished."

Now for the "truth." Mr. Flagg drove up not in his limousine, but in a flivver belonging to the marine corps. His own cars are laid up for the duration of the war.

The building where this took place was the New York Public Library, not the Metropolitan Museum.

These facts are given us by Mr. Flagg himself, and upon our word we don't know whether we ought to believe him or not.

That is why we ought to be a little slow in believing that Lenin is dead, or that he was shot, or that there even is such a person. We ought to be a little cautious in accepting all we hear about the bolsheviks, and depth bombs, and the American aircraft program.

Therefore we say that truth is so inaccurate. We don't trust ourselves to tell the truth, why should we trust any one else?

Application for Vacant Apartment Dear Socrates—I know of an idea that, having reached maturity, would like to settle down in one of those empty mental apartments that you advertised for rent.

The idea is of a patriotic pattern. It was born in the country and reared amidst ideal surroundings. It has always had an abundance of good things to eat and lots of fresh air, so it is neither narrow-minded nor fat-cheested.

Only the brave deserve the Fere and, therefore, the French are richly and unquestionably entitled to it.

HOHENZOLLERNISM AT STAKE THE same cables that bore the report of the speech of Chancellor von Hertling to the franchise reform committee of the Prussian upper house also bore the report that the Chancellor has resigned "on account of bad health."

What with the coming ban on breweries and the spirit of drought in congressional legislation, it is becoming increasingly evident that the "nips" of next winter will consist exclusively and gratuitously of Jack Frost's.

WAR THRILLS AT HOME

Here is a Broken Song of Railroad in the Day of the Ladies

AND now, amid the piled woes in the seventh circle of a light lunch hell at Camden, North Carolina.

ELSEWHERE, too, At Missoula, Montana, and Butlers Point, And at Memphis and Tunkhannock Are crowded

Woeful men who didn't want to go To these places at all. Martyrs were they to the causes of Democracy.

Men of faith eager for Jersey-City Were cast out at a place called Chicago. A wild community Populated chiefly by Policemen.

Some that sought to go to Kokomo Went trustfully away to Keokuk, and some Who, for unimaginable reasons, Yearned for Keokuk.

There was a man, who, Fresh from dalliance With the Grand High Awful, Bo Of his lodge, Arrived, ere dawn, At Broad Street Station To beseech the gentle creature at a window For a ticket to Camden.

"BY TUNNEL" said a sweet soprano And golden echoes Let him know that the cost Was Twenty-eight dollars.

YEARS passed. "ALAS," whispered the suppliant at last From the depths of reverie, "How time changes all things!"

After the closing of the breweries on December 1 the infiltration on the western front will have an added poignance.

The Hun general staff has left Spa to give the Rhine the once over.

THE advance of the British under General Horne must be particularly annoying to Ludendorff. It is like being gored by an infuriated dilemma.

Count Reventlow, the fire-eating militarist, now asserts that Germany has never been inspired by the ambition of conquest—News item.

Hindenburg tells the Germans that they ought to be very grateful to him for shortening his battle line so nicely. But that can't fool them indefinitely. What happens when you try to shorten a straight line?

When the Hun general staff left Spa, bound for some nice cool Dead Letter Office, two special trains were required to transport its documents.

Boy, Page Master Shakespeare The French are within ten miles of Laon. Laon, Macduff, And damn the Hun that first cries Hold, enough!



AUX POILUS

O, H. The wind blows sweet o'er the hills of France. And quiet shadows call The tired pollux where the poppies dance

Long has the wind blown sweet and fair For the tired pollux's return; He has come—but to kiss and be gone again

But the whispering winds from our own, far hills Have called to us sweet and low, "By the dream of home that your long, night fills, Stand and destroy the foe!"

"Let the pledge of youth from the western shores, Given to France in her woe, Be the bolt and the bar of freedom's doors, That all of the world may know."

So we shall stand as do France's own, Though time without count we pay, That Pierre may dream by his hearthstone Though ours may be far away.

Face to the dawn, through the fiery night We shall stand by the line to the end; For the worst that the gods can do is to write "He gave his all—for a friend."

The Longs in War As the marine corps has in its complement of about 45,000 fully 25 per cent of youth between nineteen and twenty, according to official figures, it is one of the best examples of the part which boys are taking in this war.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. Who is the present United States Attorney General?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. Camille takes its name from the town of Cambrai, toward which Haig's forces are now driving.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD: Cyrus H. Curtis, Chairman; David E. Smiley, Editor; John C. Martin, General Business Manager

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

A Call for Airplanes To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—An order dated Washington, August 17, issued by General Crowder, calls for men from eighteen States for special aeronautic service.

Let us for a moment or more consider how we can enlist our efforts for "special aeronautic service." Let every one of us (not women and children; we do this to save them) open our hearts and pocket-books, and give a modest dollar for the construction of a fleet of airplanes.

How proud and honored the lads that man their own city's machine! What a stimulus to our patriotism! Shipbuilders, munition workers and all who are working for the cause of democracy, think with what small effort and how easy it would be to raise \$1,000,000 in Philadelphia alone at \$1 per man.

Let us for a moment or more consider how we can enlist our efforts for "special aeronautic service." Let every one of us (not women and children; we do this to save them) open our hearts and pocket-books, and give a modest dollar for the construction of a fleet of airplanes.

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