

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, Vice President...

IS GERMANY GOING MAD?

Von Hertling's Address to the Reichstag Is Like a Plea to the Mildly Insane

OFFICIAL Germany has spoken again through the Chancellor, von Hertling, for the ears of a world that has waited vainly during four years for a sign or a syllable adequate to prove that the Berlin Government is not utterly without conscience or decency.

And again, balanced uncertainly above the tremors of earthquake, it has proved merely tireless in falsehood and fanatically devoted to lies and fraud, pretense and misrepresentation, as means of eleventh-hour salvation.

And what the Reichstag listened to were the prolonged, doddering inanities of a corrupt and tired old man, intermingled with malevolent propaganda of the familiar high-angle sort intended for the ears of Germany at all, but for the faint-hearted in the Allied countries.

The Chancellor began with the plaintive assertion that "his acquiescence in the four points laid down by President Wilson as peace essentials had met with no attention from the American Executive."

Von Hertling said in January that he favored the President's terms "in principle." He was explicitly answered by Mr. Wilson.

Count von Hertling's reply is, I must say, very vague and confusing. It is full of equivocal phrases, and leads to it not clear where.

In the course of his address the President reviewed the conditions necessary to peace and the details of von Hertling's pronouncement and showed that they did not run parallel at any point, and clearly revealed the Chancellor as a word juggler with a double purpose.

Detail by detail, von Hertling now reverts to his old address and plaintively asserts that he was not answered. What hypocrisy! He talked of the "age-old sorrows of Ireland," but said nothing of the sorrows of Belgium and France.

The voice in the Reichstag was a voice from the grave, in which the world has already buried the old order of corrupt diplomacy. The processes of arbitration which he suggested to the Reichstag are the processes that would have been seized upon a few years ago by crooks in frock coats and medals, who composed the school of secret diplomacy which always has directed the careers of pirate nations.

Von Hertling and his Kaiser do not yet know this. They live in the past. The Chancellor's reference to the "pure ambitions of 1914" in his latest address would make it appear that the unfortunate old man is actually touched with madness.

Meanwhile, in England and Ireland, in France and in Italy, in the United States, in every quarter of the world where white men are assembled in communities, the records of loans, of enlistments, of war service of every sort make it plain that the propaganda which officials like von Hertling keep up night and day is utterly futile.

TUMULTY'S FINGERS BURNED AGAIN THE effort of Mr. Tumulty, Secretary to the President, to divert enough votes from Governor Edge to bring about the nomination of George L. Record for the senatorship by the Republicans and the

consequent election of George W. Lamont, the Democratic candidate, has come to naught.

Mr. Tumulty wrote on White House stationery that the President had asked him to say that Congressman Gray, who sought the senatorship, "has always been a loyal supporter of the Administration," and he concluded the letter by remarking that "we all have a high opinion of him."

Governor Edge has been nominated by a vote of about five times as large as that polled for the other candidates. This is a triumph for the Governor and incidentally a slap direct at Mr. Tumulty, who has ambitions to be a political power in New Jersey.

As the electors are voting as usual this year, it is morally certain that Edge will go to Washington. When he ran for the governorship in 1916 he was elected by a plurality of 69,000 and Mr. Wilson lost the State by 57,000 votes and Senator Frelinghuysen was elected by 74,000.

Mr. Lamont, the hand-picked Democratic candidate, is no stronger than President Wilson, and if Wilson could not carry New Jersey in 1916 Lamont could not carry it in 1918.

HUNS WHO KNEW IT ALL. IT is conceivable that the present discomfiture of Turkey and Bulgaria is not untimed with a certain furtive glee. Delight in the humiliation of a martinet schoolmaster has been a universal human emotion since cave men assigned the first lessons to unwilling pupils.

Von Sanders, Schultz and Steinben compose that refuted staff. The first of the trio alighted at the terminus of the Berlin-Constantinople "extra-fast" express some months ago and proceeded at once to instruct the Sultan's armies in German military methods. The fulminating von der Goltz—he who had proclaimed the imminent invasion of Egypt—had preceded him.

Von Sanders was to have turned the trick, first with victory in Palestine and then with a drive toward Suez. The last report of this goose-stepping master, cordially hated, it is said, by all his Ottoman pupils, depicted him in a cloud of Syrian dust, skeddaddling out of Nazareth, just six hours before General Allenby's arrival.

Generals Schultz and Steinben came down to Sofia and larded it over the Bulgarian army—that same force now crumbling under Allied pressure. Turks and Bulgars, after their own fashion, are stalwart fighters. The Hun decided that they needed bullying leaders. It is well known that their mode of instruction was characteristically tyrannical. It has been proved futile.

Their pupils of the near East would not be human beings did they repress, even in their plight, a quiver of sardonic satisfaction over the spectacle of three "smarty" teachers who failed even more strikingly than their classes and ran for dear life.

Upsetting the calendar in order to lick Germany is entirely in order. And that's one of the reasons why we applaud the efforts of the loan managers to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth" in the autumn.

The possibility of the revenue bill making the suffering patron of a poor play pay out eighty cents tax for a pair of seats at the theatre box office clamors for classification under the head of cruel and unnatural punishments.

Riding over to "Camden" on the Market street ferry we noticed that the steam heat is on in the boat cabins, which are unbearably hot. And yet lots of homes in North Philadelphia have no coal!

Is it proper to wonder whether the fire at the Willard Hotel in Washington warmed the feet of some of those statesmen who were in a mood to "consider" the Austrian peace offer?

Observers of the newer trends in music who are puzzled to know what has become of ragtime might be told that it became all the rage in Germany when the army seized everybody's good clothes.

Three persons were killed in automobile accidents in New York on gasless Sunday. Is New York in the United States?

The dealer who tells you that your winter's coal has been "slated" for delivery may mean well, but his choice of words raises uncomfortable doubts on the quality of that promised fuel.

The best way to substantiate von Hertling's contention that Germany is in a "grave situation" is to sustain our deadly artillery fire.

With the storehouses of Prilep captured and those of Uekub menaced Serbia's base acts may be indorsed without a shade of misgiving.

Maybe the local fuel administration expects that inhabitants of the coalless northern section of the city are depending on the fire of their own indignation to keep them warm.

Without the slightest ill feeling toward Texas, Pennsylvania is preparing ambitiously to become the loan star star State.

Surfrage will mean quite the reverse of "suff" rage if the Senate votes right today.

The speed of the war makes it nearly time for Mr. Wells to begin on a jubilant sequel, "Mr. Britling Saw It Through."

The somewhat unexciting primary in New Jersey demonstrates how it is possible simultaneously to retain sober judgment and take an Edge on.

The prevailing Austrian shortage of butter may perhaps be due to her wasteful use of it on words which are quite tasteless when the superficial grease has been scraped off.

RUBBER HEELS

The Ebb Tide "The pure enthusiasm which characterized August, 1914, could not last."—Count Hertling to the Reichstag.

THE pure enthusiasm of sweet 1914 Has lost its punch and plasm. Has grown a trifle lean; And Gott no more delivers; And war has lost its jazz; And Bill the Bungler flivvers; And wonders what he has.

THE turpins are uprooted, The goose is out of step, The Kultur is diluted And ebbs the erstwhile pep; Old Hertling's busy packing A politico on his spine— O something must be cracking In the wristwatch on the Rhine!

Little Beads IN a certain drug store There is a telephone booth That I will never forget. When I was engaged I used to worship At that booth.

And I chose it because it was Soundproof and airtight. I used to call Her up Every evening on the way home From the office. At the close of the conversation I used to mop my brow.

The Boche's Viewpoint I'm sorry we went in This town of St. Quentin— A poor town to tent in, To lodge or to rent in, And now to be bent in A town with a dent in, No coin to be spent in, No armistice meant in, No smellable scent in, But fire and death bent in And battered and bent in No chance to relent in No fun to invent in No lady or gent in No Council of Trent in But just to be shent in St. Quentin!

September With the dawn of September morning Is born from out of the West— When summer has done with its swelter And birds have flown from the nest— The fairest of all of the seasons, And wafts of sweet-scented breath,— The dawn of the beautiful autumn, That some people say is Death.

Ab! but when I consider Thy heavens In the clear, cool dawn of fall, And the hues of the fields and woodland, There's beauty and life in all; In the sun of September mornings, The sky with its azure blue And the pale-tinted clouds of twilight, Till the fall of evening dew.

And the moon of September evenings, The stars and the crystal air, And the clouds with their silver border— O God! I can see Thee there, And just overhead in the shadows The van of the migrant train Is moving again to the Southland, In starlight, moonlight or rain.

Why, Autumn is born in September. The time to build castles in Spain— If only the end of October Would bring September again! —RALPH RANKIN.

We wonder whether Hertling fooled himself in that Reichstag speech? Certainly he didn't gull any one else.

Hertling says that he can look forward calmly to the judgment of posterity. So can we all, because when posterity comes around with the axe we won't be present at the chopping block.

Admiral von Hintze says Germany's enemies are suffering from the intoxication of victory. Well, old lad, pretty soon that will be the only intoxication permitted us.

Any one who wants to know what the British navy has been doing in its off hours might consult the finest free-verse poem the papers have ever printed, to wit, that list of kaptured U-boat captains.

Officers of the German general staff are worried about their coal supply for this winter. They don't know where to have it delivered. Better ship it somewhere east of Berlin and be on the safe side. They won't need much coal, any way, because they'll be kept warm by hikin'.

The Turks are feeling the pain in Palestine, and the Bulgars are getting the mace in Macedonia.

The French call this the Autumn of Vengeance. And some of our coal dealers seem to feel the same way about it.

The War Department strongly hints that autless Sundays will be continued beyond the original five weeks' schedule. Whatever inconveniences the extended order may lay upon the pleasure seeker, it is safe to say that virtually the entire country will derive a certain vicarious satisfaction from the announcement. The pain of foregoing motor rides has been nothing at all compared with the pride of displaying the magnitude and intensity of a voluntary patriotism.

The Allies' complaints over the prevailing bad weather on the western front may be assuaged with the reflection that the sun will shine again for them while even the bright days are dark for Germany.

The Turks still in Damascus are unlikely to get much further than the first syllable of that expressive and venerable word.

It is happily undeniable that the daily extension of Foch's web around St. Quentin is a matter of net gains.

The continued advance of the Greeks near Lake Dolran profanely suggests that Hellas broke loose.

It would be nice of the fuel administrator if he would say whether he wishes us to start the fire or risk Spanish influenza.

The Kaiser, when he appeared on the Lorraine front the other day, delivered speeches in three languages—and lied in each!

CRUMBLING



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

Walt Whitman Shrines IT is a weakness of mine—not a sinful one, I hope—that whenever I see any one reading a book in public I am apt to find out what it is. Crossing over to Camden this morning a young woman on the ferry was absorbed in a volume, and I couldn't resist peeping over her shoulder. It was "Hans Brinker." On the same boat were several schoolboys carrying copies of Myers' "History of Greece." Quaint, isn't it, how our schools keep up the same old bunk? What earthly use will a smattering of Greek history be to those boys? Surely to our citizens of the coming generation the battles of the Marne will be more important than the scuffle at Salamis.

MY ERRAND in Camden was to visit the house on Mickle street where Walt Whitman lived his last years. It is now occupied by Mrs. Thomas Skymer, a friendly Italian woman, and her family. Mrs. Skymer graciously allowed me to go through the downstairs rooms.

I DON'T suppose any literary shrine on earth is of more humble and disregarded aspect than Mickle street. It is a little cobbled byway, grimed with drifting smoke from the railway yards, littered with wind-blown papers and lined with small wooden and brick houses sooted almost to blackness. It is curious to think, as one walks along that bumpy brick pavement, that many pilgrims from afar have looked forward to visiting Mickle street as one of the world's most significant affairs. As Chesterton wrote once, "We have not yet begun to get to the beginning of Whitman." But the wayfarer of today will find Mickle street far from impressive.

The little house, a two-story frame cottage, painted dark brown, is numbered 336. (In Whitman's day it was 328.) On the pavement in front stands a white marble stepping block with the carved initials W. W.

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realized that his home was in some vague way connected with a mysterious person whose memory occasionally attracts inquirers to the house.

BEHIND the parlor is a dark little bedroom. In and then the kitchen. In a corner of the back yard is a curious thing: a large stone or terra cotta bust of a bearded man, very much like Whitman himself, but the face is battered and the nose broken so it would be hard to assert this definitely. One of the boys told me that it was in the yard when they moved in a year or so ago. The house is a little dark, standing between two taller brick neighbors. At the head of the stairs I noticed a window with colored panes, which lets in spots of red, blue and yellow light. I imagine that this patch of vivid color was a keen satisfaction to Walt's acute senses. Such is the simple cottage that an associate with America's literary declaration of independence.

THE other Whitman shrine in Camden is the tomb in Harleigh Cemetery, reached by the Haddonfield trolley. Built into the quiet hillside in that beautiful cemetery, of enormous slabs of rough-hewn granite with a vast stone door standing symbolically ajar, it seemed to me grotesque, but greatly impressive. It is a weird pagan cronech, with a huge triangular boulder above the door bearing only the words WALT WHITMAN. Palms and rubber plants grow in pots on the little curbs leading up to the tomb; above it is an uncombed hillside and trees flickering in the air. At this tomb, designed (it is said) by Whitman himself, was held that remarkable funeral sermon on March 30, 1892, when a circus tent was not large enough to roof the crowd, and peanut vendors did business on the outskirts of the gathering. Perhaps it is not amiss to recall what Bob Ingersoll said on that occasion:

He walked among verbal vandalers and vengeurs, among literary milliners and tailors, with the unconscious dignity of an antique god. He was the poet of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice.

And though one finds in the words of the native Ingersoll said on that occasion: "The Whitman's day it was 328." On the pavement in front stands a white marble stepping block with the carved initials W. W.

WELL, the Whitman battle is not over yet, nor ever will be. Though neither Philadelphia nor Camden has recognized Whitman as one of the authentic shrines of our history (Lord, how trimly did it would be if it were in New England!), Camden has made a certain amend in putting Walt into the gray marble that adorns the portico of the new public library in Cooper Park. There, absurdly represented in an austere black cassock, he stands in the following frieze of great figures: Dante, Whitman, Mollere, Gutenberg, Tyndale, Washington, Penn., Columbus, Moses, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Longfellow and Palestrina. I believe that there was some rumour as to whether Walt should be included; but, anyway, there he is.

YOU will make a great mistake if you don't ramble over to Camden some day and fleet the golden hours in an observant stroll. Himself the prince of loafers, Walt might be seen in the park. When they built the new postoffice over there they put round it a ledge for philosophic lounging, one of the most delightful architectural features I have ever seen. And on Third street, just around the corner from 330 Mickle street, is the oldest plumber's shop in the world. Mr. George F. Hammond, a Civil War veteran, who knew Whitman and also Lincoln, came to the town to loaf. When they built the new postoffice over there they put round it a ledge for philosophic lounging, one of the most delightful architectural features I have ever seen. And on Third street, just around the corner from 330 Mickle street, is the oldest plumber's shop in the world. Mr. George F. Hammond, a Civil War veteran, who knew Whitman and also Lincoln, came to the town to loaf. 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