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SQUEEZING OUT THE HUN

His Chances of Making a Stand on the Lille-Valenciennes Line Grow Hourly Slimmer... EXTENSIVE advertisement of a new German line of defense arouses among the hosts of freedom no such feelings of reluctant respect as were occasioned when the significance of the Hindenburg line was realized one year and a half ago.

The strength of that bulwark, now happily obsolete, was obvious. It ran from stronghold to stronghold. It was elaborately planned during months of comparative quiet on the front. It was designed to foster Hindenburg's plans for an enervating stalemate in 1917 and, save for Byng's ill-supported rupture last November, the original design was effectively carried out until the Hun himself decided to play for higher stakes than a deadlock.

The substitution of open fighting for trench warfare was concurrent with this determination. Germany deliberately set the new style and employed it with showy success until the memorable mid-summer of this year, when Foch, with characteristic French taste, contrived pertinent finishing touches and made it a la mode for a period which will probably extend to the conclusion of the war. The present fighting fashions are not favorable to defensive lines erected by an army in retreat.

The destruction of the Hindenburg barrier, reputed the most powerful hindrance ever raised by an army, gives a clear verdict in favor of incessant offensive pressure exerted without intermission on all parts of the obstruction. The obliteration of the great wall from Verdun to the sea provides a standard example of the impotence of such a structure under hammer blows.

It is perfectly obvious that the Germans cannot withdraw behind anything as carefully constructed as the Hindenburg line anywhere this side of the eastern boundary of France. Furthermore, it becomes increasingly evident that their announcement of a battle-front running from Lille to Valenciennes, to Hirson, to Mezieres, to Metz was frankly premature.

Two points on this hypothetical barrier are likely to be in Allied hands before many days have passed. They are Lille and Mezieres. The line will then have no logical terminus and it will be breached in the center. If Germany seeks to stake her chances on prospects so insubstantial as they appear at this moment Foch's ambition to crush his foe's military power before the Rhine may be achieved.

Undoubtedly that is what the generalissimo is playing for. It would be unreasonably optimistic to forecast definitely such a triumph. This much, however, may be safely predicted. Given the present rate of the Teuton retreat, the enemy will either be trapped or thrust virtually out of France before the close of 1918.

Up to now his skill in withdrawal has had conspicuous merit. The bagging of large numbers of prisoners has lately ceased, if exception be made of the goodly haul in the Anglo-Belgian drive on Roulers. But the possibility of German blunders grows apace as his retreat becomes more and more crowded.

The German General Staff today must reckon with three perilous situations. The most critical is in the north, where his hold on the U-boat bases of Ostend and Zeebrugge grows momentarily more insecure and where the fall of Lille and Douai seems only a matter of a few days. The extinction of the Lille salient would totally wreck the alleged German schemes for the extension of a formidable barrier extending northwest from Valenciennes. Any slip-up in this region would be terribly costly.

The second peril is slightly less imminent and is dependent on the progress of the British and Americans east of Le Cateau and of the French toward Guise. Further pressure in these directions would render the Hirson bastion untenable. To the southeast the new situation created by the almost simultaneous fall of La Fere and Laon, strongholds which had resisted the armies of liberty since 1914, is fast becoming one of potent interest.

Three armies, Mangin's, Gouraud's and the American, are advancing rapidly to regain the deepest strip of French territory still in Hun possession, and Rethel—an important railroad junction at the crest of the bend of the Aisne—is on the verge of capture. The larger objective is Mezieres, key to the German transport system of this part of the front and close enough to Sedan to make anticipatory thrills of recompense exquisitely sweet.

The Franco-American forces are still considerably more than twenty miles from this goal. The magnitude of their task is duly commensurate with the scope of the victory that may result if the tempo of advancement increases. Like the Germans, pessimistic armchair strategists are in retirement at this hour. From their Caves of Adullam they may still dimly prophesy that Foch will not corner the entire German army. There are too many unforeseen contingencies to render such a forecast worthy of argumentative support or endorsement. But croakers cannot raise the bugaboo of the terrible second German line of defense. We know too well what happened to the first one.

A NEW LINK WITH SIBERIA CARL W. ACKERMAN, with whose striking work, "Germany the Next Year," as well as notable special articles, readers of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER are familiar, declares that Vladivostok "seems a million miles from New York," and that

proceeds to draw a picture of Americanizing influences in that distant seaport which belie all suggestion of remoteness. Attached as correspondent to the American army there, Mr. Ackerman will report for this newspaper the progress of a unique campaign which aims to establish true standards of democracy in Russia. The experiment has no parallel in history and should be a rich field for the expression of a trained correspondent's interpretative gifts, until recently so illuminative of the Swiss neutrality maelstrom.

No, Madge dear, the girl with spots has not necessarily transgressed the latest anti-grip ruling.

WISE RESTRICTIONS AS THE grip epidemic shows a tendency to subside it becomes plain that the various orders issued by the State Department of Health to limit the possibilities of contagion at public assemblages were timely and wise and that the adverse criticisms which such edicts inspired in many quarters were without justification.

In many cities in Spain and Switzerland the influenza epidemic was of long duration and deadlier even than it has been here. The virulent character of the disease and the lack of definite knowledge which served to hinder the physicians who pitted themselves against it certainly justified the restrictive measures adopted by the health authorities of the State. It is altogether probable that death and illness would have visited a great many more households had the authorities been lax or lenient.

The powers of the State Department of Health are of extraordinary scope in cases of emergency. The wisdom of the legislative act under which the late Doctor Dixon reorganized the department has been proved in this instance. The department has a well-trained personnel and it has operated efficiently since the outbreak of the epidemic to enforce such preventive measures as were necessary to safeguard the community against greater suffering.

The occasional angry outbreaks of criticism aimed at the health authorities since the so-called "closing orders" were made effective cannot be said to be in reasonable regard for the seriousness of the situation. The community at large has, indeed, a right to be grateful to the head of the department who had the courage to adopt extraordinary measures and enforce them to the letter in the face of all opposition.

Interest in the loan is not debatable, but a very real thing. Buy up and be convinced.

NO TRUCE IN JERSEY IN JERSEY, too, as well as in Germany, the old things and the new are lined up for warfare. While the forces of destiny are battering at the foundations of Wilhelm's throne, that citadel of political traditions known to the world as Senator Davy Baird is under a violent attack by the hardly less potent forces that give increasing vitality to the cause of equal suffrage. The suffragists in New Jersey want Senator Davy to abdicate. They are not to fight him to the end. There is no talk of armistices, no fourteen conditions, no notes in that quarter. The war is to be to the death.

It will be an interesting war to watch. The forces opposed in the conflict represent the extremes of American political opinion—the old thing and the new, the past and the future. Senator Davy is an amiable man. But he adheres strictly to old-school political beliefs—to understandings and gentlemen's agreements and smooth-working party organizations, and above all to the obedient Majority. There are no frills on him. He believes that woman's place is in the home and that Providence loves the United States.

The powers arrayed against him represent the New Idea. They represent the aspiring consciousness. They are the spreading hopes and idealism of younger-minded America. It will be interesting to observe the sort of fight they are able to make and whether they are able to put a dent or a scratch upon the armor of Senator Davy. If they are able to shake the confidence of that old chieftain ever so slightly then we shall decide that the world of thought in New Jersey does actually move, even if it moves slowly.

Wisconsin harpoons seem to have been hurled right into German walls.

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN GERMANY THE freedom with which the German newspapers are discussing the possible abdication of the Kaiser is astounding. Something is going on behind the scenes hints of which cannot be prevented from getting out. The Tageblatt, of Berlin, for example, suggests that the abdication of the Kaiser would be facilitated if Herr Ebert or Doctor Seif were to succeed Maximilian as Chancellor, though it prefers von Payer, the Deputy Chancellor. The Socialists are insisting that the new Chancellor shall be a man in sympathy with the demands of the commoners rather than of the nobility.

But the mere fact that there is a discussion in Germany of the possibility of the withdrawal of Wilhelm from the throne is more significant of change in the internal affairs of the country than anything that has yet happened.

That deep and awful silence of which you cannot help but be aware radiates, so to speak, from the 45,866 self-appointed Assistant Presidents of the United States who, after toiling night and day for more than a week, found suddenly that they were engaged in a nonessential employment.

Lenine and Trotsky have fallen out. The Kaiser and the Crown Prince are said to be at daggers' points. Ludendorff and Hindenburg do not speak as they pass. The world, all told, looks a little brighter.

The German editors who walked in pain when their Government proposed peace are probably in need of ether by this time. The farmerette is here to stay, says the agricultural expert. That is more than one can say for the cook nowadays. All the same, the barring of the bars has increased the production of whines and few of them are of the light variety.

THE HOT BOX

OUR advice to Wilhelm would be to do his Christmas abdicating early.

Liberty Loan Thoughts Once in a while the course of human events takes us to New York, a surprisingly large town completely dominated by uniformed hailboys and head waiters. Approaching the metropolis in a cautious and furtive fashion, we pass through the train yards in Jersey City, and there we have several times noticed a slight that interests us very much.

It is a fleet of Uncle Sam's locomotives, each one painted battleship gray and Initialed U. S. A., waiting on the sidings in Jersey City to be shipped across for service on our military railways in France.

A locomotive is rather an expensive plaything, and when you see a hundred or so of them lined up you naturally wonder who pays for them. To us those engines are a vivid symbol of the sort of thing the fourth Liberty Loan means. It means the instant urgent necessities of our campaign. We cannot imagine that there is a thinking citizen who does not realize that our military effort now stands on the most critical hilltop of the war. There can be no armistice in bond buying.

We submit, subject to correction, that three things are necessary in carrying on a war. First, an enemy to fight against. The Kaiser has provided this. Second, armed forces of our own to fight for us. These we have arrayed and they are on the job. Third, a united nation behind the armed forces, standing heart to heart and pocket to pocket.

It is up to every one of us to think it out for himself. How much more can you spare to hasten the war to its honorable conclusion? Let's see, did Mr. Wilson say something about the triumphant force that would bring every selfish German down to the dust? When it goes come, peace will seem so strange and delightful that undoubtedly all enterprising newspapers will have highly paid peace correspondents in the passenger countries.

War has taught us all to be mighty shrewd and cunning. Did you ever watch a sweater strike a safety watch these days, and notice how far he holds it away from his clothes until he sees whether the burning head is going to sputter off? Shaking in Their Shoes A Berlin newspaper says that no German can read Doctor Seif's recent reply to President Wilson without being shaken to the bottom of his boots.

We often wonder what particular circle of hell will be reserved for the men who spit on pavements? Perhaps the best punishment for them in this life would be to prevent them from buying any Liberty Bonds. The German pleas for an armistice seem to us about as honest and genuine as a waiter's shirt front.

Mr. McAdoo has said nothing during this loan drive about wearing half-soled trousers. Is it possible that he has gone and bought a new pair since last spring? It looks to us as though Germany pretty soon will do the Little Jack Horner stunt of thumbing out the Hohenzollerns, and then look up at us bashfully expecting praise for such an obvious act of good sense.

What Germany needs is a stiff dose of some kind of vermin killer that will have the same effect on Hohenzollerns that a well-known poison is said to have on rats—"They don't die in the house."

Autumn Hills of Funston To the memory of Lieutenant Robert C. Westman, of Massachusetts, killed in action August 10, 1918. Across the hills of Funston the autumn rains have swept. And silent are the grasses where the tiny creatures creep; Brown and red and yellow are the hollows of the hills, And violet the twilight when the waning sunset flits. All the little vales and gulleys where the prairie reeds are glowing In early June in Funston beside the trampled road.

FOR yesterday the word came from the sister of a friend. "Bob died in France in August" were the simple words she penned. Yet they turned my heart to ashes and they drew across the sky A veil that clouds the sunshine till the day I come to die; I could have spared a hundred from the store of friends I keep If only death had lifted the sickle from this steep.

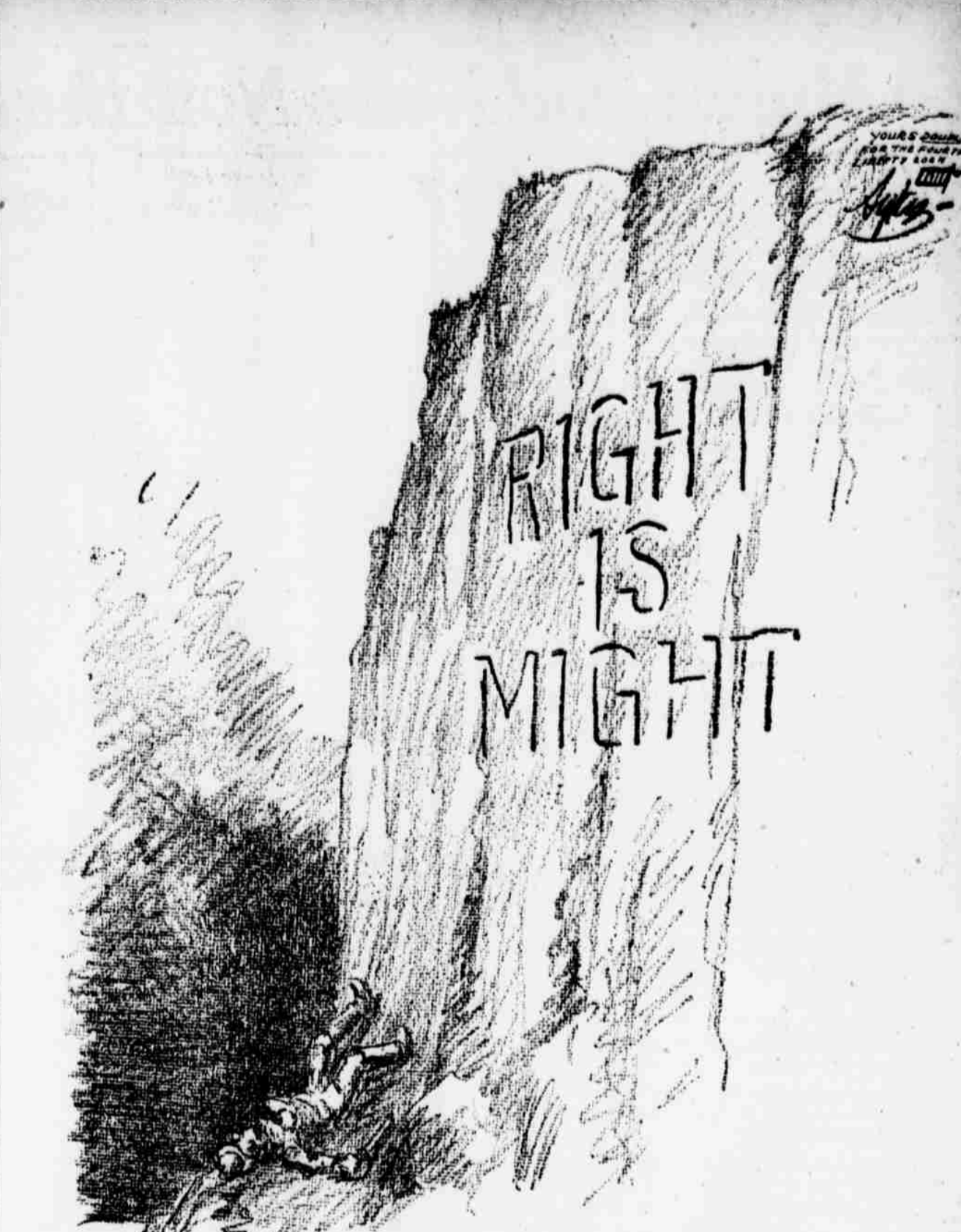
O AUTUMN hills of Funston where I wait a prisoner With hands and feet so fettered that I cannot even stir, The glory of the summer and the promise of the spring Are smit with frost of autumn and with blackened withering; There's a new-made grave in Alsace where the sudden poppies start But it's autumn here in Funston and it's winter in my heart.

PVT. WILLARD WATLES, Brigade Surgeon's Office, 164th Depot Brigade, Camp Funston, Kan. How many kindly people there are in the world—just as long as you are nice to 'em! The Kaiser is so silent these days he must be paring apple peelings to throw over his left shoulder at Halloween. If barnacles are good to eat, what a feast the German naval commanders must be having!

Philip Gibbs reports that a smartly dressed German officer surrendered the other day, saying that he was wearing his "peace clothes." The best kind of peace clothes for a German officer would be a pair of overalls, worn while at work clearing up the swanton wreckage done in France and Belgium.

The best preventive of the grip is to buy another band.

THERE IS NO WAY ROUND THAT "GREAT AMERICAN BLUFF"



WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES

Semiregular Letter Touching on the Washington Doings of Personalities Familiar to Philadelphians

By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, D. C., Oct. 16. RETURN trips to Philadelphia after a steady absence find many changes in personnel. New faces are found in place of "old familiar" and oftentimes old faces are sought in vain. One must read the obituary column nowadays to make sure of one's ground. Sol Asker gone! At the Manufacturers' Club, in Grand Army circles (for the famous dancing master had a good war record and among the Masons, Sol will be sadly missed. And Harry J. Shoemaker, of Doylestown, who helped Joseph R. Grundy build up the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association until it has come to be an influence to be reckoned with in the State and nation. At Harrisburg and at Washington he was known as an expert on all matters affecting the interests of manufacturers. And Jacob T. Alburger, HI. departure puts the historic Tammany Pea Shore Fishing Company among the last man's clubs. Alburger belonged to the group headed by Colonel M. Richards Mackie, William T. Read, Samuel W. Wray, Abner Murphy and J. R. Jones, but they have gone and few indeed of the active members of the company now remain.

MAYOR McDOWELL, of Chester, like Mayor Ellis, of Camden, has had much to do recently with Government officials in connection with war work. Some of the Chester Mayor's troubles have arisen from the disposition of shipbuilding officials to proceed without consulting city officials, as in the matter of the construction of frame buildings, without first conforming to local fire and building regulations. The war has given excuse to some of the Government contractors to do many things they would not dare to do in times of peace and this is aroused an occasional outburst of the time-honored "right of local government." Chester is making a big contribution to the war and neither the Mayor nor the Chamber of Commerce, of which Eugene P. White is president, has lost any opportunity to keep the wheels turning. They are encouraging shipbuilding and housing accommodations, are installing upon a larger port and a deeper Delaware, and are not overlooking that other Chester asset—the Hon. William C. Sprull—whom they expect to see in the gubernatorial chair after the first of January. The Republican nominee, by the way, is a director of the Chester Chamber of Commerce and attends the regular meetings.

SO FAR as they have gone the two national campaign committees have been working in harmony with the congressional committees, of which Scott Ferris, of Oklahoma, is chairman for the Democrats, and Dr. S. D. Fess, of Ohio, for the Republicans. Since succeeding Chairman Frank Woods, of Iowa, Doctor Fess has been putting considerable ginger into the campaign. His committee on speakers, of which Bascomb Slem, of Virginia, is chairman, has been working particularly in States like Indiana and New York. The result is that Ferris has been going to the White House oftener, and more Democratic speeches have been going into the Record than was originally intended. The President's attitude toward individual members of Congress has been a matter of concern in some of the districts, but most of the trouble—such as it is—has been occasioned by the New York organization known as the National Security League. This aggregation has been setting up opposition to many members because of their votes before the war and on the war issue and has stirred up a good deal of resentment. If speeches made by McLamore, of Texas, Democrat; McCulloch, of Ohio, Republican; and Hillard, of Colorado, Democrat, may be accepted as criterions, the National Security League is "a bunch of Wall street profiteers." Ferris, of Wisconsin, who held the floor a year or so ago as a Treasury reformer, being the chief antagonist of the so-called "pork barrel," has taken the assaults of the Security League so seriously as to try by resolution to secure an investigation of its aims and revenues.

The ex-baseball player who held up a bank at York, Pa., seems not to have heard of the shipyards. How is it that you never hear any one call saloonkeepers profiteers, even though the prices of the old stuff go up and up?

WHAT stage of the congressional campaign has been reached where the respective chairmen are pleasantly accusing each other of "pernicious political activity." And yet, no campaign of nationwide interest has been quite so innocuous as this one. The Democrats are sending out speakers and so are the Republicans, but all of them are talking near more than politics and few of them receive enough publicity for their utterances to warrant the waste of words. Most of the "con-

What You Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What position in the German Government does Doctor Seif hold? 2. What provinces of the United States has just suffered from a severe earthquake? 3. What is the name of the new name of Turkey? 4. What is an ad valorem tariff? 5. What is the name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania? 6. What is the name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania? 7. What is the name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania? 8. What is the name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania? 9. What is the name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania? 10. What is the name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. During the Napoleonic wars Baden was on the side of France until after the defeat of the emperor at Leipzig in 1813. 2. Leinster is the real central province of Ireland, containing Dublin. 3. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 4. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 5. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 6. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 7. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 8. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 9. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair." 10. The name of the man who was killed in the attack on the Lusitania is "Charles D'Adair."

The "Over There" View WE HAVE come over to wallop the Hun; We won't be back till the victory is won; And winning it can't be exactly called fun;— But what are you doing to help? We've got to clean up the barbarous mob That's set up to conquer and murder and rob; And we won't give up till we've finished the job;— But what are you doing to help? We don't complain when we're hit by a shell; We don't complain when we starve for a spell; We don't complain, though we're going through hell;— But what are you doing to help? We are not asked to subscribe to a loan; We are commanded to give all we own. So that a demon may fall from his throne;— But what are you doing to help? We go through water, and fire, and smoke, Just to protect you, the home-staying folk; We do it gladly—and say! it's no joke!— But what are you doing to help? Some day the sun will be shining once more Down on a world rid forever of war. And we'll figure big when they count up the score;— But what are you doing to help? Yes. What are you doing to help? —Leo Turner, in the New York Times.