

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CRUIS H. K. CURTIS, President
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Philadelphia, Monday, October 21, 1918

ONLY THE BIG GAME AT HOG ISLAND

THE major league of nations' game comes first. This is the irrefutable opinion of Charles Piez, vice president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and his prompt action upon it put an end to the baseball and pugilistic matches which have been dissipating Hog Island's potential energy.

The world's greatest shipyard aims at absolute, irresistible professionalism in but a single sense—that of the speediest possible production of ocean-going vessels. The ingenious hull painter, the agile fitter, expert are altogether superfluous in the establishment if they hamper its purpose in the smallest degree.

"Entertainment committees" should confine their attentions toward getting up the biggest of all shows for the Kaiser. The sport demands the punch of unremitting hard work. All other "pastimes" mean waste times, which are intolerable until freedom takes the long breath of conclusive victory.

No wonder the basis on which the Hungarian premier wants Austria reorganized in the accord on the first syllable of that word explains its charms in a land where even the rights of small nations have been unconsidered.

LIBERATION!

NOT the least among prisoners of war who have just tasted again the sweets of liberty were the multitudes of gasoline fiends who flocked out even in the rain of yesterday, delivered up at last from the dark and dismal dungeons of necessity. Every devilgum moved with a new elation. They croaked, bawled, scuffled, sneezed and yawned their ecstasy, according to their age and their ability—flavors and promulgating limousines, dusty old road hogs that grunt and seem to feel life a burden until they smell an open road where sixty an hour may be done without fear of wreck or arrest; morose old buses that totter smiling families; glittering new machines of next year's model wherein the fortunate of this world move to take the air.

It was a glad day. Little and the other recaptured cities in Belgium couldn't show people more acutely aware of their new freedom than those who trotted out their automobiles yesterday to celebrate the passing of Gasless Sunday. They had good reason to feel pleased with themselves, because they had done all that the Government suggested, cheerfully and without compulsion. It remains to be seen whether they will continue to cooperate with the Government by saving gasoline during the week. If they presume upon their new liberty and burn too much fuel back they go to Sunday seclusion.

And it will be too good for them!

There are rumblings in Austria-Hungary which seem to presage an earthquake.

TWO WEEKS TO ELECTION

ELECTION day is two weeks from tomorrow, but no one seems to be thinking about it. All active campaigning was abandoned during the Liberty Loan drive and now the grip epidemic is likely to prevent what little speech-making there was to have been.

There is no doubt of the election of Mr. Sprout as Governor, and the Republican candidates for Congress will be elected in most of the districts. There are one or two doubtful constituencies, however, in which every effort should be put forth to elect men in sympathy with the majority sentiment in this Commonwealth. It can be done if those who are interested set about it.

Every way you look at it, Germany is in the midst of the fall season.

WHO ARE THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPALS?

THE Women's Regular Democratic Club of Evergreen, a district of Brooklyn, has applied to the courts for incorporation. The object of the club, according to the petition, is "to maintain and uphold the principles of the Democratic party."

The Judge has sent the papers back for correction. He assumes that the women plan to support the Democratic "principles."

LESSONS OF THE EPIDEMIC

A Preventable Disaster Which Demands Official Explanation

THUS far America has been too busily engaged fighting the influenza epidemic to demand explanations of the manner in which the plague was permitted to get a flying start in this part of the world.

It is an indisputable fact that, though we had adequate warning, we met the epidemic hands down.

The medical authorities of the Federal Government appear to have viewed the approaching scourge in sleepy lethargy. Each successive movement in the fight against the plague was made too late. The medical authorities, falling into the habit of mind that has always retarded the better processes of democratic government, appeared to shrink from the sort of encroachment upon individual rights which would have served to check the spread of the disease at the outset.

Such encroachments had to be made later on and they were vastly more sweeping than would have been necessary at the beginning. The result has been overwhelming loss, immeasurable suffering and the dislocation of industry all through the East.

We haven't heard of any proposal for a congressional inquiry in this instance. Congress is accustomed to agitate itself into a high fever over issues far less important. Grip and party politics apparently cannot be mixed. Mr. Wilson cannot be accused of responsibility for the epidemic. Therefore the country is not to be enlightened or helped or safeguarded for the future by the sort of information which a congressional inquiry might turn up if a systematic effort were made to trace the responsibility for a disaster that should easily have been preventable.

The epidemic as it has prevailed in Philadelphia has served, too, to reveal shameful flaws in the American system of municipal administration. There has been cumulative evidence to indicate that some undertakers, druggists and even the corporations which control cemeteries profited heartlessly at the expense of afflicted families. Yet there seems to have been in all our system of local government no authority so constituted as to be able to interfere to insure some measure of justice and comfort to the stricken homes where the plague entered.

After families had consented to be plundered out of respect for their dead there was a semblance of interference by the Health Department to check profiteering undertakers and cemeteries. After druggists had sold medicines and whiskey at extortionate rates for a week or more the health authorities began to murmur threats of prosecution. But that was all.

The city and the State, like the country at large, is blundering through the crisis. We know what to expect. The influenza had made itself felt in almost every European city as a mysterious and extremely virulent and highly contagious disease long before it appeared in America. So far as any one has been able to learn, no proper safeguards were set up to prevent the entry of the scourge at any of the Atlantic ports.

The influenza first reached America through the port of New York. A vessel with 200 convalescents aboard appeared at quarantine and the inspectors passed her with little more than a wave of the hand. The members of her crew were permitted to walk from the infected ship out into the crowded streets of the city. At the New England naval base the influenza next appeared and spread. And it was only after it had progressed beyond bounds that a quarantine was set up about the ports where vessels had entered with convalescents or influenza patients.

America likes to talk of its efficiency. But we are not efficient in matters of this kind. The influenza must be listed as a preventable disaster which some one should be made to explain.

TWO MILLION!

GENERAL MARCH has announced that two million American soldiers are already on the other side of the ocean. And Secretary Baker said the other day that they would continue to go at the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand a month so long as they were needed.

There will be more than two and a half million American fighting men in Europe before January 1.

This is the way the war is being won. We are supplying the power which General Foch needed to overbalance the strength of the Germans. He has armies big enough now to keep hammering at the weakest point until cold weather stops active fighting.

THE CHAFFING DISH

How We Brought the Bad News From Ghent to Aix

SPRANG to the tonneau, and Ludy and He— Bill put on the gas and we hustled all three; The tanks were behind us and getting near Ghent—it was high time for going, and Gott knew—we went! We stopped for no blow-outs, we put on no brakes; The one thing that mattered was getting to Aix!

THROUGH Brussels we hustled with side-slip and skid— The Belgians were flying their flags they had hid. Bill cursed as he saw the stripes, black, yellow, red, But "Better not stop to remove them," I said— "For this is no time to make fatal mistakes; We'd better get over the frontier at Aix."

THE rumble of tanks was still plain in the rear; Bert's cavalry galloped, unpleasant to hear; On the coast, British naval guns grumbled and slammed; Old Ludy looked greenish, Bill muttered and danned. We opened the throttle; for all of our sakes We thought it was wisest to get on to Aix.

FOR three elderly men, that was pretty rough stuff; A placid retirement is all well enough, But when peasants lie out behind hedges and snipe At the General Staff—it's a bit overripe; And Bill, Ludy and I had a bad case of shakes Until we got over the frontier at Aix.

Germany was said to have ceased murdering noncombatants, pending an armistice, but if the Berlin Socialists have taken to singing the "Marseillaise" down Unter den Linden many and many a stretcher will be needed for disabled and mangled French syllables. The German Gott is a guttural Gott, cruel to the last.

We used to believe that the color of tobacco ashes was a good hue for a suit of clothes, so that we could drop cinders on it from our pipe without fear of detection by our superior officer at home; but until the safety match heads are provided with parachutes we think asbestos will be a better fabric for smokers.

The clocks are to be pushed up again next Sunday. Does that also apply to history? It is a terrible thing to contemplate . . . mixing the bartenders' serving and mixing muscles should atrophy during their long leave of absence!

The curious tottering gait that you will observe in the movement of some of our citizens is due to the unaccounted disease of the brass-rail muscles in their legs. If they must choose a Sunday for turning the clocks back again, we hope the winding won't be done just as the minister is deeding up his sermon.

To the German Emperor and All His Clan NOW that avenging armies Hurl back your shattered lines, You lift your cheating profers; And tune your subtle whines; The fall is raised to smite you And now before its fall You would avert the whiplash In fate's stern judgment hail.

ACROSS the fields of Belgium You leave the spoor of hell, We trace the Beast retreating; And mark his actions well; You launch a rain of shell; At wounded men in rows The while you cry us "Comrade," With blackly perjured throats.

WE HAVE been stern and patient, We have withheld our hand In that firm-lipped appraisal; You do not understand, Now you shall have our answer In storm of belching shell; "No covenant with devils, No compromise with hell," PVT. WILLARD WATTLE.

The Dutch newspapers have an ingenious way of dealing with uncertainties. When they think of something that they would like to be true they announce it as a "persistent" rumor. And if the obstinate rumor refuses to persist they "withdraw" it. All of which gives the newboys on our streets sore throats.

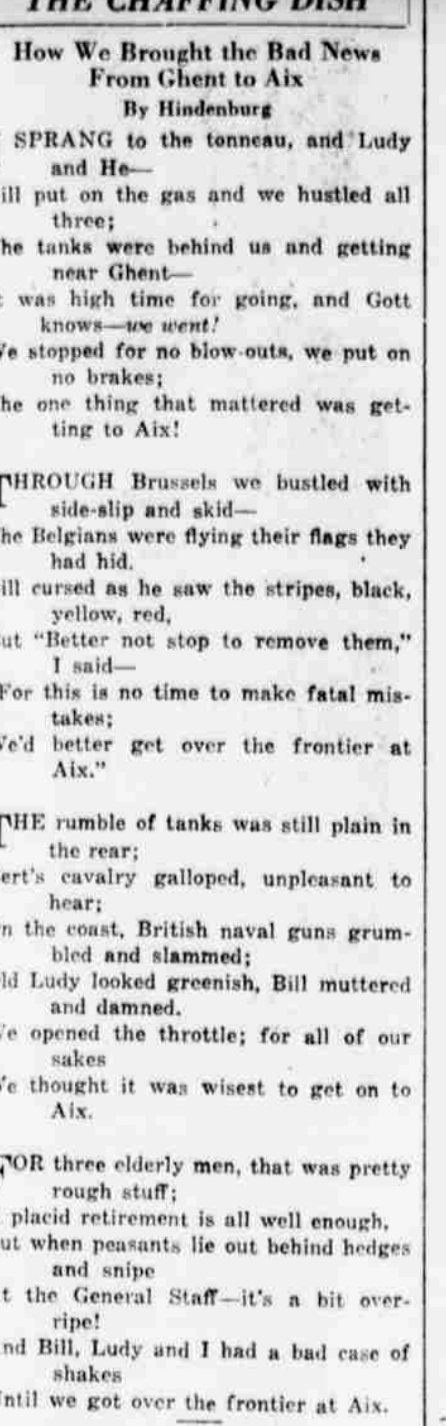
What merry days next week for the horologists if everybody tries to put his watch or clock back one hour on Sunday. Don't be a chump; put your timepiece ahead eleven hours instead of turning it backward.

The Kaiser's Nursery Rhymes Abdication in vocation, And exile's just as bad; Democracy drivs puzzle me, And Wilson drives me mad.

When the Berlin democrats come to batter down Wilhelm's front door and tell him where he gets off, perhaps he'll have an influenza-trained phoni girl at the gate to ask them "Is this a really important call?"

Wonder what the Sultan's thinking about? A Lullaby for Dutch-Swiss-Scandinavian Newspaper Editors See a rumor, pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck; Never let a rumor lie— It may be true by and by. Rumors about abdication Are a help to circulation.

THROUGH WHICH HE SEES HIS FINISH



THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

IN BOHEMIA

I'D RATHER live in Bohemia than in any other land; For only there are the values true, And the laurels gathered in all men's view. The prizes of traffic and State are won By shrewdness or force, or by deeds undone; But fame is sweeter without the feud, And the wine of Bohemia are never shrewd. Her pilgrims stream with a gait sublime From every class and climate and time, Appling only to be strolled With the names that are writ in the book of gold. And each one bears in his mind or hand A pain of the dear Bohemian land. The scholar first with a book—a youth Adorned with the glory of harvested truth; A girl with a picture, a man with a play, A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay; A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword, A player, a king, a plowman, a lord— And the player is king when the door is last! The plowman is crowned and the lord is past! I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land; There are no titles inherited there, No honor or hope for the brainless heir; No gilded native born To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn; Bohemia has none but adopted sons; Its limits where fancy's bright stream runs, Its honors not garnered for thrift or trade, But for beauty and truth men's souls have made. To the empty heart in a jeweled breast There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest; But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know; The moistureless froth of the social show, The vulgar sham of the pompous feast, Where the least virtue is the highest prize, Where the organized charity scripped and led.

In the name of a cautious statistical Christ; The smile restrained, the respectful cant; When a friend in need is a friend in want; Where the only aim is to keep afloat, And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat. Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart And the grip of a friendly hand, And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Made the Moments consisted chiefly in slapping the Hun officers on the backs. As the Allies are just now engaged in doing the same thing, who can deny that harmony in a war-wracked world is not making progress?

If the old and good Oh, Man! Man in the Street, was as thirsty for truth and knowledge as he seemed to be for a drink stronger than coffee when the saloons were opened for an hour through a misunderstanding of orders, the world would be a far pleasanter place to live in.

The Hun has Over In the Laboratory been a marvel at the production of substitutes. Now it remains to be seen what he is able to evolve to replace a vanishing government.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. Who wrote "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"?
2. What position in the British cabinet does Lord Milner hold?
3. What is the official name of France?
4. What is an architect?
5. What is "Lloyd's"?
6. How long before the signing of the treaty was the Battle of Yorktown fought?
7. What is the derivation of the word plebiscite?
8. Who said "History is philosophy teaching by examples"?
9. What is the French form of Ghent?
10. Who was the classical goddess of retribution?
Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. Elizabeth is Queen of Belgium.
2. In the United States a thousand million make a billion. In Great Britain a billion consists of a million millions.
3. Louis Pasteur was a famous liberty-fighting Hungarian revolutionist. He died in 1894-1895.
4. A bibliophile is a seller of books, especially of rare editions.
5. The family circle is the second tier in a thau-
6. The Province in the southern part of France between the Rhone River and the Alps makes a mountain system.
7. "Rime" is the Scotch word for snow.
8. Jerome K. Jerome was in his "Companions in Crime" that "History is philosophy teaching by examples."
9. The Parliament of Avignon is called the "Babouin."
10. The dog named called the Kibbuck is the name of a dog.

Don't Abandon Latin and Greek

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I want to congratulate the Government, whose weekly contribution to your columns I always read with pleasure, on his courage in coming to the defense of the classical education in education, using the word in its narrow sense, must be fought with all the power we possess if this is to be a nation made up of anything except a mob of ignorant, stupid, and uneducated slaves. The utilitarians will defeat their own purpose if they succeed in abolishing classical education, for it is that kind of education which trains the mind and equips it to grapple with new problems.

I once heard a mining engineer say to a group of graduates of an old-fashioned college which taught the humanities that he would rather have one young man on his force with an A. B. degree than two whose only training had been received in a technical school. He said that the man with the A. B. degree had been taught to use his mind, and that his brain had become a tool that could be quickly adjusted to any task, whereas the graduate of the technical school had his mind filled with a mass of technical facts and was all at sea when he was confronted with conditions different from those which had been described in his textbooks. Of course, this was an extreme statement, but it has the elements of truth in it.

It would be a fatal mistake to drop Latin and Greek from the college and to substitute for them more "practical" subjects. The college courses may need revision in many respects, but they should continue to include such subjects as will open to the mind of the student the door into the treasure house where is stored knowledge of what men have thought and done from the earliest date that they began to consider the problems of life before them—not the material problems of bread and butter, but the questions of the meaning of life. —MASTER OF ARTS, Philadelphia, October 18.

This Is Cruel

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: The illustration "Joke" on page 1 of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER is a matter of great surprise and regret to at least one reader. That an otherwise valuable and exceedingly interesting paper should permit a page of vulgar and stupid jokes is beyond all understanding.

Some of the so-called humorous sketches refer to little children—one can readily imagine the demoralizing effect upon every little child unfortunate enough to read them. The world has need for humor, but humor of a refined and uplifting nature—of which all the noble and better for it. That "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," is true—but it certainly excludes all vulgarity.

AN OLD PHILADELPHIAN.

Philadelphia, October 18.

How Long! How Long!

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I find it necessary to submit the enclosed sonnet to your paper, for it is due largely to the suggestion of Mr. Sykes's cartoons, as well as to the heroic and gallant Barringer writing.

How Long! How Long! How long, O God! shall we in madness creep! How long in bitter hate shall we abhor! Men bow their heads today and stand and weep. While death its dreadful harvest still doth reap; Still roughly casting brother-love aside; Still rudely pressing with an endless tide Of horror and of fear from deep to deep.

How long shall Peace be brushed aside by hands That drip with human blood, nor heed the plea Of wife and child, of wounded—from the ship! How long, O God, how long shall cruel bands Be rulers over all the land and sea, And hold the weary earth in tyrant's grip!

I shall not attempt to form an explanation concerning my ideas expressed in this poem; but one thing must be clear: That I earnestly feel that one man or a small group of men cannot and must not hold the world under a tyrannical yoke. Naturally, I refer to the permanent peace. Naturally, I refer to the "eleventh" paragraph of the German Constitution. —LOUIS M. KROOPNICK, Philadelphia, October 18.

A Punishment to Fit the Crime

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—As "The Day," the day of reckoning, draws near, the question of a just reparation occupies the thoughts of men.

Restoration of recently and less recently stolen territory and indemnities for the material losses wrought are already in the final terms of peace; but in the mind of the average man there is a well-defined fear that the Allied Governments will not dictate conditions which will sufficiently impress upon the German people the enormity of their crimes, for in spite of the many attempts to

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