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Philadelphia, Friday, July 18, 1919

based upon sound principles of husbandry. It is, for instance, estimated that 8 per cent of every ton of waste sent to the dumps is composed of rags necessary to the making of roofing felt. The check to thoughtless extravagance should be exceedingly beneficial to a nation that found its first steps in saving much easier to take than it expected. It may be anticipated that the favor with which the thrift-stamp system was received will be accorded to this novel and important phase of it.

AFTER VICTORY

MR. BURLESON'S announcement that mail is again going into Germany and coming out without restrictions, the withdrawal of the Allies' blockade, the hurried re-establishment of banking and trade relations between the German states and their neighbors are circumstances which may fairly be accepted as indications of a new epoch in history. We shall hear less of Germany from now on. We shall hear less about "the Hun." A people vanquished or hard and silently at work is less dramatic than a nation at grips with the world. But it will be regrettable if the people of the Allied nations dismiss Germany altogether from their thoughts, because the reactions of the next few years in a country that is beginning life all over again will be filled with significance for the rest of mankind.

We have beaten the Germans, but in one way we have done them a mighty service. We have put them in the hardest kind of a school. We have forced them into a situation that will involve generations of mental and moral discipline. They must cultivate the virtues of patience and industry and self-reliance—or perish.

Bolshevism has receded rapidly in Germany. The country has a new start in the arts of politics and national administration. Men suffer at the galleys oar, but they leave it with strong arms. There is nothing in the terms of peace that can prevent the new Germany from achieving dignity and strength within a generation.

What is to happen in the meantime with the Allied nations—and with the United States—which have not the incentive to self-discipline, to effort and to soul searching that Germany has in her defeat from the general ruin?

Are they to grow soft and complacent? Will they relax into political and economic recklessness?

Victory involves responsibilities greater by far than the responsibilities of defeat. The loser in a fight has all to gain. The winner has all to lose. If the Germans emerge from their period of enforced penance with a new political consciousness and an enlightened sense of the great opportunities sure to ensue upon a humane and scientific political administration in the modern state, they may yet be glad that they lost the war. And if the nations that defeated them are content to rest upon the achievement and to be satisfied with political pretenses and platitudes and the old habits of thought that permitted the debasement of democratic government in the past, their victory will be in the end, and despite the league of nations, little better than a disaster.

There is in England, apparently, some recognition of this fact. The political system and the party superstitions of England will never be the same again.

The suggestion that Lloyd George intends to organize a new party, to group the progressive minds of all the old factions in a movement representative of the general interest of the country rather than the interests of restricted political cliques sounds valid enough. If Lloyd George doesn't attempt some such coup another man will.

Class and group interests in Great Britain have to be reconciled and the political genius of the English probably will find means to that end. Ireland will be made content in one way or another. One of the ambitions of British statesmen is to formulate policies which will free some of the far-off dominions of their growing desire for independent existence and bind them anew to the mother country. It is clear that the British have not stopped thinking and that they are aware of crucial years immediately ahead.

In the United States most of the people who presume to lead opinion seem content with the knowledge that we are the richest nation in the world. But our riches will not carry us far in peace and safety if we proceed without enlightened policies of government and better conceptions of political aims and methods at home. The sort of party spirit that has been rampant on both sides in Congress, the obvious unfitness of many men in high offices, the flagrant development of politics as a business and a gamble in this country and the inefficiency of state and municipal government; the aloofness of the average influential politician from knowledge of or interest in the concerns of the vast majority of our people, are things that have encouraged cynicism or despair in great numbers of Americans whose patriotism is not of the imitation kind.

We shall have to revive our faith. We shall have to be rid of the men in politics who habitually betray us. We shall have to advance with the onward thought of aspiring men or be left behind, at one day or another, by the people whom we defeated. The responsibility is not upon any political party or any one man or set of men. It is upon the people, who, if they are to fulfill the duties of citizenship in the great period of world reconstruction, must think of the country and of its institutions first and of their political parties afterward.

"THE JERSEY COAST"

THAT radio operator at the navy yard who sent out a message that the steamship Scantic was aground "off the New Jersey coast" had his little joke, as the ship was aground in the Delaware river off Snyder avenue. But it was a joke which offends the literary purists. "Coast" is not properly applied to the bank of a river. If he had said the ship was aground "off the New Jersey shore" his meaning would have been capable of the two interpretations which he apparently intended and his statement would have been accurate.

The coast is the land washed by the sea. The shore is the land washed by the sea, by a lake or by a large river. When Philadelphians "go down to the shore" they go to Atlantic City, Ocean City, Wildwood or some of the other ocean resorts. When they "go to the coast" they go to California, so limited do words become by usage. The operator's phrase reminds one that New Jersey has an extended shore line, reaching from the northeast boundary on the Hudson river to the northwest boundary on the Delaware at Port Jervis.

WATCHFULLY WAITING

THE American people are practicing orthodox Wilsonian doctrine in watchfully waiting for an explanation that will clear up the hubbub and doubt over the Shantung clause in the treaty. They are waiting with patience and restraint.

But back of this attitude is a stern resolve to insist upon the facts, full, free and open.

Personal persuasion of particular Republican senators in the seclusion of the White House will not suffice if those senators, like Mr. McCumber, after their visit, feel that their lips are sealed. While this method may enlighten the senators and win them over to approval of the presently obnoxious clause, it will not satisfy public opinion, which, there is every reason to believe, is deeply stirred by the apparent inconsistency between the President's profession of principles and the performance of the Allies in this instance.

There is hope in the intimations of Senator Colt, who said after he saw the President, that the Shantung matter "could be made much clearer than it appears" and that there was a possibility the President "might make a statement" to the Senate.

That is what the people desire and demand, and the Senate is recreant to its representative duty when it fails to take immediate advantage of Mr. Wilson's offer to appear for questioning.

The subject is too dangerous for trifling either in the form of bombastic and jingoistic speeches in the Senate or urbanities behind closed doors in the White House.

For utter and severe condemnation of the Shantung clause, it is only necessary to quote the President's fine speeches on numerous occasions since the first week in April, 1917, but judgment must be reserved until the President has been heard in justification. That justification he must make, after the revelations of this week, or be content to see the section adjudged out of his own mouth.

They Did—in Vain Fifteen hundred postal clerks have petitioned Congress for an increase in salary. They would be wiser to begin by petitioning the President for a new postmaster general.

They Want a Share There is nothing modest about the demands of the striking Boston street-car men, who ask an eight-hour day at seventy-three and one-half cents an hour. But the street-car fare is ten cents, which suggests that the railroad companies set the example in immodest demands.

The New Hate In New York they are welcoming German opera back with open arms. All of the emotional stress that attended efforts to have German panache renamed as Victory Pastry has passed. And it is in Manhattan that a crusade has just started to change the name of the neighboring village of Rye.

Does Any One Remember Ward? There are 400 applications for membership on the Committee of One Hundred, but if the committee were made big enough to take them all in some one would begin to talk of the Four Hundred which Ward McAllister made famous in New York, and the chance of getting votes in South Philadelphia would go glimmering—unless Ward McAllister has been forgotten.

Heroism on Trial Lieutenant Charles Wayne Kerwood, veteran of the Lafayette Escadrille, daredevil Hun hunter, winner of the Croix de Guerre for heroism in sky-fighting over the battle lines in France, who fled back trembling to the clouds after one day in Ardmore politics, knows now, after finding politics too much for his nerves, that valor is sometimes found in strange places. Courage is needed in politics. Only a brave man can sit around from year to year and draw a large salary for doing nothing.

Allens Must Speak Our Language Why do special pleaders always ignore essential facts? There is, for example, the man who spoke in the Baptist Temple against compulsory study of the English language by aliens. He remarked that Prussia had tried compulsory German in Poland and Austria had tried it in Bohemia and both had failed. Does he not know that they failed because alien governments were trying to force an alien language upon native populations in the land of their birth? The teaching of English to Poles in American schools is not on all fours with the teaching of German to Poles in Polish schools. A moment's thought will show the radical difference. Polish is the language of Poland, and a man who wants to live there must speak it. English is the language of America, and the man who comes here from abroad is handicapped unless he is able to speak English. The state does a service to the foreigner when it requires him to learn the language of the country.

The old Max Stirner doctrine, "My right is the right," seems likely to be the guiding principle of the party which David Lloyd George is reported to be planning.

Hardening our hearts would be accompanied by a marked softening process were Germany to send us her superior Max Harden. But the whole suggestion of sending him here as ambassador is too sensible for the rumor to have much foundation in Tecton fact.

THE WAR'S TURNING POINT IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

Solemnity of the First Anniversary of July 18, 1918, Profoundly Enhanced as Retrospect Illumines the Stupendous Event

THE solidifying of news into history is a process which only the light of retrospect can reveal. Actual participants in the terrific counter-offensive which the French and American troops inaugurated on the Marne ten years ago today were unfit to gauge the stupendous meaning of that action. Their vision, however alert and keen, was limited.

So also was the penetration of the generals who wrote the dispatches, the correspondents who repeated them with annotations, the newspaper editors who published them, the victory-hungry public which read them.

Throughout the Entente world July 18, 1918, was a thrilling day. After five gigantic offensives the German invasion of France had been repulsed. Obviously here was an event of magnitude. But just what were its proportions?

Doubtless Foch himself hesitated to acknowledge the full majesty of the design.

SO FULLY that its estimate is now a commonplace, the world knows today that the whole course of humanity turned on July 18, 1918. The first battle of the Marne in September, 1914, has been called the Gettysburg of the concrete in misnomer. The description is in a sense a misnomer. History, that master clarifier of events and the motives and deeds of men, is fast revealing that there were really two wars in a decisive battle. It determined the character of the conflict, turning the impending German triumph into a stalemate.

The first war continued until the intervention of America in 1917. Despite advances and retreats on both sides, the result of the Franco-British recovery on the Marne governed the aspect of the main battle terrain of France and Flanders for nearly three years.

Then came the new alignment, new purposes, new and epochal developments. The first war was over—a draw. "First Marne" had saved the Allies. It had not won for them, and thus Marshal Joffre's signal achievement was not a peace-time illustrious—a Gettysburg, marking the beginning of a tide of uninterrupted success.

It was more nearly an Antietam. That engagement effectively established the fact the Confederacy could not win. The September Marne ended for sane commentators the prospect of decisive Teuton victory.

IT IS easy to interpret a Sedan or a Waterloo. Its finality is explicit. But a Gettysburg grows and grows in import and grandeur as history revises contemporary appraisals, rearranges events in architectural symmetry and authorizes for mankind the maximum of thrills long after the particular interplay of circumstance has ceased.

Today is when the sirens should shrill, the bands play, the guns boom, the chimes ring forth. Next year and the next and the next there will be increasing warranty for rapture.

Plainer, more overwhelmingly fundamental, will appear the truth of the "Second Marne," the true Gettysburg of the "Second War."

STRICTLY speaking, the battle endured for seventeen days, until by August 3, when the Marne-Vesle pocket had been wholly evacuated by the Germans, the ability of the Entente to conduct a major offensive had been demonstrated, and Paris was no longer menaced.

In the broad sense, however, the engagement was continuous until Armistice Day. At the triumphant movements of all the armies grew out of the stunning repulse inflicted by Foch, and more immediately Mangin and Gouraud, in the midst of the fifth and last Ludendorff drive.

That movement was no fello of its cyclopean predecessors. In the interval that had ensued between March 21 and July 14 the Allies, thanks chiefly to the American crusaders, had acquired the preponderance of numerical strength. The fifth German offensive had, it is true, crossed the Marne and was heading for Epernay, but it had wretchedly "diverged" about Rheims, and, furthermore, the Allied high command was perfectly acquainted with the specific ambitions of the Hun strategy.

Ludendorff's plans were by that time apparent, both because of sound interpretation of military principles and because of special intelligence receivers. Foch's purposes were a riddle to his foes, who, in addition, hopelessly misconceived the enormity of his resources.

BY noon of July 15 the generalissimo's decision had been made and the hour of the counter-offensive had been appointed. On schedule at 4:35 July 18 it began. Its main objectives were the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road and the heights of Soissons. The front had been imperfectly stabilized for a repetition of the old hair-breaking trench warfare. A species of open fighting was possible and the Franco-American troops with magnificent enthusiasm and dash, Chateau-Thierry was recaptured on July 21.

The prelude had been something akin to demoralization in the German ranks, completely surprised by the Entente assertion of the initiative. The greatest penetration made by the first staggering blow was six miles on a front of about twenty-eight. In two days 17,000 prisoners were taken. On the same day that Chateau-Thierry was regained the last of the Allied troops had recrossed the Marne.

Then began the rush toward the Ourcq and the envelopment of Jaulgonne on the north bank of the Marne. On the eastern leg of the quadrilateral, bounded, roughly speaking, with lines connecting Soissons, Rheims, Chateau-Thierry and Epernay, the Italians, English and French were within two miles of the famous Fismes-Chatillon railway. The prisoners had mounted to more than 35,000.

When the Germans reached the Vesle their resistance stiffened, but by that time the offensive power had passed to the Allies, the plan of the Ludendorff campaign was smashed by flinders, the American army, represented by nine divisions, had opportunity and the swing to conclusive victory had been made.

Only five days elapsed between the slowing down of the German retreat on the Vesle and the mighty blow directed by Sir Douglas Haig in Picardy. Never was there a single setback to the triumphal progress.

REALIZATION of the event of July 18, 1918, is incomplete even on its anniversary. But history has tested, throughout the years, Descendants of the present generation will find the event and its implications easier to fathom than we have found it, for our own part we never encountered this

LITTLE BUT LOUD



THE CHAFFING DISH

Darby Creek
THE other day we had an adventure that gave us great joy, and, like all great adventures, it was wholly unexpected.

We went out to spend an evening with a certain Caliph who lives at Darylesford—how many Main Line commuters, by the way, know that it is named for Darylesford in Worcestershire, the home of Warren Hastings?—and after supper the Caliph took us for a stroll round the twilight. In a green hollow below the house, only a few partridges away from the room where this Caliph sits and writes essays (he is the only author in Philadelphia who has never received a rejection slip) he showed us a delicious pool of water, splashing over a dam and winding away down an alluring valley. A white road ran beside it, through agreeable thickets and shrubbery, starting off with a twist that suggested all manner of pleasant surprises for the wayfarer. It was just the kind of road to see spread before one at the cool outset of a long summer day.

"This," said the Caliph, "is the head-water of Darby Creek."

LITTLE did the Caliph, dour man, know what that simple statement meant to us. The headwaters of Darby? Darby Creek, and its younger brother Cobb's creek, were the Adams and Pharrar of our youth. We were nourished first of all on Cobb's, where we had our first swim and caught our first tadpoles and conducted our first search for buried treasure (and also smelt our first skunk cabbage). Then, in our teens, we ranged farther afield and learned it was Darby, by whose crystal waters we used to fry bacon and read R. L. S. There will never be any other streams quite as dear to our heart.

UNTIL the other evening at the Caliph's we had not seen the water of Darby creek for ten years; not such a long time, perhaps, as some reckon, but where we were, with unrequited enthusiasm to the days when we lived only two miles away from that delicious stream. Darby creek is associated in our mind with a saw and cider mill, that used to stand—and very likely still stands—where the creek crosses the West Chester pike. To that admirable spot, in the warm blue haze of an October afternoon, certain young men used to tramp. While the whirling blades of the sawmill screamed through green logs, these care-free innocents used to sit round a large vat where the juice of fresh apples came trickling through some sort of burlap squeezing coils, and where soft and groggy were huzzled and tottered and exulted in rapture. These youths (who should not be blamed, for indeed they had few responsibilities and cares) would play the fiddle with diligence, merrily toasting the trolleys that hummed by on the way to West Chester. We will not give away their names, for they were now demure and respected members and stock exchanges. But we remember one of these who was notably susceptible to cider. On the homeward path, as he flourished his intellect broadcast and quoted Maeterlinck and Bliss Carman, he was induced by his comrades to crawl inside a spagnum-terra-cotta pipe that lay by the roadside. Just how this act of cozening was accomplished we forget; perhaps it was a wager to see whether he, being proud of his slender figure, was slim enough to eel through the tube. At any rate, he vanished inside. The pipe lay at the top of a gentle hill, and for his companions and the owners and respected members to seize the cylinder and set it rolling down the grade. Merrily it revolved for a hundred feet or more, at high velocity, and culminated in a ditch. The dizzied victim emerged at length, quoting Ibsen.

THE mile and a half along the creek above this sawmill—up to where an odd little branch railroad crosses the stream on a tottery trestle and Ithan creek runs low—was the pleasure haunt best known to us. It was approached through Coopers town, that rustic settlement which the Bryn Mawr squires had recently turned into a Tom Tiddler's ground. Across the fields and down an enchanting valley carpeted with moss we scoured on many and many an afternoon, laden with the rudiments of a meal. There was said to be a choleric farmer with a shotgun and an angry colic on the western verge of the stream, and it was always a matter of course to send over an envoy (chosen by lot) to bag a few ears of corn for roasting. But for our own part we never encountered this

enemy, though Miffin once came throbbing back empty-handed and pale-faced, reporting that a charge of lead had sung past his ears. Above a small dam the creek backed up to a decent depth, five feet or so of cool green water, and here bathing was conducted in the ancient Greek manner. There were sun-warmed fence rails nearby for basking, and then a fire would be built and stittles mobilized. Tobacco pouches were emptied out into one common store, and by the time this was smoked out a white moonlight would be spilling over the autumn fields.

WE GREW so fond of this section of our Abana that we never explored the full length of the stream. It would be a lovely day's jaunt, we imagine, to set out from Darby (where Cobb's creek joins Darby Creek) and walk up the little river to its source at Darylesford. It would be about twenty miles, which is a just distance for a walker who likes to enjoy the scenery as he goes. Through the greater part of the trail the stream trods through open farming country, with old mills here and there—paper mills, flour mills and our famous shrine of sawdust and cider. The lower waters, from Darby down to Tinicum Island and the mouth at Essington, would probably be less walkable. We suspect them of being marshy, though we speak only by the name. Mr. Browning, we remember, wrote a poem about a bishop who ordered his tomb at Saint Praxedis. We, if we had a chance to lay out any blue-prints of our final rollop, would like to be the Colymbist who ordered his tomb by Darby creek, and not too far away from that cider mill. And let us not think that it is a stream of merely sentimental interest. Hog Island, as all will grant, is a place of national importance. And what is Hog Island, after all? Only the delta of Darby Creek.

Is Germany a Republic?
 The Dish, always first with the news that really matters, calls attention to the following item concerning the ceremony of signing the peace at Versailles. As far as we have seen, it did not get into the cable dispatches.

M. Clemenceau's speech was notable for a curious interruption from the German side. When M. Clemenceau spoke of the Delegation of the German Republic a cry that was almost a shout was hurled at him across the room of "Reich," "Reich" and M. Clemenceau corrected himself and repeated the words "Reich Allemand." The signature of the treaty began after three—"Manchester Guardian."

Now of course the German word "Reich" really means "realm," but long usage has given it the significance of "empire." We ask, merely for information, does Germany consider herself a republic or doesn't she?

Those Were the Days!
 WANTED: by an American GIRL, a SITUATION as chambermaid or general HOUSEWORK. Please call at corner of Siles and Carlisle streets.—Public Ledger Feb. 28, 1861.

Desk Mottos
 I have never needed even in my early years, to possess things in order to enjoy them.—ANATOLE FRANCE.

Coffee has gone up to ten cents a cup at some restaurants. The day may come when they'll charge a fee to let you look through the window and watch the griddle cakes being baked.
 —SOCRATES.

And "Br'er" Japan, he lay low. It's a way with the contented.

The Senate's zeal for reservations is clearly in inverse ratio to its reserve.

Mrs. Macbeth would have entertained no further ambitions concerning the sticking point had she known of Philadelphia weather.

Governor Sproul found that the reserve militia in camp at Mt. Gretna was a solidly lot of men.

St. Swithin weather is making even the most skeptical believe in saints.

Common laborers get better pay than some of the postoffice clerks, but Congress is so busy on less important matters that it has not time to consider the just demands of these men. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the postmaster general is so anxious to run his department at a profit that he objects to a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.

A POEM IN PROSE

OUR Allied peoples must remember that God gave them overwhelming victory—Victory far beyond their greatest dreams. Not for small selfish ends. Not for financial or economic advantages. But for the attainment of the great human ideals. For which our heroes gave their lives. And which are the real victors. In this war of ideals.

A NEW heart must be given. Not only to our enemies, But also to us: A contrite spirit for the woes which have overwhelmed the world; A spirit of pity, mercy and forgiveness For the sins and wrongs which we have suffered.

A new spirit of generosity and humanity, Born in the hearts of the peoples. In this great hour of common suffering and sorrow. Can alone heal the wounds.

—General Smuts.

Judge Dickinson reminds the brewers that the way to get legal advice is to pay a retainer to a lawyer.

Only the first three letters of Marne will mean anything to Eric Ludendorff if he is bold enough to think of that river today.

Letters can now be sent to Germany by the regular routes. But they get to Germany all the time, if we may believe the boasts of the people over there.

"New" National Guard is a misnomer. Veteran is the correct epithet for the controlling factors in the reorganization of the state troops.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. How does the population of the whole Shantung peninsula compare with that portion of it in which Japan succeeds to the former German title?
2. How many men per congressman or senator are to be recruited for the National Guard in each state when the act providing for that organization is fully operative?
3. What is the capital of Peru?
4. Who wrote "The Battle of the Kegs"?
5. What is a tort?
6. Who was John Huss?
7. What amendment to the constitution provides authority for the imposition of the federal income tax?
8. What is the highest great waterfall in the world?
9. Where is the Sistine Chapel, which contains the famous frescoes of Michael Angelo?
10. Who was the sixth President of the United States?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Brockdorf-Rantzau is the new German minister to the new Austria.
2. Thirty-one miles an hour by the Mauretania is the fastest speed ever made by an ocean passenger liner.
3. The island of Yap is one of the Carolines in the Pacific, located at about 9 degrees north latitude and 138 degrees east longitude. It formerly belonged to Germany and is now in Japanese control.
4. Raisuli is a Moroccan bandit and revolutionist against whom Spain is now waging a "little war."
5. The "Circumlocution Office" is described in Dickens's novel "Little Dorrit."
6. Claude A. Debussy was a noted French musical composer, exponent of the ultra-modern school. He died in 1918.
7. Mediocre literally means of middle degree.
8. A solecism is an offense against grammar or idiom, blunder in manner of speaking or writing; piece of ill-breeding or incorrect behavior.
9. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, was known as "Old Bullion" because of his advocacy of hard money coinage. He died in 1858.
10. The salary of the chief justice of the United States is \$15,000 a year.