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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR APRIL WAS 114,027

Philadelphia, Tuesday, June 5, 1917

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The so-called "fighting spirit" displayed by our little politicians in their latest factional quarrel never helped a nation to win a war.

It is said the Austrian Emperor is thinking of making Trieste a free city, self-governed. The Italian drive should soon see him that trouble.

A war tax on dogs was suggested to the Senate by a Mr. Boney, of Iowa. As an alternative, why not give the dogs the muzzle intended for the press and confine their barking to certain hours?

Unfortunately it is the exception, and not the rule, that comes to public attention. If statements indorsing the selective draft issued by the 10,000,000 who are registering today could have been printed instead of the objections of a few abnormal persons, the anti-draft agitation would have appeared as microscopic as it is. Any fool can get his name printed if he wants to go to jail.

Of the 523 persons resident in Lindstrom, Minn., sixty have gone to the war. Yet the men of Lindstrom are of the same kind as can be found everywhere in the Union; it happens that patriotism, which travels fastest in a small place, where everybody knows everybody else, hit here first and hardest. The same ratio here would send 200,000 Philadelphians into action! Yet not more than 15,000 will be called of those who register in this city today. Uncle Sam asks little, but he wants that little to be given cheerfully.

It was a happy thought which prompted the Navy Department to give to the German warship Geier, interned at Honolulu, the name of Carl Schurz. To this tireless lover of liberty, who took refuge in America after the German uprising of 1848, oppression of any sort, were it the tyranny of Teuton imperialism or the tyranny of American bossism, was ever anathema. Civil service reform in this country owes much of its splendid development to the inspiration of Carl Schurz. His championship of greater liberties for the Philippines was also tireless. May the deeds of the United States war vessel Carl Schurz be worthy of her stainless name!

"Order and Progress," the admirable but rather undramatic national motto of Brazil, seems to inspire the leisurely deliberation of her course against Germany. The yellow and green standard of the Portuguese-American Republic now waves over the fleet of interned merchantmen seized yesterday, but still the Brazilian sword is undrawn. The commandingeer was orderly and attended by no sensational incidents. Of the progress made there can be no question. Brazilian ideals are certainly proclaimed at every well-considered step. It is possible that when the actual call to arms comes at last it will acquire a certain dignity from all this patient preparation.

Marconi was asked what the greatest single accomplishment of the wireless had been, and replied without hesitation: "Its use by aeroplanes." It has revolutionized artillery action. The aviator hovers over a spot which is under bombardment and flashes back to his gunners whether they hit or miss and how near the target their shells strike. But the Germans can do the same thing until their planes are driven from the air by immensely superior forces, and when that happens there will be another "strategic retreat." Here is America's opportunity. If we can build and man 100,000 aeroplanes we shall have done more than our hit in the war. And why shouldn't we?

The blow has fallen. For certain economies we were prepared, albeit painfully. The progress of others we marked with mute grief and the sullen silence of unavailing sorrow. Even before our war, free bread vanished from many a restaurant table. The potent dime alone backed the staff of life. Elusive, too, became the ruddy sheen of the catsup bottle and the bread phrase, "All condiments charged extra," smote tearful eyes. Frequent "free lunch" was only a memory of the ante-bellum golden age. Still shorn of gloom, however, was Lewis Carroll's brightly couplet:

How I passed by the garden I marked with one eye
How the cat and the oyster were sharing the pie

A NEW BRITISH REVOLUTION

Demand for a Federal Empire
Growing in Strength as Colonies Fight for England

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES
Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

LONDON, May 18.
FIFTY years of the silent revolution which took place in Great Britain between 1814 and 1917. It will have many important items, but the first in its effect on the world will be the change of heart concerning the British Empire itself.

"OUR LIVES, OUR FORTUNES AND OUR SACRED HONOR"

TODAY the young voters are going to the polling places to cast something more important than votes. They are dedicating their lives to something infinitely greater than themselves. They are mortal. America is immortal.

Four generations of American voters have served this nation and have gone to their graves without finding it necessary to change our fundamental law, a record which no other nation can show.

England was an oligarchy and France an autocracy in 1788, but the men who elected Washington President had all the liberties enjoyed by the men who elected Wilson. A score of democracies have been fashioned according to our model, have been sheltered under our eagle's wing. It is the privilege of the Selectmen of today to make themselves a part of that imperishable and unchanging ideal of liberty.

Here is a nation that cannot alter its goal if it would, for it has already set for its goal the extreme limit of political freedom that the mind of man can imagine—local and national government by the people.

Our forefathers of 1776 undertook a daring and dangerous mission when they pledged "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor"—for it was our lives as well as theirs that they pledged when they invited the whole world to follow their example and rise in revolution, in eternal revolution. It was an imperfect and tyrant-ridden world into which they launched their blood-red campaign for liberty; it was inevitable that sooner or later America would be called to account for sowing the seeds of sedition in the minds of the oppressed of all the world.

Consider the other side of it. Consider the United Kingdom, that tiny island off the coast of Europe. Let us leave Ireland out for the moment to prevent quibbling. Here are some 50,000,000 of men, women and children. By the process of law they elect representatives and these representatives vote immense sums of money to preserve a fleet and to build up and keep elastic an army of 1,000,000 men. And yet Canada and Australia and New Zealand are dependent upon these weapons for their security and their defense. A vast mistake, it seems, on both sides. To understand the absurdity to the full, we must recollect our feeling about some choice specimens in our own Congress when the preparedness agitation was on. Just as with us, the members of the House of Commons are generally elected on questions of a strictly local importance. And just as with us they are suddenly called to decide questions of the gravest international importance and questions involving the whole life of the empire.

That situation would have caused twenty rebellions long ago if it had not been for a certain event in 1776—an event not without its own significance. It was the day that the only thing which made the empire possible was that the American colonies had taught the tyrants such a lesson that they were unable to repeat an experiment in unjust government. The spirit has been that the dominions are independent of the mother country in some of the most vital matters. Britain does not elect a cabinet of Ministers, but if it wants to, it builds a tariff wall against New Zealand or against Britain itself. The empire has been a loose union for generations, and that is the only reason why it has been a real union, none the less, as we have seen with astonishment. The dominions which might have chosen the course of secession are actually a part of the empire, and they are a part of the empire, and they are a part of the empire.

There is no need for America to "Americanize" the war, for it was America that started the war by proving throughout 140 years that liberty was possible and war dying for. And now, with dignified and measured step, she comes to the trying place her heroes appointed for her. There she shall, through the deeds of this fleeting generation, hasten cheerfully to complete her gigantic and age-long task.

BOND SLACKERS' LAST CHANCE

THE Liberty Bond slacker can be so speedily converted into the Liberty Bond patriot that one rather hesitates to employ the abusive term. Call the average citizen a stand-patter with regard to the loan and he has it in his power to prove with a few strokes of his pen, a slight expenditure of ink and without a drain on his purse, that you have misjudged him.

The tireless bond campaigners are finding this out every day. The slackers are melting away. Nearly half of Philadelphia's loan allotment has already been subscribed. This is a brilliant record and we rejoice in this evidence of patriotism.

But the good work must continue, and at redoubled speed. The city would be shamefully unworthy of the trust the Government has reposed in it were it to fall one penny shy in loan pledges. A quarter of a billion dollars' worth of bonds is the apportionment here.

Only ten more campaign days remain in which to prove that Philadelphia's loyal generosity has not waned, but rather, superbly flowered, since the days of Robert Morris and Jay Cooke.

The great army of fighters which Uncle Sam takes the first important step toward raising today depends very largely for its maintenance on the magnitude of the army of bond buyers throughout the land. The conviction that Philadelphia will more than double its present quota of loan subscribers springs from the belief that the hardest days of the campaign will produce the most triumphant results. After June if the bond slacker who has lost the opportunity to redeem himself, instant action will admit him into the patriot class. No true American can afford to miss this chance to scatter his loyalty.

Tom Daly's Column

MEN—21 TO 30
Come out in the open, lad,
Let's see where you stand!
Time and time to spare you've had—
Show your hand!

WILLIAM WATSON, the poet, has been knighted by King George and Notre Dame University is giving us ourselves the degree of Doctor of Laws. It may seem infra dig, but may we not lift our metaphorical mortarboard and shout across the sub-infested waters: "Mornin', Bill! Poetry business is lookin' up, ain't it?"

IN 1909 William Watson published a poem which stirred up much comment in England and in this country, too. It was said to be an indictment of a lady high in social and political circles; indeed, it's safe to say that Watson would not have been knighted if Lloyd George's immediate predecessor as Premier were still in office. Here's a sample stanza or two of "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue":

She is not old, she is not young,
The woman with the serpent's tongue,
The haggard cheek, the hungry eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly.

She is not old, she is not young,
The woman with the serpent's tongue,
The haggard cheek, the hungry eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly.
The tarnished face, the fevered hand—
Who slights the warthog in the land,
Sneers at the just, condemns the brave
And blackens goodness in its grave.

To think that such a she can mar
Names that among the noblest are!
That hands like hers can touch the springs
That move who knows what men and things!

Since a blow as fierce as this, if aimed at a particular woman, would be a most unknighly thing, it may be well to believe that the honor conferred upon Watson acquits him of any ungallant intent in the verses in question.

HOEING the garden in what you might call the "fairway" is a task that doesn't draw much upon the reserve force, but where the weeds are thick and heavy we have found the hoe gets a better following, if at the moment of completing our stroke, we are permitted to clinch our teeth upon a wad of our favorite gum.

So we paused in our hurry to catch the early Saturday afternoon train to call for a nickel's worth at the newsstand. "All out o' that," said the man, "but I got —" "Never mind," said we; "what's the matter? Your people have a quarrel with the manufacturers?" "I don't know," said he. "I don't never ask no more. I ast onct an' I got a short answer, an' because it was short it was easy loined. I take whatever comes now." We tossed him our nickel and let him select the brand he thought would fit us.

Sir—May I not have space for a bit of interesting war news? Thank you. The young man was sailing for France, where he was to drive an ambulance, and the young woman, accompanied by her mother, had come to see him off. She didn't want him to go one bit. Even a stranger could have told that, and I'm no stranger to them. If I were I wouldn't have dared to say what I did—and it's the important news I'm coming to. The young people stepped inside a friendly companionway and I, although I am long past the age for service, stood guard near by. Mother suddenly asked me: "Where are those children?" she queried. "My dear madame," I said, in a tone loud enough to reach two pairs of young ears, "I think they just stepped inside for a souvenir spoon." Thank you. DOMINIE.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

A young man he is standing in a vacant garden lot,
A-planting seeds his Congressman has sent;
All day he digs and weeds and plants his pretty little plot
Until his bones are stiff and back is bent.

Tho' heartless friends will sneer and the neighbors all will laugh,
His hate endures 'gainst Ghibelline and Guelph;
And while he chases crows away and hits a straying calf,
He softly murmurs thus unto himself:

I do not plant that chickens may dig up this precious seed;
I have no gold to buy me fertilizer;
I only know that farming is my country's urgent need.

In waging war against the cru-ell Kaiser,
Mine not to reason why, mine just to rake and hoe;
And whether these are turnip seeds or rose,
Or whether they're nasturtiums or simple po-ta-to,

It's only my good Congressman that knows!
(Second stanza furnished on request.)
WILL LOU.

TEACHER had finished reading to the children of her class in the School of Practice at Nineteenth and Cherry streets. Frances, aged six or so, raised her hand and snapped her fingers. "Frances, Miss, won't you read that part again where it says 'I'?" So Teacher read it again and then asked the little girl why she interested her so. "Because," said she, "when you said 'I' you showed your gold tooth, and I never noticed it before."

A READER, rising to our demand for an Irishman to finish the submarine started by another Irishman, names Louis Brennan. "Brennan," says he, "is the inventor of the monorail and also, I believe of the Whitehead torpedo." More unfinished stuff! Whatever came of that monorail?

OUR OWN GUY FAWKES
Call a fellow a "guy" and you don't realize that just that slanderous epithet is three hundred and one dozen years old. 'Twas one Guy Fawkes tried to blow up Parliament. The English call him "Guy" and burn him every 5th of November just to show how thankful they are to that traitor for getting caught before he set the match to the fuse, and made up the old song about:

O don't you remember
The Fifth of November?
And that Guy Fawkes and plot?
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

Our fifth of November falls on the fifth of June; so the American celebration over the following of our heroes and traitors should be a rhyme; but perhaps

Remember, you loon,
The Fifth of June,
And that Guy Fawkes and plot.
I see no reason why anti-draft treason
Should ever be forgot.

Let this, of course, be credited or debited to wartime economy or preparedness: An advertiser in an evening contemporary offers for sale "a second-hand tomahawk" with three names upon it that might be considered of value.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Sinn Feiners—Secession in China—Anti-Noise Campaign

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—J. Rodden, in his reply to Clare Gerald Fenerty's letter, shows that he is an average disciple of that know-nothing leader, Edward Carson. He takes exception to Mr. Fenerty calling him and others like him "the noisy Orange minority."

This phrase does not begin to describe that illustrious conglomeration; a true and vivid description could not be printed in the columns of this newspaper.

Mr. Rodden seems to entertain a special dislike for Sinn Feiners. I would refer him to any American history of the Revolutionary period. There he would find a description of the "Boston Tea Party." Perhaps he would find a parallel, perhaps not, but the fact remains that he is enjoying and sharing in the fruits of their handiwork; and that law-abiding, loyal element—they were law-abiding, were they not, when they imported arms and munitions and formed a council, and announced that they would use force in opposing the laws of the British empire? Also his "counter-revolutionaries"—it may be that Orangeism has discarded all secrecy during the last few days. I fear Mr. Rodden lacks information of the true state of affairs and is not as well informed as he infers in his communication of May 29. TRUTH.

SECESSION IN CHINA

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Pekin dispatches say that the secession movement in China, where nine provinces have declared their independence of the republic, seems to indicate a desire for the restoration of the monarchy.

If a monarchy is established are we to fight China? You know and everybody else knows we are now fighting for democracy. (Democracy is not a form of government; it is a method of governing. England, for instance, is a limited monarchy, but it is essentially a democracy.—Editor of the Evening Ledger.)

UNNECESSARY NOISE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Your paper is an end, so just and patriotic that it is through you that I make a plea for less noise on our streets. I see that Baltimore has followed the example of New York and has an "anti-noise police." I can't see why so many autos have horns or whistles that make as much noise as the regular steam train.

I am neither sick, nervous nor "cranky," but I don't see why these noisy people should run our town and make it unpleasant for other people. I am sure if your office was on Oxford street you would not be able to give us such good editorials. S. I. P. Y., Philadelphia, June 4.

WANTS HOHENZOLLERN'S WIPED OUT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—In your last night's edition of the Evening Ledger there appeared a news article entitled "Separate United States Peace Wanted by Socialists—A Demand Made by the So-Called First Conference on Democracy and Terms of Peace."

This organization wants a separate peace if Germany stops her present submarine warfare. Well! Of all the insensate, who cannot surpass the Berliner Frechheit, this is the limit. To think a lot of potroons, have indulged in so wild vagaries in regard to a ruthless and treacherous peace with the enemies of free Russia and here allies, and they have made plain their determination to support the new Government as faithfully as they did its predecessor.

While so many other sections of the Russian Empire became utterly demoralized as soon as the Czar fell, the Cossacks have preserved their sense of discipline, and have indulged in no wild vagaries in regard to a ruthless and treacherous peace with the enemies of free Russia and here allies, and they have made plain their determination to support the new Government as faithfully as they did its predecessor.

It is certainly time to make such creatures understand that men with red blood in their veins and our Government must prosecute this war until every vestige of the Hohenzollern family is gone.

If the stories which are reaching us every day of Prussian brutality and "Schrecklichkeit" are true, then it is impossible to treat with a Government like the Prussian except



What Do You Know?

- QUIZ
1. Who is Scherlovitch?
2. What is a plebsicet?
3. Who is the "millionaire hobo"?
4. What is the cause of the present international trouble in China?
5. Who is the Italian Ambassador to the United States?
6. What is the salary of a Philadelphia newspaper?
7. What is the cause of the East St. Louis race riots?
8. What is a moratorium?
9. Of what battle did the French and Indians fight in 1759?
10. What is a lobby?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The Utah-Indian disturbance, known as the Yuma expedition, is the smallest war in the history of this country. It was fought from December, 1851, to April, 1852, and 553 regulars comprised the entire fighting force.
2. When it is noon here it is 8 a. m. in St. Louis.
3. It is 3100 miles from Philadelphia to San Francisco.
4. The Tutuila Group has an area of 71 square miles, 100 to the square mile.
5. The United States dollar is worth 300 cents in American coin.
6. Hell Gate is a narrow strait in the East River, New York, and is famous for the rush of the water through the strait, and over treacherous rocks, which made it exceedingly dangerous for navigation before the present channel was completed.
7. The Republic of San Marino declared war on Austria on June 4, 1915.
8. The exact damage was given by the Swedish consular estimates at \$60,000,000, and the Swedish Government estimated the damage more than \$10,000,000.
9. Dr. Leo Leche will be in charge of the United States Customs.
10. Hjalmer Branting is the famous Swedish socialist leader of the Swedish socialist conference.

WEALTH OF JAPAN

Japan is probably the most prosperous country in the world at present. Her war munition trade, compared with that of the United States, is small in total value, but every branch of business in Japan is making new records of prosperity. Financially, Japan was never such a power in the world before. She has redeemed large quantities of Japanese bonds held in Great Britain and France and is preparing to take up \$50,000,000 worth of British treasury bonds in the United States to help out her ally, and incidentally to obtain the 5 or perhaps 6 per cent which England will pay in place of the 1 1/2 per cent by the Japanese Federal banks. The significant thing about the commercial prosperity of Japan is the way in which it is being used to lay foundations of future business. Japan is going to be a much more formidable competitor after the war than she was before the war.—Financial World.

MARCHING THROUGH HUNLAND

[A Scotch adaptation and modernization of "Marching Through Georgia," by W. F. Frame, the Scottish comedian, and sung by him at Palace Theatre, Aberdeen.]
Don't you hear the martial chorus, from the land across the foam?
Do you hear the message sent to every British heart at home?
It rings from New York city, from the Hudson to the Somme,
We're all coming marching over,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to meet the Hun!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We mean to join the fun,
We're with you, John Bull, every time, every mother's son,
An' we're all coming sailing over,
We're crowding round the banner bright,
The Stars and Stripes arrayed,
Five hundred thousand Yankee lads are out upon parade,
All eager for the battle front and not a one afraid,
We're all coming quickly over,
The Stars and Stripes and Union Jack together will advance,
With the other flags a-flying there upon the fields of France;
We're going to give a helping hand to lead the foe a dance,
We're all coming, quickly over,
Hurrah! Hurrah! When once we do begin,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to fight and win,
We're leaving home, America, a journey to Berlin,
And we're all coming sailing over.

COSSACKS ARE NOT AWFUL

If inclination to say a good word for Cossacks had not been a stranger to so many minds, possibly the present very obvious opportunity to do just that would not come as the surprise it does to most of us. We have been accustomed to think of the Cossacks only as the ruthless instruments of an archaic despotism—picture them as wild horsemen riding through a crowd of helpless civilians and beating them brutally with heavy whips.

That conception, of course, is not without excuse, but, of course, is not without a little more careful, it would, or at any rate, might have been seen that in all these revolutionary and counter-revolutionary, military quality of being illustrating the orders that had come down to them from the commander-in-chief of the highly efficient part. Responsibility for their acts rested on other shoulders than their own—all of it, as responsibility is and that the Cossacks have been shown as well as courage has been taken since the revolution gave them their first chance without disloyalty to act on their own judgment and initiative.

While so many other sections of the Russian Empire became utterly demoralized as soon as the Czar fell, the Cossacks have preserved their sense of discipline, and have indulged in no wild vagaries in regard to a ruthless and treacherous peace with the enemies of free Russia and here allies, and they have made plain their determination to support the new Government as faithfully as they did its predecessor. The address comes from the Russian soldiers around most agreeably in its good sense with those whose name cluster so such evil associations as around that of the Cossacks, and it is upon the latter, evidently, that the provisional government can rely most confidently for help in carrying out its plans.—New York Times.