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THE LIBERTY BELL PEALS OFF ITS NOTES TODAY... AS THE LIBERTY BELL PEALS OFF ITS NOTES TODAY...

AS THE LIBERTY BELL PEALS OFF ITS NOTES TODAY... GERMAN SNEERS AT WILSON'S SHAKESPEAREAN OBSERVATION...

WAR IS A SWIFT RECRUITER OF HUSBANDS... THOMAS JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE...

THE FATUITY OF THE ONCE OVER-ADVERTISED GERMAN SCHOLARSHIP HAS NEVER BEEN MORE GLARINGLY EXPOSED...

AT LEAST TWO VENEZUELANES WERE JUDGY WORLD FAMOUS... THE PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD...

WE TALK SO MUCH OF AMERICAN IDEALISM THAT THERE ARE OCCASIONALLY SKEPTICS WHO FEAR THAT WE HAVE OVERSTATED THE DEPTH OF THAT SENTIMENT...

and Belgium are in no sense analogous. The former country was established as a kingdom in 1830 under the protection of France, Great Britain and Russia...

EVERY dollar lent to the Government at the cost of immediate sacrifice becomes a national asset productive of something that dollars cannot buy.

Such sacrifice as the going without delicacies, ornaments, tobacco, coffee, in little enough sacrifice to make on a day in which news dispatches tell us of 600 Belgians who preferred to starve to death rather than toll for the mercenary despoilers of their land...

THE chronic obstructionist often has a way of sneaking into oblivion before the folly of his muddling is fully proved. But the swift march of events has dramatically denied such a refuge to that "little group of willful men" who sought to prevent the arming of American merchantmen...

THE parable of the vineyard is an answer to the question of the day. For we are certainly the laborers who were called at the eleventh hour, and when the time came to receive our hire received as much as those who had borne the burden and the heat of the day...

WE TALK SO MUCH OF AMERICAN IDEALISM THAT THERE ARE OCCASIONALLY SKEPTICS WHO FEAR THAT WE HAVE OVERSTATED THE DEPTH OF THAT SENTIMENT. Let them read their answer today—Flag Day.

HEAVY WORK AHEAD FOR US Burden of Attack on America by the Time Our Armies Reach France

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES Special Correspondence Evening Ledger LONDON, May 28. A CORRESPONDENT writes me from America that there might be some feeling that we had come in at the tail end. Naturally we Americans over here want to feel that our coming into the war is of decisive importance...

Our Help Welcomed How does Europe feel about it? I mean the Europe of our Allies. I have information only about Britain, France and Russia. In Russia the radicals, who seem slowly to be absorbing the Government, believe that the United States is a protectorate over Syria, but she wants other things—Alaska-Lorraine and peace...

DA CANDIDATE Da Keeng for Greece oos keep! He tal' balloona treep, Baycuse he was een Dootcha seeth da Ally; So now da theeng to do Ees find a Keeng dat's new Bayfore dey geeva da job to Tomma Daly; A good Keeng let us sand; I nominate my frand, Pasquale Adalberto Caporale!

TOO BAD, Guinea, but the job's filled. Another Alexander has arisen in Greece, with a map of the world in his hand, perhaps, but a none-too-hopeful look upon his young face.

ANYWAY, Signor Caporale only recently became the equal of Keengs. The official at City Hall spoke somewhat as follows: "Puty-ran-on-the-Bible—brum-mum-mum-mum-mum-mum-44. 'Am I a citizen?' 'Yeh! yeh! a citizen. Nex!'

Tom Daly's Column

THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS - 'Twas a city sparrow, wise and debonair, idly loafing through the country, with his mate. Stupid country birds were building everywhere. For the nesting-time was growing rather late. But the sparrow, with his lody, in a tree-top, cool and shady, Gazed with scorn upon the work and twittered: "Stuff!"

"Lew" has moved. He had occupied his old stand ever since they took up the wooden sidewalks around City Hall; ever since Colonel Forney was in his teens and before Charles Emory Smith, Ben Gordon, Ed Gudenus and Charlie Heyer began writing pieces for the paper. So Ed Muschamp wants us to start this:

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"GOTO" ON THE LIBERTY LOAN Shall Patriots Help America by Buying Liberty Bonds or Help the Kaiser by Not Doing So?—Junkers Must Not Make Junk of the United States

By JAMES M. BLAKE (With apologies to nobody, not even Wallace Irwin.) We, the undersigned, patrons of the daily, weekly and monthly journals of public opinion, being hot to all sense of shame at seeing our names in print, welcome our friend Lew to his new home, at the southeast corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, which is directly across the street from his old home at the southwest corner of ——— (deleted by the advertising censor) and Chestnut streets.

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