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THE WAR ON THE SEA

THE submarine raid on shipping off the New Jersey coast, starting as it may seem at first thought, is really an episode of secondary importance.

Germany was expected to send submarines to American waters. When the Deutschland suddenly appeared on this coast she demonstrated her ability to send the U-boats across the ocean.

In order to keep up the morale of the people at home, it is imperative that Germany do something to convince them that her navy can interfere with the transport of American troops.

Rear Admiral Gleaves, of the American navy, has just disclosed the fact that there is a large number of first-class American battleships preparing with the British ships in the North Sea for a great fight.

Mr. Schwab has at last established his office in Philadelphia. He may learn before the war is over that this city offers advantages for one of the main offices of his regular business.

A WORD TO CHAIRMAN HAYS

WILL H. HAYS, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, is coming to this city on June 15 to meet the party leaders.

His head should be covered by a tin helmet. He should wear armor plate about his chest.

SPEED!

THE launching of a torpedoboot destroyer at the Mare Island yard within a few days and a half days after the laying of the keel apparently breaks all speed records in shipbuilding and is a forecast of what is to happen before the war is ended.

ADDRESSED TO TWENTY-ONE

Lines Written for the Million Young Men Who Have Reached the Age of Military Service Since June 5, 1917

IT IS becoming almost a pleasure to fight Germany, because Germany is so unutterably mean. When a man happens to be your competitor in trade you do not poison him and mutilate his children and dynamite his house and murder him in the night.

There is no deeper motive that has caused the youth of the world to fling itself singing to France and battle? You should know—whether the greatest adventure in history calls you or not.

Lovelessness never fails to draw German fire. Is this why youth so often aches to get into the struggle?

In any event, this war is going to be hard. But it is going to be glorious, as no war ever was before.

The sense of separation from familiar things is not all illusion. The American who takes up arms in this day moves automatically to a new sort of citizenship in a new community that has no boundaries and that is not limited by any national tradition.

There were millions in it before us. And tired men everywhere in the world who are holding back the consuming fire, muddy chaps in listening posts, tired crews at machine guns will be stronger when you write your name as one with them.

That in itself is much indeed. But France is more than a battlefield. The men of your own blood will be there in millions, one with the great-hearted men from almost every other civilized nation.

There are towns and cities of harassed and homeless children in France. Their mothers have held them close in the night and whispered of men such as you who were coming to help them.

War, you will see, can be glorious. And all that is best in the past and in the present and in the future is upon your side. For Germany could not win were she to overrun the world.

THE GREAT PACIFIST

KARL ROSNER, the Kaiser's favorite war correspondent, was taking a well-earned nap at the headquarters of the For-pulling-wool-over-the-eyes-of-the-German-people Battalion.

"Rosner! This is the Beautification of Victorious German Slaughterfields Corps. The Kaiser wants to visit some of the battlefields this afternoon.

"The worst of it is," replied the Beautification Corps, "that he insists on visiting ground that we haven't been able to attend to yet. You'll have to explain matters as best you can."

"Come along, Karl," cried the Kaiser, full of his boyish enthusiasm. "We must see some more of these glorious fields of glory. You have Dan Korbehen? Good! We see some wild flowers, maybe? Off we go. We mustn't walk too fast for poor Hindy, though. Now tell me all about everything."

"That's good, that's fine!" said the Kaiser, jotting it down in his notebook. "I congratulate the Kaiser on the good sense. A stubborn resistance is so bloody. I don't care for anything cruel. And by the way, Hindy, you're quite sure this isn't too much for you?"

"Oh, not at all," said Hindy, keeping himself stoutly between the Kaiser and the battlefields. "It will do me good to get a little whiff of battle again."

"Excellent, excellent!" said the Kaiser, "and it is just the kind of courage our naval men will appreciate to the full."

"What is wrong with it?" he asked. "Our good old German God has been on the job again," said the resourceful Rosner. "Very true, but the Kaiser's church is a little shabby at the moment. It is just like the summer maneuvers in the old days."

"And the French do not really hate us, do they?" asked the Emperor with his engaging simplicity. "They know this is not seriously meant against them. They realize that we have to attack Paris simply to annoy Lloyd George."

"Oh, certainly," said Rosner and Hindy in chorus. "The Kaiser should get there. But by ill fortune the trio stumbled upon a wounded man who was limping back toward the dressing station. He was covered with dust and blood; his hands and feet were missing; sanguine drops trickled from one arm that hung limp. Hindy dashed as he was, came to the salute when he saw the group of men."

"The Kaiser looked at him aghast. 'Blood?' he said. 'Blood? Poor fellow, what on earth have you been doing? And how did you get yourself in such a state?' But Hindy, with the presence of mind that marks a great general, had already whispered something to the soldier."

"There is little new in the announcement that Germany is to send her fighting ranks with condemned criminals. The armies of civilization will be quite unable to distinguish these newcomers from the Kaiser's regular soldiers."

AN AWAKENED NATION

FORTY-SEVEN MILLION different persons have subscribed to the Red Cross funds during the second drive just ending, and 17,000,000 subscribed to the third Liberty Loan.

Perhaps this spell of hot weather is intended as a housewarming for the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which has just taken up its abode with us. Welcome, boys and girls.

THE Kaiser and Hindy were waiting for him as he stepped from the motorcar. Hindy was looking far from well, as was natural. Within a month he had been dead, revived, decapitated with an Iron Cross and through tenfold fever.

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"HAPPY" said Rosner, "is the Chemin-de-Jerome, which our ever-valorous troops captured a week ago. On this spot, your Majesty, fifteen generals were recommended for the Iron Cross."

"And the casualties?" cried the Kaiser anxiously. "Very slight, of course? The resistance was almost negligible?"

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THE HEROES OF LYS FARM

open piece of road, because the boche snipers were such very poor shots. It is true that one day a bullet had smashed three eggs. She showed us the hole in the basket; but were it not for this the matter might very easily have been forgotten.

THIS farm is situated a little to the north and west of Armentieres, and from the beginning of the war until a few weeks ago those of its occupants who had not gone to fight remained and carried on. A glance at a map of our lines in southern Belgium will explain why Lys Farm has at last ceased to produce.

EARLY in the spring of 1916 and during a short respite from the trenches, my company was used on some urgent work in connection with the preparation of a "second line," and well do I remember my first visit to the new scene of activities.

THE army most certainly has no monopoly of France's heroes. Not by long odds.

Hindenburg is still alive. The report of his death, like the report of the German victories, was greatly exaggerated.

Contracts for \$10,000,000 worth of subway work are to be canceled because of the war. But the need for the subways is greater than before the war began.

The report that Russia has advanced the daylight-saving clock still another hour suggests that the Bolshevik will now have a harder job than ever to make their fast receding civilization keep up with the time.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. What President of the United States was elected almost unanimously?
2. Which is the Prairie State?

What Do You Know?
1. What President of the United States was elected almost unanimously?
2. Which is the Prairie State?

THE baskets contained butter, eggs and some loaves of bread, and she was taking these things to town to sell. She belonged to Lys Farm and lived there with a mother, a young brother and an older brother who was unable to go to war.

There is no getting around the fact that King Alfonso of Spain does know a thing or two about how to keep popular with his people. When 150,000 of them in Madrid fell ill of some new disease that is sweeping over Spain he managed to catch it too.—Syracuse Herald.

It is remarkable how many millions of dollars are being piled out of European countries by Germany under the North River up if there aren't our bridge to Camden?" he chuckled.

THE HARPOON VEToes

THE sun, low in the west, shone once more on gleaming grass and pavements, and a cool breeze stole across the square. A short, fierce shower had cleared the air almost magically of the sweltering moisture it had held for days.

"I WAS just sayin' to him," remarked Kelly, "what a splendid thing 'twill be to have this new Delaware bridge."

"Humph!" he returned, as soon as he had seen sure the black pine was going. "All I got to say is this: I've been livin' 'round here forty years or so, and there's been cranks talkin' bridge ever since I can remember. An' I shouldn't be surprised if it went back further'n that. Guess likely of Ben Franklin was the first, an' he prolly got the idea from the Indians. But ol' Billy Penn, he had a pretty level head, an' when he came runnin' into City Hall one day an' says, 'Let's have a bridge to Camden!' Bill says, 'Hold on, Boy, that ain't common sense. This 'ere, that's what a white 'un' by that time Ben, he'd forgot all about the bridge an' was ol' flyin' kites, or writin' advertisements for the Sar'dy Evening Post, or makin' a speech to the Poor Richard Club or some such foolin' around."

"Anyhow, there's been talk about it every little while for a good many years, an' there ain't no bridge there yet!"

"There was a pause while the Harpooner vigorously pulled at his pipe. I started to make a remark, but he checked me by holding up a knotty brow hand.

"Lemme finish me pipe, an' I was at a pretty 'ole night an' heard some mighty strong arguments against prohibition. Looks to me like them same arguments holds 'em as good in this case as in that. First place, if we can build 'er, wharre we goin' to do with all them ferryboats? There's thousands o' dollars tied up in 'em, an' hundreds o' men finds the employment that gives bread to their little ones by runnin' 'em."

"He leaned forward in a fine rhetorical pose at this point.

"THEN," in the second place," he continued, "it'd be a costly experiment. We ain't never had no bridge before, an' we've managed to get along fair to middlin'. If ferries was good 'nough fer George Washington, then they're sure good 'nough fer me. What's more, there's lots o' folks that'd rather ride on ferries for the sea air. 'Tain't democratic to make 'em go 'cross by bridge against their will!"

"An' now—" he rose in triumphant conclusion—"an' now, here's the final argument. They put a tunnel under the North River up at New York an' there's jes' as many folks goes by ferry as ever—you can see 'em any day."

"THERE'S yare!" said Kelly. "And as his eye followed my pointing finger eastward, where the wet arch of a rainbow was fading above the river—" "Ebbe up if there ain't our bridge to Camden?" he chuckled.

THE Common Touch
There is no getting around the fact that King Alfonso of Spain does know a thing or two about how to keep popular with his people. When 150,000 of them in Madrid fell ill of some new disease that is sweeping over Spain he managed to catch it too.—Syracuse Herald.

Making It Pay
It is remarkable how many millions of dollars are being piled out of European countries by Germany under the North River up if there aren't our bridge to Camden?" he chuckled.



The Harpooner Vetoes the Camden Bridge

By STEPHEN W. MEADER