

Evening Public Ledger

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PRO-GERMANISM'S LATEST

The Nonpartisan League Debauched by Self-Seekers to the Purposes of Un-American Propaganda

THE disbanding of the German-American Alliance has not left the Germans without a powerful propagandist organization in this country.

The league is supporting Charles A. Lindbergh for the governorship in Minnesota, where its organizers have been indicted and some of them convicted of violation of the espionage act and with interfering with the draft.

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They succeeded in electing a majority of the lower house of the State Legislature in 1916 and they passed a law providing that farm improvements should be taxed on an assessment of 5 per cent of their value.

This was gratifying to the farmers and the league began to grow. It has extended into eleven States in the Northwest and its agents have been busy in Pennsylvania, New York and New England, where they are attempting to bring about a union between the farmers and the labor organizations for the election of members of the Legislatures pledged to their program.

As originally planned, the league was one of those wild socialistic organizations which have been popular with the farmers of the West for two generations.

The reports from Minnesota indicate that its membership there is made up largely of the pro-Germans and that the first members obtained by the organizers in new communities are the German sympathizers.

It is at best anti-war and is part of that movement in which Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes was active—a movement which the judge who sentenced Mrs. Stokes described as a systematic program to create discontent with the war, disagreement with the causes and justice of the war, loss of confidence in the good faith and sincerity underlying the conduct of the war and its ultimate aims, thereby to cause withdrawal of support at home and relaxation of effort and effectiveness in the field.

There are doubtless many loyal and patriotic Americans among the members, who joined because they wanted the State to help them. But there is no doubt that many of the men directing the policy of the league are disloyal.

Yes, the good old five-cent piece of ice has returned once more. But how changed! Among the war reports from the front is a brief bulletin which tells of the first all-American air raid of a German city.

airplanes are the same who sang and celebrated when the Lusitania was torpedoed. It is the ghost of that ship that has returned to haunt them in the air.

Uncovered refuse in summer is evidence of a "fly" program whose progress is much more of a scandal than a complete breakdown would be.

MOBILIZING LABOR

THE necessity of securing labor for all the war industries is admitted. It is up to the Government to secure it. Every time it has suggested conscripting labor there has been strenuous objection from the labor organizations.

The Government has evolved a new plan, to go into effect on July 15, which it hopes will accomplish the desired end without stirring up any hostility.

No. 5249, the passing of a bill in the Holland Parliament to make the Zuyder Zee dry is not a victory for the prohibitionists.

DISCOURAGING FACTS THAT POINT THE WAY TO VICTORY

NO CONTEST was ever won by overestimating one's own strength and underestimating the strength of one's opponent.

We cannot win this war by shutting our eyes to the strength of Germany and by concluding that we have an easy task. The assertion of General Stein in the Reichstag that the Germans outnumbered the enemy in the recent battles is now virtually admitted in France, England and the United States.

The gravity of the situation is admitted by President Wilson, by Mr. Asquith and by the correspondents at the front. The fact that the correspondents are allowed to write about it proves that the war board has decided that it is useless longer to attempt to keep the truth from the public.

The inability of the Germans to break through does not mean that we are winning the war, nor do the reports of starvation in Germany which have lately been sent out—of course, with the knowledge of the German censors—indicate that Germany can persuade us to believe that they are on the verge of a breakdown at home they think they can induce us to slow up in our war work and in sending troops to France.

A Bitter Pill Evidence that the Peruvian bark is mild compared to its bite is now afforded Germany by the way the liberty-loving Latin republic has finally followed up a severance of diplomatic relations with a seizure of the Kaiser's merchantmen.

Too Costly! All that we have heard about the exorbitant cost of the necessities of life in Germany is verified by the statement of a Socialist in the Reichstag, who has just declared that iron crosses are now purchasable at forty cents each.

General Hancock Found Out "I am not opposed to the statue because Buchanan was a Southerner or a Democrat," said Senator Lodge. "He was neither." In this running counter to history with respect to "ten-cent Jimmy's" political affiliations, was the gentleman from Massachusetts implying that no President could really be at the same time a Democrat and a Pennsylvanian?

The Orchestra "That lying German general with his tune Will Now Play about Allied losses in the Anvil Chorus giving grand opera a good boost, anyway."

"How's that, Mr. Bones?" "Well, just naturally; any one who knows the truth turns to Hammerstein."

The best way for the "melancholy Dane" to cheer up is to let Uncle Sam buy that idle fleet.

The present period of Germany's drive seems to be entirely of the orthodox "full-stop" variety.

A correspondent says he saw a huge ship shiver. Even when it was wrapped in a blanket of fog and being rocked in the cradle of the deep? Unbelievable!

The first thing we know Germany will be more on a strike of any kind. Her business men are now lamenting the prospect of a future "economic war" while the present costly one is so distasteful to her generals that they are frantic to wind it up as soon as possible.

THE HIGHWAY BUILDERS

(Arthur Fell, chairman of the House of Commons Finance Committee, announced that he thought it would be practical for a through railway to be constructed from London to Constantinople, with extensions to Calcutta, Cape Town and Peking—London Dispatch.)

ARTHUR FELL, you'll lend diversions To the futurists' excursions On the day When your most ambitious plan'll Bring a tunnel through the Channel

And the way Will be open to Rhodesia, With its diamond mines to please you, And a train Will be whizzing toward Colombo, With its elephants like Jumbo, Eating grain;

And a Pullman seat you seek in Through expresses clear to Peking Or Madras; And the bridge that's born of hope'll Modernize Constantinople, And you'll pass Through the hills of Asia Minor In a well-appointed diner;

And the chap, Who takes "dejeuner" in Dover, Will be catapulted over Half the map, Till at suppertime he'll have a Fleeting glimpse of tropic Java Singapore, Mandalay or Sourabaya, Or perhaps a Himalaya;

And the door Of the East will be so handy That a trip to Seoul or Kandy Will be done With such ease that leaps to Cairo Will seem travel for the tyro Just for fun.

This we'll grant you, man of vision If you'll pardon the incision That we make With reflections disabusing To the current of your musing As we take This position: rail nor skyway Holds a candle to the highway Or a pin

That humanity is clearing, Ever dauntless and unfearing, To Berlin! H. T. CRAVEN.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR The Leviathan

THERE is something peculiarly satisfying to us in the thought of the Leviathan, which used to be Germany's crack liner Vaterland, painted smoky gray and running back and forth between here and France loaded with troops.

The other day we were cruising on the ferry from Jersey City to Manhattan, there was a spanking breeze hustling down the Hudson; those leaping skyscrapers all stood tip-toe in the dazzling sunshine; commuters were busy holding down hats and petticoats. And then, far up the river, looming over the Hoboken dock roofs, we saw the three dark funnels. The Leviathan was in, taking on another load of soldiers.

It gave us a thrill. It keeps on tingling every time we think of it. An ocean liner is a heart-busting sight anyway, as she comes sliding in from the blue, unmeasurable sea; but when you think of the Leviathan, the Kaiser's own pet, slipping quietly to and fro, putting a crimp in his plans, it gives us a tremulous little thrill something between a laugh and a prayer.

God bless the Leviathan and good luck to her! Ships have an honor and a mystery of their own, and we imagine she is proud of having a hand in punishing the men who smirched and fouled the ancient tradition of the sea. When we see her we think of another queenly ship whose lovely profile was once familiar in New York harbor: a ship with tall red funnels and a ruffle of white foam at her stem.

Ships, as we said, have an honor of their own. You will notice that no one has ever called those shark-boats "ships." And the Leviathan is the avenger of the Lusitania.

She has a great heart in her, that fine ship; a heart that not even the Hoboken spies could corrupt. She is an instrument of honor in the hands of true sailor men. When we see her gray funnels they seem a kind of symbol of all we fight for. She thrilled us a year ago when we first saw the Stars and Stripes at her stern. She thrills us still. She always will.

Doctor of Immortal Boyhood PRINCETON did a genial thing in conferring an honorary degree upon Booth Tarkington. Tarkington has become a legend at Princeton. He was reputed the most debonair and delightful undergraduate of his day (class of '93, wasn't it?). Then he wrote "Monsieur Beaucaire," one of the most delicious bits of romantic prose this continent has inked. By the time the public had sized him up as a whimsical doer of trifles he started serious realistic novels. And then, upon an unsuspecting world, he burst the laughing gas of Penrod.

The world is grateful to Mr. Tarkington for Penrod. Not since Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn has there been so faithful, so laughable, so utterly true (and therefore so utterly amusing) a portrait of the intricate world wherein boyhood plays its grave pranks. Every one has read about him, and read him aloud. He is become a national figure. Not even the marvelous portrait of Willie Baxter in the throes of male fopperhood ("Seven-teen") has banished Penrod from our hearts. Penrod and his "limited bachelor set" will live as long as trousers (both short and long).

We don't know just what kind of doctor they made Mr. Tarkington. But he is most endeared to us all as the limner of Penrod. We hope that degree was Doctor of Immortal Boyhood.

Battle Hymn of the Kaiser I IN the midst of battle In my motor carriage rode, Where the deadly telephones rattle And the bulletins explode.

I. I in the midst of fighting, Where the field kitchen stands at bay And the staff their nails are biting, I stand the communique.

SOCRATES

EVERY RIVET COUNTS



Farr, in the Milwaukee Sentinel.

When New York Doused the Glim

By Our Special Correspondent

THERE is one good thing that the submarine scare has done for us. No one, except those We Really Love, will come to visit us at our apartment any more. Personally we have always suspected that what appeared to be popularity was really only the apartment, and now we are sure.

BUT Tuesday night things really looked serious. The evening papers warned us to dim the lights and gave minute and depressing details about siren whistles which would blow at stated intervals in case of danger. We were instructed to go into the cellar and to open all the windows.

THEN we inspected the cellar. This was rather difficult, as it was full of beds left by tenants who had taken the bull by the horns, so to speak, and had automatically banished guests by banishing the beds. There were so many of both tenants and beds that we were really in no place to stand. No one admitted to being nervous and we talked lightly and laughingly on other topics. The sound of our forced march seemed to irritate William, the colored boy who runs the elevator. William has an inkling that we are connected with the press and he probed us with questions as to how soon the Germans might be expected to attack the city and, if worse came to worst, how would they treat a poor colored boy? We told William coldly that we were not acquainted with the Imperial Government's view of the race problem.

BUT we were worried, none the less, and drew the shades down tightly while we ate dinner. Tuesday was a hot night, if you remember, and there was something distinctly stuffy about the whole affair. At 7:30 we could hear it no longer.

pressed excitement had begun to get on our nerves. Evelyn wanted to go too, but we told her that a woman's place is in the home, and she was persuaded to write letters while we sallied forth in quest of adventure. The Metropolitan Tower gave us an unpleasant shock; it was so very near and there was no doubt about it being a good target. Near us was the Children's Court and a hospital, a veritable happy hunting ground for Huns. We made straight for the newspaper office, knowing by experience that if anything were afoot they would know all about it. All the reporters were there in shirt sleeves and thousands of editors—they are sometimes used in emergencies—and high above the city desk hung the cheerful slogan: "In case of airplane raids members of the staff are requested to telephone the office."

WHY, we demanded, and what for and what to do about cellars, and if we were worried what then? No one seemed to know exactly and their vagueness only made us the more uneasy. A friend asked us to the movies and normally we should have accepted with alacrity, but there seemed something like fiddling when Rome was burning to go to the movies on such a night. So we went into a drug store instead and had a chocolate malted milk. Two officers of the British navy ordered pink ice cream and all the sailors and the subway guards were clad in jaunty white suits. It suggested a scene from a comic opera. Once we thought we heard a Zeppelin, but it was only a mail truck lumbering up Park Row. So we went home again.

WILLIAM was on the front door step, gazing at the sky. We assured him there was nothing in it but stars and asked him kindly to illuminate the elevator. There is nothing more undermining than an unlighted elevator. He yielded momentarily, but switched off the globe immediately and sank to the ground floor. Evelyn was still up and had grown discouraged waiting for an airplane, so had put up the shades again. We rebuked her sternly, but she said what difference did one window make when all the street lights were on and any intelligent German could find his way around, particularly since they were nearly all North German Lloyd stewards before the war anyway and knew New York like a book. We decided to sit up all night in case there should be an attack. It was bad enough to be bombarded, Evelyn said, but to be killed and never know it would be hideous. So we lay in the dark listening to the cats in the back yard—there are some twenty of them who serenade us nightly—and to somebody's Victrola, and once we thought we heard a siren, but it was only a fire engine going peacefully to a fire.

WE READ the next morning in the paper that airplanes had patrolled the city all night long. They were our own, of course, but still it was humiliating not even to have heard them! B. W.

Hasn't the Price There is probably no truth in the rumor that the Kaiser is so anxious to get to Paris that he was seen recently buying tickets from speculators.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Viewpoint Probably about the hardest thing of all would be to persuade a candidate for some minor office that nothing matters now but winning the war.—Ohio State Journal.

Playing the Numbers This tantalizing game is great. It's something like roulette. You choose a number and you wait. To see what you win.

A FOOLISH SONG

AS I was going along, going along, The sky was blue, the meadows bright, The river, too, all flecked with light! I smiled upon the pretty sight As I was going along.

As I was going along, going along, There came a bird, there came a breeze, The thicket stirred with melodies, And never closer were sweet as these, As I was going along.

As I was going along, going along, I met a maid who led a lamb, And I delayed—fool that I am!— For her eyes in limpid laughter shawm As I was going along.

As I was going along, going along, I thought of breeze and bird and maid, The sunny trees, the tender shade, And out of them a song I made As I was going along.

—Paul Scott Mowrer, in "Hours of France."

Significant Phrases Every great war has its striking and familiar phrases. In our Civil War Grant's "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" and "The colored troops fought bravely" stood out prominently. The "I regret to report" of the South African war is well remembered. In the present war, and especially since the beginning of the great German offensive in March, the phrase that most often recurs in the news dispatches from the front is, "The ground was littered with heaps of German dead." The significance of this is, for the time being, lost on the people of Germany, who are kept in ignorance of their terrible losses, but it is well known to the peoples of the Allied countries. It spells the ultimate defeat and collapse of the Prussian military system.—Springfield Union.

Useless Occupations Counting the holes in Swiss cheese. Counting chickens before the incubator's hatched. Counting on a raise. Counting on the weather being good for a picnic. Counting the gray hairs in one's head. Counting the pennies, hoping the dollars will take care of themselves—they won't. Counting on a crop without working for it.—Farm Life.

We'll Follow Suit King George announces that he is not having any new clothes made this summer. That was in some distinguished company.—Detroit Free Press.

Blood Will Tell Scratch an I. W. W. and what do we find? A Bolshevik, who can even go so far, sometimes as to speak the Russian language.—Birmingham Age Herald.

Ominous for the Hun Hordes Foch is fully as talkative as Grant was in 1861.—Boston Herald.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who was Cardinal de Retz?
2. What is the capital of Virginia?
3. Who is Secretary of Commerce?
4. Where is the Gorge River?
5. What is the real meaning of "A. E. F." and what does it mean sometimes?
6. Who is in command of the United States fleet in Europe waters?
7. What is a pearbeiter?
8. Where is Camp McClellan?
9. Who was the battle of Bunker Hill?
10. What is the most celebrated American essayist?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The Marcellite is the national air of France.
2. Flag Day, June 14, is the anniversary of June 14, 1777, when Congress adopted the national banner.
3. Western Reserve University is in Cleveland, O.
4. Khalil, a dust colored cloth frequently used for military uniforms.
5. The dollar mark is usually explained as a superimposition of the letters "U. S."
6. Charles F. Murphy is the chief of Tammany Hall.
7. Generalure is the capital of Finland.
8. General von Hindenburg, one of the German commanders in the present war.
9. New York, named from the Duke of York, after the British conquest.
10. The Essayist.