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Philadelphia, Wednesday, July 5, 1918.

MORE SMOKE THAN FIRE NOLONEL EASBY-SMITH who is haves-

titating the draft-board scambals here. from deliberate crookedness.

The members of the draft boards have us a rule, justified the confidence that was reposed in them. They have given faithful service. If two or three scoundrels were appointed no one should be surprised. The courts are after them and they will be

to avoid the draft and to shirk duty in

establishing a half-pile dry none fout the munitions plants the dovernment have wished to assure the workers a tie healthful exercise.

GERMANY AND THE FOURTH

THE Fourth of July be a stay dedicated to a theory of government founded on the collective intelligence and co-operation and discernment of all the people. It is Interesting on this Fourth of July, therefore, to consider the reason recently given for the shortage of clothes in Germany where they are being buried and even married in garments made of paper.

One observer suggests that there is no wool available for clothing in Germany because the Government has taken all the wool in sight in order to pull it over the eyes of the people.

And Grover Cleveland Bergdoil wears the name of a President of the United States !

WORK AND FIGHTING

TIME is hard to kill. Toll and application are necessary before it can be put out of the way. It isn't surprising that the draft boards charged with the enforceof the work-or light rule other cities should operate constantly amid a chorus of groans. Loafers are the bardest worked people in the world, though they never can get others to agree with

Aside from all this, the boards which have to decide between essential and nonwith reverence. They face the most difential employments should be regarded ficult question ever raised in the world. Work is like morals. It is suscentible of various definitions in various localities. Most of our supposed needs are superfluous. The draft boards with the workor fight order to enforce may yet be comilled to prove this obscure truth in fields where they have not yet even thought of

Germany has carried the fight to the Finnish and still the war refuses to end.

FIENDISHNESS WITH QUALMS

SHOULD the German Government ever learn the truth concerning the sinking frehe hospital ship Llandovery Castle, it quite likely to be appalled. Repugnance of horrors will, of course, not prompt this eeling. The whole dastardly policy of "weltmacht" is grounded in outrage. But in executing his infamies the German Junker brooks no "Ifs." The crime committed with a qualm is a deed of weakness. and there are significant signs that the enduct of the U-boat commander who attacked the brightly lighted mercy craft was faintly colored with this human

The flend who sank the Liandovery instle is an outlaw alone with a conscience talse to the gospel of his employers and yet too weake to do aught than insult

The restaurant patron struggling to have order correctly filled knows distressingly too much about "selective service tangles."

THE HUN AND THE PRISONER

the humane treatment of prisoners of war has always been a point of honor

nong civilized nations. nce, accumulating in ghastly repehas convinced England and America Germany's treatment of Englishaking captives has been the blackest on the already foul record of the Government. Unspeakable cruelty outhsome degradation have been ined in cold blood on thousands of Engprisoners. Prisoners of other na ity, Russian and French and Belgian, utterly miserable in their filthy quarne, have been treated with comparative

would be impossible for this nation talinte in kind upon German prisoners untey. But we will retaliate and by done in France.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

Descendants of the Men Who Sought Freedom in America Have Taken Arms to Make the Whole World Free

PHE thoughts suggested on the eve of the celebration of the Fourth of July, this year, are more inspiring than those which have been provoked by the anniservary within the recollection of any

We had been at war only three months last year at this time and we had only begun to prepare to get ready. This year we have an army of more than two million men and we have sent about a million of them to France. They are crossing the ocean in convoyed fleets carrying eighty thousand on each trip, an achievement in the transport of troops so much greater than anything which has hitherto been accomplished that there is nothing to compare with it. Now, who are there men that are going

abroad to fight the German peril? This nation was founded by lovers of liberty who fled the oppression of the old world that they might find a place in which to be free. For more than three hundred years there has been a continuous procession of selective Americans moving westward across the Atlantic, auracted by the ideal on which this land was tirst populated. Men of

is "the free heart's hope and home." the convoyed transports are the descend. Her sisters under the skin and the name arts of the men who sailed westward a of the organization will be more than generation of two generations or ten samply words. tween discrepancies in the ruling of the generations ago. The liberty which Ifferent draft boards, with apparent in- their ancestors sought here, as well as justice arising from errors of judament and the liberty which has grown up in netual injustice and favoritism arising Europe fertilized by the example of

America, is imperiled. We dol not realize at first that the war throatened the freedom of the world, has one cise's loquarity We thought it was a quarrel among the went he it was forced mon us that Germany was seeking, not the punishment of the Powers which had interfored with wholesale frauds, because no one believes her orional decams, but was fighting to that there is any deliberate attempt on the countrol the whole earth. Then we part of a considerable number of people | decided that we saye fight if we would retain those rights and privileges for the sake of which our ninestors fore up. their roots from the old world and transpleated them to a more rangement clime.

> We have ceased to doubt the purposes of Germany. We know now that as long ago as the winter of 1912-16 the Kaiser called together the great business men of his country and promised to divide up the world with them in return for their financial support in the war which was to end with a victory in 1915. We know that he promised to give to the great steel king of Germany thirty thousand neres of mineral land in Australia and lend him money to develop it, and that he promised to him also the privilege of joining a syndicate which was to exploit Canada and that he promised to other men the riches of India and of France. And we know that he told the American ambassador that when he had disposed of his European enemies he would turn his attention to America.

The proof is indisputable that this was was begun as the result of a great plot to plunder the world for the benefit of Germany, and to do it at the point of the

Admiral Mahan years ago warned us against disarmament because, in his opinion the yellow races, when they awakened from their lethargy, would develop great military strength. And these races which have not, inspired by greed for the possessions of the European races which have, would move westward and plunder and rayage and destroy all that centuries of civilization had built up. And the Kaiser, to blind Europe to the purposes for which his military machine was being built, talked much about the yellow peril.

But those predatory raids which Mahan foresaw as coming from the Orient have started from the center of Europe, and the yellow peril, held up as a bugaboo by the Kniser, has become in reality the Teutonic peril. The greed of the Germans has been excited by the possessions of the other races and they are straining every nerve to loot the riches of the world.

There is not a soldier who does not know what he is fighting for. It is a war for democracy in the broadest and fullest meaning of that term. The triumph of the Teutonic ideal would mean the triumph of autocracy, government by a class for the benefit of that class, instead of government resting on the broad base of the people's will. It is a war for the triumph of Christian principles, which is only another way of saying that it is a war for democracy. There is only one Ruler of the world and He does not sit on a German throne. We are all equal before Him.

Greed and oppression, brutality and bestiality must not be permitted to triumph. The world has been progressing toward the light for nearly two thousand years. It has moved more rapidly in the last hundred years than in all the preceding centuries. We are fighting to prevent Germany from turning back the hands on the clock and reviving all the abhorrent practices and policies which the conscience of civiliza-

tion has condemned. If we had not gone to war on these issues the very stones of the field would have cried out "Shame!" and we would have deserved the fate which the Teutons held in store for us. We would have sold our birthright and would have betrayed the trust which our ancestors

Tomorrow is Independence Day in America. It is to be celebrated also in

France and in Brazil and in Uruguay, where it has been officially proclaimed a national holiday. The day on which the war ends with victory for the cause of right should be celebrated as Freedom Day in every nation which has fought for the right, and the day should be kept as a perpetual memorial to the men who have died that the world might be

The old slogan "Four years more for krover" only is a decided understatement with respect to what draft-dodging Bergdoil will get schen he is caught.

MOTHERS OF DEMOCRACY

Triff: Senate has consented to the incor-I poration under a national charter of the Mothers of Democracy, composed of women kin of the fighting men, in spite of the fact that it had decided to charter no more corporations during the war. It made an exception in favor of the mothers on the ground that their organization was not commercial. The House will doubtless

agree with the Senate. So far from being commercial, this comrans of women is doing work which could not be bought for gold. It is extending laman sympathy to the families of the men who have gone to France. The other day a poor mother who had been to the station to but good-by to her son found a summer of flowers at her home when she returned sent there by the Mothers of Democracy here. The discovery that other every race have come here, drawn by the | women had thought of her moved her to magnet of freedom. This has been and below. When a poor mother says a kindly and helpful word to a vich woman whose The men who are sailing eastward in | soo is away trey will all discover that they

> The Louisition "Literials Checks Cabinet Talks Remaining Privilege show not mean that Colomy! F. M. Is Inbroung in characteristic fashion, but rather that Congressmen, assumual, are jealous of

Tell the world of your unmatched provess in shiploutidig ' issue the Emergency Phot Corporation affined the Phillipping Web will bet the

It is choosing to learn that under the new labor mitting theket carding-not even on the sidewalk.

Strange as it may seem, the 24,000 Aushan reserves who falled to "bolster up" the made things pretty soft for the Italian

There are some Germans in France who have reason to be glad when the fifth tally arrives of they happen to be alive

Vicer all, the establishment of the new booze zone around the Frankford Arseit only carries out the historic injunction her p your powder dry in logical right. Would you speak of the Independence tax outfor who talks about his own patriot-em as a fourthofullite?

To some men who aren't brave and hate to I the current challenge of the draft boards means work or flight

PUNK

Who knows where Trotsky is? He come to have vanished to the home of

hoodly thirty expect masseurs are rubbing down Karl Rosner and grooming tim for the task of taking notes of the Kalser's answer to President Wilson's Independence Day speech,

The case of writer's cramp that Shakeshowe is said to have had will be nothing to that of Karl Rosner if he has to stenograph the Kaiser much longer.

Judas Iscarnot should have been a U-boat

The best kind of fireworks for home consamption are thrift stamps. No one will get lockJaw from licking them.

The city of Elorence has bestowed its "freedom" upon President Wilson. Now we want for the freedom of St. Helena to be granted to the Kaiser.

Our Own Cannon Cracker

When we celebratthe Fourth of July we will not behave as in days gone by, For this year's fire The great big cannon cracker under the Hun. The fuse is sizzling. and Bill's invited to stick down his face and see if it's lighted.

"Father and mother are in a safe place," wires one of the Czar's daughters. We hope for their own sakes that they are nowhere near a Red Cross sign, or some Hun will be sure to get them.

The Right Kind of Fireworks

Try lighting the fuse of a War-Savings Stamp. It never gave any one lockjaw or cramp: It injures no children, won't blister or

singe. And explodes in a way that will make Wilhelm cringe.

Don't make Mr. McAdoo get a sore throat, But buy up his stickers and snare Wilhelm's goat: Each one of these stamps is as good as a

Bond. And helps to put Wilhelm Behind the Beyond.

Poor Trotsky! He has the Lenine and hungry look.

The Shipyard Chantey

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling) THE Liner she's a lady, an' so becomin'

The Man o' War's 'er 'usband that gives

er watchful care. But, oh, the little cargo boats about to

take their dip. They've got to hustle for themselves on ev'ry bloomin' trip.

Slidin' down the ways, Yankee, shoutin' for their loads, Smilin' at the Deloware, Frisco, Hamp-

ton Roads. Every spar for liberty, ev'ry rivet true For the game of games, Yankor, played

upon the blue, The Liner she's a lady, an' favored toffs

that stride Upon her spotless tenkwood decks know well that close beside

for a surprise. But, oh, the little cargo boats, unconvoyed, bear supplies.

The Man o' War, 'er 'usband, is primed

The Liner she's a lady. Her route is what the flect

An' that consolin' Man o' War decides to be discreet. But, oh, the little cargo boats that have

to take their chance Are just as brave as Private Jones or any chap in France.

The Liner she's a lady an' was before the war Dolled up for rich excursionists and took

'em by the score. But, oh, our little cargo boats are free from memories

To cheer 'em as they plow the waves of Hun-infested seas. The Liner she's a lady, an' if she wasn't

made Ten shots to one her steel would go into the cargo trade.

The Man o' War's a corker, but can't watch ev'ry place.

An' cargo bonts are kind o' proud to run a fearless race. Waitin' to be born, Yankee, 'angin 'round

the yard-Gloncester, Bristol, Camden Townwonth is fightin' hard For the comin' christenin' au' the bat-

tle's flow, 'Ear the little eargo boats pantin' quick in go!

H. T. CRAVEN.

Would Tirpitz Know Her?

 $E^{\rm VEN}$ Tirpitz wouldn't recognize the Levinthan nee Naterland—if he could see her now. We saw her one day at Atlanticport,

that beautiful city that empties into the IT HAD been raining hard, the peculiar I tashing rain that swirts and gestionates in the nurrow, carernous streets of

Atlanticport. Beaten upon by wind and licitation and motion-picture films, barassed nearly gave it away-from Atlanticheach, blenched by perexide and builted by hallboys. O friends, what a climate! In other words, it had been raining hard,

and in the afternoon a soft, misty for sprawled over the harbor, an opalescent vagueness tinctured with disselved sunlight and vibrating with t home-bound commuters. We were on a ferryboat, wondering who threw all the rubbish into the river, when suddenly there loomed up out of the mist a gigantle profile, the most thrilling profile we know: that of an ocean ship. Stately, with the most graceful progress known to man, that of a home-bound vessel entering port, she moved toward her beath.

THERE is no word of motion delicate I enough, smooth enough, to express that fluent gliding advancement of a great vessel as she slips to her waiting pier. It is a growth so imperceptible, so full of satisfaction to the eye that the heart throbs as one watches. Kents's phrase, "a gradual swim." is perhaps near to it. It is the remantle perfection of gentle transition. Now she is here, and now again she is not here, and yet the eye can hardly discerher passage. She comes to her home proudly, and yet sadly as she thinks of the bruised hearts to whom she is a symbol.

AND what a sight she was as she grew from the mist, took firm outline. leaned over our ferryboat and passed us like a dream. Her sides were festooned and striped with zigzags and mottlings of blue and black and fish-belly white. Along her stern curves were painted three parallel false sterns, so that even a few furlongs away, in the mistiness of the afternoon, one could hardly swear where she ended. Her three great funnels, leaning packward in their proper rake, were thrown out of gear by a quaint black vertical stripe on the middle stack, so that from a distance she seemed (when her gray colors faded into the haze; a vastly smaller one funnel vessel, headed the other way, From her cutwater rose a saw-tooth black diagonal, rising starkly up her sheer and counter. This, as the ferry drew off, made her seem like a destroyer of low freeboard. As we watched her she seemed to dissolve and blend with the afternoon, taking on quaint and various shapes.

DART of the illusion, of course, was due to the particular atmospheric condition of the afternoon: the bluish dissolvent haze, the westering sun tobogganing down on a long slant, refracting among the soft vapors of the bay. And part of the illusion may have lain in the trustful heart of the visitor who expects marvels from the magic city of Cabarabian Nights, and perhaps stiffens them with his own qui-nine drops of imagination. And yet, so marvelous was the sight, so fantastic and stirring as the greatest of all ships drew the mantels of mist around her and gravely swept on to her dock, that we did what we have always vowed we would never do. We used a word that we have sworn an oath against and that had not crossed our lips for six months. "Yes," we said to our

THE GOWNSMAN

"DATEIOTISM," said theethe, "is a kind | The special fidelity that fawns for favors of provincialism indulated in by people is the only German neet who has risen to world standing, prided himself on being a cosmopolitan, not on being a German. nized his own wherever he found it; for example. Paust lu Maclowe's "mighty line," for Marlowe had made the Faust story two hundred years before Coethe was born. Coethe exercised to the full the most considerous of German talents an ability to exploit the ideas, thought and inventiveness of other people. But theether was likewise a man of discernment. It was was likewise a man of discernment. It was he who told his flowed, Akermann, in ship of God. I named and sounded on words of late often quoted, "The Peussians are by nature birbacians; civilization makes them feroclous."

THE render may perhaps be so keen as I to have noticed a certain fine carelessness, an easy abandon in the passages just quoted from Goethe. This is the officend manner of your Gownsman, who happens to be writing more than a hundred miles north of that temple of accuracy, the Boston Public Library, and who is compelled, therefore, to emulate, if he does not deliberately appropriate to his use, the pose of a certain Harvard professor, who was constrained, such was the congenital precision of his mind, willfully to misquote and so to say, disaccuratize his statements lest he should seem to smack in the classroom too much of the oll of the study and wear too obviously the laureis of his learning. This by the way.

PATRIOTISM is one of the large, hamane, primitive instincts. There is a value in the personal possession of characteristics possessed by no other man. Such traits are great feeders of human variety and human variety is an inordinate gourmandizer. But it is the large, the general traits that most ally us with our kind, for these are they by which humanity is recognizable within us and without which all our fine personal idiosyncrasies are naught. Patriotism is as primitive as self-defense that put a club into the hand of the cave man, as primal as the sense of woman that makes the worshiper, as originally inherent as motherlove and often as sweet and sacrificing.

TO LOVE one's country is a generous I impulse, because it smites self in the larger idea of the clan, the tribe or the nation. It has in it the elements of faith, without which few things human can subsist long; and it has this love of country, the willingness to give for others, to sacrifice, if need be, life that that larger idea, that finer ideal may stand in times to come for the benefit of those who are yet to be. A thing that so involves the imagination is precious beyond the price of rubies, for in patriotism is involved the very essence of heroism and renuncia-

But patriotism can flourish only in the atmosphere of freedom. There is a popula: German poem about a grenadier of Napoleon. This noble puppet-the grenadier, not the emperor-did something or other that was brave, something that he had to do, and, having reported to headquarters, fell dead at the emperor's feet, happy to die in the imperial presence. This is what the German has in the way of patriotism, the faith of a serf for his feud. Fealty to a sovereign prince is not patriotism, especially when to be othercompanion, "that's camouflage." C. D. M. | wise than faithful can mean only ruin.

and membles at the displeasure of a uman providence, booted and spurred know in hand, is not patriotism. The trataiot is the freeman who gives of his on abstraction called the state, in which he embodies, according to the power of his imagiration, all that is worth living for in this world and hoping for in the world to come. A man's patriotism is the expression of himself. To die for one's country is truly sweet and decorous tis the old Latin proverb has its for thus to , is to express the soul of a noble devotion to to include.

"HE_ERE, PROFITEER! NICE DOGGIE!!"

a suretismal steing, patriotism may fall true God a superstitions worship of tinsel idols. Think of the disparit, between the strong-eyed Goldess of American Liberty and the maileful tlermanii, with drawn sword, chiefly intent on guarding a stolen Rhine-for stolen it was once if we go back for enough after German example in matters of theft. Look rather on the vision of our own wide, fruitful, prosperous domain, the hand of promise and possibility. the land of apportunity, welcoming all. giving to all, hoping for all, vast, indefinable, bright with the glory of the past and with the vision of the future. With all our shorts sufuge, with all the things that we wish were otherwise, think of what it means to be tree, to grumble at whatever you choose to grumble about, to releise or wholever delights you, to pursue your way undeterred by precedence, undismaxed by tyranny, unperturbed by that damuable divinity which doth house a king, especially a Hohenzollern in his own artificial country and which he would folian plant to heage in the rest of the

THINK of waxing patriotic over a para-I notice with a withered arm, masquerading in forty uniforms, each gaudier than the last, a pinchheck Napoleon, served by a graded buteaucracy, each myer the tyrants of the next below! Do you wonder at the superstition, the idolatry, the blasphemy practiced under the law of this Mahomet, who megaphones to a disgusted world "Hohenzollernism, Pan-Prussianism of the Sword!"

You'r unregenerate Gownsman, dear reader, is apt to snicker when people are sentimental. But there is a time for sentiment, for feeling, for that expanse of heart and uplifting of mind which comes when a man thinks with his fellow men in the open sunshine or under the stars. It is not sentimental to be madly in love when "the inexpressive she" is incomparable. And our "inexpressive she," our great, tender, kind motherland is incomparable; not because she is better than all other lands-though it is right that we should think so without boasting-but because she is ours and we are what she has made us.

MEN are as the various metals—some common but useful in commerce; some rarer, capable of employment in the higher organisms of life; some precious, to be wrought by the cunning hand into works of art and beauty. It is not the least of the many blessings which are America's that we can take what bullion we may to our mint of men and stamp before long upon it and indelibly the image of our incomparable Goddess of Liberty.

OUR OWN FOURTH OF JULY PARADE

The following floats will be exhibited: Garabed Giragossian using free energy to shave himself

> Lenine and Trotsky walking the ties

The Cities of the Rhine protesting. In the name of humanity, against air raids

U-boat Captains, prostrated by having missed a hospital ship

Austrian Army Chiefs planning a backward offensive

German Statisticians, learning how to multiply the number of prisoners

Town-planning Committee of Hell. arguing which street to name after the Kalser

Posse of Russian Envoys. explaining competitive solutions of

Russia's troubles McAdoo. recovering from Liberty Loan sore throat by a poultice of thrift stamps

Hindenburg. convalencing from a serious "victory"

Citizens of Berlin, moking chopped bark, cating turnips and wearing paper clothes, waiting with a sledge hammer for the Kaiser to come back from France

SOCRATES.

Another thing that would have been conideted impossible four or five years ago a that Turkey could possibly get into any company that would be bad for her morally. thio State Journal.

Lost Laurels

With the faunching of 100 American ships in July 4 the Minute Men of Concord who red the shot heard round the world will have to give way for a time to Schwab's hipbuilders, who will start the splash heard ound the world.—Ba'timore News.

What Do You Know?

"Some" Splash!

OUIZ Where is Trinity College (America)?

Which is the Nutmer State?
What is the Chance-Claus Process?
What is the Code Nanoleon? 5. Identify "The Keight Without Fear and Without Reproach."

6. Name the composer of "Aida." 7. What great opera was "written to order." for a special occasion? 8. When and what is Evacuation Day? Who is Count Silva Taronca?

10. Who said "A treaty is the promise of a Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Cartography is the science and art of map

making

Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholalevitch, recently reported proclaimed Crap of Russia, is a member of the innertal house, a cousin of the ex-Crar, and the son of the ex-Crar's great-sucle. He was the Russian generalissime in the first years of the war and later won britilant victories in the Caucasus.

4. Suffix: A letter, bodily the meaning of the root to words to modify the meaning of the fact to a superaction of the modification of the modification of the theatre of war, or "general."

Moscow: The ancient capital of Russia, to which the Bolsheviki transferred the seat of government, is on the Moskwa, and about 400 miles southeast of Petrograd.

7. Carnellan and white are the colors of Cornell University.

8. "A Tale of Two Cities"; One of the historical novels of Charles Dirkens; the period is that of the French Revolution.

9. Sacramento is the capital of California.

10. "Assussination has never changed the history of the world." said by Benjamin Diracell itard Beaconsheld) on receiving the news of the murder of President Lincoln.