

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman... DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

Descendants of the Men Who Sought Freedom in America Have Taken Arms to Make the Whole World Free... THE 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 anniversary within the recollection of any man now living.

More Smoke Than Fire... COLONEL EASBY-SMITH who is investigating the draft-board scandals here, approaches his task in the right spirit. In the first place, he draws a sharp line between discrepancies in the calling of the different draft boards...

GERMANY AND THE FOURTH

THE Fourth of July is a day dedicated to a theory of government founded on the collective intelligence and cooperation 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...

WORK AND FIGHTING

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

FIENDISHNESS WITH QUAINS

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

THE HUN AND THE PRISONER

THE humane treatment of prisoners of war has always been a point of honor among civilized nations. Evidence, accumulating in ghastly repetition, has convinced England and America that Germany's treatment of English-speaking captives has been the blackest blot on the already foul record of the Hun Government. Unspeakable cruelty and loathsome degradation have been inflicted in cold blood on thousands of English prisoners. Prisoners of other nationalities, Russian and French and Belgian, while utterly miserable in their filthy quarters, have been treated with comparative kindness.

The Shipyard Chantey

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

MOTHERS OF DEMOCRACY

THE Senate has consented to the incorporation 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.

WOULD TIRPITZ KNOW HER?

WHEN Tirpitz wouldn't recognize the Levantian—see Vaterland—if he could see her now. We saw her one day at Atlantideport, that beautiful city that empties into the subways. IT HAD BEEN raining hard, the peculiar lashing rain that swirls and gesticulates in the narrow, cavernous streets of Atlantideport. Beaten upon by wind and detestation and motion-picture films, harassed by the hot dog fumes from "Co-ome, we nearly gave it away—from Atlantideport, bleached by peroxide and buffed by hall-boys, O friends, what a climate!

PUNK

Who knows where Trotsky is? He seems to have vanished to the home of lost clauses. Indubitably thirty expert masseurs are rubbing down Karl Rosner and grooming him for the task of taking notes of the Kaiser's answer to President Wilson's Independence Day speech. The case of writer's cramp that Shakespeare is said to have had will be nothing to that of Karl Rosner if he has to steno-graph the Kaiser much longer.

OUR OWN CANNON CRACKER

When we celebrate the Fourth of July we will not behave as in days gone by. For this year's fire works are all in one. The great big cannon cracker under the Hun. The fuse is sizzling, and Bill's invited to stek down his face and see if it's lighted. "Father and mother are in a safe place," waxes 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-Savines Stamp. It never gave any one lockjaw or cramp; it injures no children, won't blister or sting, 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. SOCRATES.

HE-ERE, PROFITEER! NICE DOGGIE!

THE Liner she's a lady, an' so becomin' rare. 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 Delaware, Frisco, Hampton Roads. Every spar for liberty, ev'ry rivet true For the game of games, Yankee, played upon the blue. The Liner she's a lady, an' favored toffs that stride Upon her spotless trunkwood decks know well that close beside The Man o' War, 'er 'usband, is primed for a surprise. But, oh, the little cargo boats, unceasing, bear supplies. The Liner she's a lady. Her route is what she fleet 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 boats are kind o' proud to run a fearless race. Waitin' to be boys, Yankee, 'engin' round the yard— Gloucester, Bristol, Camden Town— youth is fightin' hard For the comin' christenin' an' the battlin' flow, 'Ear the little cargo boats pantin' quick to go!

THE GOWNSMAN

"PATRIOTISM" said Goethe, "is a kind of provincialism indulged in by people of small minds." And this great man, who is the only German poet who has risen to world standing, prided himself on being a cosmopolitan, not on being a German. Goethe was a man of genius and recognized his own wherever he found it; for example, Faust in Marlowe's "mighty line," for Marlowe had made the Faust story two hundred years before Goethe was born. Goethe exercised to the full the most conspicuous of German talents: an ability to exploit the ideas, thoughts and inventiveness of other people. But Goethe was likewise a man of discernment. It was he who told his Boswell, Ahermann, in words of late often quoted, "Die Possessiva are by nature barbarians; civilization makes them ferocious."

THE reader may perhaps be so keen as to have noticed a certain fine carelessness, an easy abandon in the passages just quoted from Goethe. This is the offhand manner of your Government, who happens north of that temple of accuracy, the Boston Public Library, and who is commended, 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 conventional precision of his mind, willfully to misquote and so to say, disaccrurate his statements lest he should seem to smack in the classroom too much of the oil of the study and wear too obviously the laurels of his learning. This by the way.

PATRIOTISM is one of the large, humane, primitive instincts. There is a value in the personal possession of characteristics possessed by no other man. Such traits are great feelers of human variety and human variety is an ineluctable generalizer. 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 worshipper, as originally inherent as mother-love and often as sweet and sacrificing.

TO LOVE one's country is a generous 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 face 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 renunciation. BUT patriotism can flourish only in the atmosphere of freedom. There is a popular 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 otherwise than faithful can mean only ruin.



OUR OWN FOURTH OF JULY PARADE

The following floats will be exhibited: Garaged Graggosian 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 Kaiser; Dosses of Russian Envoys, explaining competitive solutions of Russia's troubles; McAdoo, recovering from Liberty Loan sore throat by a poultice of thrift stamps; Hindenburg, convalescing from a serious "victory"; Citizens of Berlin, smoking chopped bark, eating turnips and wearing paper clothes, waiting with a sledge hammer for the Kaiser to come back from FRANCE; Lost Laurels; Another thing that would have been considered impossible four or five years ago is that Turkey could possibly get into any company that would be bad for her morally.—Ohio State Journal.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Where is Trinity College (America)? 2. Which is the Nutmeg State? 3. What is the Chance-Clans Process? 4. What is the Code Napoleon? 5. Identify "The Knight 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 where is the location of the "Czar's Tomb"? 9. Who is Count Sivas Torosow? 10. Who said "A treaty is the promise of a nation"? ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ 1. Cincinnati is the science and art of map making. 2. Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevitch, recently renounced his title of Duke of Russia in a number of the Imperial house, a cousin of the ex-Czar, and transferred the seat of his government to the city of Moscow. 3. He was the Russian generalissimo in the Crimean war and later won brilliant victories in the Caucasus. 4. The suffix "ovich" in Russian names has the force of "son of," and is added to the name of the individual. For example, in a number of the Imperial house, a cousin of the ex-Czar, and transferred the seat of his government to the city of Moscow, and later won brilliant victories in the Caucasus. 5. A temporary truce or suspension of hostilities, by agreement. It may be "official," and only in a section of the theatre of war, or "general," and in effect a cessation of hostilities. 6. Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, to which the Bolshevik transferred the seat of government, is on the Moskwa, and about 500 miles southeast of Petersburg. 7. Giuseppe Verdi and white are the colors of Cornell University. 8. "A Tale of Two Cities." One of the bleakest periods in the history of France, the period in that of the French Revolution, was the time when the guillotine was used to execute thousands of the French people. 9. Sarcophagus is the name of the stone coffin in which the body of a dead person is placed. Lord Beaconsfield, on receiving the news of the murder of President Lincoln.