

Evening Public Ledger
PUBLISHED DAILY AT PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
EDITORIAL BOARD:
CHIEF CLERK:
GENERAL BUSINESS MANAGER:
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

THE OTHER SIDE OF FREEDOM

These Are Times When We Ignore the Rights of Small Nations

ONE of the oddest things about this war is the difficulty which the average man experiences in adjusting his individual action and viewpoint to the high motives for which he is willing, in the mass, to stake his life. There are landlords who never have hesitated to plunder poor tenants whom they find at a disadvantage. Yet they send their sons to battle for the rights of small nations!

Men who have bitterly opposed every movement for the betterment of labor are the first to cry out of the depths of genuine indignation that the Junkers must go.

We in America are just now applauding the Czech-Slavs for one of the bravest and noblest adventures ever endured for the cause of liberty. And here at home we are accustomed to isolate these same Czech-Slavs in slums and regard them with prejudice and suspicion as people different from ourselves.

Italians and Serbians are people whom we seem able to understand only at a distance and in the second generation. We are moved profoundly by their fidelity and valor in the present war. When they come to America we too often put them in "quarters" and leave them to the politicians and the exploiters to be misled, cheated and oppressed.

The parable written by Albert C. Barnes and printed in another column on this page shows the manner in which the law of compensation reacts upon us in consequence to help political corruption in American cities. The ward politician has altogether a shrewder view of the foreigners in this country than the average American in or out of Congress. He finds a state of affairs that makes his singular job easy. The public schools work miracles with the second generation of foreigners. But the immigrants themselves are another story.

If the war has done one thing it has interpreted the spirits of these people. They have adventured this far to escape from torment. But most of them do not escape it. They go bewildered to their graves. The ward boss is to them the permanent sign and symbol of the free country. Through his friend, the corner policeman, the alien in America feels what he believes to be the might and power of the great republic. That the new country should seem to its new citizen to be unkind and limited alike in its intelligence and its sense of justice is not strange.

It is often said that the foreign quarters are obstacles in the way of good municipal government. They are. And the fault isn't with any of the ordinary practices or theories of government. It is with the viewpoint of the average American, which tends to keep aloof all those who do not know our accent or wear clothes identically like ours or eat the same food.

It was in this city not long ago that a manufacturer excused low wages in his factory with the announcement that almost all his employees "were Italians." In the coal regions of Pennsylvania Poles followed the Irish, English and Welsh miners when these miners died or retired after having sent their sons into other less rigorous employments. The Poles who took up the work were gentle, credulous men of great physical power. But the older residents in that region invented a term of kindly derision for them, set them apart and viewed them as a lesser breed. These were the descendants of men who had warred for liberty before the Declaration of Independence was written.

There is in the native viewpoint of all peoples a trace of snobbishness. Most of the foreigners who come to America to live are desperately poor. And it may be worth observing that in this country prosperity is worshipped to the exclusion of many things better worth while. In the end it may prove that it is the poverty of the alien that makes his way difficult in America.

Now we are seeing these people of the European continent in the mass for the first time—as people who are as spirited, as brave, as eager as ourselves. Those of them who come to this country bring trends of character and faiths that properly might make the national character of America still richer and more various.

We shall not have finished the fight for the rights of small nations until each new citizen is given an opportunity to be a good one and made free from the unwarlike exploitation by politicians on the one hand and dependent industries on the other. The war should be adequate to show that the little people who are our allies abroad are fitted to be our allies—not our dependents—at home.

Immigration will increase after the war. The great unlevenged masses of the foreign born, isolated in many eastern cities, are already a peril to many institutions of local government. Left to themselves, uninformed aliens are easily made the prey of self-interested men. They are swayed by self-interest men of their own nationality. Properly, the Government itself might devise means of a better approach to this new element and might find means to make the privileges and obligations of citizenship clear to every newcomer.

Otherwise it would be far better to limit immigration. Present conditions tend to make the difficulty of self-government in American cities grow constantly more acute.

THE BAN THAT BRACED US

IN LIFTING the ban on wheat, save with respect to its proportion in "victory bread," from hotels, clubs, restaurants and dining cars, Mr. Hoover's appended praise for the "sacrifice" made becomes almost embarrassing. The individual consumer, whose diet for nearly a year has

been so entertainingly varied, has actually reciprocal thanks to bestow: "Eat up your bread, dear," insisted many a solicitous mother in peace days. Tantrums and tears occasionally accompanied infantile protests. Is it not conceivable that the monotony of an alleged luxurious fare was partly responsible for such exhibitions? What bread, indeed, became sufficiently conventional to be almost irritating. There were even grown-ups who, rejoicing in freedom from parental mandates, ate very sparingly of that commonplace article of food.

It took the war to make the bread dish interesting. The lore of southern mammals was invoked to propagate the joys of corn muffins north of the Mason and Dixon line. Rye bread, with or without caraway seeds, appealed attractively to many a jaded palate. Graham flour, oats, rice and potatoes gave the once invariable staff of life a wide diversity of tastes and hues. The baker's ingenuity rose triumphantly to the occasion, and butter made a host of agreeable new acquaintances.

And now a grateful food administrator permits us to return in all restaurants and public eating places to the rut of an invariable and "standardized" bread and thin cakes no longer made with delicate rice flour, but with wheat, which, in the hands of the inept, sometimes produced dubious desserts.

With characteristic human perversity there may be some of us who will chafe over the restoration of the old order as at first, in our ignorance, we fretted over the new one. This much, however, is certain. Our easiest sacrifice in the war was the conservation of wheat.

It is conceivable that Germany would gladly exchange the war tool of Austria for the war tool of France.

GOING AND COMING

Reading Terminal

A dingy vault of noise and steam— Vast arches and a scoop of sky; A clang and rumble, and the stream Of smug commuters pressing by— A word—all heads were turned—and then: "A troop train waiting!"—"Drafted men!"

The little groups were clustered, each To watch its men pass out of sight; Brave lips that shook with trivial speech, Eyes marred by secret grief all night. "Well, kid, I'll wear a service pin!" "Send us a postal from Berlin!"

The boys were game. Shirt-sleeved, they smoked; Taunted their friends—"Your turn next draft!" Eyes swam. Apart, a sister choked; Her bosom throbbed as though she laughed.

It was not laughter. "Gee," one cries, "This coal-gas, honey, stings one's eyes!" That is the time when teeth are set! Those sickened hours, thank God, are few— Thrust out from one life, but not yet Redeemed and girded in the new. That is the time when naught will serve But each man's elemental nerve.

I could not watch. Kind eyes must shut When human hearts are bare and raw; When all the webs of life are cut. One does not dwell on what one saw. Yet all the passions of our race Vibrated in that gloomy place.

A dingy vault of noise and steam— Vast arches, and a scoop of sky; But that great shed can never seem To the same drab place as I pass by— I'll see that girl, alone, apart, Choked by her leaping, naked heart.

There will be hearts for whom that place, That crowded arch of heat and trains, Will be a shrine for some lost face. An altar of old joys and pains. Ah, when you pass those gates again Think, God be with you, drafted men.

Social Notes

Sam Scoville, Jr., of this city and Main Line, tells in the August Atlantic Monthly what to do when one comes face to face with a black-and-white animal with a pointed nose, a bushy tail and an air of justified confidence.

Briefly, Sam's advice is be civil to the civet. Dudley Harmon dropped in to see us yesterday on his way from Washington to Independence Square. Dudley is the Ladies' Home Journal's machine-gun nest in Washington, and the most harmonious person we wot of.

Ned Muschamp, of Narberth and the advertising business, was in here about cock-crow this morning. We didn't make out whether Ned was on his way to today's work or returning from yesterday's.

Now they say that Kerenky isn't coming over here after all. Have we missed our last chance of meeting a clean-shaved Russian? Bill Stites says it must be a cinch to write places for the paper. We feel rather embarrassed about this, but we don't quite see what we can do.

General von Hindenburg, who will be remembered as one of the Hindenburgs who used to be so fond of the Marne, is officially reported as having recovered from his recent death. He is feeling much better, but we predict a relapse about the time the first ship is launched at Hog Island. SOCRATES.

Paradoxical "beefing" on meatless days continues in Germany every time Foch pushes his line forward.

It is superfluous to inform us that the troops which gave way before the Franco-American advance were "black divisions."

There are some of us who would greatly rejoice to begin a counter-attack when the food profiteer on the other side tries his extortion tactics.

A Parable of Patriotism

IN ONE of our large cities a man of exalted public position addressed an assembly of more than 6000 of his countrymen of the same foreign birth. The occasion was the commemoration of the death of one of their native patriots. The verbatim translation here given is verified as exact by the orator himself:

Fellow Americans—I am going to make a confession, an apology and a promise. I have never been true to you, to our country or to myself. You, the unthinking part of you, have looked upon me as a hero, because I posed as one of yourselves who had risen by merit from your state of obscurity to a position of eminence and worth in the social and intellectual life of the city. But I have never told you the truth about any of these things.

I am only a scoundrel here. I am not representative of genuine things that make life worth living. My position, I hold largely by virtue of the same kind of vicious political and social system that holds you in your present bondage. When I got where I am, with my money, family, and social standing, I did nothing to lighten your burdens or make you good Americans. The political kennel from which I must secure the security of my position upon me and I exploited you my official position, my country's needs, all to gratify my vanity.

At your celebrations I make speeches, but I tell you nothing that touches your intimate, personal lives or needs. In your parades I ride on the band wagon with the aristocrats whom I despise, my social life. I have sunk into the slithered ease of a smooth, lazy, luxurious routine—in my home, my clubs, my official position. Consequently I have made no progress in intellectual or moral development so that I could deal with your problems, which are many. On the contrary, my name and political pull have been the means of putting in your midst unscrupulous adventurers who hold you in subjection while they fill their coffers. They have even played me false.

But these days and those conditions are past and done. I am from this day one of you in spirit, sympathy and determination to become honest men and good Americans. I'll make a system of my own development of my mind and my character so that I can help your assimilation into our regenerate Americanism.

I'll stop exploiting you. I'll work to educate you, to develop your enlightened ideals, to make you socially and intellectually free and to give you your birthrights of citizenship. I'll cheer you on, I'll no longer be a tool of the ignorant autocrats who hold you in subjection by means of fear, and I'll drive to hopeless cover those scoundrels who are cheating our country and us. No more cheap newspaper notoriety and misrepresentation at your expense, and no more counterfeit people, who pose as heroes, who cheat our country and us. It will take time to form these new habits, but you have my word that it will be done and I'll work for you as human beings and Americans, so help me God.

The consternation of the audience was great, but the applause was greater. When one of his friends asked what was responsible for his change of heart, the orator replied: "Well, I just realized what President Wilson meant when he wrote that no foreign power will ever again be permitted to exploit a weaker people, and that democracy must begin at home, and I've started to do my share." ALBERT C. BARNES.

Weather Man, Do Your Bit planted some years ago by the Colonial Dames, will be in danger of permanently impaired health. They look very seedy from lack of moisture, and by a quaint irony they adorn a bubbling horse fountain on which is carved "Give us water, lest we perish."

Perhaps He Meant on the Subway a few more fast destroyers on the job the Atlantic crossing will be as safe as going up Broadway. But the jolly rat might have been more fortunate in his choice of a parallel. To us slow-dodging rustics Broadway does not seem a happy example of safety.

Ab, Gallantry! The age limit of the naval reserve force has been raised to forty. But it need not be assumed that any of the yeogitria who look so dimly and dotted swiss along our pavements are anywhere near that age. Indeed, they must come perilously close to the minimum.

But This Time Is Final While they are retreating to the Aisne, perhaps the boches every now and then experience that curious feeling that it has all happened before. They ought to have the technique of retreating to the Aisne down to a fine point.

These Dashed Americans "I'm delighted to inform you, Mr. Interlocutor, that the byphen is winning the war." "That's a surprising statement, Mr. Bones. How do you make it out?" "Why, hasn't the victory on the Marne been ascribed to the 'dash' of our troops?"

But They're All Receivers Bankrupt Nat Goodwin perhaps anticipates that the hands of a receiver will be kinder to him than those of the five or so wives whom he wooed, won and lost.

The heat wave will be nothing compared to the heat wave that will be unleashed August 1, when griddle cakes go back on the menu.

It seems as though there ought to be some joke about Mr. McAdoo being the Mikado of the Treasury Department, but it still eludes us.

Tears for the departure of the sugar bowl may be at least partially assuaged by exodus of the housefly who made it his habitat.

"Extravagant" would be the Kaiser's comment on the whole Hog Island undertaking, even if it were found that not a dollar was wasted on that monumental plant.

Foch's troops have triumphantly proved that "none but the brave deserve the Fere."

In this weather the sunny side of the street is No Man's Land.



Twelve Centuries of Meatless Days

By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto

THE other day I attended a banquet where there were several Japanese gentlemen who had recently returned from London. They spoke of the meatless days there, and all said they had been surprised to find that they seriously missed meat from the table. That the absence of meat could seriously affect a Japanese person shows how quickly we have accepted foreign customs, for from the introduction into Japan of Buddhism—the religion which forbids the killing of animals—until about forty years ago, the Japanese were vegetarians. That twelve centuries of meatless days.

I REMEMBER very distinctly the first time I ever tasted meat. I came home from school one day and found that my father had just returned from a trip to Tokyo. Such an occasion was usually one of rejoicing to the entire family, but this day there seemed to be an air of depression everywhere. As I stepped into the "shrine" place I heard my mother's voice in low, solemn tones giving some directions to a maid. The servants all seemed excited, but they also were talking in hushed voices. We chatted a certain priest who was reverenced by all of us. I had not yet greeted the family, but I had an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. And it was hard for me to walk calmly and without haste as I went to my grandmother's room for the usual respectful salutations.

My grandmother was sitting with a maid before the gold shrine. I was greatly surprised to see the doors closed, for it was the hour when they were usually open and the shrine lighted in readiness for the evening oblation before eating. There were rolls of white paper on a big lacquer tray; and the maid was putting it over the gilded doors. Almost every Japanese home has two shrines. In the time of sickness or death, the plain wood Shinto shrine, which honors the sun-goddess, the Empress, and the nation, is sealed with white paper to guard it from pollution, but the elaborate Buddhist shrine is left open, as it is the Buddhist gods who give comfort to the living and guide the dead on their heavenly journey. I had never known the gold shrine to be sealed and, young as I was, I knew that something very strange and mysterious was about to happen.

One day Mr. Kato called the priestess to his home, apparently to assist in settling some puzzling matters. Really it was an attempt to open the eyes of his family to the absurdity of their superstitious belief. He thought if that could be done that peace would come once more into his home.

The priestess went through a very elaborate ceremony, part of which consisted in falling into a trance and interpreting messages, supposed to come from unseen friends in the spirit world. While she was in this state Mr. Kato asked her many questions, the answers of which were well known to the family. At first the replies were only vague, but gradually, by skillful leading on his part, they became more direct; but they were unsatisfactory and even untrue. Finally the spirit messages from the revered ancestors, which the priestess was to interpret, were aroused. The children were startled, the gentle wife was puzzled and grieved and the poor old grandmother shocked beyond words.

REFORMERS sometimes use cruel methods. No man could have greater love and respect for a parent than Mr. Kato had for his mother, but this experience saddened and worsened her life. A Japanese woman knows only one way to right a wrong, and that is to sacrifice herself. The brave woman sickened, refused all medicine, and soon was laid to rest with the ancestors whose dignity and honor she had died to uphold.

THE introduction of foreign food had a great deal to do with breaking down the wall of tradition which shut us away from the world of the West. After the Restoration, which, of course, means the fall of feudalism, the great majority of wealthy samurai suddenly found themselves separated entirely from the system which had given them support, and yet they were bound as firmly as ever by the code of ethics which for centuries had taught them utter contempt for money. As a result the land was flooded, these first years, with business experiments, where high class gentlemen attempted to imitate tradesmen—generally with disastrous results.

The Heavenly Hills of Holland

THE heavenly hills of Holland,— How wondrously they rise Above the smooth green pastures Into the azure skies!

With blue and purple hollows, With peaks of dazzling snow, Along the far horizon The clouds are marching slow.

No mortal foot has trodden The summits of that range, Nor walked those mystic valleys Whose colors ever change; Yet we possess their beauty, And visit them in dreams, While the ruddy gold of sunset From cliff and canyon gleams.

In days of cloudless weather They melt into the light; When fog and mist surround us They're hidden from our sight; But when returns a season Clear shining after rain, While the northwest wind is blowing, We see the hills again.

The old Dutch painters loved them, Their pictures show them clear,— Old Hobbema and Ruysdael, Van Goyen and Vermeer, Above the level landscape, Rich polders, long-armed mills, Canals and ancient cities, Float Holland's heavenly hills,— Henry van Dyke, in "The Red Flower."

Obeeyed the Injunction The Smiths had a hen which insisted upon neglecting her comfortable nest to lay a daily egg in the coal cellar.

"I can't think," fretted Mrs. Smith, as she and her small son John together hunted for that particular egg, "why this one hen insists upon using the coal cellar."

"Why, that's easy, mother," exclaimed John, "I suppose she's seen the sign, 'Now is the time to lay in your coal!'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Many a bitter battle is waged by the war gardener in Hoe Man's Land.

What Do You Know?

- 1. What is a "seaman's"?
2. Who is General Gouraud?
3. Name the author of "Swiss Family Robinson."
4. What is a Munchausen tale?
5. Who is Doctor von Hunsacker?
6. What is a service flag?
7. Who is the Queen of Sheba?
8. What is the capital and what is the largest city of Alabama?
9. What is the strength of an army division in the United States and abroad?
10. What is the corresponding army rank of a commander in the United States navy?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. George H. Roberts is the British Minister of Labor.
2. Cettigne is the capital of Montenegro.
3. General S. B. M. Young, retired, is the former chief of staff of the United States Army. He saw distinguished service in the Spanish-American war, and was awarded an American fighting army of 3,000,000.
4. The Cadet party in Basala is that of the Communist Party. The name is a corruption of the name of the party in Russian.
5. The heir to the throne of Italy is styled "the Prince of Naples."
6. Henrik Ibsen, Norwegian dramatist, is the author of "A Doll's House," a play which was revolutionary in its treatment of the stage from romance to realism.
7. The Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, whose petition was offered for his restoration to the throne of England.
8. Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro are the largest cities of South America.
9. Empress Zita is the spouse of Emperor Carl I of Austria. She is a descendant of the Naples Bourbons, formerly a ruling house.
10. "Did you see my own children here yesterday?" was said by James H. of England on learning that his own children had been named after the name of the...