

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. KURTIS, President...

Israel Zangwill says: "It seems to me, when the mighty conflict is over, that it will hardly be possible for some years ahead to have German and English, or Russian and Austrian Jews meeting on a common basis."

NEW NATIONS ALREADY RISING OUT OF THE WAR

Shedding Themselves of Selfishness. Brag and Anathema Giving Way to Splendid Ideals—Twentieth Century Miracle in France.

By VANCE THOMPSON It is not what happens to you in life that matters—it is the way in which you face it. SOMETHING like this Lloyd-George said in one of his great speeches in the early part of the war...

America Tomorrow

The face of the world is being changed. Twenty years ago the politics of Europe was of incidental interest to the United States; today the course of world events can be gauged by the volume of smoke from American factories...

The important thing is not so much that we are acquiring the international viewpoint as that our business interests are about to be universalized. We are approaching the era of concessions when the state-ownership of our Government must concern itself with the extension, encouragement and protection of our investments in every land under the sun...

A New France Born

What is happening in France and England I do not know. Extraordinary things—things that had seemed impossible to the wildest prophet or dream-reader last July. There is no exaggeration for I have no need of it in saying that a new France has been born—in war-pain unexpressed. For 15 years France has been in the hands of the politicians, whereof you know...

When you looked out your window what you saw was moral, political, social anarchy. Came the war. France had done brave things in every sphere of human activity. Her musicians were in the front of all nations; she was at the head of science and scholarship; from painting to flying she led; but it seemed that her high spiritual destiny was to end in the gutter and the mud, and that her political destiny was to die in the appetites and greed of the politicians...

In a day—in an hour—a war knit together the old energies of the race. And it was a strange thing to see laughter die in France. After the first horror of unexpectedness was conquered, the faces of men and women were wiped clean of fear and also, of laughter—so squalid, so wiped from a plate. It was strange to see the new faces—grave and steady, awed but courageous. Faces of Gaulish men and women.

A Twentieth Century Miracle

Some day the history of the war will give a page to that strange scene when Paris—the thrill, the Paris, you know—swarmed and jammed its way into Notre Dame. And they filled the vast cathedral from wall to wall. They hung like bunches of grapes on the ancient pillars. And outside the pearly and the square were black with humanity—kneeling. Streets to right and left were filled, and the bridge and the quay; and all who could kneel knelt; and they sang the ancient canticles and the old Archbishop came out and blessed them. That was a miraculous thing as has happened in the twentieth century—Paris on its knees, praying.

Humor is a Civic Asset

The increase of from \$5000 to \$6000 in prizes for the "mummers' parade" on New Year's Day made by Council is in reality a tribute to the growing public appreciation of the civic side of the pageant. That the "mummers" have been to Philadelphia what the Mardi Gras has been to New Orleans in advertising value has long been patent. But more than this there has come to be an annual expectation that the follies and foibles of the city will be depicted in a keen yet enjoyable sense, entirely without malice, yet not without a certain sting.

Who Knows?

The ordinary news of the day is found in the following Gaviota reported that 120 miles south of Valparaiso she found a portion of the body of a British sailor floating on a lifebuoy from an English warship. The battle, a sinking ship, a plunge into the stormy depths, and then, by the mercy of God, a lifebuoy! Long hours, days and nights, waiting for a sail, exhaustion and a shark! Who knows?

Economic Anarchy

When 50 people eat and sleep in two rooms every law of nature is broken, every sanction of society is outraged and every instinct of decency is violated. Humans cannot herd like cattle and remain human. A sane and healthy civilization cannot bear flowers or fruit with its roots bedded in filth. Wherever gold is set above men there must come, sooner or later, a day of reckoning in which the bill of costs against society is staggering. Outside of the health of its citizens a nation has no realizable assets; harvests must remain ungathered, minerals left in the ground, raw material be unutilized, unless the health of the workers is maintained. The worst economy is to waste human energy; the worst anarchy is to deny the elemental rights to men, women and children.

Stronger Than Mars

Wall Street's blows in unlooked-for quarters; they fall upon strangely unsuspecting heads. While America strains to gain its consciousness upon stricken Belgium of a time when it is ordinarily content with "keeping the pot boiling" for the poor at Christmas, it learns that the army of well-to-do workers who lead those who fear something almost like extermination in passing Europe. The Salvation Army, the last great force in Belgium and France, the numbers have been drafted into hospital wards, and its whole effort, benefit of countless souls, has turned to the attention of a few hundred suffering men.

Chicago has the real thing now. The Art Commission is going to prevent the nudging of the indecency in art. These are days when the weatherman and his reports are almost as disheartening as the weather. What Philadelphia, waiting across streets, jumping gutters and discovering automobiles, hiding behind its umbrellas, waits to know that December 22 has clear, cold weather at 23 degrees?

ish, has a German sister, and her husband and I think, her son—Shaw's nephew—are fighting bravely in the German trenches. The nations are interpenetrated. Nothing can affect one nation (or ten men) without affecting every other nation (or man).

Thinking Humble

In the first anger and surprise of war lots of foolish, bad things were said and written in England, as elsewhere. What you hear now is different—and what you read, I think Lloyd-George voiced it first; and his words are worth knowing. He said the nations were "shedding themselves of selfishness," and making a new Europe—a new world. That view is worth while. And the newspapers are dropping the tone of brag and anathemas. The London Times in a fine way denounces those who exult over the enemy—or envy them. This article in the Times—and if you know that essentially English newspaper you will agree with me—shows definitely how new and splendid an ideal has risen up in the public mind of England. A new ideal has risen where there were sloth, obscurity and faded insolence. You can see it in this: "The comparison we have to make is with our own ideal, not with other existing men or nations. It does not matter whether we are inferior or superior to them in any respect; it matters only whether we are doing our best to reach our own ideal. In that effort man and nations alike would neither hate themselves nor others, but only forget themselves and all comparisons with others; and when comparisons were forced upon them by the struggle for life they would not suffer them to trouble the peace of their souls with pride or hate or envy. So a nation would be able to make even war without hate. We hope and believe we are making war so; but we must be on our guard lest we think of victory as a heaven beyond which we need not care. Victory is glorious in proportion to the value of the cause that triumphs in it. And ours will be dual and saintly if it means to us only that we have shown ourselves better men than the Germans."

YES, THE SAME CONNELLY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Some time since a Councilman by the name of Connelly proposed that the city purchase a tract of ground bounded by Juniper, Broad, South Penn square and Chestnut street, the idea being to demolish the buildings worth millions and transform the site into a public park in yesterday's Evening Ledger I noticed a notice in the paper which announced that funds could not be found for the Housing Commission. Kindly inform me which of these Connellys represent, and whether or not they are any relation to each other. Philadelphia, December 4.

MORE DATA ON IMMORTALITY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—A good many people thought that Darwin and his followers had killed off the human soul. The "atheists" and "agnostic" school of us his belief in a spirit that rested on no foundation of scientific knowledge. Now, however, we see the scientists—Sir Oliver Lodge, as the late scientist—Mr. Oliver Lodge, in the "The Occult" and "How we know the facts and deductions of the psychologic as well as the psychic laboratory. The newest contribution—the revival of life in a Californian man, who ceased to breathe and was revived as the result of a major operation—may seem to be of the order of the occult. Sir Oliver Lodge's questions are: "Where was her soul during the 16 minutes of death?" "How was it drawn back into the body by the merely physical operation of the doctor's squeezing the heart?" "Or was her vital spark a mere product of physical action, such questions, however, do not belong to the issue. They are merely new facts which may take great effort to read right, but in which there is more chance of a solution than in the vacuity of ignorance. S. M. L. Philadelphia, December 5.

TURKEY IN THE WAR

Nothing as yet has tested out the real force of Turkey's entrance into the war. But her "forget nothing"—is that any equivalent success for Ottoman arms will throw the Balkans into the conflict. The threat of Turkish ascendancy can never again be tolerated. L. G. C. Philadelphia, December 5.

THE CRUISER

The cruiser is a predatory craft with a thin skin and a huge set of engines. It is built for the purpose of getting to places in a tremendous hurry and of removing from said places with even greater speed. The cruiser is built of steel and carries plenty of guns. However, they are not large guns. They are only large enough to tear an ocean liner in two at one shot—not large enough to do any use in a real war. A battleship would bark once at a cruiser and then spend three days hunting for the remains. If it could get within reach. But the business of the cruiser is to remain exceedingly aloof from the hostile battleship. For this purpose the modern cruiser is composed largely of engines. It can travel faster than a train on a railroad operated on a "fastest first, speediest now" schedule. Thirty miles an hour is not fast for an "agile cruiser" when it is headed for safety under full steam. Germany and England have cruisers which are very large collection bars, which travel 25 miles an hour. The Goshen is one of them. The entire English and French fleets hunted her up and down the Mediterranean, but she dodged the whole collection bar, a new kind of blowing up Russian gunboats under a Turkish flag.

THE PEACE-PACT

After that of Pope Pius the Tenth, another death of conspicuous importance happened in Rome: that of the Marquis di San Giuliano, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who long had been connected with the interests of the Triple Alliance, in fact was understood to be one of its strongest supporters in Italian political circles. To obviate the immediate impression, which would have been inevitable of a break in the continuity of the Italian attitude by the prompt appointment of another man, possibly of different personal views, Premier Salandra took temporarily in his own hands the direction of the Foreign Office, thus concentrating, instead of dispersing, the supreme authority of the national life, closely connected in such a moment as this with the trend of international events. The few days of his "regime" at the Foreign Office have been characterized by an important event. The Albanian situation had been growing worse and worse, anarchy and epidemics going with each other as to which could make life sadder to the few Europeans as well as to the few natives and the many refugees around the Bay of Valona, that curious little harbor upon which so much of the Adriatic situation depends. Surely, at least to that unfortunate collectivity, it must have seemed as if the "trouble from the Balkans" so conscientiously prophesied by that delightful character of Kipling's "Light That Failed," Topsy-turvy, had finally descended upon the eastern Adriatic coast to stay. Europe was busy with war with her fight. The Conference of London seemed largely a distant echo of empty words, when London was intent on other things. Of the greater Powers in the conference, Italy remained alone comparatively free of mind and action. And Italy had quietly gone to Valona with a few ships and a military expedition to relieve the pressure of anarchy and hunger and the threat of anarchy and rebellion from the threshold of the Adriatic. The word of the Conference of London must be respected on the eastern shore while some one is capable of enforcing it with the demonstration of quiet power against disorderly elements, and the ministrations of human mercy to the suffering crowd whose distressing ill-health might prove a serious menace to the military conditions of the whole Adriatic coast. The military occupation of the little strategic island of Sasevo guarantees the situation from another standpoint.

Salandra's Able Assistants

One piece of good fortune has befallen Premier Salandra in the accomplishment of his arduous duties: the acceptance by Baron Sonnino of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and that came as the consequence of a knot of difficult "inside" conditions happily resolved. Shortly after the opening of the European war, the Secretary of State for the Navy, Admiral Millo, who had previously taken an active part in the Italian colonial war, had to resign on account of prolonged ill-health. Later, the Secretary of War, and, after him, the Minister of Finance, found it expedient to resign in favor of stronger or bolder successors. Meanwhile Marquis di San Giuliano succumbed to an attack of the gout that had been troubling him for years, so that it seemed impossible to proceed to the necessary reorganization of the Cabinet without a transfusion, he it ever so slight, of its political character; and Premier Salandra resigned his office and that of his colleagues, remaining in power, "in the hands of the Crown," of course, since this resignation was not the consequence of parliamentary vote or of obvious national disfavor (in fact, quite the contrary), the Crown very wisely as well as constitutionally reentrusted to Salandra the composition of a new Cabinet, which was effected successfully and with exceptional promptness; the most notable accession to it being that of Baron Sonnino, former Premier, a man of irreproachable character and undisputed reputation, as his Minister of Foreign Affairs. Apropos of this accession, the wags have not failed to remark that Salandra's situation resembled that of Pope Benedict XV, in that the Pope had for his Secretary of State a man preselected by himself; and the Premier who began his career as a satellite of Sonnino has Sonnino now as his right-hand man. But both Premier and Minister are far too super- or mind-to attach any importance to a difference of outward position when the nation needs their services in a moment which may decide history to come; and Italy as a whole understands the arrangement in the right spirit and appreciates the services of her big men as they richly deserve to be appreciated. Rome, November 25, 1914.

THE PEACE-PACT

They were foes as they fell in that frontier fight. They were friends as they lay with their wounds unbound. Waiting the dawn of their last morning light. It was silence all save a shuddering sound. From the souls of the dying that rose around; And the heart of the one to the other cried: As clearer they drew, and their arms caressed. "There will be no war on the Other Side." As the souls of the dying mounted high. It seemed they could hear the long cry well! Then together they spoke, and they questioned why. "Since they hated not—why this evil befell? And neither the Frank nor the German could tell. Wherefore themselves and their countryman died. But they said that hereafter in peace they should dwell—" "There will be no war on the Other Side." As they languished there on that field accurst. With their wounds unbound, in their mortal Spoke one to the other, "I faint from thirst!" And the other made answer, "What drops remain. In my water-bask thou shalt surely drain!" As he lifted the flask the other replied, "I pledge thee in this till we meet again—" "There will be no war on the Other Side!" And it came to pass as the night wore deep That fever through all their veins was fanned. So that victims were theirs (yet not from sleep). And each was drawn to his own loved land. "But, rousing again, one murmured, 'Thy Thou art my brother—naught shall divide. Something wrong wrong?' * * * * * And then they lay in their arms, and their hands. They will be no war on the Other Side."

ENVOL

Covered of peace, we can give but our lives As we look on the waste of the human tide. Yet forever one cry on battle we raise: "There will be no war on the Other Side."—Edith M. Thomas in the New York Times.



ANTONIO SALANDRA, PREMIER OF ITALY

Accepting Office Under Unusual Difficulties, He Has Brought Order Out of Disorder—His Diplomacy Most Evident in the Conduct of Internal Affairs—An Able Cabinet.

By A. A. BERNARDY

THE man who steers Italy's course through the existing infelicity of general events well deserves a word of praise. Premier Salandra comes from that good southern region of Puglia, where classic tradition, coupled, not antagonistic, with modern activity and with records of medieval grandeur, brings forth a valuable leaven to the uprising of Italian life of today. He is a man still in the prime of life, calm, well-balanced, sane in mind and body, with the characteristics of the Latin race well apparent in his mental make-up; keen insight, and a serene outlook on things. His lifelong legal training and 39 years' parliamentary experience enable him to value at their just measure the fine points of situations, while a quick sense of humor and a quiet aristocratic contempt for mental vulgarity and demagogic politics of every kind give him the happy mastery which revealed itself since the first days of his difficult leadership at the Chamber of Deputies.

It must be remembered that Premier Salandra rose to his office when, after the Libyan colonial war, the Giolitti Cabinet crumbled down under the pressure of the internal difficulties, unscrupulously evaded to when they demanded imperative solutions, which the Cabinet was unable to face. The foreign situation seemed quiet at the time. The Socialists howled with unholy joy, as they thought they were going to have the spree of their life over the new quiet, conservative Premier. Meanwhile, Giolitti was congratulating himself over his sickly if unscrupulous way of adding out of difficulties and letting one of his most terrible rivals be crushed by the rolling avalanches of popular discontent and the Socialist revolt finally unchained. Salandra faced quietly first the parliamentary indiscipline and the severe trial of handling a Chamber of Deputies elected by universal suffrage for the first time in Italy, and, worse, under the auspices of his predecessor and adversary; then the railroad strike; then the riots of Romagna and the Marche, and then, fortunately, summer came, Parliament closed for the season, and the Cabinet was going to work peacefully at several urgent necessities of national life, when the European war broke out suddenly, as the world knows.

The formula of "watchful neutrality" that the Salandra Cabinet gave out then as the emblem of Italian attitude was the result of more careful thought and undoubtedly of bolder determination than could appear openly at the time. Every day and event that has since passed has shown its solid value as well as its foresight.

Evidence of Statesmanship

After that of Pope Pius the Tenth, another death of conspicuous importance happened in Rome: that of the Marquis di San Giuliano, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who long had been connected with the interests of the Triple Alliance, in fact was understood to be one of its strongest supporters in Italian political circles. To obviate the immediate impression, which would have been inevitable of a break in the continuity of the Italian attitude by the prompt appointment of another man, possibly of different personal views, Premier Salandra took temporarily in his own hands the direction of the Foreign Office, thus concentrating, instead of dispersing, the supreme authority of the national life, closely connected in such a moment as this with the trend of international events. The few days of his "regime" at the Foreign Office have been characterized by an important event. The Albanian situation had been growing worse and worse, anarchy and epidemics going with each other as to which could make life sadder to the few Europeans as well as to the few natives and the many refugees around the Bay of Valona, that curious little harbor upon which so much of the Adriatic situation depends. Surely, at least to that unfortunate collectivity, it must have seemed as if the "trouble from the Balkans" so conscientiously prophesied by that delightful character of Kipling's "Light That Failed," Topsy-turvy, had finally descended upon the eastern Adriatic coast to stay. Europe was busy with war with her fight. The Conference of London seemed largely a distant echo of empty words, when London was intent on other things. Of the greater Powers in the conference, Italy remained alone comparatively free of mind and action. And Italy had quietly gone to Valona with a few ships and a military expedition to relieve the pressure of anarchy and hunger and the threat of anarchy and rebellion from the threshold of the Adriatic. The word of the Conference of London must be respected on the eastern shore while some one is capable of enforcing it with the demonstration of quiet power against disorderly elements, and the ministrations of human mercy to the suffering crowd whose distressing ill-health might prove a serious menace to the military conditions of the whole Adriatic coast. The military occupation of the little strategic island of Sasevo guarantees the situation from another standpoint.

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