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alarm. The historians may call this the era of hysteria, or they may ignore it altogether, following the example set by a distinguished Governor of Pennsylvania who wrote a history of the Commonwealth and gave not a line to some Administrations. It is fortunate for the country that the President has permitted some of his advisers to do most of the talking, and it is fortunate, too, that Mr. Underwood led the majority in the House. Perhaps there was nothing for the President to do but give certain friends who had been dealt to him plenty of rope. In politics even an idealist must mix with the bed-fellows that he finds. Yet there are increasing numbers of citizens who are nauseated by the endless piffle and humbug that are being bandied about as philosophy and statesmanship. The reputable press of the country did what it could to banish the patent-medicine craze of a few years ago, but there seems nothing to do now but let this insensate folly, which in later years has been passing for reform and progress, run its course. If the precipice is not near it ought to be.

Brumbaugh the Brave
 I want to stand, like the Greek youth, with the majority. I will stand with the minority. I intend to keep every pledge I made in the campaign.—Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh.

THE words of a brave man and a strong man! They ring out a challenge and a warning to all the legislators who may be tempted to play peanut politics and shelve the vital issues. They deal out as a "forward march" to such as have vision and the genius of constructive statesmanship. Pennsylvania put Brumbaugh into the Governor's chair with a purpose. His platform was self-made, clear cut and emphatic. If the Legislature at Harrisburg will not rally to his leadership, if it becomes obstructive or refractory, the people of the Commonwealth will rise in shame and anger. To have a Governor with a positive personality is a great asset to any State. A man who can go right along alone, satisfied with the approval of his own conscience, regardless of the sneers and frowns of such as are not big enough or brave enough to go with him, is the ideal that enlightened citizenship has always sought. His errors of judgment or slips of strategy will be forgiven so long as he is known to be incorruptible and unafraid. However the legislators may feel or act, Doctor Brumbaugh can be perfectly sure that the rank and file of the people will support him.

Connie Mack, Napoleon in Defeat
 CONNIE MACK is nowhere more Napoleonic than in defeat. His retreat from the Moscow of Beadmont is nothing if not spectacular in the daring way in which he is preparing to make over the "greatest team in the world." His strategic support of his partners in organized baseball is just as fine a specimen of his campaigning spirit. The Athletics have been a great team, probably the greatest in baseball, but it has been admittedly an expensive team. This year it combined its high salary list with the awkward quality of playing so triumphantly well that too few fans went to its massacres to balance the books satisfactorily. This alone would have dictated economy to any other manager. But the spectacular manner in which Connie Mack has "ripped up" his team—"waving" Bender, Plank and Coombs and selling Collins—means more than a daring move to level the box office and a confidence in his ability to lead and new Eddie Collinses. Connie Mack has lined up squarely by the side of his fellows in the two big leagues to fight the so-called outlaws. He is ready to bring down his great "machine" to an organization that gives the rest of the American League team a sporting chance. It is courageous work, with the stamp of the man upon it.

Put It Up to Villa
 THE President has ordered troops to Naco. In that locality, within the last 60 days, 17 American soldiers have been wounded by stray bullets from the Mexican side of the boundary. In ordinary circumstances outrages of this sort would plunge the nation into wild jingoism and the Administration would be able to realize the demand for prompt action in defense of our rights. But of what use would it be to get angry with children? It is far better to exhibit patience.

Practical Education Appreciated
 WHEN 25,000 boys and girls, young men and young women are willing to give up their evenings to study, the Board of Education in Philadelphia can feel sure that it has struck the right vein. This year's attendance at night school is 50 per cent higher than last year, and the remarkable increase is attributed to the addition of trade and vocational subjects to the purely academic studies. Even the young realize that modern life is a bitter struggle for existence in which the unfit are quickly eliminated; any aid or qualification for future supremacy that our educational authorities can provide is seized with eagerness and enthusiasm.

Old Glory Still More Glorious
 THREE months ago any American would have said that to add another tinge of glory to the Stars and Stripes was as unthinkable as to add a new tint of beauty to the rose or a sweeter fragrance to the violet. Yet it has been done.

Generalizations in Commerce
 TRADE with Bolivia is rich in opportunity for the business men of this country. That is what the Chamber of Commerce of the United States says, in urging them to activity. It is much better than to say, "Trade with Latin America," and so forth. Let us not forget that recognition of national entities, either in diplomatic or in commercial relations, goes a long way to win favor.

Piffle and Buncombe
 FEW individuals can stand prosperity. They lose their heads. The nation has been guilty of the same weakness in character. Once the wheels begin to hum, the parasite, who has nothing else to do, begins whining. When they don't whine they scold, when they don't scold they criticize, and when they don't criticize they begin to weep. Indeed, to some people prosperity is such conclusive evidence of immorality that so soon as it appears they begin to weep and lament in the manner of certain youths who, through seeking their thumbs, were once through prosperity legislated into an infestation of despair. The die of want disease has obliterated ordinarily deliberate minds. The three-cent-monthly export of aluminum has never found a more receptive audience than certain of our national politicians who have discovered in the aluminum the means of making the place of a few of our best men as good as a well-earned reward.

Commercially and Industrially, Bolivia is different from Argentina, Peru from Brazil, and the people of Brazil, for instance, have a name for themselves which is not "Latin Americans," but "Brazilians."

Nobody knew the value of money better than Franklin. When a youth he tried to borrow some and found out. Congress must have been very much interested to learn what legislation it will enact during the next few months, and the President was the man to tell them.

The trouble with Mr. Mann, of Illinois, is that he expects statements to talk sense and to be remembered. He ought to know that no man who did anything like that could possibly be elected.

The war in Europe was wished on Europe by a distinguished lecturer and writer. In much the same way, we suppose, that the Federal League was wished on Congress by Hansack.

If the army of gruffness in the United States could be converted into well-organized regiments, our military establishment would be the strongest in the world.

WHEN YOU TRY TO SEE THE PRESIDENT

No Bluffing the Wary Tumulty—Delights and Disappointments of the Almost Open Door—"Bob" Henry, of the Bleeding Heart.

By E. W. TOWNSEND

"SEEING the President" is necessarily incidental, or else the President could do nothing but "see."

President Wilson thought he could strip this of all ceremony, of all lets and hindrances, and make a sincere effort to do so. But—it can't be done! The hold-over White House staff of secretaries told Secretary Tumulty the scheme of an open door to the President was impractical, if not impossible. But it was tried out just to establish the fact one way or the other, and after a short but sad experience the President's door was closed, to be opened only upon appointment.

Secretary Tumulty bravely effected a compromise; his door is kept open—almost! Of course, before one gets even to the secretary's office he is closely scrutinized by two uniformed orderlies upon entering the office lobby from the White House grounds, and next is continually looked over by a man in civilian dress, nearer the secretary's office, and in this way the merely curious are politely turned aside. But those who have or seriously think they have business with Mr. Tumulty can reach him, or at least reach his office, without much trouble or delay. This office is a big, comfortable room looking south to the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and the dozen or fifteen people generally found waiting there can move about easily without rubbing elbows, or meet in groups without in their mysterious whisperings disclosing generally the mighty import of their missions.

No Secrets Allowed

If it is a visitor's first White House call he confidentially approaches Mr. Tumulty in his turn, and smilingly unfolds his desire to "see the President for a few minutes."

The secretary wants to know the purpose of the sought-for interview. Frequently the caller is not inclined to reveal this interesting secret. Nothing doing! Under polite secretarial pressure he yields up the secret wish, or thought, or purpose, or plan, or whatever has hastened his footsteps to the White House, and then 90 times in 100, probably, it is discovered that he should unobtrusively slip to some Cabinet office, not to the President. If the little preliminary examination discloses the fact that the caller has a legitimate purpose, which can best be forwarded by an interview with the President, or is one the President would want to talk with for any reason, the engagement book is consulted and an appointment made for the next day, or the next after, or possibly the next week.

Even the Government officials, members of Congress included, must make appointments; but it goes without saying that important officials are wedged in promptly between other appointments.

The President is kept advised concerning those he is to meet, and if they are strangers the alleged purpose of their call. By this system it is surprising how many people the President can "see" in the three or four hours between breakfast and lunch he devotes to this work—and work it is!—daily except on Cabinet days.

Upsetting the Schedule

Occasionally the President upsets the schedule. He won't see somebody he was expected to see or he will see somebody he was not expected to see. An experience of my own illustrates this. A high school class, the first class to be graduated from the first high school established in the factory district of Newark, N. J., was in Washington, and I was having the time of my life showing the class members some of the sights and listening to their comments. I piloted the crowd to the White House offices, so that they could at least see where the President worked, and as some called for his office the President, through the open doorway, saw my regiment. He sent for a messenger to learn "who those children are." He was informed, "First class, first high school," etc., and told the astonished messenger to bring the youngsters in. Picture the scene: without even hoping to see the President they were to shake hands with him—speak with him! Joy! There was another side of the medal, so to say. We entered and departed from the President's private office by a door connecting with the main corridor, but while the children were receiving their smiles and handshakes from the President, behind another door, that opening from Mr. Tumulty's office, a very important Senator sat, alternating glances of rage at his watch and at Tumulty. What was delaying him, he'd like to know?

The Man From Home

Just now the President is withstanding the usual heavy season opening week assault. The long siege is ended, the trenches are laid, and the bayonet is in the charge on the White House. All for what? Curiosity is the "pep" animating the charge in most cases; office-seeking in a much less degree than is generally supposed, because the man who gets to the President on an office-seeking quest solely must first flimflam Tumulty. That cannot honestly be described as an easy job. It has before now been remarked that the President's secretary was not born yesterday, nor in Hoboken. This fact not being of common knowledge, the office-seeker goes elsewhere, to "his member" or to the department.

Although we are cautioned to make this an economical Congress, I'm going in for one extravagance. I want an appropriation to hire a sympathetic artist to make a brief series of pictures of "the big man from back home" with his wife and children; all big feeling big that is, who go to the White House with the certain expectation of having a nice long chat with the President right off the bat. First picture: Proud, even haughty, entrance to the outside office; to be followed by the series depicting gradual onset of pride and haughtiness down the scale until an hour later, with chastened outer, they gladly shake the hand of the cop outside the office, who sympathetically tells them it is probably the President's busy day, and that was the reason they got no further than the orderlies this side of the messenger, this side of the office of the assistant secretary, who are this side of the secretary, this side of the President. It would make a great moving-picture show.

"Bob" Henry, of Texas, like most good fighters, is also a kindly hearted man, and that kind heart of his must be bleeding today. It was Henry, one recalls, who kept us here about three weeks longer than without his activity we would have been kept. During those three weeks probably less than a hundred Representatives from the North went to Henry and spoke somewhat in this



"NOW YOU CAN DELIVER THE GOODS"

NEUTRAL ITALY SKATING ON THIN ICE

An Italian View of the Increasing Difficulties of Avoiding General Conflict—Mediterranean Interests and National Tradition.

By A. A. BERNARDY

THE detached attitude of Italy in the present European turmoil has been the occasion for so much international gossip, ever since the beginning of the war, that possibly a hint of Italy's own mind from Italy's own and exclusive standpoint may not come amiss. The official formula for Italy's behavior in this contingency is "watchful and armed neutrality," and it has been furthermore officially stated that for no reasons except those concerning her own vital interests, and inspired therefore by a "sacred national selfishness," will Italy suffer herself to be drawn out of her neutral position to the advantage or damage of any belligerent party whatever. Of course, even so, Italy's neutrality is a precious asset to both contending sides; so precious, in fact, that it is hardly convenient to any of them to complain loudly of the situation, lest the change may make it worse.

Pressure from All Sides

Stories have been current, perhaps a little too highly seasoned by popular imagination, of imperative telegrams sent down from Berlin to Rome; of wrath of envoys, who had apparently cherished a bit too fondly the idea of a meek and submissive Italy upon the occasion of a German command, and so forth. Some German firms also have undoubtedly gone much too far in the tone of their communications, or rather threats, to their Italian correspondents; and to this day the whole of Italy is flooded with protests, publications, self-sung German praises, all of which the keen and quiet skepticism of the Italian people delivers coolly to the waste baskets of public opinion without further ado, but reasonably enough, not without some private opinion as to the good taste of such manifestations. The German press—in general and by force of habit and an excess of self-esteem—not usually overkind to Italy, has been (after some days of early and hopeful enthusiasm, and thereafter some violent attempts at a sincere expression of subsquent disappointment) kept fairly under control.

France's actually kind treatment of Italy's fleeing emigrants has gone far toward deepening the naturally friendly feelings between the two sisters of the Latin race, which had suffered some estrangement at the time of the Libyan war, when France had been a close second only to Germany in the disregard of Italian rights and the contempt of Italian aspirations, not to speak of the encouragement to Italy's adversary. As their excellencies Von Jagow and Von Bulow have thought it convenient and desirable to address Italian public opinion in the interest of Germany, Charles Richet has spoken for the Latin race and the necessity of a Latin alliance against the Germanic invasion. And his appeal, that of a private citizen deeply interested in the developments of history and with deep approval among the Italian public.

As for England, public feeling there seemed, of course, desirous that Italy should join the Allies as soon as she sees her way to it—the sooner the better. England's old-time friendship for Italy in the days of her struggle for independence is faithfully recalled, and the beginning of Cavour's political triumphs, the participation of little Piedmont in the Crimean War. Winston Churchill, in a recent interview granted to an Italian newspaper correspondent, has clearly expressed the idea that a restoration of the national principle must follow the war and form the map of Europe as the first and foremost result of victory over the Austro-Germanic hegemonic aspirations; and that "this or worse" is the time for Italy to push forward, by direct intervention in the conflict, her claims to the ethnically and historically Italian districts of Trent, Trieste and the Dalmatian coast, which are now under Austrian rule.

The National Aspiration

This, indeed, is the great aspiration of the Italian national tradition, and one of the most important issues of Italy's national education. So much so that, if Italy's neutrality is broken, it may be on this very question. Its great importance in the eyes of the allied forces has been brought to the fore by a short time ago in a very definite and pithy way; briefly that: On the Austrian front there have been sent against Russia Austrian soldiers of Italian nationality; that the Austrian subjects belonging to the Adriatic and Alpine provinces whom the Austrian

rule. Incidentally, a few thousand of them have fallen into the hands of the Russians as prisoners of war. But Russia, with a very clever move, now refuses to consider them as Austrians. The Czar steps forth and orders his Ambassador to Rome to offer them as a token of friendship to Italy, if Italy will undertake to hold them, so that they will not return to serve under the Austrian flag. Naturally this last clause, upon reflection, has made the whole thing impossible, in the light of both the Italian private and public law and the international conventions. And a neutral Power can never be too careful about its movements.

The offer of the Czar in its present form has therefore been respectfully and thankfully, but necessarily, declined. The sentimental part of it, if we may call it so, and the incidental recognition of the Russian Government of the Italian ethnic and historical character of certain Austrian provinces, has been deeply appreciated by the Italian nation as a whole, and cannot but enhance the friendly sentiment that Italy has felt for Russia ever since the Czar himself came to Raconigi, the royal Italian summer residence in Piedmont, to visit King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena (who, it must be remembered, had spent many happy years of her early youth at Petrograd), and especially since the Libyan War, when Russia not only abstained from the unfriendly demonstrations in which other nations rejoiced, but was the first to recognize and ratify the Italian sovereignty over the former Turkish possession.

Where Italy's Vital Interests Lie

It will be readily grasped even from this incident how thin is the ice over which Italy must skate in the course of her neutrality if she wants it to keep or to break exclusively at her own pleasure or judgment. And it is hard to say how formidable the pressure has been, of threats or snarls, of sentimental or other inducements on the part of the various powers directly or otherwise interested in present or future events.

Of course, it is obvious that the great Italian interests do not lie in the fields of France and Flanders, of Prussia or Poland, closely though her prestige and position as a European Power may be connected with the results of general action in those fields. The vital Italian interests lie in the Mediterranean and on the Adriatic coast; and thence, eastward. Naturally, therefore, the keeping up of Italian neutrality becomes more difficult and the Italian attitude more dependent upon the trend of events, as the conflagration extends to the Balkans and Constantinople; or as it descends toward the Suez Canal, on account of the communications with Italy's eastern African colonies. Writes and the Italian Semanland. In other words, if Italy must enter the fight, she can do so only with good reasons of her own, and with a view to her own interests; not because Germany and Austria promise that they will kindly allow her the French coast of Tunis or because France gently hints that she can pick the Dalmatian tit-bits out of the Austrian spoils—when they are neither France's nor Austria's to bestow.

During this period of expectation and hesitation—unless it may be called preparation—the quick and versatile Italian mind has been turning over and over all the aspects of the question—neutrality or fight? The possibility of Italy's siding with the Austro-Germans may be safely considered as nonexistent. Remains the other chance.

The Nationalists, of course, say "War." They want Trent, Trieste and the Dalmatian coast as a minimum of their program, and they want it at once. Incidental additions, all-around Adriatic power, a hand in the Eastern questions, and so forth, are considered desirable and would be welcome.

The prosperous financial element says "Peace," and would rather catch up the pending commercial benefits and possibilities of neutrality, with a view to make them desirable and solid; money in the end, buys everything. The Socialists are split; some say peace and some say war, and most of them don't know what they want or why. What of the great bulk of Italian feeling? It can safely be summarized thus: "Look out and keep ready. If necessary, and when necessary, fight." (See, December 11, 1914.)