

Evening Ledger

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increase the cost of operating ships under the American flag to such a figure that it will be almost impossible for any American ship to do business.
Robert Dollar, the largest ship owner on the Pacific, who secured American registry for two or three of his ships when Congress permitted it, has already announced that if he is to continue to do business he must seek registry under the Chinese flag.

THE PERICLES OF MODERN GREECE

Venezelos, the Man Who Represents the Imperial Aspiration of Hellas. For Five Centuries the Race Has Cherished "The Idea."

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

ONE of the great statesmen of the century, one of the important makers of Hellenic history, Eleutherios Venezelos strongly resembles in appearance the Pericles of the Cressilas bust in the British Museum. The first impression is of benevolence and moderation, the next of sternness and determination.
In qualities of statesmanship the likeness between the two men is remarkable. What Thucydides said of Pericles is largely true of Venezelos during his five years as Premier of Greece. The classic historian wrote of the "Zeus of Athens": "He was able to control the multitude in a free spirit; he led them rather than was led by them. Not seeking power by dishonest arts, he had no need to say pleasant things, but on the strength of his own high character he could venture to oppose and even to anger them. When he saw them unreasonably elated and arrogant, his words humbled and awed them; and, when they were depressed by groundless fears, he sought to arouse their confidence. Thus Athens... was ruled by her greatest citizen."

Won Confidence by Offending
Pericles learned opportunism from the conflict between imperialism and the city-state idea; Venezelos, from his leadership of revolutionaries among the hills of Crete. Like Pericles, Venezelos scorned to flatter the populace; he used none of the arts of the demagogue; on the eve of general elections he said unpresumptuous things to the people; but, single-minded for the welfare of his country, he was so trusted by its citizens that in every national crisis they followed him united. The Pericles of the Cressilas bust wears a helmet, signifying the soldier; and Venezelos is soldier as well as statesman. Under the guidance of Venezelos Greece advanced in prosperity by leaps and bounds, and the people enjoyed a large increase of the general amenities of life. It was not exactly another Age of Pericles, but it marked a national and social revival.

It is hardly too much to say that Venezelos created a New Greece. Strictly speaking, he built on foundations already laid, and the accomplishment is not yet. That is why the Hellenic people, so loyal to the ideals represented by Venezelos, feel so keenly the loss of his services as a popular leader and helmsman of the ship of state. One of the most distinguished Greeks in America declares that "entry into the conflict has become for Greece an imperial necessity." "Imperial" is the word.

The disagreement between King Constantine and Mr. Venezelos and the consequent forced retirement of the Premier came, he says, "just at the time when all the world was expecting to see Greece rising to the exigencies of her historical and national aspirations, and fighting for the accomplishment of her destinies." For centuries Greece has been looking forward to "The Day"—the day of the re-establishment of the Hellenic Empire. Not the Empire of Alexander, but the empire of the Constantines—and the Constantine who is King today thwarts the wish and will of the people to whose welfare he is nevertheless devoted.

The Constantinian of Old
After the Roman conquest it seemed that the race, physically and morally, was dead. Not so. When, early in the Christian era, the barbarian hordes pressed upon the eastern frontiers of the Roman Empire, the Greeks drove back the invaders. It was this same race, with its grit and staying power and its deep-seated public spirit, which made possible the long history of the Byzantine Empire and resisted the coming of the Dark Ages long after they had settled down on Western Europe. Then came Muhammad II to Constantinople, and Constantine XI fell by the Cannon Gate. The Greeks gave themselves up to commerce and religion; for a time they fought no more; but their energies and virtues had not gone out of them, but only slept, and their indomitable hopes were passed on from generation to generation.

A new Greece rose from the struggle with won independence in 1827.
All the time, since the Turk took Constantinople, there has been the Idea. One day the Greek would win back his whole inheritance. The boys and girls have been singing, in each generation, the old song.

They have taken the city.
They have taken it.
They have taken Salonika.
For comfort and encouragement speaks the poet:
Be of good cheer, lady, cease from tears and weeping.
After a season, after years, it will be our own again.

Salonika is theirs, but not Constantinople. The city of the Constantines is too much for them to expect, perhaps, but the harbor of the Byzantine capital was the Golden Horn. And, as Italy has its Italia Irredenta, so modern Hellas has its Unredeemed Greece—five million Greeks in different parts of Turkey, on the shores of the empire wrested from their five centuries ago.
Enthusiasm and faith were with the Greeks in their disastrous war with Turkey in 1857, but not organization or efficiency. Greece was humiliated before her enemy. The shame burned for 15 years. To introduce a more virile spirit into the national life—for it seemed that the Greek was becoming again too much like the "political man" of Kipling's "Finest Story of the World"—the Military League was formed. This organization represented not militarism or jingoism, as adverse critics charged, but a movement toward national regeneration. Armaments were but one item on the program of the league. The main purpose was to attack corruption, sinecure, softness and weakness in every department of public life. The league, however, might have wrought incalculable harm, but for the coming of Venezelos to interpret its true spirit and guide its activities through constitutional channels.

The Liberator of Hellas
This is the man, now 50 years old, who in a few short months became to the Greek people what Cavour was to the Italians of an earlier period. He had to fight their factions and refuse their multitudinous demands, but he won their confidence. He initiated the Balkan League only after beating down the opposition of the Young Greeks, who were slow to bury their hatred of the Slav. In the war that followed against Turkey, Athens was not the Athens of the previous conflict; it was steady and patient, inspired by an intense patriotism and possess-



THE President has decided to devote the next three weeks to mastering the problems involved in the relation of the United States to the belligerents. He has canceled all his engagements and has let it be known that he will see no political callers. He wishes to give his undivided attention to the matter in hand.

This Is Not a One-Man Job

It is not necessary to dwell on the criticism of his own State Department involved in this decision. Enough has already been said and written about the amiable inefficiency of the Secretary of State to suffice for three weeks at any rate. Mr. Wilson apparently understands the limitations of the man at the head of his Cabinet. And he also understands the critical state of affairs growing out of the sinking of the Lusitania and the destruction of other American ships by the belligerents. Somebody with a broad knowledge of international law and a firm grasp on the basic principles of international relations must take the helm or the country will be on the rocks before we know it.

Mr. Wilson understands that he is responsible for what is done, and he apparently intends to be his own Foreign Minister in a more active sense than he has yet been. Although he is not a specialist as John Bassett Moore is, or as John Hay was and as Elihu Root became, he has a mind capable of grappling with the subject. If he can break loose from his temperamental limitations and will accept the assistance and the advice of the best minds in the country he will have no difficulty in steering clear of the rocks that beset him on every hand. While he has decided not to receive any political callers he will be wise if he summons to his assistance the men capable of helping him in the great patriotic task that now confronts him.

The Building Boom

IF A city about half the size of Harrisburg were lifted up bodily and set down in Philadelphia the population here would be increased no more than it actually grows every year by small accretions. About 20 new families come here every working day in the year to make their home. The population grows at the rate of 600 a week. So when it is announced that 1400 new houses are to be built this spring no one need wonder where the families are to come from to fill them. The normal growth of the city requires several times 1400 houses to accommodate it, provided each family occupies a house by itself.

There has been no more favorable time in years for building than the present. Labor is plentiful and building materials are low. When conditions are such that from \$500 to \$1000 can be saved in the cost of a house the whole community profits by the economy as long as the house stands, for the smaller investment decreases the cost of living for those who occupy it and the amount saved is free for use in other ways. The announcement that 1400 houses are to be built this spring is likely to be followed by another announcement that many hundred more are to be erected before the summer is over.

The Power That Rules Us

WHETHER it was that first called attention to the power behind the throne so big that it made the throne itself look like a doll's easy chair must have had woman in mind. No other known power can be described so aptly by the famous epigram. If this had not been proved on innumerable occasions the recent triumph of Mrs. H. E. Webb, of Millville, California, would be sufficient. Both Mrs. Webb and her husband were candidates for appointment as postmaster. They each took a civil service examination. Mrs. Webb received a higher mark than her husband. Triumph number one. Mrs. Webb is a Democrat in a year when a Democratic President is in office, and the Democratic committee make recommendations. Triumph number two. Mrs. Webb received the indorsement of the Democratic authorities. But with the historic self-abnegation of her sex she pushed her husband to the front, and although he is a Republican, she persuaded the authorities to appoint him as postmaster. Triumph number three. Not only has Mrs. Webb proved that she is better fitted for the office than her husband, but that she has influence enough to get the job for him in spite of his politics and of his inferior qualifications. This story of her exploit should be hushed up, or the men in the States where the women do not yet vote will be more loath than ever to admit their wives to the polling places.

It is much easier to build a church than to fill it after it is built.

General Scott has started from Bluff, Utah, to bluff the Plutes.

If the poll tax is abolished it will not take so much money to carry elections.

Secretary Redfield is getting to be so smart that his name will soon have to be changed to Aleck.

The date when work can begin on the new subway does not depend on the consent of the P. R. T. or of anybody else save the voters of Philadelphia.

Training recruits at St. Petersburg is interesting more Americans than reading the news about the progress of the training going on in the British recruiting camps.

Why did the hotelmen reduce the price of champagne 50 cents a bottle at the same meeting at which they adopted resolutions favoring the repeal of the full crew law?

Jaume, the Paris detective who discovered a murder with a trouser button as his only clue, had nothing on the Philadelphia detective who fixed the crime of safe breaking on a man by means of the collar which he left behind.

THE wholesale grocers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware apparently understand what it means to have the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company withdraw its ships from this port. They have adopted resolutions of protest at their annual convention in Scranton. This is the first formal expression of public sentiment to be made since the decision of the company was announced. It should not be the last. While Philadelphia should take the lead in inducing the company to reconsider, the development is not a local matter. This port serves a large territory more satisfactorily than it can be served by any other port, and it is able to offer inducements to shippers and to steamship companies unsurpassed by any other port in the country. All that is needed is for the energetic, optimistic men of the community to decide that no business which ought to come here shall go anywhere else and then let it be known that conditions are so attractive here that business cannot go anywhere else. The port will not develop itself.

Compulsory Voting Is Not Wanted

IF ANYBODY thinks that the great mass of citizens, indifferent to their public obligations, can be induced to go to the polls by a fine of \$1 or \$2 if they stay away, he misjudges the value which these people put on money. The man who goes hunting on election day will not be deterred by a fine of \$2. He will simply charge it up to the cost of the trip. And the citizen who lounges in his club, or on his country estate on this business holiday, instead of doing his duty as a freeman, would willingly pay \$10 rather than be compelled to go to the polls and stand in line until he has an opportunity to cast his ballot. If a special messenger were sent to him with a set of ballots all folded and marked he might deign to select one, but the chances are against it.

What is needed to induce men to go to the polls is an aroused conscience and an appreciation of the obligations of citizenship. The verdict of the interested voter is much more likely to be right than the verdict of the coerced citizen.

The Law and the Kine

GOVERNOR FIELDER'S curiosity about the origin of the law under which Ephraim T. Gill will be permitted to collect \$25 apiece for his thoroughbred cattle, killed by the New Jersey officers, does him credit. The law was rushed through the Legislature after it was discovered that Mr. Gill's herd was infected with the foot and mouth disease. Without it he could have collected only \$27.50 a head for the animals. There is no doubt that thoroughbred cattle are worth more than others, and the State should pay more when they have to be slaughtered for the protection of other stock. If it is to pay for any diseased cattle that have to be destroyed, but the preceding looks as if there had been a conspiracy to protect Mr. Gill rather than a serious attempt to remedy defects in the law for the benefit of every one. The case demands investigation.

Italy Awaits the Signal

TOO much credence should not be put in the reports that German diplomacy has prevented Italy from entering the war. Italy's interests are all with the Allies. The Italian statesmen know this as well as it is known by the Italian people who are clamoring for war.
The reason for the delay of Italy will doubtless be found in the fact that the time is not yet ripe for her to throw the weight of her army and navy into the balance. When that hour strikes there is not likely to be any hesitation in Rome. Italy is merely awaiting the signal.

How Amateurs Treat Our Shipping

WHILE Woodrow Wilson was still president of Princeton University he delivered a Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, in which he made a vigorous attack upon the elective system which President Eliot had devoted years to develop. Doctor Eliot was in the company of distinguished scholars who heard him.
When Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States Doctor Eliot remarked, with fine discrimination, that the Government was in the hands of a company of amateurs. And honors were even.
The trail of the amateur is over everything that has been done in the past two years—the trail of the self-confident amateur, who had been waiting his opportunity to show to the world just how things should be managed.

For example, it was decided that the merchant marine should be encouraged, and a bill was passed permitting foreign-built ships to fly the American flag when they are owned by Americans. This was wise and in accordance with the advice of experts. Then the amateurs decided that the American tonnage was not increasing fast enough and they tried to force a bill through Congress which would have put the Government in competition with private ship owners and discouraged the building of new bottoms to engage in the American trade. There was some sense in Congress to reject the measure. But the pressure of the amateurs was used to force the passage of the seaman's law, a measure continually in the interest of safety at sea for the protection of American seamen, but actually the most stunning blow aimed at our merchant marine. It will

DEFENSES OF PANAMA

From the Washington Post.
The forts of the Dardanelles, armed with Krupp guns of 16-inch diameter, have fallen before the 12-inch and 15-inch guns of the Anglo-French fleet. The battering process is still going on. The warships, protected by mine-sweepers, are making their way into the straits. Soon they will get the range of the remaining fortifications. These forts will crumble as soon as the duel begins. If the warships are not themselves blown up...

VERSE IN DOCUMENTS

From the Pall Mall Gazette.
Sir Edward Grey's use of verse in an official document is not altogether without precedent. Herbert Preston-Thomas relates in his reminiscences that when Knatchbull-Hugessen was under-secretary at the Home Office, "a series of inter-departmental communications upon the drainage of Old Romney was carried on in a metrical form. The final decision of the Privy Council was thus conveyed by Granville, the lord president:
Oh, the bustle, oh, the clatter!
What the devil is the matter?
Why try by more than mortal verse
To make a red-tape business worse.
And waste the Home-office ink?
Does ancient Romney really stink?
Why then, my Hulse, prepare your pen,
Let engineers report again,
And by the force of letters tell
How such the law abhors a smell!"

PETS WE HAVE KNOWN

From the New York Evening Sun.
The steamship master loves to plug his little tin with matches.
This little tin with matches,
This little tin with matches,
This little tin with matches,
Until the detonation scuttles.

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

- (1) Independent — "The Women Who Save the Race."—A Woman at a Prize Fight."
(2) Atlantic Monthly—"London Under the Shadow of War."
(4) Delicatore — "You, Us and Company."

WOMAN

Women, woman, source of all our bliss!
Woman, woman, heaven's in your kiss!
From the Queen upon her throne,
To the maiden in the dairy,
In this they're all alike, they're all contrary.

THE more you see of a thing the less it looks like anything else, and the more it assumes a distinct individuality. Twins need no pink and blue ribbons to tell themselves apart, and neither do their mothers. Just so with women. In the old days we assumed that there was one standard, eternal-feminine type, to which all proper and respectable women conformed. But having made the fatal admission that women have minds and may be educated, a host of subtle distinctions has followed, until now we are confronted with the probability that women are potentially as strongly individual and distinctly differentiated as men. Just as the only uniform things about men are their short hair and trousers, so the only generally typical things about women are their long hair and skirts. And now that Mrs. Vernon Castle has bobbed her hair and wears pantalones, even these signs fail!

The month's magazine articles by and about women run the gamut of distinctions and present the various phases of femininity, from the very modern woman writing a cleverly appreciative description of a prize fight, in the Century, back to an editorial in the Independent, addressed to "The women who save the race" (1)—the war brides. The medieval, or perhaps, antediluvian philosophy of the editorial is summed up in a quotation from "a titled lady of England," who urged women to marry the volunteers with the remark, "Better be married a minute than die an old maid!"

In France, Germany and Austria, recruits who have fiancées have been given a furlough in order to make them wives. In England the archbishops are urging the volunteers to marry before going to the front. So mobilization week has been a week of weddings. In such hasty and wholesale marriages there will no doubt be many a sad miscalculation, but this is not always avoided in times of more deliberation. A week's honeymoon and a widow's pension are all too little of love and comfort for a woman's Queen Elizabeth class, carrying eight 15-inch guns, be worthless, because the canal would reach the warship. The single 15-inch gun would be expected to withstand the assault of one British dreadnought, in short, could destroy the fortifications of the Panama Canal, in either the Pacific or the Atlantic.

The Panama Canal must depend for its safety upon the United States Navy, unless the fortifications are greatly strengthened. The single 16-inch gun at Panama has an effective range of over 11 miles; that is, its shell will pierce any armor plate at that distance. This gun was made in the United States. Why are not more of these guns made? Do the United States afraid to make them? Or does it rely upon the benevolence of foreign nations as its greatest defense?

Friction with Great Britain is developing in the Atlantic. If the British Government persists in destroying American commerce, there can be but one outcome—war between the two countries. Does any one suppose that Great Britain would be idle at the Panama Canal? It has several super-dreadnoughts which might be detached from its North Sea fleet, any one of which could destroy the forts at Panama.

All my life I have wanted to go to a prize fight. I do not apologize for this truth. I merely state it. I will add, however, that I do not think that I am a peculiarly cruel or brutal person. It makes me weep to see little boys pounding each other in the street, and I do not believe I could stay through a bull fight! This desire of mine has always been a bridge of contact between me and the other sex, for I have never considered that I particularly understood men. I cannot make up my mind about them. Sometimes I think they are the better sex, and then again I think they're not. I have even had my moments when I would not admit that they were part of the human race. I will confess that as a woman I have been a little jealous of them, an always comparing them with women, trying to prove to myself that some of their superiorities are purely adventitious.
I confess, and I confess it with a kind of shame, that I wanted to see a knock-out. This was not a blood-just, but that atavistic ferocity which, according to most action writers, should have seized me in the big moments; it was merely curiosity. On the other hand, I did not wish to see either of those boys knocked out. Certainly not Murphy, after the magnificent defense he had put up. Certainly not Ritchie, after the glorious siege he had waged. In fact, I could not bear to

MODERATION OF STATEMENT

His habitual moderation of statement, his aversion to exaggeration, his indefinable logic of his perfect truthfulness, made him one of the most persuasive men of his time, and his writings a model which no one can study without profit. A judicial selection from Frank's writings should count for the pleasure of every college and high school and aspire to cultivate in its pupils a pure style and correct literary taste.—John Higelow.

A TURKISH LEGEND

A certain Pasha, dead these thousand years. Once from his harem fed in sudden tears.
And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, "Only God is great."
So those four words above the city's noise
Hang like the accents of an angel's voice.
And evermore, from the high balcony,
Saluted each returning caravan.
Lost in that city's glory, Every guest
Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust.
And all is ruin—save one wrinkled guest
Wherein is written, "Only God is great."
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.