

Evening Ledger

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Graters three only when the people are asleep.

The Port Will Not Develop Itself

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 the seaman, but actually the most stunning blow aimed at our merchant marine. It will

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. Another Pacific company has let it be known that the new law will increase its annual expenses by \$300,000, a sum so large that it will be compelled to go out of business unless the law is changed. And thus are our amateurs accomplishing the opposite of what they intended, while insisting that they know better than any one else what is best for the country. In the meantime the voters are aware that they must pursue a policy of watchful waiting for only about 20 months longer before they can intervene and fix a limit to the reign of blundering.

This Is Not a One-Man Job

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. 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. He is not a specialist as John Bassett Moore is, or as John Hay was and as Elihu Root became, he has his 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

WHOMVER 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 endorsement 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 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 Ctesias 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 unpensated 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 Ctesias 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 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.

DEFENSES OF PANAMA

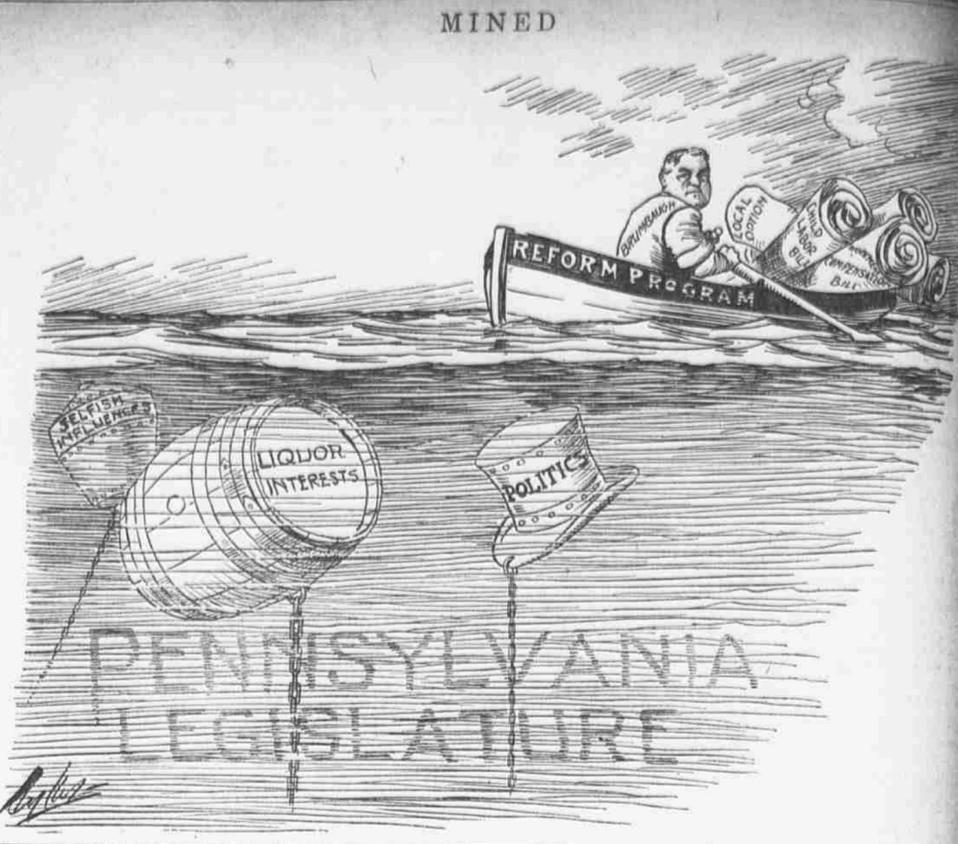
The forts of the Darienelles, armed with Krupp guns of 16-inch diameter, have fallen before the 12-inch and 15-inch guns of the Anglo-French fleet. The battering process is still going on. The warships, protected by mine-sweepers, are making their way into the straits. Soon they will get the range of the remaining fort. These forts will crumble as soon as the duel begins. If the warships are not themselves blown up... The Panama Canal is defended by 14-inch guns, 12-inch howitzers and one 16-inch gun on the Pacific side. Another 16-inch gun is on its way to the Atlantic fortifications. How long would the Panama Canal be safe against the attack of a dreadnaught of the Queen Elizabeth class, carrying eight 16-inch guns? The secondary defense of the canal would be worthless, because its projectiles could not reach the warship. The single 16-inch gun would be expected to withstand the assault of eight guns almost as powerful as itself. One British dreadnaught, 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-dreadnaughts which might be detached from its North Sea fleet, any one of which could destroy the forts at Panama.

VERSE IN DOCUMENTS

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

The steamship lover to plug His little tug with matches, Then slide himself along the tug Until the detonation scuttles.



WOMAN

Woman, 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, To this they're all alike, they're all contrary.

WOMAN

LOOK 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!

WOMAN

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!"

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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 memento, 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 16-inch guns. Just now, when men's energies are turned aside toward destructiveness, as the time when women's creative energies are most needed.

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Many women will probably feel that their realization of their importance to society is not so sudden as the editorialist imagines, perhaps because he argues from some sudden realization of his own. There is a pleasant contrast between the austere patronage of woman in this editorial and the whimsical pokes at male superiority which Inez Haynes Gilmore writes into her philosophy of a prize fight in the Century (2): "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 one 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."

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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 that aspires to cultivate in its pupils a pure style and correct literary taste.—John Higelow.

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."

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THE Lights of London—and Its Shadows. A Philadelphia woman who has lived in London for 20 years, Elizabeth Pennell, wife of the artist, writes in a charming vein of "London Under the Shadow of War" in the Atlantic Monthly (3): "Everything is strange in my daily round of duties and pleasures. As an artist, when I ask timidly to have my last winter's cleaned and pressed, I am assured that really I would not seem 'quite nice' to be getting new cravens just its streets are as silent as a tomb. At the big Regent street shops, if I look for the latest modes, I am shown 'comfy' for soldiers.' When I call to see my friends on their afternoons, baskets with big red crosses litter their halls, and in their drawing rooms every one is sewing shirts—an amusement in which I decline to join out of consideration for the soldiers. All the town now, from dusk to dawn, is shrouded in darkness, and the streets are out, and the other half under black shades, blinds and curtains down everywhere. London closes its public houses and goes to bed at 10; at 11 its streets are as silent as deserted as the streets of provincial towns. But this new London of dim distances and glimmering light and old churches and buildings, pale ghosts against the sky, and its mystery everywhere, and long nights of silence, has taken on a beauty, a rare and fine that I almost dread the time when peace will set it alight again. It is not only the things that we do, but those we don't do that have their significance, and of this there is an interesting illustration in an editorial by Erman Ridgeway in the Delicatore (4). Under a striking picture of English women in short khaki skirts and blouses, training for the 'home defense,' he writes: 'In the February Delicatore I discussed at length and heartily advocated military training for the boys and girls of grammar school age. When I finished that discussion and read it over, it seemed to me good. I waited a couple of days and read it again. It seemed one of the best things I had ever written. My associates all like it. We expected great things from it. I had even written you what you thought of it. I felt certain you would feel very strongly about it. I had from you a lot of vigorous correspondence. From you I had written me about it. You may or may not appreciate my utter amazement when I received just 17 letters. Mr. Ridgeway then asks his readers to write and tell him why they did not respond to that editorial and if they are opposed to military training for boys and girls, to say so. He reprints two of the 17 letters, and the first one is interesting as probably representing the feeling of many women: 'Do you think we women go to the gates of heaven to bring back these war ideas of God, to have them enacted, and nation after some ruler who never knows or cares about their existence until he wants soldiers? I have an only son, so I know whereof I speak. A man not prepared to fight will generally make some excuse, and nation after MAN in the lump. I have other uses for my son than teaching him to fight, or even to have the idea that fear of attack will be a good incentive for any knowledge. Has the great preparedness of Germany about one mite to the happiness of her people? So, sir, please think again on the plan of making all boys into soldiers. I do not think the women will support your letter.'"

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