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The well can preach patience to the sick better than they can practice it when they lose their health.

Base Perversion of Worthy Sentiments

NO ONE doubts the honest impulses of the Mayor in approving the Liberty Bell junket. He is one of a great mass of citizens to whom the Bell is a symbol of America, and when it is urged that the people who will never have an opportunity to see it in Independence Hall be allowed to look at it on a freight car touring through the country he is ready to send the Bell on its career of inspiration.

There is more sentiment than sense in this sort of pleading. If the arguments in support of the junket are sound, then the Bell should be on a continual tour of exhibition, stopping not three hours or even eleven hours in a city, but remaining in each place until every inhabitant had looked upon the historic relic. Not the large cities alone should receive it, but it should be taken to the villages and hamlets from which the cities are recruited so that the inspiration to patriotism might cover the land to its remotest bounds.

The Councilmen, anxious to make a trip across the continent at public expense, did not pursue their arguments to this ridiculous extreme. Instead, they capitalized the sentiment of a most worthy and high-minded gentleman, and as a result there will be a thoroughly unjustifiable exploitation of a sacred relic for the private enjoyment of a group of politicians. It is too bad, but it is true.

The Point on Which Italy Goes to War

THE first official announcement of the concessions which Austria was willing to make to Italy most fittingly comes from Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the German Reichstag. It was really Germany and not Austria that was making the offers to Italy, and it was German pressure that compelled the Austrians to agree.

The Chancellor's list of eleven points on which the demands of Italy were to be granted seems to include almost everything that the Italian Premier could in reason demand. The Italians were to have that part of the Tyrol inhabited by persons of Italian descent; they were to have the Italian districts on the west bank of the Isonzo and the town of Gradisca; Trieste was to be made a free city; Italian sovereignty over Avlona, an Albanian seaport, was to be recognized, together with Italian rights in the adjacent districts, and special arrangements were to be made to protect the rights of Italians in the unceded territory.

It will be noted that there is no mention of the Dalmatian coast, where there is a large Italian population, and that the essential point of the time when the cessions were to take effect is omitted. The Italian statesmen insisted that there should be immediate evacuation by the Austrians of the ceded territory, and that the title should be transferred at once. The Austrians, that is, the Germans acting for them, were unwilling to change the status quo, save on paper, until the end of the war.

No just appreciation of the righteousness of Italy's verdict for war can be arrived at until the diplomatic negotiations are made public, as they will be in the "Green Book."

From Franklin to Edison

THE Franklin Institute, which keeps green the scientific memory of the man who brought lightning down from the clouds and identified it, has awarded its medal for eminent service in science to Thomas A. Edison, who tamed the lightning and made it the servant and familiar friend of man.

In the span between Franklin's death and Edison's achievements, the world has made greater scientific progress than in any previous thousand years, if not in all past time, and Mr. Edison is one of the men of the present generation who has led the procession into the unknown regions and made them known. He deserves the great honor which was conferred on him last night.

Why Prosperity Should Be Sought

WILLIAM BOOTH discovered a great truth when he decided that it is impossible to reach a man's soul when his stomach is empty. He based his Salvation Army work on the necessity of providing for the physical comfort of the outcasts before trying to appeal to their spiritual nature.

Pioneers have likewise learned a similar truth in the hard school of experience. While they were conquering the wilderness they had little time or strength to give to the development of the intellectual side of their natures. Schools and colleges are not built until there is a demand for the products of such institutions; that is, until the first strenuous battles with nature are won and there is time to consider the humanities.

The politicians in South America seem to have learned this lesson. Some of the republics in the southern continent have passed the first stage of their development and are paying attention to things of the spirit; but they are all in greater need of material development. President Luco, of Chili, acted in accordance with the accepted theory when he opened the great Chuquicamatta copper mine in Antofagasta yesterday. The copper resources of his country are one of its principal sources of wealth. If the nation is to prosper it must realize on its assets. It must develop its mines and its forests, as well as its agricultural lands. A Government must encourage every enterprise undertaken by reputable men in order that there may be a surplus of wealth to be used in the cultivation of the things of the spirit. National prosperity is the foundation on which national greatness is built.

The Organization Has Challenged; But Can It Make Good?

BY ALL means let a Lexow committee come to Philadelphia and find out what has been going on and who is responsible for it.

There are plenty of things that need explanation. Any number of excellent projects have been mysteriously held up by Councils. There have been deals within deals. Not once or twice, but over and over again the Administration has been checkmated in its efforts to serve the city faithfully. The all-powerful Finance Committee of Councils has repeatedly blocked enterprises of merit and under conditions which have more than once aroused suspicion.

If it be true that there has been no corruption, by all means let it be established to the satisfaction of the community. If, on the other hand, it is true that "something on the side" has been passed around, that men have enriched themselves at the public expense, let them and their methods be held up to the gaze of the people that they may see and understand.

Detective Burns states that he has been conducting an exhaustive inquiry into conditions. He is prepared to go on the witness stand and reveal what he has discovered. He intimates that his information will be interesting, if not sensational. Nor need it be doubted that some public servants are quaking in their boots at the mere suggestion that he will tell what he knows. That he knows much may be taken for granted. There are a lot of little fellows who are in confusion at the menace of publicity which suddenly confronts them, and there is more than one of the big fellows who fears that the Burns operatives may have discovered deals thought to be well hidden.

A city gains nothing in reputation by hiding its plight. If grafters feast on it and flourish in its offices, there is but one thing for the city to do, and that is to expose the whole lot and throw them out bodily or put them into the penitentiary. That is what San Francisco did, and it is what Philadelphia will do once the public begins to comprehend the vital necessity of pursuing such a course.

Let the politicians who want to investigate Philadelphia come on and do it. But they must remember one thing, and that is that they cannot quit when they get close to the truth. It must not be a trick investigation and it will not be. There is testimony to be brought to light that no committee can conceal if an investigation is once begun.

An inquisitorial committee clothed with blanket powers ought never to be created. Its opportunities for mischief would be too great. But the Blankenburg Administration does not fear it. Far from it, it welcomes the proposal, and would be glad enough to have an opportunity to show before a competent body just how it has been checked and retarded in its fight for good government by elements which are constitutionally opposed to any kind of government except graft government. The Organization has challenged; let it make good.

Now Is the Time to Plant Roof Gardens

ONE of the most delightful evening occupations known to town dwellers is roof gardening. Its advantage over back-yard gardening and gardening in the larger lots in the suburbs is that it can be pursued without soiling the hands with the moist earth and without tiring the muscles of the back. The ladies who indulge in it do not need to wear sunbonnets to save their complexions, and when caught by their neighbors engaged in the agreeable recreation they do not need to apologize for their costumes. No one engages in roof gardening unless properly dressed for the avocation, and the suitable dress is usually the one most becoming to the wearer.

Roof gardening, indeed, belongs in that group of sports which depend in large measure for their popularity on the becoming nature of the costume required. It was a profound student of human nature who said that if he wanted to make any sport popular he would first invent a costume to be worn at it and then invent the sport. It is notorious that if it were not for the gold braid on a soldier's uniform there would be fewer soldiers, so great an influence do clothes have upon the affairs of the world.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the popularity of roof gardening in town is also in some measure dependent upon the fact that it is done on the roof, far above the noise and dust of the street, where there is a cool breeze in motion if the air is stirring anywhere in this latitude. It is a little early yet for the gardens to be at their best, but the seeds planted now may be expected to develop as the weather grows warmer, and along in July there will be a fine display to reward the efforts of the faithful gardeners.

Peace day in America was the day when the Italians decided to go to war.

No one will waste any sympathy on the Fairmount Park "mashers" if they get what is coming to them.

They used to say that Herbert Asquith was a pretty good lawyer, but they have begun to say that he is a great statesman.

Mr. Wilson wishes it to be understood that he still regards the regulation of the sale of liquor as a State rather than a national issue.

The Yaqui Indians have declared war on Mexico—but which Mexico are they fighting—the one held by Villa or the one in the possession of Carranza?

Some Congressmen have discovered that the Hawaiian fortifications are not so good as they might be. But it was not necessary to go there to find it out.

Prison reformers are convinced that there is a "job" in the plan to unite the Eastern and Western Penitentiaries. The chances are in favor of the correctness of their conclusions.

MEN OF ENGLAND'S COALITION CABINET

Balfour Is of the Old School of British Statesmen, Law of the New—Characteristics of Premier Asquith and Lloyd-George.

By ELLIS RANDALL

JOHN BRIGHT used to say that war always destroys the Government which wages it. From England comes the news that a coalition Cabinet is in process of formation. While the changes which are said to be in contemplation do not of necessity mean the downfall of Liberal power and prestige—a political overturn is not to be expected until the day of national peril has passed, and this is not an overturn—they are doubtless dictated in large part by considerations of political expediency.

A month ago Conservative members openly acknowledged their satisfaction that their party was not in power; today their partisanship is no more obtrusive than it was then. Though a Cabinet crisis exists, it is a crisis very different from a crisis of the piping times of peace. Its very existence may increase the confidence of the country in its Government.

"Bring the Sledge Hammer"

It is not the least among the merits of Premier Asquith that he has always been able to attach to himself and to retain the loyalty of men of startlingly different habits of mind from his own. He does not care who gets the popular applause so long as the work is done. These qualities have been manifested in his career as a plain politician; but quite possibly they are capable of extension beyond partisan lines. They may find a new field of exercise in a body composed of men so unlike as the strong personalities of a coalition Cabinet.

Mr. Asquith will remain the brain of the Cabinet. He is, indeed, intellectual rather than imaginative. The editor of the London Daily News speaks of the way in which his mind works: "All the resources of the most capacious intellect that has been placed at the service of Parliament since Gladstone disappeared are brought into play with an economy of method, a startling clearness of thought and a passionless detachment of spirit that give him an unrivaled mastery of the House. 'Bring me the sledge hammer,' whispered Campbell-Bannerman on one occasion to his neighbor on the Government bench; and Mr. Asquith was brought. His approach to the dialectical battle is like the massive advance of an army corps, just as Mr. Lloyd-George's approach is like the swift onset of a cavalry brigade."

Among the many German miscalculations in regard to England there was none more disastrous than the misunderstanding of Mr. Asquith. His reputation for patience deceived the Kaiser. His reverence for doing things in the right way is revealed by an incident which occurred at Albert Hall. Mr. Balfour had made some airy remark to the effect that a certain question of taxation was only a trifle. Mr. Asquith replied, with some display of the fire which burns beneath his drilled and disciplined exterior: "A trifle! But it was for trifles like these that Pym fought and Hampden died." His impeachment of Germany in the House of Commons on the day after the declaration of war showed that he is not lacking in fierceness of passion.

In spirit and method Premier Asquith lies between the old and the new type of British statesman. Mr. Balfour represents the Victorian age of statesmanship. Mr. Law and Mr. Lloyd-George, far apart as the poles in many respects, are nevertheless very much alike as examples of the modern spirit which will manage the affairs of the great empire. There is no abstract speculation or philosophic detachment about either one of them. They are both men of tweed suits and cloth caps. The statesmen of the old race were distinguished by broadcloth and stocks, erudition and formality of speech.

Lloyd-George has a very different way from that of Law—"just a business man"—of acquiring the information he wants. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, like the leader of the Opposition, leaves political doctrine to the schoolmen, but he lives by vision and not statistics and technical reports. If he wants to introduce a shipping bill, he takes a voyage to discover the life of the sailor at first hand. If he wants to know about coal mining, he goes down into a coal mine. If he wants to know what is wrong with casual labor, he mixes with the crowd at the dock gates in the early morning to hear with his own ears and see with his own eyes.

"Miss Nancy" in Ireland

Arthur James Balfour, unlike Lloyd-George and Law, sprang from the governing classes, with whom politics is a profession. At Eton he was given the uncomplimentary sobriquet of "Miss Nancy." When he entered the House of Commons he was still "Miss Nancy," but the power of the Cecil family gave him preferment. People smiled. But finally Balfour's uncle, Lord Salisbury, sent him to Ireland as Secretary. Ireland, in a turmoil that was almost revolution, called for a strong hand. Into a welter of agitation, turmoil and bloodshed went "Miss Nancy." It seemed to England like sending an infant into a den of ferocious thieves. But apparently Salisbury knew his man.

With his accession to power as Prime Minister he displayed the ripened qualities of the Balfour made in Ireland. Complexity, brilliancy, consistency and inconsistency, force, mildness, charm of manner, personal magnetism and hard-hearted domination were all rolled tightly together. In the House of Commons, in the first debating society in the world, Balfour was the incomparable fighter. The dilettante disappeared, the limpid eye flashed, the serenity of a passionless mind gave place to the perfervid swordsman twisting and turning with diabolical skill. When it was bruited about that Balfour was on his bench the chamber would fill in a few minutes. Such was the magic of his debating power.

In 1911 Mr. Balfour's part in the House of Lords campaign bred a revolt. Attack followed attack. He never murmured. Groups were formed against him, and half his own Unionist press openly declared war. Balfour remained serene, apparently doing nothing but play golf and read novels. Then suddenly, in the midst of party revolt, he went down to the House of Commons to assert his power. In a single speech he brought the rebels to their knees. He was the leader, and he alone. He had been doing more than play golf and read novels. And then, having given this illustration and proof of his strength, he went forth and resigned, leaving behind him a chorus of lamentations.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR

From the Boston Transcript.

The Liberty Bell, on its way to San Francisco, will be illuminated every night, and it is understood that the guard of honor of Philadelphia aldermen will also be lit up.

"I WONDER WHY EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING?"

FROM TRIPOLI TO THE TRENTINO

The Army of Veterans, Regathered and Redrilled, That Italy Throws Into War's Crucible—How the War Dogs Face Each Other Across the Tyrolean Alps.

By CHARLES M. CHAPIN

DURING the last eight months Italy has been preparing step by step for the crisis with Austria. It is violating no confidence to say that at the outbreak of the war last August the nation was far from fit for participation in the struggle. At that time the mobile forces on land consisted of approximately 400,000 men of all arms, about half of whom were veterans of the Tripolitan campaign. Since then the army authorities have unostentatiously called now this, now that class of reserves until there are today with the colors something like 1,200,000 men, and very probably more. There are still to be summoned the "mobile militia" and the "territorial militia," corresponding respectively to the German Landwehr and Landsturm. With these in the ranks the total strength of the Italian army will fall not far short of 2,000,000 men, all under 40 years of age.

Of these forces, fully a quarter of a million are especially trained for Alpine fighting, even in ordinary times, and since last August the mountain maneuvers have taken place on a gradually increasing scale; for a great part of the early operations in any conflict with Austria must necessarily take place among the high peaks of the Austro-Italian border. In fact, there have been for some time concentrated at Verona, only 25 miles from the boundary line, Italian troops to the number of half a million.

Deserting Krupp for the French "75"

One of the great weaknesses commented upon by critics of the Italian war machine has been the lack of adequate equipment for the artillery. This is a matter which has been very thoroughly remedied. Up to last August the field guns were about equally divided between the famous French "75" and the Krupp 77 millimetre piece. But as Italy has faded from the Dreibund, so has her artillery inclined more and more toward the French type, and all winter long the Italian metal works, even the plants of the State Railway, have been turning out the "75" model in large quantities. She now has approximately 1000 batteries of four guns each, all of this type, in addition to 12 regiments of mountain artillery and 19 regiments of heavy artillery, including the men manning the siege, fortress and coast defense guns.

Not the least interesting portion of the defense forces comes under the head of the engineer corps. This takes in, besides sappers, miners, bridgers, one regiment of aerostatists, or men for handling the dirigible balloon section, and the Battaglione Aviatori, or aeroplane corps, totaling 3500 enlisted men in addition to the flying officers, who make up a separate body, serving either with the army or the navy, as the need may direct. The actual flying equipment is divided into squadrons of seven machines each, and at the close of last year there were some 30 of these units, making above 200 aeroplanes in the active service. Since then this total has been nearly doubled, many of the new machines coming from the American Curtiss Company.

Venice, once queen of the seas, the home port of mighty fleets of war galleys, lies today virtually under the guns of the Austro-Hungarian sea forces. On paper the Italian fleet is rated at considerably more than the strength of her enemy, opposing six dreadnoughts to Austria's four and ten first-class battleships (pre-dreadnought) to three. Italy likewise has four speedy scout-cruisers to three for Austria, 51 torpedoboat destroyers to 18, and 28 submarines to 14. But Italy's weakness against the Austrian navy lies in her Adriatic coast line, which is practically undefended down as far as the straits of Otranto, while Austria has what is regarded as an impregnable (from the sea side) naval base at Pola, within which she could withdraw, in the face of the Italian superiority, at any time that the integrity of her first line fleet might be menaced. In a way the problem would be somewhat similar to that faced by Britain in her naval operations in the North Sea. Just as the German ships dart out from time to time for raids on the English coast, so the Austrians can issue from Pola for attacks on various portions of the Italian littoral.

And a submarine offensive by Austria would be even more difficult to check than is the case with the British owing to the short radius of operations anywhere in the Adriatic. On the other hand, the Italians have one great advantage over Britain, for they have the definite possibility before them of robbing Pola of its terrors by cutting it off from the land side, even though this may not be accomplished for some time after active hostilities open.

The Mountain Problem

Many an Italian regards the struggle to come with a lamentable lightness. He fails to realize that tens of thousands of his countrymen will leave their bleached bones in the mountain fastnesses of the Austrian Alps before the Italians can hope to see Vienna in subjection, before they can even cut off the "water-rats" at Pola. While a cursory glance at the map might indicate that the road along the level coast line would be an easy method of invasion, a closer inspection will show the impossibility of such an advance until the mountain heights to the north have been effectually cleared of the Teuton forces. Otherwise the army moving along the shore would be constantly threatened with flank attacks on the part of the enemy descending out of the foothills. It is for this reason that Italy has so carefully prepared large numbers of her troops for mountain fighting. Even with Austria beset as she is with the Russian forces in Galicia and along the Hungarian border to Bukowina, she will be able to, and has already, placed strong defensive units in the Trent district, one of Italy's "unredeemed" provinces which is a thrust—a mountain salient—for 50 miles down into the northern frontier of Italy.

Prior to the war Austria had prepared this territory with great care against a possible inroad by Italy, and from the time when it became evident that the latent hostility of her former ally might be roused into activity at any moment, she has had large numbers of men, several thousands in fact, busily occupied in strengthening her existing chain of eight tremendously fortified mountain fastnesses. It is the reduction of these which Italy is likely to find so costly. There is no certainty, of course, about the defending force which has been placed in this region. But as the incompetent Austrian General Staff is now merely ornamental, and the iron hands of the Kaiser's advisers are directing the military destinies of the eastern empire, it is to be expected that sufficient forces are now camping in the Trentino to stand off the first attack at least.

IT'S A MOST CURIOUS CITY

Constantinople Has Three Sundays a Week and Sun Sets at 12.

From Answers.

Constantinople, or Stamboul, as the Turk calls his metropolis, is a much-discussed city just now. But of its important foreign quarters, Pera and Galata, the stay-at-home Briton hears little.

Galata is separated from Constantinople proper by the Golden Horn, and lies principally between the two bridges which span that world-famous waterway.

Formerly these bridges had captains and crews exactly as if they were ships. Later they became remarkable for their shops, beggars and dogs. Shops, beggars and dogs have gone, but still the bridges are objects of intense interest to the stranger.

In Galata may be found a sort of Petticoat lane in full swing every day of the week. But, unlike our own Sunday market in the east end of London, the venue is shifted each morning. For example, the indescribable bargaining and din is to be found on Thursdays at Pershembeh, which means the Thursday market. Dealers in second-hand clothing have a more or less permanent rendezvous at the Bit Bazaar or Louse Market—an appellation more apt than delicate.

Pera, which is modern Greek for "beyond," stands on the hills behind Galata, which in a double sense it looks down on, considering itself the superior suburb. Both are despised by the real Turk, who, if he wishes to tell you that another Turk has gone hopelessly to the bad, will say "he has gone to Pera," or, more correctly, "to Bey Ciou," for the Turk refuses to recognize the Christian designation of either Constantinople or its suburbs.

A stranger stranded at Pera might possibly go hungry; but it would be his own fault if he thirsted. Elaborate drinking fountains are in nearly every street.

There is a superabundance of postoffices—but no postmen! No letters are delivered. Each European Power has—or had—its own postoffice. Thus, one calls at the English establishment if expecting letters from home, at the French if correspondence is likely to arrive from Paris, and so on.

Three Sundays a week are observed in both suburbs—Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews and Sunday by the Christians. And three distinct calendars are used. This year the Mohammedan is dating his letters 1333, the Jew 5675 and the Christian, of course, 1915.

But the inconvenience of using three different calendars is slight compared with the bewildering method mostly used in computing the hours of the day. A watch which kept correct time on the shores of the Golden Horn would be, somewhat paradoxically, rather an erratic timekeeper, according to the standard laid down by Greenwich. For as 12 o'clock is reckoned always to fall at the exact moment of sunset, one's watch has to gain or lose a few minutes each day, according to the season of the year.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS

Every success in life comes from sympathy and co-operation and love.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

AYE, WHAT?

What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad, or of gettin' things if there was nobdy to divide with?—Anon.

IN SALAD DAYS

'Twas in my "salad days" we met;
  There was a certain charm about her.
I vividly remember yet
  I thought I could not do without her.
I said 'twas in my "salad days,"
  Before I'd written ode or ballad;
She'd nothing green about her ways,
  Yet she was very fond of salad.

Sometimes I took her out to dine
  (The memory my fancy tickles);
She didn't care a fig for wine.
  But doted deeply on dill pickles.
A dear (yet inexpensive) she!
  She'd listen to Liszt's obligatos
While feasting upon celery,
  On onions, beets and sliced tomatoes!

And Lettice was the maiden's name;
  'Twas very fitting, I confess it,
For lettuce is quite worthy fame—
  That is, if you know how to dress it.
And she, she knew, the dimpled elf!
  Her mode was usually supernal;
And Lettice also dressed herself
  In gowns of tender tint and vernal.

But our romance was put to rout
  (I have no doubt it was a blessing!)
When blunderingly I blurted out,
  "There's too much acid in the dressing!"
And while I scan, and while I plan,
  In sonnet, lyric, ode and ballad,
Lettice is married to a man
  Who sows and raises things for salad!

—Clinton Scollard, in Judge.