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leave the question of preparedness, upon which virtually every patriotic man is agreed, to the mercies of agitators and to the imaginations of the inept and the folly worse confounded. It must not be done.

GREECE AWAITS THE EARTHQUAKE

The existence of Greece as a nation today is due to the benevolence and protection of the Entente Allies. Her enemies have always been Turkey, Bulgaria and the Teutonic Allies. Her King has shattered the constitution of the country and broken the covenant with Serbia, to find himself between two fires, and his crown ready for pawnbrokers.

GREECE is a kingdom of fear. For three centuries she feared the power of Turkey, of which she was a province. A hundred years ago she won her independence, only to meet the sinister hatred of Austria and Germany, and she feared them.

The only country of which Greece was not afraid was England, and to her she owes her first freedom. In 1830 France and Russia joined with Great Britain to liberate Greece from all terrors by making her secure as a separate Government. In 1862 the same Powers emancipated her from the fear of internal rebellion.

For a time she feared only Bulgaria. The Balkan Wars established a status which seemed firm, but the entrance of Bulgaria into the present war has again overturned the balance of Balkan power. Bulgaria desires Kavala and Drama and Seres, three of the richest provinces in Greece. And while Greece hesitates, her favor is being demanded. Until the invasion of Salonica she was being coaxed. Now she is being compelled.

Seeing eye to eye with the diplomats of the Entente is Eleutherios Venizelos. Standing with his back to them, facing Berlin, in King Constantine, and the Allies have given up hope that he will break the hypnotic spell which the German Svengali has over him. Their fear now is that he will turn around. For Constantine has a sword in his hand—the Greek army, still mobilized, still being fed by the Allies, still faithful to the Greece which the King has disrupted.

The process of that disruption is fascinating. It started years ago when Constantine was Crown Prince. In 1909 there was a military revolution in Greece and the name of the Crown Prince was stricken off the lists.

Before that his pretensions to military greatness had been rather smartly taken down when he was recalled from command of the Greek troops fighting against Turkey—a war in which the Kaiser congratulated the Sultan upon every victory, and in which Russia alone saved Greece from annihilation. Constantine went into exile and it was only the coup d'état of Venizelos, making this "retired bandit of Crete" Prime Minister, which allowed Constantine to return. He made up his mind then that he could control his country by one way alone, and that way was the army.

The gradual swerving of the King toward Germany begins with the reconciliation with his wife, from whom he was separated for a period of years. The Kaiser forced the reconciliation and shortly after made Constantine a Field Marshal of the Prussian Army. On that occasion Constantine publicly thanked the Kaiser for the victories won by Greece, a singularly inept gratitude, since the French had trained Greece, and Germany had trained her enemies. Some months later Venizelos was again asking France for a loan, and had compelled apologies to be issued by Constantine. Since that time Constantine has heard only German whispering in his ears. It may be forgiven him that he has forgotten French. The fact is that he has forgotten Greek.

The Constitution of Greece gives the Premier virtually the same powers granted by the Parliament of England. He represents the people, and the King is bound to respect the office, so that, in refusing to obey the popular mandate which returned Venizelos to office, Constantine abrogated the first democratic right of his country. He has made himself an absolute monarch. At the same time he has broken his treaty with Serbia, upon which not only that country but the Allies depended. His defense was that "things are different in 1915 from what they were in 1913." Since then Constantine has defied his people, has held his army as a defense, and has kept a marvelous balance between the belligerents who demand his help.

He has sacrificed the freedom of Greece—temporarily, he would say—to its safety. But, if he has been cautious, he has not been wise. The invasion of the Allies was inevitable, and Greece, which could have saved Serbia, is in a fair way to meet Serbia's fate, without her glory and without her ultimate restitution. For if the Allies win, Serbia will be restored and Bulgaria will pay. If the Allies lose, Greece may yet be tricked out of her territory to compensate Bulgaria.

These things Constantine preferred not to believe, and he may have his secret treaty with Bulgaria assuring him his integrity. But he has no treaty with Greece, and under the guns which point inward from Salonica, which dominate every spot glorious in the history of greater Greeks than themselves, the subjects of Constantine may yet rise to rid themselves of a King to whom Potsdam is more alluring than the porticos of the Acropolis.

MR. BRYAN AS A COUNTER IRRITANT

THE report that Mr. Bryan will trail the President about the country in order to counteract by speeches in favor of peace Mr. Wilson's advocacy of preparedness, lacks confirmation. It is nevertheless credible. No announcement of Mr. Bryan's itinerary has yet been made, possibly because it is not yet known where the President will go. There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan is camping on the President's trail; when he gets ready he will begin to make as much trouble as he knows how—and as a trouble-maker he is in a class by himself.

Tom Daly's Column

"I AM sending you," says the Rev. Dr. Peter Guldway, "a little mnemonic for virtue copied from an old book of the Middle Ages. The classical scholars among your readers may enjoy it."

Table with 4 columns: Dicit, Part, Sicut, Non. Dicit Part Sicut Non. Dicit Part Sicut Non. Dicit Part Sicut Non. Dicit Part Sicut Non.

Beginning with non, then going to dicit at the top of column one, then quodcumque, then sic, and so on. It gives a neat little series of mottoes. Non dicit quodcumque sic, nam qui dicit quodcumque sic nequit dicit quod non expedit.

Then read non to facias, to quodcumque, to potes, and so on.

NO, gentle reader, we won't translate 'em for you. Our motto is "Non facias quodcumque potes nam qui facit quodcumque potest sciat quod non consentit." And all this, at dict orator post prandium, reminds us of a story. Many, many years ago, when we were sent to write up the case of a lunatic who had barricaded himself in a restaurant on Vine street and refused to open the door to the police. The crowd outside was full of helpful suggestions. "Get some asafetida," said one, "and stick it under the door." "Where d'ye get it?" asked the Irish policeman, who was leading the bestsellers. "Drug-store," said the man. So the policeman called one of his men and said he: "Go to the drug-store an' git a pound or a quart of asafetida." "Of what?" says the other, taking out paper and pencil. "Asafetida." "How do you spell it?" "A-a-s-a-s-y-see-Asy—' Och! Jist go an' spike it to the druggist. Sure, that's a Latin word; only a priest could spell it."

"Our friend, the compositor, first set this 'rambled' and we felt like letting it stand, thus creating a perfectly good new word, but we were afraid nobody would believe one could 'ramble' oneself in a restaurant.

Just supposing a college could hire a John James Audubon to tell its students about birds. He would be worth more than the costliest building at any university.—Girard, in yesterday's Tribune-Lexington.

NO college could do so, for J. J. Audubon is dead; but it could do better. We never met John J., but we know something about his work, and we are satisfied that Louis Agassiz Fuertes, of Ithaca and Beach Haven, could tell a bunch of students more about birds than Audubon and do it more entertainingly.

Birchbark Bill's Chances

"I took a preacher fishin' one," said Birchbark Bill, the guide. "His doctor sent him up to me with something wrong inside. To patch his lungs with balsam pine and tan his yellow skin. Which I did it to perfection, though I had to rub it in. For he didn't know much fishin', and didn't want to know. But he'd argue on religion from sun-up to sun-down. And when the trout was risin' thick he'd knock off to inquire. How I responded when I cashed in, to save my soul from fire.

"I didn't give my soul much thought till winter came around—my shanty, my freemin' night and buried down to the ground. Which set me hard to thinkin', and I bought a Bible cheap. And spelled it out before the fire until I'd fall asleep. It didn't blaze the trail for me as clear as I could wish. You see, I'd never done much wrong, 'cept smoke and curse and fish. And in the Book about them things there wasn't much to learn. But if it meant to cut them out, I knew my soul would burn.

"But I kept on with the spellin' and suddenly one night I saw as clear as lightnin' what that preacher called the Light. For I read about the Master, who spoke at Galilee. To fishermen amendin' nets and said: 'Come, There was one of them named Peter, and Andrew, John and James; And right round here there's darn good guides who bear those self-same names. Who according to my memory has never did no worse Than to hustle for a livin' and smoke and fish and curse.

"Next summer I was guldin' with another preacher chap, Who didn't come up for his health and didn't give a rap For anything but catchin' fish and had a level head. And when I mentioned 'bout my soul, he sorter laughed and said: 'You've spelled the answer out all right—just smoke and fish and curse. And if you cut the latter out you won't be none the wiser. And when you stand before the gate,' he added with a grin, 'St. Peter was a fisherman—I guess he'll let you in.'"

Answer: "Of Course They Do." Sign in a glove-shop window said: "Does quality, elegance and style in gloves appeal to you?"

"O" as in "Odor" Victorianna Huerta has galumphed across the river, the verdict of the doctors was "sclerosis of the liver." He died in bed with friends about and relatives all grieving; he did not face a firing squad the moment of his leaving. Let's pull oblivion about and spread it gently o'er him, and leave him to the ghosts of them he sent across before him. His country needed a strong man, he gave it an assassin; and so there's more rejoicing than there's grieving at his passing.—Judd Lewis in Houston Post.

Judd Lewis, for shame! for shame! In your "arma virumque cano" You've slurred the General's name—Why, Judd, it's "Victoriano!"

SAMUEL J. STERRETT, of Germantown, recently caught Walt McDougall in a good humor and got from him for his autograph album the more or less pretty picture to our left.

"I can think," he wrote under the drawing, "of nothing more autographical than a portrait of myself playing on the baggis, a Gaelic instrument of torture. Yesterday was Rabbi Krauskopf's birthday—Maschitov?—and a reporter (not one of our bright young men, we hope) interviewing him over the telephone, asked: 'By the way, Mr. Krauskopf, what church are you minister of?'"



PENNSYLVANIA'S LITTLE CORPORAL

P. C. Knox, Who Has Been in Washington Before, Is Said to Be Planning a Return Engagement—Since Boyhood He Has Broken Several Success Rules, but Has Made Others

PHILANDER CHASE KNOX, as they say on occasion, needs no introduction. Mr. Knox, however, is said to be on his way back to Washington, either as United States Senator to succeed Mr. Oliver or as United States President to succeed Mr. Wilson, and it's well to remind ourselves how old he is and how tall and to recall a few other facts about the well-known farmer of Valley Forge, lawyer of Pittsburgh and general all-round Pennsylvania. To begin at the beginning with the man himself, he was born at Brownsville, Fayette County, May 6, 1853. If you're not good at figures, you may care for the information that he is now 63 years old, or pretty near it, and you don't need to be told that he's not too aged to be President. Roosevelt once called him "a sawed-off cherub," and there's still something cherubic about the man, with his round face and dapper body, and as for his being a sawed-off, nobody could count the times he's been compared with Napoleon. Knox doesn't like tall furniture any more than Napoleon liked tall generals.



PHILANDER C. KNOX.

Now, after Knox was born he was christened, and on that occasion received the name of a friend of the family, Philander Chase, who was Bishop of Ohio in the first part of the nineteenth century, a pioneer who performed many good works. Bishop Chase, by the way, was an uncle of Salmon P. Chase, at one time Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Knox is a good name, too, a famous name in Scottish and American history, but it's worth mentioning—in order to correct an error—that our former Secretary of State is not a descendant of a certain general of Revolutionary fame. He doesn't need to be. The father of Philander Chase Knox was cashier of the Monongahela Bank in Brownsville and one of the influential and highly honored citizens of the town.

Neither Rich Nor Poor as a Boy

As perplexing as anything else in the history of Mr. Knox's rise in the world is the discovery that he has not adhered rigidly to the conventional copy-book maxims and precepts for attaining success. He did not have the inestimable advantage of being born of "poor but honest" parents. He has overcome this disadvantage of his early youth. James McNeill Whistler used to say, apropos of his West Point days, "If silicon had been a gas, I would have been a soldier." If by setting machines had been invented in the early seventies, Philander Chase Knox might have been a printer. He learned the trade after he graduated from college, but he was not tall enough to set type at a "case" with ease. With the money he earned at the trade, however, he studied law. Once he got started, he was never headed off. So, after all, there's a success story in the career of Mr. Knox. And that remark isn't based on the fact that his fortune is something like \$2,000,000. It's based on the record of his public life.

While a student at Mount Union College at Alliance, Ohio, Knox made the acquaintance of William McKinley, a member of whose Cabinet he later became. McKinley was then the prosecuting attorney of Stark County. A college debating society to which Knox belonged held open meetings every Friday for the discussion of public questions. Those meetings were attended by Judges, lawyers and physicians of the neighboring country, and McKinley was a frequent guest, taking part in the debates. Though he was ten years older than Knox, the two struck up a lasting friendship at that time.

Of course, Knox has come into close relations with most of the men prominent in American politics and statesmanship in the last decade or two, but in several instances the association has been of particular interest. For instance, when Knox became Secretary of State he left a senatorial seat, while Elihu Root, whom he succeeded in the State Department, entered the Senate. The two men who thus swapped jobs have made a specialty of brains. The thing Mr. Knox does best is to accomplish what he sets out to do. It has become a habit. The practice may be confidently recommended to any young man who desires to achieve fame and fortune.

Mr. Knox and Mr. Taft have the distinction of being the only two men now living who have twice refused an Associate Justiceship

on the Supreme Bench. But Mr. Knox is the only person in the entire history of the United States who has ever been called away from a matinee performance of a musical comedy at a theatre to have such an honor thrust upon him. On a sunny November afternoon, ten years ago, Mr. Knox resolved to do a thing he had not done in many years: to go to a matinee at a Washington playhouse. In the middle of the second act, an usher came tiptoeing down the aisle with a whispered message that Mr. Knox was wanted at the White House at once. There was nothing to do but obey the summons. Outside the theatre Mr. Knox learned that President Roosevelt had been trying to find him at the Capitol and at his residence, and that the messages from the White House were insistent and urgent. The Senator hastened across Lafayette Square and into the President's office. There Mr. Roosevelt told him that he wanted him to accept the vacancy caused by Justice Brown's retirement. Mr. Knox declined, as Mr. Taft had previously declined, leaving the way open for Attorney General Moody to scale the dizzy height.

Mr. Knox has two attributes of genius. He has a marked degree the ability to get at the heart of a problem and to set forth simply, lucidly, clearly and in orderly array the essentials of an involved, complicated, entangled and generally muddled up case or proposition. The processes of his mind orderly and advance by well-defined steps from premise to conclusion. His intellects at work give out light without heat; a steady, clear, constant light, marred by no sputterings or meteoric flashes. It has been described as a light "in which it is easy to read assured interpretation of law."

Knox as a Lawyer

Knox was once described as "a lawyer from stem to stern"—always giving his very best services to his client. There's a story of his early professional career that may be repeated here. It doesn't illustrate his legal ability or methods, but, briefly, this is it: An important case was about to come to trial. One of the parties thereto retained ex-President Harrison for the sake of the prestige lent by the name. Knox was also engaged for the sake of his ability as a trial lawyer. Harrison was promised a fee of \$25,000. Knox was so busy when he was asked to take a hand in the case that he refused to consider the matter; but after being repeatedly pressed he said, jocularly, "Why, yes, I'll argue the case for \$100,000." "Done," said his visitor. After the trial, Knox, knowing, or at least thinking, that he had been ridiculously overpaid, went to Harrison and, wishing to do the fair thing, suggested that they pool their fees and divide even. "Sir," said the ex-President, looking on the "sawed-off" young man in some amazement, "I am not in the habit of dividing my fees with any one." He didn't that time. There's another story, too. A boy, badly hurt in an explosion of natural gas, was gathered up and taken to a hospital. Agents of the corporation which was responsible for the accident cheated him into an outrageous settlement. Remember, he was a boy; poor, friendless, maimed. Besides, he was black. Men who know him say the passion for justice is the finest quality in the manhood of Philander Chase Knox. He heard about the boy, gave battle and got him \$8000. It is said in Pittsburgh that he put more steam and interest into the case than in any other he ever tried.

Knox likes fishing and billiards, but his favorite diversion is driving fine trotting horses. His personality is not known to any large number of people. Mr. Knox chooses his friends with the careful discrimination of a collector. In his hours of ease he is a rare teller of good stories and delightfully companionable. In his daily walk he is not austere; but no one ever saw another Senator, or anybody else, clap him jovially on the back and hail him as "Phil." Mr. Knox looks more like a French or Italian churchman whose avocation is diplomacy and statescraft than an American Senator or President. But you can't always tell from the looks of a man how far he will go.

THREE CANDIDATES

Bryan says he hopes the Republicans will run their weakest man this year. No doubt he hopes the Democrats will, too, but they already have three times.—Detroit Free Press.

QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—Under the caption, "O Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads?" a pretty little piece of poetry appeared in this day's Evening Ledger, and credit for it being given to "Thomas Haynes Bayly, in the Wisconsin Farmer." The writer is anxious to know Mr. Bayly's age. If he is a

young man, he is rully of pliarism, for I well remember hearing it sung, and, in fact, often joined in the singing with two members of the Manchester (England) Typographical Society, between the years 1822 and 1824, the song being then known as "When the Green Come Again." There was an additional verse, which read:

Or, maybe, in soft garments rolled, In hollow trees they lie, And sing, while nestled from the cold To wile the season by. There, while they sing, in pleasant trance, In mossy counterpane, In dreams they weave some fairy dance 'Till green leaves come again.

This was the third verse, the one appearing in today's paper as third being the fourth. In addition to this, the fourth was in the third line of the first verse should be "spruce," and the third word in the third line of the fourth verse (the third verse as published by you) should be "rings." If Mr. Bayly is the author of the song, he is to be congratulated on the fact that he must have reached a ripe old age.

PRODUCTION OF GASOLINE

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—in the EVENING LEDGER of January 18 last there appeared an article, the heading of which, in large type, indicate that PLAN FOR INCREASING GASOLINE PRODUCT DOUBTED BY EXPERTS. Royal Hammett Believes Experiments Reported by Dr. W. F. Rittman of U. S. Bureau of Mines, Only in "Laboratory" Stage.

A portion of this article reads as follows: When P. Royal Hammett, vice president of Crew Levick Company, Land Title Building, was shown the statements made by Dr. W. F. Rittman, of the United States Bureau of Mines, at the American Institute of Chemical Engineers in Baltimore yesterday, in reference to the great waste of gasoline and Doctor Rittman's proposed remedies, he smiled.

Doctor Rittman proposes to increase the present supply of gasoline through his discovery of the cracking of petroleum and other hydrocarbons. But Hammett says these experiments have never got beyond the laboratory stage, and that no operator has as yet been persuaded to try Doctor Rittman's methods on a commercial scale. Nevertheless, he thinks that there is more than a possibility that Doctor Rittman has got a good thing.

In view of the quoted statement by Mr. Hammett that "these experiments have never got beyond the laboratory stage, and that no operator has as yet been persuaded to try Doctor Rittman's methods on a commercial scale," it may be of interest to note the following: There are two plants in actual operation, one manufacturing 1000 gallons a day, located at Pittsburgh. In addition to these, one month ago the United States Bureau of Mines received requests from 10 other oil companies for permission to erect Rittman plants under supervision of Bureau of Mines experts. In consequence of this laboratory, I have frequently been compelled to furnish information in writing to the public. My observations similar to those which Mr. Hammett is quoted as giving out.

Since two Rittman plants are in successful commercial operation within the next month, and three companies will start construction of plants within the next month, I suggest that the statement quoted by Mr. Hammett be discarded, that these experiments have never got beyond the laboratory stage, and that no operator has as yet been persuaded to try Doctor Rittman's methods on a commercial scale. It is hardly in accordance with the facts.

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GELLERT ALLEN, Department of Chemistry, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., January 20, 1916.

DEEDS AND WORDS

The blessedness assured to the peacemaker is not guaranteed to the peace talker.—Washington Star.

GET THEIR ORDERS ELSEWHERE

It is understood that the Kaiser's stringent passport order barring aliens from Germany is being seriously by the French, British or Russian armies.—Boston Evening Transcript.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The world is short-sighted when it permits conditions to exist which curtail the only hope for the future years—the jewels which we know as children.—Dayton Journal.

Mr. McAdoo has been reminded that there is a growing sentiment in Congress for a permanent consideration of tariff questions.—Rochester Post-Express.

It is our imperative duty to do whatever we can to uphold international law as it existed when the war broke out. The value of our services to civilization will be measured very largely by our success in that great and beneficent task.—Indianapolis News.

Roberts, Kitchener and Wolsey were right and the niggardly Parliamentarians were wrong and all the world knows that today. We hope the Congress of the United States will see fit to pass the bill which is fully prepared both to land and upon sea, for such preparedness is the very strongest guaranty of peace.—Chicago Equivocal.