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There is no pursuit in the world where the talent of the folk gets quicker results than in politics, but, on the other hand, there is no place where a sham shrinks to its true value more quickly than in a responsible political position.

A Little Light on Lighting

ACCORDING to the Chief of the Electrical Bureau, if Philadelphia could get its lamps at the rates available to neighboring towns, these rates being laid down by the Public Service Commission of New Jersey, the price would be \$61.84 for lamps attached to overhead circuits.

There is no such thing, of course, as standardization of rates, owing to different conditions existing in different communities. It is certain, however, that the showing made raises a sufficient presumption of unfairness in the Philadelphia rates to render it imperative that the city's case be presented adequately at the hearing to be held before the Public Service Commission.

Civic Usefulness Hampered Only by Inertia

THE new Administration Building for the Board of Education must wait. The board can't afford it while the expenses for continuation schools are to be met. Economy is often a good thing; certainly it is always to be preferred to extravagance.

Expatriating Sins of State

ACORRESPONDENT takes exception to an editorial paragraph in the EVENING LEDGER. Here is the paragraph: We cannot help wondering if the man who sank the Lusitania sleeps at night.

Selecting the Fit by Shrapnel

OF ALL scientific theories, of all philosophic hypotheses, of all attempts to explain the miraculous drama of nature by a rule of averages none has ever been so badly handled as Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest." First it was rejected as the negation of the Bible and therefore of religion; then it was seized with furious hands and applied to everything under the sun.

conditions are entirely reversed by two new facts: First, that medical inspection in recruiting weeds out the unfit and sets them aside as noncombatants. Second, that mere physical strength is no longer the test of fitness in no complex a civilization as ours has become.

When great modern armies engage in battle they slay only the strong and—in the case of volunteer armies—the daring, spirited and patriotic. Moreover, the new weapons of warfare haven't the slightest trace of the selective faculty. It is not the weaker or sturdier soldiers that go down in battle. It is the ones that happen to be in range of a shrapnel explosion. And while the strength of the land is battling, while the clean, strong young men are dying at the front, the incompetents, the weakly, the degenerate and the aging are fathering the coming generation.

All this, quite apart from the fact that Darwin used the phrase to describe the conflict of a species with its environment, not with its own kind. But no doubt there are a great many troubles beside Darwinian misunderstandings behind the fact that man spends so much energy fighting with man.

Nation or Province?

BEHIND the struggle of men and munitions from which the mind of the world cannot separate itself for long there is another battle going on which is of the utmost importance. It is the conflict between two conceptions of what makes a nation. Simultaneously two events throw light upon this subject: the memorial signed by German scholars in which the annexation of Belgium is declared an indispensable part of Germany's peace program, and the determined efforts of the Bulgars to win for themselves a national unity and a national strength.

From the first of these humanity recoils with a terrible and significant certainty. To the second the American mind, devoted by its own background to national independence, must yield at least a reserved encouragement. At the same time the reported proposals of the Kaiser to the Czar, none the less plausible when they are denied, to grant a separate peace, with Galicia and the Dardanelles as a propitiatory gift, corroborate the idea which must be formed of Germany's dominating thought.

It is that the small nation, the weaker race, the uncastly established branch of the human family, must go. There must be only one nation; there must be Germany, ueber alles. Belgium, welded together the Gallic, the Flemish, the Walloon and the Teuton, must be sacrificed; Gallipoli must be made into a province, to be handed over to Russia if need be. "What is a nation?" cries Germany. "Nothing!"

The integrity of each people is almost the cardinal principle of American diplomacy. Our relations with South America, with Cuba, with the Philippines have been free of any taint of aggression. Our policy in China has saved that country from spoliation. Our Mexican tentacles have had only one object, a united and a peaceful Mexico. So far American sympathies cannot be with Germany.

Can they be with the Allies? Not unreservedly, because Russia and England have both to pay heavily for their sins. The three victors who tore at Poland's form are now divided, but they have not yet atoned. The United States, in the hearts of its people, has not forgiven England for the Boer War, although it has had to admit that England can attach its subjects to herself by strong bonds of affection. But the Allies, to close their hands, must grant autonomy to all provinces; they must guarantee the self-sufficiency of races. They must stamp out forever the damnable doctrine of national domination and of race destruction.

West Philadelphia Must Not Bathe

FOR a few days the citizens of West Philadelphia must not bathe. It is a calamity, it cannot be helped. A breakdown at the Belmont pumping station has curtailed the supply of water available for West Philadelphia by 15 per cent, and Chief Davis, of the water bureau, has issued an appeal for economy. Instead of the accustomed 140 gallons per capita, West Philadelphians are asked to limit themselves to the insufficient quantity of 120 gallons a day.

There are numbers of uses to which water is customarily put. It can be used for running under bridges, which is, by the way, one of the best things it does. That can't be stopped. It can be used for cooking purposes and for diluting milk; both are, it seems indispensable. Mixed with liberal quantities of grape juice (to speak gently) it can even be used for quenching thirst. In certain communities men have been known to use water straight for this purpose.

Rebirth of a Nation

In accepting the risks of the war, in throwing themselves with all their ardor into the turmoil, the Italian people know that more important than the territorial unity to be attained they will find real unity of consciousness and virtue. They know also that their task, in truth, is much more arduous than that of bringing about the death throes of the two-headed culture. For Italy, as well as for France, for our distant brothers in Dacia Trajan, as well as for all nations of Mediterranean culture, it is necessary to fight a supreme fight against the imminent menace of servitude and extermination.

French Beat Wounded, German Prisoner Swears—Gott Strafe Frankreich!

"Fresh troops" and "fresh eggs" appear with about the same frequency and dependability these days.

"Parcels Post Thrown Into Sea by Germans"—Headline. "I told you so" chortle the express companies.

A Civil War veteran, who had never been wounded, is no longer in a position to jest at scars. He has encountered the finny.

Chief of Police N. S. Laver, of the Abington force, in denying the report that he was dead, did not say that the report was greatly exaggerated. He did not quote Mark Twain, and he deserves a medal for bravery.

D'ANNUNZIO ON THE RED FURROW OF WAR

Glories in Vivid Language the Mystic Law of Blood, the Ancient Law of Iron, the Living Law of Rome

AN INTERVIEW BY INEZ MHLAND BOISSEVAIN

TO ME D'Annunzio, at the zenith of his power, appears a tragic figure. From my viewpoint he has failed utterly to rise to the occasion. His public conduct appears bombastic and ignoble.

So it was with a mixture of feelings that I approached him; with the reverence of many years and a contempt born in the last few months.

I find him amazing, unlike anything I had expected. Instead of a cynic, I see a man of the utmost capacity for faith; instead of an aggressive, I see a man of timidity and gentleness and of profound sensibilities; honest, naive, spontaneous, childlike—that is my impression of D'Annunzio. I would trust him absolutely, and trust him to act with tenderness, wisdom and consideration. Generous he is and courageous, with a courage of perfect emotional sincerity. Had his intellectual development kept pace with his imagination, he might have been a giant among men.

His point of view is so antipathetic to me that I hardly trusted myself to reproduce it. I asked him, therefore, after an interview of three hours, to express it himself in his own words and imagery, for a part of his witchery lies in his words, which are sheer music.

This is his statement—and his explanation. He tells me that for thirty years he has preached war as the means of regenerating the spirit of his people and reviving the glories, the greatness and the unity of the past. That is the trouble. He is steeped in the spirit of the past—surrounded with antiquities and dead things; enfolded in mysticism and a numbing belief in fatality. He believes that he is about to die, and that the future of his people and his world holds nothing for him.

The Inexorable Law of Blood

Here is what D'Annunzio says: There is in all human history a law of blood—inexorable, inevitable. All truth to be fruitful should be written with blood, all unity to be lasting must be cemented with blood. We Latins cannot forget that Rome, purified, arose from the red furrow of murder by her doors the color of the skies.

If our war is just, if our war is holy, it is because the morrow will celebrate the real birth of the nation of the Mediterranean in fresh blood. Great Italy will be born from the mystic furrow, according to the living law of Rome, recognized as living not only in brute force but in spirit.

Up to the eve of the war, the old corrupt advisers persuaded the Italian people that they should not seek glory in conquest, but in acquisition. They tried to subordinate all moral values to petty and immediate interests.

It has been my joy and pride to re-establish in the conscience of the people this wholesome truth that the nation is in fact of a spiritual nature, and that the idea of sacrifice is at the root of this very spirituality.

We know today, after four weeks of war, what manner of individual excels in the nation, and through what effort the nation herself excels in renewing and creating life through destruction.

We begin to seize again this Roman art of power—"facere et pati ortia." The hour to act and to suffer has come for Italy, and never before this hour was the admonition so appropriate for her of our great poet and prophet:

"Now, ah now, we must learn through anguish, marching forward fighting against the most atrocious destiny without recoiling. Now it is necessary to realize what the children of Italy, united, really are, and to show it to the world."

Italy, in truth, after 50 years of misfortunes, errors, and efforts, badly governed by unscrupulous and incapable old men, who were the dead embers of the little fire of the small revolution—Italy has not yet shown the world what she is in reality. I even dare to say that she did not know what she was. I even dare to add—if 25 years of solitary meditation and uninterrupted vigilance gives me the right—I even dare to add to the last warning verses, the final word, humble but proud of your rude singer, because up till now except myself no one has recognized what these children, united, really were to the world.

One day men will have the courage to write a true history of our wars for independence, so interwoven with lights and shadows! Notwithstanding so much heroic ardor, notwithstanding so many sublime flames, the perfect mingling of souls and of blood was not attained. A veritable national consciousness was not formed.

Prisoners Teach Comrades

And this was very much the same point that Warden McKenty made when he was asked what he thought of Warden Osborne and the charges of undue leniency made against the Sing Sing chief; that after all that had been said by the professors to the contrary there was a right and a wrong to things, and that the law had to be observed within prison walls as well as outside. And he went so far as to say there is a God, though many professors had tried to convince him that there is none.

But before you go to "Bob" McKenty's office you followed the three girls to the rotunda, past beautifully kept though small and oddly angled lawns and centres whence long corridors pointed straight fingers on crazy diagonals, but where sunlight somehow shone—or was it only reflected? You forget, but the outside sun still seemed to radiate from the thin white dresses of the girls, who joined one group of well-dressed folk sitting about the rotunda. It suddenly dawned on you that they were relatives of prisoners, come on visits.

"Yes, there are well-dressed people put behind the bars as well as poor folk in rags," said the warden. "Which reminds me of a speech I read of a college professor's making at a commencement. He said they ought to have college professors visit the prisons and teach the prisoners, and then the better class prisoners could pass the learning on to the others. I had to laugh, because we have here in this prison better educated men than he is doing time and teaching their comrades."

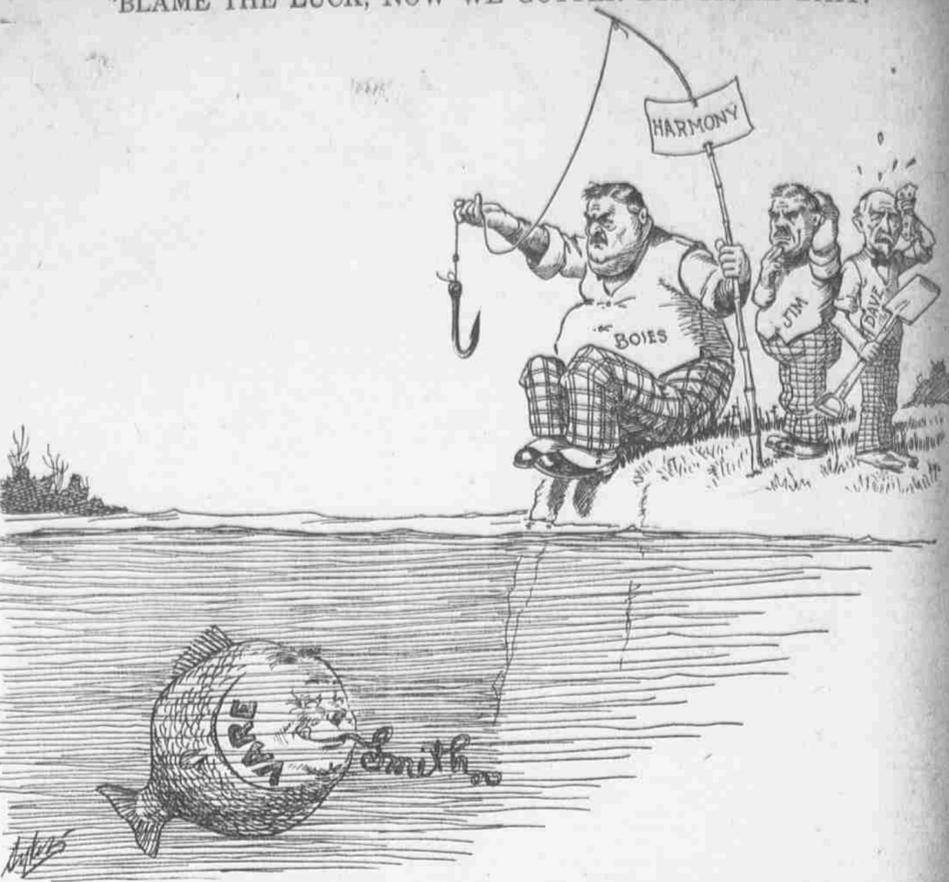
There had been a lot of talk about saving a man's self-respect in prison, and when it came to that the warden was fit; he was against prison stripes; and he brought out a remarkable point that is often forgotten. The law does not say anything about a man being "punished" in jail; it simply says he is to be confined there, deprived of liberty for such and such a time. At that moment a blare of trumpets sounded on a triumphant Sousa march, surprising the visitor. He was told it was the prison band, having its afternoon practice.

Baseball vs. Sunday Baseball

"A lot of these people want reforms put into effect that are already in effect as well as they can be. You hear that band," said the warden. "Well, they have their ball games here—a fifteen-inning game the other day. You see what I mean when I say the law does not directly punish, in the old-fashioned sense, of making a man miserable. Now, some reformer came here and told me I should let the men play on Sunday. I said no, and he seemed to think that was a hard-ship."

"Well, I say to them, 'How do you feel, sometimes about the man who told you and sent you there? And now you want to act the same way toward another man? It gets them every time. I feel it's my duty to make it plain to these men the rules of the game, and they are not ungrateful. I tell you men

"BLAME THE LUCK, NOW WE GOTTER DIG MORE BAIT!"



LAW IS LAW IN PRISON OR OUT

Warden McKenty, of the Eastern Penitentiary, on the "Sickening Sentimentality" That Masquerades as Prison Reform—Too Much "Science," Not Enough Religion

By HERBERT S. WEBER

THE three young girls who rang the door-bell of the Eastern Penitentiary (and one of them jumped as she touched the bell and hid behind her sister, laughing) looked like blithe maidens of a day gone by, tapping, all unknowingly, at an ogre's castle. The ivy-covered prison walls drank in the summer sun. The place looked as if a crowd of children had built it, with childish turrets pretending to look stern and a huge iron knob-studded gate with a little door cut in it, also iron knob-studded like the rest of the gate, and with no doorknob or keyhole.

When you followed and touched the bell it rang right close inside and quite loud (so no wonder the girl jumped), and the door was immediately opened and you were let right in and the door closed quickly behind you. And at once you were sorry for something you had done that wasn't right, but that was not the kind of thing they send you to prison for, though heaven knows why they don't. Well, if the place looked childish, it had a right to look so. For it is the only place left where there is a sharp difference between right and wrong; just as children are the only people left in the world who know any real difference between right and wrong.

Prisoners Want No Molluscology. "But men don't want to be molluscified," said the warden, with a bang of the flat on the table. "Men want to be treated like men, and prisoners are like other people. What's the use of this slobbering over grown-up people with gushing sentimentality? Make no mistake about it; these fellows are not sorry to be taught the difference between right and wrong here, to take their medicine like men; and they thank you for it after they get out, and don't you forget it. And they wouldn't thank you for slobbering and gushing over them with sickening sentimentality. They know what brought them here; let them get the good out of it. Look at this letter."

He showed a neatly written letter; and the man that wrote it couldn't write when he came to the Penitentiary. The names are changed and everything else that could betray the writer to his employers; the warden inslated on that.

Dear Sir: I thought I would drop you a line to let you know how I am getting along. I am still leaning on the everlasting arms of Jesus. Am leading an honorable and upright life, working every day at the above-named place and getting good pay. Praise God, I heard about Charlie pitching that is a reference to prison baseball. (Tell him Rogers says keep up the good work. Tell Dick that I say don't hit Louie so hard. Tell the cooks (prisoners on duty as cooks), bakers, because they know what I did to tell them to use that twist ball (is this prisoner how to throw), on those hama close. Hoping you and yours are all well. I am praying for you continually. God bless you.

Prisoners as Grown-up Children. "And yet these scientists come in here and try to tell me the Bible is only a bunch of fables like Jack the Giant Killer," said the warden. He said he believed in the Bible, and his visitor said, yes, he did, too. If there is any place where the Bible looks truer, it would be hard to find. For the inexorable rules of life are there, in prison, being enforced, and in the simple, nursery fashion already alluded to. The men in prison, like those outside, are only grown-up children, and it is often good to treat them that way. For example, the warden said that there came little complaints to him from time to time. "He stole my pipe," "He didn't give me back this or that," "Punish him." Prisoners accusing prisoners.

"Well, I say to them, 'How do you feel, sometimes about the man who told you and sent you there? And now you want to act the same way toward another man? It gets them every time. I feel it's my duty to make it plain to these men the rules of the game, and they are not ungrateful. I tell you men

want to be treated like men, and pay the penalty for their misdeeds. You hear a lot about the men who are caught after having served a term in jail. How often do you hear about the men who never go back to jail again, who really turn over a new leaf? Yet they are the rule, the others the exception." He made a final comment in summary: "There's too much science about these days and not enough religion."

COLLEGE COSMOPOLITANISM

Unconditional Charge of Snobbishness Due Fraternities an Injustice

By H. B. HUTCHINS

President University of Michigan. Snobbishness is the most serious offense charged against fraternity men, but statistics gathered at Michigan in the campaign for the Michigan Union Building, which will be the centre of all student activities and democratic in every sense of the word, show that the fraternity men are eager for cosmopolitanism. I am told that over 72 per cent of all the fraternity men at Michigan are already members of the union, and that on completion of the new building, which our alumni are about to erect and endow for the union, probably 85 per cent of the fraternity men at Michigan will be members.

The real reason for the charge of snobbishness against the fraternities has been that they adhered too closely to their small circles. That was true to quite a degree. But the large circle didn't exist. The colleges and universities, except in isolated cases, haven't provided the meeting places for all the students where they can make new acquaintances, gather for exchange of ideas and mingle with one another in a broad spirit of fellowship.

There is a liberal education in meeting men. Advantage should be taken of every opportunity for bringing college men into personal contact with one another. Community welfare will thus be made to supplant the smaller view-point.

WAR IN A NUTSHELL

Here is a Chinese student's summary of the war's causes, as published in a Shanghai paper: "Now there is a great battle in Europe. The began because the Prince of Austria went to Serbia with his wife. One man of Serbia killed him. Austria was angry, and so wrote Serbia Germany write a letter to Austria, 'I will help you.' Russia write a letter to Serbia, 'I will help you.' France did not want to fight, but they got ready their soldiers. Germany write a letter to France, 'You don't get ready, or I will fight you in nine hours.' Germany, I fight them, pass Belgium. Belgium say, 'I am a country; I am not a road.' And Belgium write a letter to England about Germany, to help him. So, England help Belgium.' We can do better in the same space—Chicago Tribune.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Prediction has a sense of its danger, but the query persists: Is history to know this as the useless war?—Chicago Tribune.

When the moonlight school drives out the moonshine still, not only Kentucky but the whole nation will be the richer.—Chicago Tribune.

Let us leave "foreign complications" to those of us appointed to attend to them, and concern ourselves with our own prosperity and its fulfilment.—Chicago Herald.

There is one cult that our educational establishments do not teach, and that is broad-mindedness. In fact, the effort is organized in the opposite direction, and tends to end in narrow-mindedness, which is the method of selfishness.—Ohio State Journal.

Until Carranza is induced to see the light by his advisers or the pressure of circumstances, the plans of the "A B C" conferees will probably be of little avail. That there is a gap short of the application of force, we are not entitled to believe.—Boston Post.

If better wages are not only to be protected but encouraged for men because of their healthful effects on the national life, the same arguments apply to women. They have definitely taken their places in the industrial work of the country, and if they are to be subjected to the same pleasures or rigors of the battle they should also enjoy the same protections that society has considered necessary for the traditional workers.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MYSTERIOUS ONES

Their garden is full of invisible things. Of knights and of gentils and angels with wings. Of heroes and monsters, great ladies and elves. Through the long afternoon when they're left to themselves. Down there by the palings, where flowers grow through. They're off to the lands where the Hippogriff flew.

They slip past you shyly in rooms, on the stairs. "Saint George and the Dragon" are put in their prayers. You hear of their speeches and quaint, funny thoughts. For little you know of their tapdancing feet. And the hand of a queen that is proffered to you. You take as the hand of a man "little girl" —William Ross Bennett, in the Century.