

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CIRCUIT COURT, PHILADELPHIA
Editorial Board: Cyrus H. Curtis, Chairman; F. L. Whalley, Executive Editor; John C. Martin, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
Subscription Terms: By carrier, Daily Only, six cents; By mail, postpaid outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, Daily Only, one month, twenty-five cents; Daily Only, one year, three dollars.

Advertisement rates: One inch, one week, \$1.00; One inch, one month, \$3.00; One inch, three months, \$8.00; One inch, six months, \$15.00; One inch, one year, \$28.00.

Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 17, 1915.
No man gets out of life more than he puts in it.

The Wearing of the Green

The finest trait of the Irish in America is their fondness for the old sod. The roots of the shamrock which they wear today are in the soil across the sea, but its leaves are making this town bright.

In the Name of New Freedom

One of the most grievous blunders of the Administration was its attempt to put the Government in the shipping business. Now a Senate committee is trying to find out why it failed by seeking to discover what influences were lined up in the opposition.

Who Will Grasp This Opportunity?

The Government is making plans for the building of flying machines at the League Island Navy Yard or at some other place. The League Island yard offers advantages which can be found in no other place.

Popular Taste Is Sound

It is easy to understand why Lydia Field Emmet's painting, "Patricia," was voted to be the best in the spring exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts.

Ethics of Journalism

Two years ago Samuel Bowles, in an address delivered before the Columbia School of Journalism, said: "To my mind there is no occupation in which men engage, none even of the so-called learned professions, law, medicine, theology, which demands a higher standard of ethics in its pursuit than journalism, and this because of its extraordinary power and opportunities in affecting the public welfare."

The Germans Could Do It

The report that comes out of Germany that the Germans have their navy yards so perfectly organized and have enlisted the engineering and constructing skill of the empire so effectively that they are turning out a submarine every day is not incredible.

A Policy That Leads to Bankruptcy

The administrative incapacity of the Democratic party is notorious, and it was never better demonstrated than during the past two years. The Congress just adjourned made appropriations amounting to \$2,000,000,000, and it has boasted that this is a \$2,000,000,000 country.

Who Make International Law?

International law, in the broad sense, is not a structure, but a process. It is a series of explanations of the way in which nations have acted under different circumstances, supplemented by more or less formal agreements among them to act as they have acted if the circumstances should be repeated.

The King of "Patter"

Of course there is remarkable technique behind it. As a dramatist he moved his story forward with a theatrical sureness that brought theatrical climax to the comedy. As a versifier he had probably no equal, and it was in his verse that his satire most shone.

Arch-Satirist of Victorian Days

A Few Glimpses at the Ways of the "Gilbert and Sullivan" - The Most Popular Plays of a Century and Their Satire.
By KENNETH MACGOWAN

OF THE whole dramatic output of nineteenth century England there is only one group of plays which are revived with any frequency nowadays, and they add needlessly to their author's fame by being the only group in the whole range of our dramatic literature which is so hopelessly lacking in the case of that other much revived but reverence-hampered dramatist, Shakespeare.

Best Thought in America

Digest of the Magazines
High Life and Psychology
There is a nicely adjusted mixture of high life and psychology and mystery and suspense in a detective story by Arthur Hays Sulzberger in the Cosmopolitan (3).

'Tis Patrick's Day

Written to the air of "O'Donnell Aboe," an old Irish war song.
By J. ST. GEORGE JOYCE

near. No one knows where he stands. The effect is depressing and it will take all the optimism in the country to carry it through this crisis.

While all these disturbing things were being done the Congress went ahead serenely appropriating money right and left as though the resources of the Government were inexhaustible.

Who Make International Law?
INTERNATIONAL law, in the broad sense, is not a structure, but a process.

The textbooks may give a different definition, but when reduced to their elements all the definitions will be found to rest on the simple proposition, namely, that the law of nations, like the law of nature, is merely a way of acting.

The balance of power among nations is disturbed by this great war, and the emergencies are creating new necessities and new international law is now in the making.

The body of international precedents which we now have has been made largely by the action of England, France, Germany and the United States.

The editor of the New York Times was summoned before the committee and insulted by being asked whether improper motives had actuated him and whether English gold was not behind his opposition to the ship purchase bill.

The vindication of the Times, however, is of little importance in comparison with the humiliating exhibition of the pettiness of the Senate committee.

Who in this city or in the whole country has the foresight and enterprise and courage to put money and brains into the development of a motor lighter than any other on the market, or what motor manufacturer right here can convince the Government that his motor is the best in the world for the uses to which it is to be put?

There were other things which Gilbert laughed at and, in our modern phrase, "got away with it." That civilian Lord of the Admiralty, who furnished the material for his first success, "Pinafore," was one of them.

When I was a youth I pondered some On the terrible effects of the demon rum, I never dallied with the dread highball, And I never bought a bottle of champagne at all.

There is this live satire everywhere in Gilbert, but nowhere is it richer or sharper or more two edged than in "Iolanthe," which

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Putting the brilliant music of Sullivan aside there is still such virtue in the librettos of these "Gilbert and Sullivans" that they richly deserve not only our admiration and affection, but the term plays. Picture-book "Pinafore," first of the lot; ingenious "Pirates of Penzance," like some sublimated amateur theatricals; "Iolanthe," which stands beside "Patience" as triumphantly topical satire; less known but no less skillful "Sorcerer" and "Yeomen of the Guard," and, finally, that last word in operetta, "The Mikado."

Just why? Well, you may put it down to a number of things—according to your own temperament and the diversity of Gilbert's accomplishments—but the chief of these for many of us is satire.

The King of "Patter"
Of course there is remarkable technique behind it. As a dramatist he moved his story forward with a theatrical sureness that brought theatrical climax to the comedy.

It is no business of a reviewer to spoil sport by telling too much of what Philadelphia may see Thursday evening, but it can do no harm to recall bits here and there of the adventures of Strophon, fairy and Conservative above the waist, mortal and Radical below.

That very little boy or gal That's born into the world alive Is either a Little Liberal Or else a Little Conservative.

we may recall the declaration of the fairy queen that she will force all Strophon's bills through both houses:

You shall sit, if he sees reason, Through the grouse-and-salmon season. . . . Peers shall teem in Christendom, And a duke's exalted station Be attainable by competitive examination.

Of course it is a simple and a very direct attack, nothing for a humorist to be conspicuously proud of, even if it leads a peer to remark: "Well, but think what it all means. I don't so much mind for myself, but with the House of Peers with no grandfathers worth mentioning the country must go to the dogs. . . . I don't want to say a word against brains. I've a great respect for brains. I often wish I had some myself, but with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect what's to become of the House of Commons?"

It is characteristic of Gilbert's popularity in his own day—and perhaps of his popularity now—that it arose from satire of the social exuberances of his time and ours, not of the roots of Victorian civilization. He twitted the nobility, the officious, the upstarts; he poked his fun at the vagaries of the drawing room. But he never went beneath to thrust his scapel into the drear and noxious reality of commercial exploitation which had followed upon the industrial revolution and which made the nineteenth century a hideous age. It was something doubtless too bitter for our amusement.

'TIS PATRICK'S DAY
Written to the air of "O'Donnell Aboe," an old Irish war song.
By J. ST. GEORGE JOYCE

'Tis Patrick's Day! Spread ye wide the glad tidings, Heralds of sunrise that dawn vigil keep, Fly swift and go where the dream-god abiding Holds our dear Sireland in thraldom of sleep.

Loudly over mountain dell, Blithely by mead and fell, Waken the echoes with your gladsome lay, And as ye glide in air, Bid youth and maiden fair Arouse from their slumbers, for 'tis Patrick's Day.

Nature rejoices, the spring time is beaming, And Erin is clad in a mantle of green, O'er wood and meadow the sun's rays are gleaming, Tinting with gold spray their emerald sheen.

In every spreading vale, In every sylvan dale, Brighter the shamrock than roses in May; On every breast is seen That glorious triple green— Emblem of Ireland on St. Patrick's Day.

Thus was it, Erin, in days when thy glory As beacon light blazed the way to thy plains, When king and chief were embazoned in strays, And valor was theme of each minstrel's strains.

Then every Gaelic sept Sacred the feast kept, Unbound by despot; 'neath no Saxon sway, Then were our fathers free, As crest of the swelling sea, And gloried in freedom on each Patrick's Day.

Thus, Mother Erin, in the brighter days waiting For thee in the future, may freedom be thine; May sorrows succumb, and in great joy elating, Your sons offer incense at Liberty's shrine.

Proudly in heaven's sight, May all your creeds unite, And to the Father of all humbly pray That until time shall cease, Ireland will thrive in peace, And be the greater each Patrick's Day.



we are to hear this week. Pooh Bah may be a comic masterpiece, the Pirate King may sing with renewed vigor today his song:

When I sail forth to seek my prey, I help myself in a royal way, I sink a few more ships, it's true, Than a well-bred monarch ought to do; But many a king on a flat-class throne, If he wants to call his soul his own, Must manage somehow to get through More dirty work than ever I do.

But "Iolanthe; or, the Peer and the Peri," remains the piece in which Gilbert satirized a ludicrous subject most ludicrously and in which he achieved the acme of his art—satire from both sides.

Spoofing the House of Lords
It is no business of a reviewer to spoil sport by telling too much of what Philadelphia may see Thursday evening, but it can do no harm to recall bits here and there of the adventures of Strophon, fairy and Conservative above the waist, mortal and Radical below.

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"OH-H-H WAITER!"



BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES
High Life and Psychology
There is a nicely adjusted mixture of high life and psychology and mystery and suspense in a detective story by Arthur Hays Sulzberger in the Cosmopolitan (3).

Forty Stories
WHAT constitutes the goodness of a good story? There are so many standards of goodness, Goodness in people, for instance. To some the idea of a good man necessarily involves being a church member, while to others it merely suggests honesty and integrity and decent living.

American—"I Should Say So."
Collier's—"Saleratus Smith."
Cosmopolitan—"The Tango Thief."
Everybody's—"Making Money."

Through the lobby of the famous new hotel we slowly loined along. Then, down a passage into the tearoom, where, in the centre of a circle of quaint little wicker chairs and tables, was a glossy dancing floor. At one end of the room an excellent orchestra was performing. About all was the glamour of the dancing tea was represented apparently much wealth, women whose throats and fingers glittered with gold and gems, men whose very air exuded prosperity, or at least its veneer.

"I suppose," remarked Craig, after we had watched the brilliant scene, "that, like many others, you have often wondered whether these modern dances are actually as stimulating as they seem." I shrugged my shoulders noncommittally. "Well, there is what psychologists might call a real dance-neurosis," he went on contemplatively toying with a glass. "In fact, few persons can withstand the physical effect of the peculiar rhythm, the close contact and the slithering movements—at least where, so to speak, the surroundings are suggestive and the dance becomes less restrained and more sensuous, as it does often in circumstances like these among strangers."

"Why," Craig exclaimed, looking out at the whirling kaleidoscope, "here in the most advanced era, people of culture and intelligence frankly say that they are 'wild' for something primitive!"

"Still," I objected, "dancing, even in the wild, stimulating, emotional manner you see here, need not be merely an incitement to love, need it? May it not be a normal gratification of the love instinct? It may represent, in the closest contact and the slithering movements—at least where, so to speak, the surroundings are suggestive and the dance becomes less restrained and more sensuous, as it does often in circumstances like these among strangers."

"Ladies Home Journal"—Rabbits; who girls in kimonos making fudge recklessly; common fellows playing croquet in courts in Indiana; sweetly pretty girls doing nothing whatever sweetly.

"Cosmopolitan"—Illustrations for Brisbane sermons; smudge-faced Greek looking soulful at you because militant hangs around his neck—galley burning on horizon doesn't mean anything in particular, but seems psychological.

Harper's—Southern kannel, in Buffalo Bill makes-up, starting to death at the plaza; "old collard gent" on his knees before old "Marshall" begging him to share his watermelon.

Life—Cupid; man, girl, moon, moon, girl, man; cupid.

Evening Post—Man seated at desk; ditto standing by desk; ditto walking away from desk.

Taking this as a basis of classification for the various magazines, the 40 stories in a group of magazines of the month may be further subdivided by their own individual subjects. Ten of them are serial stories, and consequently and necessarily involve one or more love interests each. Of the remaining 30 short stories, 11 are frankly love stories, three are about married people and triangles, five are adventure and detective yarns, five are about boys and six are miscellaneous.

Financially speaking, the most spectacular story is the thousand dollar prize story printed in Collier's last month (2). Oddly enough, it is not a love story, but a revival story, with the further religious smack that it carries the indorsement of "Billy" Sunday, to whom it was submitted before it appeared. The story is about a tough Negro, "Saleratus Smith," who ran the most prosperous and amply "protected" gambling joint in a small town. Suddenly he became religious, smashed up his gambling outfit with an ax, in the midst of his astonished patrons, addressing them afterward in the style of a colored "Billy" Sunday.

He dropped his ax with a thump and leaped out over it. "Listen yere yo' niggers! Low down, low, mean as de meanest of yo' is, yo' has in yo' away down where yo' get all about it—yo' got a sweet place. Listen yere! Bring it up like de cow do her cud. It tastes good. I has my mouth full now, and de more yo' tastes, de faster it comes. Look har, Jim Slocum—I see yo'! None of dat! D' liver half-moon lip o' yourn hanging down like de handle of a crutch showin' yo' underteeth. Don't go complainin' no rough housin'! Yo' knows me! I's goin' down to de meetin' to take my stand and yo' all got to go 'long and hear yo' selves whinin' down de glided chute.

"Looks yere," he roared, "dar ain't a nigger yere but what's a born, bone believer in de 'fluences. Yo's afraid of ghosts. Yo's afraid of de evil eye. Yo's afraid of de Bad Man. Yo' every one knows dar's somethin' roun' things higher up. Yo's afraid of it." He distorted his face into an appalling expression, and crouching down lower yet, slowly swung the whites of rolled up eyes around upon them. "It's yere, de roon's stuck full with it. It's outside guardin' the

Italy and the Muss
From the New York Evening Post.
As Italy might say:
Man wants but little, Harr Buelow.

Upon the House-tops
"Alone upon the house-tops, to the North
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!"

A Man in Our Town
There was a man in our town
Invested all his health,
With madly avaricious aim,
To win the goal of wealth;
And when the same he had attained,
With all his might and main,
He vainly lavished all his wealth
To get his health again.