# Evening & Tedger

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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. I 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. And its trefoil represents that splendid trinity of love for the land of one's ancestors, love for the land of one's adoption and love for the church, St. Patrick's Day is none the less American because it is the national holiday of another nation. This country is big enough and tolerant enough to welcome the observance here of the national days of every other nation under the sun, for it is proud of its origins and wishes to keep their memory green.

#### 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 falled by seeking to discover what influences were lined up in the opposition. The assumption is that if it had not been for the improper use of influence the Serite would have been obedient to commands from the White House. So it really becomes an inquiry to discover who is stronger than Woodrow Wilson.

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. His explanation was a complete vindication of the integrity of the management of his paper. Indeed, if the Times had not opposed the bill its motives might have been open to suspicion, for it has had a consistent policy of hostility to Government ownership in every form for 30 years.

The vindication of the Times, however, is of little importance in comparison with the humiliating exhibition of the pettiness of the Senate committee. It was not content with seeking for unworthy motives for opposition to the shipping plan, but it demanded that the editor explain why he had supported or opposed every important public measure of recent years, as if the Senate had a right to exercise supervision over the judgments of the press. If this sort of thing keeps on the impatience of the country with the New Freedom will become clamorous long before 1916.

### Liquor Champions on the Job

WHEN Mulvihill and Neil Bonner gather together at Harrisburg there is some reason to believe that a movement to wreck local option is on foot. These gentlemen are working in the open, of course. They have not been backward in letting the Commonwealth know what they stand for. Their position was well known last full before the election. To be sure Doctor Brumbaugh was explicit in his advocacy of local option, writing a platform of his own that the record might be straight; but the liquor interests, which are as blind here as they have been in other States, had an idea that he was only fooling. They have been disillusioned and have a real fight on their hands. They are pretty sure of a rousing defeat if the Vare interests stand by the Governor, as they ought to do and will do if there is any acumen back of their politics.

### The Germans Could Do It

THE report that comes out of Germany I 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. If Henry Ford can build 100 automobiles a day, it is not impossible for a paternal government, with all the resources of a great empire at its command, to build under-water vessels at the rate of 30 a month.

Whether one sympathizes with the Germans or not, it is foolish to attempt to withhold from them the praise that is their due for their remarkable efficiency and for the thoroughness with which they prepare for their tasks. What victories they have won thus far have been organized victories. Nothing has been left to chance. That is why all the reports that come out of Germany reveal the unbounded confidence of the Germans in ultimate victory.

## A Policy That Leads to Bankruptey

THE administrative incapacity of the Deml ocratic party is notorious, and it was never better demonstrated than during the pant two years. The Congress just adjourned made appropriations amounting to \$2,000,-900,000, and it has boasted that this is a \$2,000,000,000 country.

If business had been prosperous and therevenues of the Government had continued on the usual scale there might have been justineation for the appropriations. But the party began to unsettle business by revising the taciff. It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that in the long run the tariff change may be beneficial, but the first effect has been to reduce the revenues, to produce an enormous deficit and to unsettle

The Democratic Congress also, not concent with reducing the tariff, passed a lot of laws changing the conditions under which eccinges may be done. This also was unsettling. Almost everything that has been has been disturbing, instead of reas-Boom the banking act, which is a at improvement over the old law, is in-

ness. 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 crists.

While all these disturbing things were being done the Congress went ahead serenely appropriating meney right and left as though the resources of the Government were inexhaustible. It is the policy of the spendthrift and wastrel, the irresponsible act of a child who has learned neither foresight nor prudence. In short, it is characterlatic of the party distinguished above all things for its capacity for blundering.

#### Who Make International Law?

INTERNATIONAL law, in the broad sense, I 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 re-

The textbooks may give a different definition, but when reduced to their elements all the definitions will be found to rest on this simple proposition, namely, that the law of nations, like the law of nature, is merely a way of acting. The law of gravitation describes how a suspended body behaves itself if the support is removed. But if the nice adjustment of forces in the world should be upset, no physicist could tell offhand how the law of gravitation would operate.

The balance of power among pations is disturbed by this great war, and the emergencies are creating new necessities and new international law is now in the making. The process has begun, and no one can tell what the product will be. All that is known is that in the struggle for existence the warring nations will pursue that course which they think will best serve them, and they will use all the power at their command to defend their right to ignore old precedents or to make new precedents. And there is no high tribunal which can stop them.

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 United States is the only Power interested in holding fast to the old precedents; but it cannot compel France, England and Germany to make war according to rules that please Washington alone. The United States is in a minority in the international legislature, and it will have to admit that the majority rules. We may not like it, but we must submit because we have not the physical power to enforce our wishes.

### 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. So it is likely that it will be selected. Every airship has to be equipped with a motor, and the lighter the motor for each horsepower the more desirable it becomes for use in a flying machine.

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? The final decision has not yet been made to build airships at League Island, and it cannot be made until Congress meets again. There is, therefore, time enough for Philadelphia inventors and manufacturers to prepare for the market that is likely soon to be at their doors, and that will carry with it control of national and international markets also.

### Popular Taste Is Sound

T IS easy to understand why Lydia Field L Emmet's painting, "Patricia," was voted to be the best in the spring exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts. The painting is a fine piece of work from the technical of view and the subject is appropriate for a picture. A sweet child, standing, hesitant, as if timid, that is all there is to it. But the artist put into the painting that indefinable something which produces the impression that a personality looks at you from the canvas.

Miss Emmet will, therefore, receive the prize offered by Edward Bok for the painting which the great jury of the public selected as the best in the exhibition. The verdict indicates that popular taste is sound.

### Ethics of Journalism

TIWO years ago Samuel Bowles, in an ad-I dress delivered before the Columbia School of Journalism, said:

"To my mind there is no occupation in which men engage, none even of the socalled 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 wel-

The ideals and inspirations of any community inevitably parallel the character of its journalism, on which citizens must depend for the presentation of the facts on which they are to base their conclusions. Publicity is the most powerful of modern weapons and journalism is the science and practice of publicity. No nation is likely to be greater than the journalists who serve it or to have higher ideals.

Whatever Italy gets will be too much for

Mars is older than St. Patrick, and he claims this day and all recent days as his

jury seldom receives the just reward of her bad acting elsewhere. Secretary Daniels has discovered that the

The woman who is a good actor before the

navy never was so good as it has been since he took charge of it.

It may be an abuse of Americanism to prepare for war, but it never was Americanism to run away from a fight.

Whatever the place of Ireland in English history, the place of Irishmen has been at the head of the fighting columns.

In view of the cash returns, the wonder is that there are not more Billy Sundays.—New York World. Three of them have been operating in this State this winter.

The complaint of the Senate Investigating Committee seems to be that the newspapers influence public opinion, a thing which few Senators can do. The newspapers deal in

Perhaps a specific law is necessary for the punishment of fraudulent advertisers, such as the Missouri Legislature is about to pass, but the general statute against getting money anded to marge the methods of doing busi- I puder false pretenses ought to cover the case.

### 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 nine-teenth 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 arouse that personal affection which is so hopelessly lacking in the case of that other much revived but reverence-hampered dramatist. Shakespeare. By the coincidences of "bookings" Philadelphia is proving it these two weeks.

Putting the brilliant music of Sullivan aside there is still such virtue in the librettoes of these "Glibert-&-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 Pensance," like some sublimated amateur theatricals; "folanthe," which stands beside "Patience" as triumphant topical satire; less known but no less skillful "Sorcerer" and "Yeomen of the Guard," and, finally, that last word in operatia, "The Mikuda.

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. As a versifier he had probably no equal, and it was in his verse that his satire most shone. A bit of that song of the Major General in 'The Pirates of Penzance' demonstrates his technical command completely:

I am the very pattern of a modern Major General. I've information vegetable, animal and mineral; I know the kings of England, and I quote the timbis bistorical. From Marathon to Waterloo, in order cate-

gorical: I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters I understand equations, both the simple and nundratical

About binominal theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news-Gilbert was capable of the most amazing stunts in rapid versification. In the fastest of "patter" be could achieve both sense and nonsense. And he could put a particularly trenchant point with an aptness of phrase that was nothing if not poetic.

Added unto all this was that divine quality of satirle laughter. He could even poke fun at his own art, at the customary procedure

Gilbert was never guitty of the pretense at love which passes for romance in every one of our musical comedies. If he waxed sentimental he knew it and promptly pushed it to burlesque. He could do this in Victorian England, and in those days when nobody doubted the wisdom or humanity of any armed act of John Bull he could poke fun at narrow patriotism with his "Pinafore" song, "He is an Englishman." He could even bring a pirate band into submission by the simple expedient of invoking Queen Victoria's name. But that could also make him do many years without his knighthood.

### "Pinafore" Up to Date

There were other things that Glibert 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 "Pinnfore" was one of the And if it very nearly laughed the amateur sailor out of office it has just as sharp a sting for certain similar tendencies in Washington today. We smile at another man besides Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., when we hear him say: "Hum this over at your leisure. It is a song I have composed for the use of the royal navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service." We don't need the poet of the New York Tribune to point the moral with

When I was a youth I pendered 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

kept away from guzzling men

Till now I am the ruler of the U. S. N. There is this live satire everywhere in Gilbert, but nowhere is it richer or sharper or

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

When I sally 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 first-class throne. If he wants to call his soul his own, Must manage somehow to get

More dirty work than ever I do. But "Jolanthe; 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 artsatire from both sides.

#### Spoofing the House of Lords

It is no business of a reviewer to spoll 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 Strephon, fairy and Conservative above the waist, mortal and Radical below. Passing over the abysmal yet heartening reflections of Private Willis, on sentry-go outside Westminster.

That every 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 Strephon'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, ut 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 new-that it arose from satire of the social excrescences 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 doubtmore two edged than in "folanthe," which I less too bitter for our amusement.

## BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

#### DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

(1) American-"I should Say So."

SOUTH AMERICAN

TRADE

"OH-H-H WAITER!"

(2) Collier's—"Saleratus Smith."
(3) Cosmopolitan—"The Tango Thief."
(4) Everybody's—"Making Money."

## 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. So a good story may mean a story that gets printed in a magazine, as compared with all the thousands that travel wearily back to their writers in the return envelope; while, again, a good story may mean a story that tickles the imagination and leaves you refreshed and stimulated, or it may be one that will make you burst out crying. Even that is not very definite, however, for there are as many ways of tickling imaginations as there are imaginations to tickle. The various magazines have quite a distinct individuality, in the types of stories they print, so much so that there are story brokers who make their livings reading story manuscripts and deciding to which magazines they should be submitted. James Montgomery Flagg shows the various types cleverly in his skit "I Should Say So," in the American Magazine this month, which describes "Breaking Into the Art Game" (1). He characterizes the various styles of fiction and pictures likely to make a hit with the various magazines, for the guidance of would-be illustrators:

American Magazine-Tramps who became Governors or Ambassadors to Russia; com-mon fellows playing cornets in garrets in In-diana; sweetly pretty girls doing nothing whatever sweetly

Ladies' Home Journal-Rabbits; nine girls in kimonos making fudge recklessly; com-mencement; stuffed shirt handling rolls of blank paper tied with pink ribbon to liun-dreds of thousands of beautiful and pure young ladies.

McClure's—Covers of girls showing acres of

neck and an expression "papa" would not tol-Cosmopolitan-Illustrations for Brisbanic

sermons; smudge-faced Greek looking soulful at you because millstone hangs around his neck-galley burning on horizon doesn't mean anything in particular, but seems psycho-

Harper's-Southern kunnel, in Buffalo Bill make-up, starving to death at the plaza; "old cullud gem'n" on his knees before old "Mar-stah" begging him to share his watermelon. Life-Cupids; man, girl, moon; moon, girl, cupids.

Saturday 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 leaned out over it. "Listen yere yo' niggers! Low down, lousy, mean as de meanest of yo' is, yo' has in yo' away down where yo' foris, yo' has in yo' away down where yo' forget 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! Dot liver half-moon lip o' yourn hanging down like de handle of a crutch showin'
yo' undertesth. Don't go comteplatin' 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
whizin' down de gilded chute.

"Looka yere," he roared, "dar ain't a nig-

whiszin' down de gilded chute.

"Looka 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'
runnin' things higher up. Yo's afraid of it.
He distorted his face into an appalling expression, and croughing down lower yet,
slowly swung the whites of rolled up eyes
around upon them. "It's yers. De room's
churk full with it. It's outside guardin' the

house. It's got yo'. And it's God Almighty Hisself. Dar ain't no one can shake de p'session."

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 Reco in the Cosmopolitan (3). The suspense is a long and complicated matter, but the rather typically Cosmopolitan psychology and high life may be briefly quoted:

Through the lobby of the famous new hes-telry we slowly lounged along. Then, down a passage into the tearcom, 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 playing. I gazed about fascinated at the daucing tea was represented apparently much wealth, women whose throats and fin-gers gilttered with gold and gems, men whose very air exuded prosperity, or at least ts veneer. About it all was the glamour of the risque. One felt a sort of compromising familiarity in this breaking down of old so-cial restraints through the insidious infuence of the tearoom, with its accompan-ments of music and dancing.

"I suppose," remarked Craig, after we hid 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-neighbors," he went on contemplatively topiar with a glass. "In fact, few persons can withstand the physical effect of the peculiar right than the contemplatic of the peculiar right. rhythm, the close contact and the sinusumovements—at least where, so to speak the surroundings are suggestive and the dance becomes less restrained and more sension, as it does often in circumstances like these among strangers.

" 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 some-

thing 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 gralification of the love instinct? It may represent sex, but not necessarily badly." Kennedy nodded, "Undoubtedly the effect of the dances is in direct ratio to the sexual temperament of the dancer," he admitted. Its toylched, my arm, Lustinctively I followed. touched my arm, Instinctively I followed the direction of his eye. I realized that the man with Mrs. Seabury must be Sherbura, our "tango thief." Fashionably dressed, af-fable, seemingly superficially at least well educated, I could not help seeing at a glance that he was one of the most graceful dancer.

that he was one of the most graceful on the little floor. Owen Johnson has started his four Tale boys into the whirl of mad glad New York in this month's Everybody's (4), First off, the hero has an encounter in her 5th avenue drawing room with the younger sister of the

young lady he has called to see:

young lady he has called to see:

"You don't know me. I'm Patsis, the terror of the family. Now don't say you though! I was a child. I'm 17—18 in January. Of course, they've told you I'm a terror?" He nodded, which seemed to please her. "Well. I am. They had to keep me away till Doly hooked the Duke. Have you seen him? Well. If that's a Duke, all I've got to say is I think he's a muff. Of course you're waiting for Doris, aren't you? Well, a jolly long wait you'll have, too. Doris is splashing around among the rouge and powder like Romp in a puddle. I like you, you're all right. You're tilke a lot of these fashlon plates that come in on tiptoes, One thing I like about you, you don't wear spats.
"I suppose you're home for the wedding."

"I suppose you're home for the wedding he asked, "or are you through with the boarding school?" "Didn't you hear about this?" she said with a touch to her shortest hair. "They wanted this?" she said with a touch to her shows hair. "They wanted me to come out and I said I wouldn't. And when they said I should come out, I said to myself, 'I'll fix them so can't come out,' and I hacked off all my half and now if the plaguy old fashion hasn't get ten around to bobbed hair! What do yes

ITALY AND THE MUSS

From the New York Evening Past. As Italy might say: Man wants but little Herr Buelow.

UPON THE HOUSETOPS "Alone upon the housetops, to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North
Come back to me, Beloved, or I disl

"Below my feet the still bassar is laid, Far, far below the weary camels ite-The camels and the captives of thy raid. Come back to me, Beloved, or I disi

"My father's wife is old and harsh with years, And drudge of all my father's house am leady bread is sorrow and my drink is teat.

My bread is sorrow and my drink is teat.

Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

Budyard Kinlist

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 value lavialted all his wealth.
To get his health again.

'TIS PATRICK'S DAY Written to the air of "O'Donnell Aboo," an old Irish war song.

By J. ST. GEORGE JOYCE Profis Patrick's Day! Spread ye wide the glad tiding. . 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

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-

Nature rejoices, the spring time is beaming,

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 emblazoned in story And valor was theme of each minstrel's strains. Then every Gaello sept

Sacred the festal kept, Unbound by despot; 'meath no Saxon sway, Then were our fathers free, As crest of the swelling sea, And gioried 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 surcease, 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 Duy.