Crace H. R. Cueres, Chairman P. H. WHALEY..... Executive Editor JOHN C. MARTIN General Business Manager Published daily at Pustro Labora Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia. Broad and Chestnut Streets
Press-Union Building
170-A. Metropolitan Tower
826 Ford Building
400 Glabe Democrat Building

NEWS BUREAUS: The Poer Building

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS cents per week. By mail, postpaid liphia, except where foreign postage month, twenty-five cents; one year, All mail subscriptions payable in rs wishing address changed must

BELL, 5000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 1000

ENTERED AT THE PHILAPPLEMIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR SEPTEMBER WAS 100,008.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1915.

The successful man is he who is able to recognize Opportunity when he meets her.

IS THIS HARMONY?

SENATOR PENROSE is to speak every night this week until and including Friday night in behalf of the election of the "harmony" candidate for the mayoralty.

But he is not to speak in South Philadelphia "because of strained relations" between himself and the Vares.

He also desires, so it is said, to put his own stamp upon Smith so that no one may be under the impression that the Vares have any influence with Smith or any control over

This is a beautiful "harmony" program and one which will naturally delight every South Philadelphian who calls his soul his own, and who has hoped vainly for the manifestation of some qualities of real leadership in the men who have been speaking for them in the councils of the party.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS

ONE cannot look at the pictures of the beautiful Masonic home at Elizabethtown in the Illustrated section of the Sunday Public Ledger without almost wishing that he were eligible to live there by reason of age and dependence or youth and need of care.

The care which the Masonic order takes of those entitled to its protection is unsurpassed by that of any other organization, whether religious or secular. The group of buildings that the Grand Lodge is erecting in Lancaster County bids fair to surpass anything of the kind that has yet been seen in this country.

ENGLAND TAKES HEART

IT IS a good sign for England that she A can take courage unto herself. Her predicament is unhappy. She has been unsuccessful in a great adventure, "somewhere on Gallipoli," and she suffers disgraceful dissensions at home. With her usual self-belittling, she has made her case worse than

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle bids her take things are "all right!" He doesn't with confidence say "Carry on," as Connaught was wont when things were going well; but he denies that things are all wrong He gives some hope, at least, for England's victory. In so doing he adds a little hope for England's character.

THE MARTYRS OF SUGAR

FORTY-FIVE medical students at the University who are undergoing a sugar test are pretty certain to have a good many jests flung at them. On the surface, at the first taste, as it were, their labor is trivial. They are absorbing sugar in the form of glucose highballs, in lemonade. Old men with gout will look upon the intrepld 45 with something akin to envy and admiration, with a terrible word of warning.

The scientific purpose in the investigation which Dr. Taylor is carrying on is by no means insignificant. It has been an established method of diagnosing blindness on the assumption that the brain-tumor causing the defect made it possible for the victim to absorb more sugar than normal, because the tumor and not the system took up the sugar. It is this that Dr. Taylor proposes to disprove, by indicating what enormous quantitles of sugar the healthy, tumoriess human being can absorb.

Establishing a "sugar index" is hardly so appealing to the imagination as discovering a continent. But is has its self-sacrifice and a quaint humor to take the place of romance.

PEACE WILL BRING A TRADE CRISIS

WHILE the war lasts the American producer is protected as effectively as though the highest kind of a tariff kept out the cheaply manufactured goods of Europe. But the war will end some day. The manufacturer who would like to arrange for enlarging his output hesitates because he does not know whether he is to be subjected to the competition of foreign goods in the near future. The Underwood tariff does not protect him properly. It was not intended to protect him at all, but was framed to beneint the consumer under the mistaken notion that the consumer is not a producer also. n the war ends the demand for muniwhich has given prosperity to a small group of workmen and millowners here, will and the millions of soldiers in Europe will return to their ordinary vocations under mmand of captains of industry, who ert themselves to the utmost to regain their lost trade.

Europe will recover from the effects of the war, just as the United States after the vil War was exporting more manufactured ade in 1866 than in 1860. Our total exports 1800 were greater than in any previous ear. They alumped until they were re-used 50 per cent in 1865; but in 1866 they severed all they had lost and surpassed a previous high record. We are not to ye the world markets at our mercy when man treaties are signed, but our magwill be at the mercy of the rest of the

crisis for their present disposition to apply academic theories to actual conditions. They have already begun to talk of protecting American trade and are showing some faint glimmerings of economic sense. But the altuation cannot be saved so long as they remain in power, for the reason that they are only amateurs dealing with a problem that calls for the ablest and most experienced experts capable of framing a real protective tariff law.

HOW ABOUT IT?

IT IS entirely possible that Mr. Smith, despite his evasion of specific declarations in the matter of rapid transit, views with favor the construction of some new lines, There is no reason to suppose that McNichol and the Vares are opposed to getting as many contracts as possible, and with a Mayor of their own in City Hall to award contracts of their own making and of their own inspection, they would not be likely to let Smith block any proposed construction work. So far so good.

But how about operation, Mr. Smith? You and your political organs are strangely silent on that point. You talk about new lines, but you say nothing about the agreement for the operation of these lines. You and your organs have nothing to say about universal five-cent fares and the elimination of exchange tickets; that is, your organs have nothing to say on this point, but you yourself, having been too busy in other affairs to know anything about the transit problem in Philadelphia, aver that you can promise nothing because you are not sure that a company could operate successfully on a five-cent basis. Perhaps it is a good thing for Philadelphia, Mr. Smith, that you never sat on the Public Service Commission, and surely it will be a better thing if you never sit as Mayor of Philadelphia. The people want a man in City Hall who does believe that five-cent fares are possible here, just as they exist, in fact, in virtually every other large city of the world.

Nobody is to favor of rapid transit who is opposed to five-cent fares. The candidacy of Eight-Cent-Fare Smith is an attack on cheap transit, just as it is perilous to any kind of rapid transit. Mr. Smith will not sign the transit pledge, for he does not like to piedge himself ahead of time in pub-Hc. Can it be that he has been equally reticent in private and equally independent?

PUBLIC SERVICE

IN ANNOUNCING his forthcoming resignation as president of the Board of Aldermen of New York city to join the staff of a morning paper George McAneny has written these excellent words:

It is to be my good fortune to exchange one field of public service for another, and my opportunities for aiding the cause of good government will not be abridged,

Unless a journalist feels as Mr. McAneny feels, his work is a futile thing. Only because the newspaper is in truth a public service, comparable to the actual process of government, is it a power in American life.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT

EVERY one who was in any way connected with the passage of the new child labor law, whether by voting for it in the General Assembly, or urging its adoption upon the Legislature, must be gratified by chairman of the Committee on Industrial Education of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Mr. Niles says the statute is "in some ways the greatest and best educationally for the working people that has been enacted in the United States." It was intended to be such a law. The acts of other States were studied and the General Assembly profited by the experience of other communities and adapted their regulations to the conditions that prevail here.

The manufacturers who objected to it were unduly disturbed. It is possible to adjust the work and the hours in any institution to the strength of the children who must work there. And no employer would be so inhuman as to maintain that the exigencies of his business are so great that they demand the sacrifice of the health of the young. As the employers have examined the new law they have discovered that it will be much easier to conform to it than they feared. It will involve some readjustments, but if they meet the situation in a conciliatory mood and co-operate with the authorities whose duty it is to enforce it there will be little or no friction. The law does not go into effect until January 1, but some industries have already made the necessary adjustments. Within a year everything ought to be running smoothly and the judgment of Mr. Niles will then be vindi-

The Children's Hospital fund is growing slowly but surely.

Carranza pledges foreigners' safety. Is Mr.

Villa also a foreigner? Madame Melba is doing effective work for

the Allies with her beautiful voice. The "scandals" dug up by the Gang smell

of the fiction writer's workshop. A news headline reads: "Conan Doyle

Sees Victory-Scouts Fears." Boy Scouts? One iron cross was not enough for

Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The Kaiser has given him two.

Joseph Pennell has for years been suspected of being an artist, but he never before was suspected of being a spy.

On hearing of Colgate's score of 107 against Rensselaer an uninformed person asked. "Runs? or Points?" What is football coming to?

Conan Doyle put Sherlock Holmes on the job and discovered that the cause of the Ailles is not so serious as it has been

A Viennese girl tried to assassinate the Prince of Coburg. Following the argument of the present war, Abyssinia ought to at-

Chicago salounkeepers are learning that the law to the law. It remains to be seen whether, after sixty years of indifference to suches the statesmen in Washington ; it, the Chicago people want it enforced.

LEADERS OF SOME MODERN MOVEMENTS

Paymaster of Navy on Letterwriting-A "Safety First" Promoter Who Practiced on a Talking Machine

THE world is full of a number of move-I ments, social, economic and what not; and the men who do most to help them along are not necessarily the men who are engaged on the publicity end of the work, the preachers; but

often they are the busy practitioners, the men who exert the age-old influence of example. Down in Washington, in the naval service, there is at least one civilian who is doing wonders to make that service a smoothrunning machine. It would be better to say that he is a real

navy man with a civilian training for his job. His name is Rear Admiral Mc-Gowan, Paymaster General of the Navy, otherwise known to his subordinates, when the boss isn't around, "Sammy." That is, they like him He worked his way through college and law school by running a brickyard, and, at another period, selling tickets at a railway station. Then he became a newspaper man. In 1894 he received an appointment in the pay corps of the navy. He is a young-looking man, 45 years old. Twenty years in the service and still a civilian? Within the bureau of which he has charge he is addressed always as "Mister McGowan." His is a business job. That

In the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts he has effected many changes in the last year. These changes are too numerous to mention; but it is sufficient to say that corporations, municipal and business, are coming to Mr. McGowan's bureau to take lessons in the science of efficient management. Surely this is gratifying to people who know something of the waste in expenditures on the army and navy. The bureau is the business office of the navy. Also it is the butcher, the baker, the tailor and the grocer of the navy. It saves Jack's money for him. and the savings bank which it operates has deposits aggregating several hundred thousand dollars. It runs great clothing factories in its own name, and, besides, is one of the greatest purchasing agencies in the country. Mr. McGowan is somewhat given to making epigrams in his oral and written instructions to the force. "Make it bureau with a small 'b' and Navy with a big 'N,' is one of the ideas behind his reforms.

is one reason. And the other, he is the sworn

foe of bureaucratic aristocracy, with all its

pride and jealousy over titles.

Stopping Meaningless Letter-writing

It is an interesting fact that letter-writing in the bureau has been reduced to the irreducible minimum. Promiscuous letter-writing has stopped. The true bureaucrat dearly loves to write letters. He thinks he is at his best when he is writing letters for the chief to sign, division heads dictating many of the letters which take the bureau chief's signature. It gratifies the soul of the bureaucrat to grow arrogant and sarcastic in such dictation. Nothing of that sort is tolerated by Admiral McGowan. He insisted that letterwriting be reduced to a minimum and that nothing unkind or contentious be put into a letter, especially to another co-ordinate bureau. After his first general remarks on the subject he followed it up with an "intrabureau order," beginning: Don't write at all unless you have some

thing to say; and, having said it, stop. And ending as follows:

Don't write anything that has the least semblance of inflicting a punishment or of encroaching in any other way on the proper prerogatives of any other bureau or office. The legitimate function of this particular bureau is to supply the fleet and to account therefor; and any attempt at aggressive expansion must of necessity have the effect of crippling our work, and to that extent weakening the navy, it being a fact beyond dispute that if we mind our own business there is plenty of it to take up all our time.

Another efficiency expert can be found out in Dayton running a town. He is H. M. Waite. The work he is doing as city manager is being watched with interest all over the country, and would be watched with interest in Europe if Europe hadn't too many other things to think about just now. What kind of man is he? Not of the "good-fellow" type found among politicians. No savoirfaire. Lean and sharp-eyed, he deals with his visitors courteously; but, in business hours, dismisses them as soon as they are through talking business, and while they are in the office keeps them on the business track. He is no "mixer." He looks and acts like a man who has a big engineering job on hand-and that's what he is, a civil engineer.

Tale of a Phonograph

Still another man of the Middle West, also engaged in the promotion of efficiency, is Robert W. Campbell, attorney of the Illinois Steel Company and former president of the National Safety Council. He is, it may be added, a son-in-law of Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation. The "safety-first" movement, in which he is so active, appeals to him as being closely related to the development of good feeling and cooperation between employers and employes. He has helped apply its principles in the businesses with which he is himself con-

nected and has added preaching to practice. And thereby hangs a story of a phonograph. Mr. Campbell was doubtful of his ability to put the facts clearly and effectively before the people he wanted to reach. (And a lawyer, too-think of that!) At any rate, he bought a phonograph and took it home with him for a specific purpose. Night after night he followed out that purpose, talking into the mouthpiece and then reversing the mechanism. He carefully listened to everything he had to say and considered how he had said it. If there seemed to be in the talk any note that would jar on any class of hearers that he intended later to address face to face, he made a new record. This method of revision he kept up until he was sure he had acquired the ability of saying his say on the subject of "Safety First" in a manner that would help gain confidence in the matter. P. D. P.

FAMOUS SUNDAYS

Dry Sunday. Billy Sunday. Chocolate Sunday. Go-to-church Su

PUBLIC

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS-

SONG-LIFE OF THE HIGHLANDERS

In the Ballads of the Southern Highlands "Charlie" is Still the "Bonnie Prince"-Many of Them Celebrate Local Feuds or Mine Disasters-The Old and the New

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

TT WAS not until 1882, when Professor Child began the publication of his great collection of Scottish and English ballads, that the mass of people knew much about the treasure house of popular poetry in the Southern Highlands. Few people know the tunes to this day. But we all began soon after Professor Child led the way to take an interest in the ballad poetry and to thrill to its suggestions of a vanished generation. None of us knew, however, that these songs were still being sung, not in England, not in Scotland only, but on a much more extended scale right in our own Southern Appalachians. Those who did know were the few educated people who had penetrated the mountain retreats. They began to collect the American versions of the old ballads, astonished by the fact that words and music had been handed down for more than a century by oral tradition, sometimes almost exactly as they had been brought originally from England, again by memory alone. There were also a large number of local origin, celebrating feuds, mine disasters, and so on -in short, coming to birth exactly as their prototypes did in the British Isles generations ago.

All the writers on the subject, William Aspinwall Bradley included, seem to find it remarkable that these ancient ballads have persisted solely by oral tradition down into the 20th century. Of course, in a way, it is remarkable and romantic. But, after all, how many songs do persist unwritten right in the heart of civilization! Most children never read "London Bridge Is Falling Down." I'm sure I never read it nor saw the music for it. There is a whole collection of children's game-songs which are perpetuated almost entirely by oral tradition-or were before the kindergartens came. There is also a genuine border ballad, preserved by Child, and also existent in some form or other in almost every European language, which most boys sing at a certain age in their development. Nobody reads it to them, for very obvious reasons. In fact, the verses Child dares print are not the ones most gleefully sung. Doubtless the text has been frightfully corrupted, but the plot remains intact, and probably the tune. It is invariably taught to boys by the next older set of boys. The village horse sheds used to be the popular place for rendering this bit of Elizabethan obscenity in my boyhood. There is a perfect example of the oral persistence of a genuine old ballad, not in the Southern Highlands, but in the centre of civilized New England, and I fancy all over America.

Allurement in Mountain Recesses

However, nowhere else are the old ballads a part of the genuine song life of the people as in the Southern Highlands, and nowhere else can the student of these ballads and the lover of folksong find so rich, so quaint, so alluring a field of study. These Highlanders are not spoiled yet, though they probably will be in time. Public schools and newspapers are the great foes of oral traditions, and both are slowly invading the mountain recesses of the Southern Appalachians. I was in the Cumberlands of East Tennes-

see this spring, however, and I found within five miles of Sewanee people living under exactly the same conditions-sometimes in the same log cabins-that their forefathers knew 100 years ago, when they pressed on west over the laurel-impeded cols of the Blue Ridge and the Great Smokies, to get farther away from the bonds of civilization. They shoot with the same squirrel rifler (fitted new for percussion caps). I met one mountaineer whose rifle reached to his nose, and he was six foot two in his stocking feet. It has a record of 150 "bar," and even his grandfather had lost count of the deer, Alas, the bear and deer are scarce enough today! We have far more deer in Massachusetts. I heard from the lips of these people idioms that Shakespeare used and times that possibly Shakespeare sang. They have a number of traditional folk dances which stem directly back to "Merrie England," and their songs about "Charile" are many, almost all unmistakably referring to the Bonnie Prince. though they are quite unconscious of it. I wish I could give examples of more of

their songs, but one or two will have to suffice. Here is the first stanza of one sung by a young man, who had it from his father It is called, he said, "The Bachelor's Hall," and was taken down in Thumping Dick Hollow, Tenn. by a Sewance student. The tune is a fine, square-tood, singing measure. Since laughing and talking at length I did keep I roused the old lady up out of her sleep;

She opened her eyes and there she dressed neat, Saying, An impudent fellow before me I se CHORUS.

And it's a hard time, boys.

The old lady finds he came to ask her daughter's hand, not hers, and she is highly Indignant.

You vilyun, you vilyun, you vilyun, says she, You think that my daughter would step up before me, When I am so old and they are so young.

And they can get sultors and I can get none She has at him then, and this stanza soon follows:

Since fighting and scratching at length I came clear, mounted my horse and away I did steer;

The blood did run down me, all down in a gore, There never was a boy saw a broomstick before. Of course, he ends up by advising everybody to remain in bachelor's hall. The use of the word "gore," as in this stanza, is a common survival in these ballads, and does not apparently exist at all in the common

A Song About Tom Moore

Another song, called "The Experience of Tom Moore," narrates in the first person how he married once, how his wife died, how I went to the grave, Oh then,

I went to the grave, Oh then, I went to the grave, and I could not behave, To think I was single again.

But he married another, and fared still

She beat me, she banged me. Oh then,

She beat me, she banged me, Oh then, She beat me, she banged me, she swore she

would hang me, I wish I was single again.

The tune for this is much better than the usual musical comedy score, and certainly the sentiment is familiar. But the oak-shaded retreats of Thumping Dick Hollow are far more attractive a spot to listen in than the interior of a Broadway theatre. One likes to get one's traditional ballads in the proper

AMUSEMENTS

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