

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
Subscription Terms:
By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postpaid, one month, twenty-five cents; one year, three dollars.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR MARCH WAS 110,721.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

Benmore problem for tomorrow: Parade or porch?

What if the Russians did capture 50,000 Turks, more or less? Now if they had done Turk-yes!

A magazine critic says that the navy is not lacking in spirit. Then the grape-juice policy is a failure.

Von Bernstorff seems to be anxious to get the Von Igel papers. He has asked for them eight times, and has not received them yet.

"We have no desire to break with the United States. That," said the chief of the German Admiralty Staff, "would be insanity." Well!

The New York Sun is still engaged in the laudable but futile effort to remove the popular impression that witches were burned in Salem.

Our much criticized National Guardsmen may turn out to be our "thin red line of heroes when the hand begins to play." They're on their toes.

For the moment the weather prospects for tomorrow displace all other important subjects in the thinking of about one-half of the population.

It is nearly a year since the Lusitania was sunk, and the Naval Affairs Committee of the House has got its shipbuilding bill in shape to be printed!

International affairs had to wait while the President came to Philadelphia to see his newest grandnephew before she got out of reach in the wilds of New England.

It Washington statesmen are foolish enough to discuss Government secrets over the telephone, they should not be surprised to learn that some one has been listening.

If a man goes on the bond of the contractor who is building his house, who will reimburse him when the contractor defaults? Perhaps the Mayor can answer this pertinent question?

The die is cast. Brumbaugh and Penrose will fight it out for the election of their rival sets of presidential delegates. The fight will involve many issues—every issue, in fact, except the Presidency.

The man who held up and robbed a contractor of a gold watch and \$50 must be out of his senses. He doesn't know the rules of the game. Being a contractor is so much simpler.

There is more than one meaning in Democratic Committeeman Norman E. Mack's interesting remark, "I think that either Hughes or Roosevelt will be satisfactory to the Democrats." As an opponent? Or for a change?

A Philadelphia millionaire has paid \$500,000 for an antique tapestry. Many a son of a New York millionaire has spent more than that in the futile occupation of working crimson embroideries on the curtains of the night.

Men growl at the sight of their wives' military and dressmaking bills. But men grabbed all the front seats at the Philadelphia-made fashion show on the Million Dollar Pier—to see whether they got their money's worth?

It does not matter whether the Russian troops in France started from Vladivostok or Archangel. The important fact for the Germans to note is that they have landed at Marselles in large numbers, and that more are to follow.

Bankers are unanimous in asserting that this country would have money enough and to spare in the event of war. It was an old superstition that a silver bullet was an irresistible offensive against all the powers, even those of darkness. Do the bankers mean that we shall have parity of silver for such experiments in lieu of the customary steel?

Bryan is doubtless right when he says that Germany could be persuaded to arbitrate the submarine question—provided the arbitration could be postponed till the end of the war. Nothing would please the Kaiser's Ministers better. Anything that would permit them to continue their warfare upon merchant shipping would be agreeable to them. But that is not what we are seeking. Mr. Bryan's efforts to persuade Congress that it alone has the right to declare war may produce a different result from that which he intends. It was Congress and not the President which was anxious to make war upon Spain, and it had to be held back for three months until assurances that Spain would be bought. The Commission, when to the most noted militarists of his time has apparently begun another of his

There is something peculiarly atrocious in the conduct of a President who, at an event such as the one which was held at the public

in many ways, but the drug-fund is more than naturally cunning in evading laws. In some of his methods he employs the reputation and the authority of physicians, and it is not surprising to learn that in following a clue the special agents of the Government discovered an enormous number of prescription blanks issued by licensed physicians in this city. Every authority, of the Federal, State and city government, should spend its last energies in the destruction of a trade so obnoxious to human feelings. It is pitiable that not even their supreme efforts can eradicate the original evil, which is the habit itself.

PROPER USE OF WEALTH

Americans, rich beyond the traditions of a mythical Croesus, are disposing of the vast wealth in a noble and laudable manner. There is current a dominant tendency on the part of stewards of great fortunes to use their riches for large and useful public service.

SO NUMEROUS and notable have the items of American philanthropy been in recent years that such a gift as that made a while ago by the General Education Board passes with a few inconspicuous lines in the newspapers. Yet it was for a sum exceeding two and a half millions of dollars. By its provisions the clinical service at Johns Hopkins, Yale and Washington Universities will be reorganized on a full-time basis—that is, the members of the medical and surgical faculties will devote all their time to clinics and teaching and not be compelled to supplement their incomes by general practice.

The American public has become accustomed to the generosity of thought and to the magnitude of such gifts. Yet less than 100 years ago, when James Smithson endowed the Federal institution that bears his name in the sum of \$500,000 "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," the world marveled at the greatness of the sum. It was the precursor of the tendency of individuals to devote their private resources to public purposes. Girard followed with his great benefaction. Homes, colleges, art galleries, parks, orchestras, hospitals and numbered other enterprises have since been reared or cared for by American philanthropists. Their work may be called peculiarly American, since they provide out of a private purse what is in other countries most often a matter of State subvention. Where Smithson wrote in hundreds of thousands they write in millions, and where his devotion was to the propagation of wisdom, theirs includes interest in health and cheer, art and science, education and mercy—in a word, in progressive humanitarianism, which, after all, is the best definition of civilization.

A statistician, with the data in hand to confirm his statement in impressive figures, tells us that during 1915 the bequests contributed or distributed for the advancement of education, the progress of religion, the nourishing of charity and the amelioration of the race in America alone ran to half a billion dollars. This does not include all the money subscribed to war relief funds, which would add other millions if recorded.

We may be, as foreign commentators sometimes assert, a sordid, money-grubbing, money-grubbing race, sunk in materialism. But none of the critics sets forth a record to outmeasure that of America, made up of great sums and small sums. The statistics quoted do not take into account bequests of less than \$10,000, and these are many. Such hostile charges are as unintelligent as they are unwarranted. They fall utterly in contrast with the endowments associated with the names of Crittenton, Mills, Sage, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Phipps, Carson and others of the recent past. And that these are no new manifestations is proved by the annals of the past, luminous with the names of John Harvard, Stephen Girard, Peabody, Peter Cooper, Pratt, Isaiah Williamson, James B. Colgate and others.

Men of immeasurable means have, in our generation, taken to the thought that they are the stewards of great wealth; that opulence is not theirs to have and to hold altogether for selfish aggrandizement. The names of these philanthropists will endure, not because, recognizing that landed estates and treasures of the earth cannot be transported across the bourne, they gave grudgingly something of no longer use, but because as fellows to humanity they regarded as kin other men and women less fortunate, considered their needs and gave largely out of a heart of cheerfulness and loving kindness.

THERE IS A JAPANESE QUESTION

THE visit of the Japanese Ambassador to President Wilson yesterday serves to remind those who were in danger of forgetting it that there is a Japanese question as well as a Mexican and a German question. In the immigration bill before Congress the Japanese are included with the Hindus under the regulations restricting the entrance of aliens. This is not pleasing to the Japanese. They desire to be admitted on equal terms with the European races, even to the extent of obtaining citizenship. It will be easy to change the wording in the bill so as to remove the objections raised by Viscount Chinda. But it will not be so easy to meet the issue which will be raised in the future when Japan prepares to denounce the gentleman's agreement under which the immigration of coolies is forbidden. That was but a temporary arrangement entered into to ease the strain growing out of California land legislation. It leaves the whole question of the status of the Japanese in the United States to be settled at some future time.

Japan is the only nation that has demanded the right of naturalization for its citizens. The other nations have insisted that their citizens could not forsake their allegiance. But we have insisted to the contrary from the beginning, because if this vast territory were to be populated when the country was young, men and women had to come here from other countries. We have fought many a diplomatic battle over their right to change their allegiance. We have persuaded the British to admit our contention, but some of the other Powers still insist that their nationals cannot absolve themselves from obligations to their native country. It will take diplomatic skill of the highest order to present a serious break with Japan when she begins in earnest to demand citizenship for her nationals.

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET.
Whenever it's a Saturday an' all my teeth is through

I like to walk on Chestnut street an' see what news is new;
An' so today I told the boy that sometimes helps me: "Joe,
This desk o' mine had ought to been cleaned up some time ago,
It ought to only take us 'bout a half an hour or so;
Let's jump right in an' do it, Joe, an' after that we'll find

Real joy in our half-holiday with nothin' on our mind.
Then Joe said: "That'll just be fine an' when we're through today,
And get the desk cleaned, let's resolve to keep the thing that way,
So when it comes a Saturday we'll have more time to play."

It ain't that Joe's unwilling, for I never seen him shirk,
But he's the kind o' fellow that is tidy in his work.
I bet when he was runnin' round, a teeny little kid,
He never jammed his pockets up with junk the way I did—
Well, anyhow we started in to hustle, me and Joe,

An' didn't see just stir things up an' make the dust fly, though!
First thing he picked out all the books an' stood 'em in a row
On top the desk; an' then he gathered up a bunch of cuts,
An' shugs o' type, old envelopes, a pipe an' two old butts,
An' stood right there before my eyes and chuckled the things away
Before I seen what he was at or had a word to say!

I got the pipe back, though. It was a gift from Dave McKay,
Whose pastor, Dr. J. L. Scott, had bought it over-see
To give to Dave, but David found its weakness seemed to be
To slip an' burn his shirt fronts—so he gave the thing to me.)
Well, anyhow, Joe took the letters, notes an' other stuff
An' made me sort 'em out for him until I yelled: "Enough!"
"Now, here," he sez, "in this here pile, please note an' don't forget,
Is sixty-seven letters that you haven't answered yet.
An' here is matter from contribs that may be good or bad,
But here I've piled the stuff that you admit is pretty sad;
I'll throw all that away!" "Oh, no!" I found my voice to say,
"Just leave it in that corner there, against a rainy day."

Then Joe got mad. "Look here," he said, "you make me sick an' sore!
I've worked upon this silly job for three long hours an' more
An' here this dash-dinged golden desk's no better'n before!
An' here's a little plain, straight talk I want to hand to you;
Hereafter when it's Saturday an' all my work is through
I'm gone walk on Chestnut street an' see what news is new!"

We are reminded by J. C. that we neglected to give the answers to "Bunty's" two anagrams. Here they are:
T. R. and G. O. P. at first. You ken award— "Paw and Take Your Own Part."
T. R. a safety. Yes—safety first.

JOE BROWN was just a "no-count niggah." Some months ago another dark gentleman, equipped with a non-Gillette, walked into Joseph and completely ruined him. A few days ago his widow applied to a former mistress for work. The lady didn't recognize her. "Why, Miss Maria," exclaimed the widow, hurt and surprised, "how come yo' doan' know me? I see Joe Brown's remnants."

OUR SHAKESPEARE; MIRACLE-MYSTERY

Why We Remember the Pride of the World 300 Years After His Death—He Knew Life and Loved It

IT IS a miracle all by itself that tomorrow, three hundred years after the death of a man who did nothing for the world but assemble words for actors to recite, a celebration should take place in his honor. Perhaps in the trenches nothing will happen, but England and Germany will pay respect to the same poet and France and Italy will honor him. He invented no system of efficiency and no modern appliance descends from his work. We should have trolleys and motors and artificial butter and patent medicines—all the comforts of civilization—if William Shakespeare had never lived. And yet, we remember him.

Mysterious are all the ways of genius, but this puzzle can be solved. We remember Shakespeare today because, if we may risk a paradox, Shakespeare has never forgotten us. He knew about us three hundred years ago, and in the strange fantastic empires he built out of impalpable poetry, he gave us a place. Not the artisans of Rome, but the motorman of the 52d street cross-town line and the soda dispenser of the downtown department drug store, crowded in the streets and hastened to the Luperical to see Anthony three present a kingly crown to Julius Caesar. Not the gossips and the townfolk of London, but the tailors and the shopkeepers of South and West and North and East Philadelphia, are mentioned by Hubert when he describes the dead of young Arthur in King John:

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool.
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent;
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

The smith, the tailor, the underfed, slovenly workman were all the creatures of Shakespeare's own time. He had seen them in Stratford and in the byways of London. Others had, had taken them first to his heart. He knew that the tailor was inclined to skimp his cloth, that the smith drove a hard bargain, that, in all probability, the artificer beat his wife. He cared tremendously about these things, but he cared more for the people themselves. He conditioned their frailties, because he loved their goodness.

He Loved His Fellow Men
We think of Shakespeare, and there comes over us a feeling not of awe—that comes later—not of wisdom, not of art, but of the overwhelming kindness of the man. He loved us, and his love could extend to the lowest and the highest of us. Poor tortured Othello and lago, more black than the man he betrayed, and bloody Shylock and the mad, unhappy Lear, all could find place in the great firm arms of his imagination. We look through the centuries for another lover of humanity with a heart so great. It was not Balzac, who may have seen as clearly, but who did not love enough. It was not Boccaccio, who laughed too long; nor Scott, nor Dante, who hated too bitterly. We think of Cervantes, the blessed Spaniard who died, it is said, on the same day as Shakespeare, and we think of Charles Dickens.

With Dickens we really come to a key to the mystery of Shakespeare. At first it may come as a shock, but the truth is that Dickens always and Shakespeare never pitied human kind. There is no pity in Shakespeare, because where love is so great there is no room for lesser emotions. There is no weeping over Hamlet's dead body, no lamentation when distraught Lady Macbeth is no more. Over the mad foolishness of the world, its meaningless tragedies, its wanton cruelties, he could weep. But the stuff of men and women was too precious to him. He did not want humanity to be anything but what it was. He never inflicted on it the condescending indignity of pity.

He remembered us, our weaknesses and our ambitions and our glowing possibilities, and we remember him because he was preoccupied, as we are, with the twin fatalities of life, with love and death. Emerson has said that the passages for which we admire Shakespeare most were never quoted until the beginning of the nineteenth century. We know that in an age given over to trivial and artificial lives Shakespeare was rewritten and "improved" for the stage. But with the French Revolution, and the great sweep of emotions which followed there arose again a sense of the individual, of his importance (if only to himself), of his precious spirit. We recognize a kinship between our age and that of Elizabeth. We have the same glory and joy in life, we know that "life is glorious and love a lovely thing." New words of thought are opening before us as new worlds of space

LIFE LET US CHERISH
Life let us cherish
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh snow'd
Pluck ere it close.
Why are we fad of toil and care,
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And beset by the silly stray,
Which blossoms on our way?
When cloud obscure the atmosphere,
And forked guttings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles upon the west.
The genial seasons soon are o'er;
That let us ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek; it is life's east;
The sunshine of the breast.
Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,
With useful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.
—T. M. Ulatort

RESURGAM



What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- 1. Who is the Viscount Chinda?
2. Where is Golgatha?
3. What is the so-called "Goder dead line"?
4. What is meant by "sterling silver"?
5. What is the composition of pewter?
6. Name three of the most prominent characters in "The Iliad of the King"?
7. Is the sponge an animal or a vegetable?
8. What is meant by guerrilla warfare?
9. On what occasion was the phrase "England expects every man to do his duty" expressed?
10. What two colors when mixed make green?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Ex-officio means "by virtue of his office." The Governor, for example, is ex-officio President of the University of Pennsylvania trustees.
2. By a "Partisan shot" is meant an aggressive action taken as one is about to retreat or acknowledge defeat.
3. The rose is the national flower of England.
4. Nullification: the doctrine that a State could suspend the enforcement of a Federal law.
5. A hereditary ruler, and which is governed by a part or all of the people; a democracy is a republic governed by all the people.
6. The Spanish Armada, in 1588.
7. Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc.
8. A sledge gun which lobbs projectiles on a high curve.
9. Jane Austen.
10. The right of local self-government in Washington, D. C. The municipal government is vested in three commissioners, appointed by the President.

British Railroad Speed

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Is it not true that railroad trains in this country are much faster than in England? Can you mention any records that would give a basis of comparison?

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Replying to inquiry concerning "Shine Kindly Here" in the EVENING LEDGER, on the modest block of marble which designates the last resting place of Mark Twain's wife, in Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y., the author had inscribed the following little verse, which many of his admirers consider the most beautiful of all his writings:

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind, blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
Good-night, dear heart, good-night, good-night.
SANFORD OMBENNETTER.

Some Automobile Statistics

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Can you tell me (1) about what the motorcar production for 1916 is expected to be, (2) how many motor vehicles were sold last year, (3) the estimated value of the exports of commercial vehicles last year and (4) the amount of gasoline consumed annually by automobiles in this country?

Editor of "What Do You Know"—Is the name anywhere in England officially known as "Bedlam," or is that a corruption of some other word? How was the place founded? E. I. D.

"Bedlam" is the corruption in popular speech for "Bethlehem," the asylum referred to having been called the Hospital of Saint Mary of Bethlehem and later Bethlehem Hospital. It is in Southwark, London. It was originally founded in Bishopsgate Street Without, in 1246, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the Sheriffs of London, as a priory of some twelve brethren and sisters. When the religious houses were suppressed by Henry VIII this one fell into the possession of the corporation of London, which converted it into an asylum. It was rebuilt in 1675 and 1814 and extended in 1923.

Mails to the Far East
Editor of "What Do You Know"—Will you kindly tell me how long it would take for a letter to reach Shanghai by steamship and about how far it is from here? J. E. T.

Postal routes to Shanghai by way of Vancouver is 9920 miles and 25 days, and by way of London 14,745 miles and 37 days.

The Kaiser's Number

Editor of "What Do You Know"—I read somewhere recently that of the Kaiser's number" corresponding to that of the beast in Revelation. Can you tell me how that number was worked out? L. M. M.