

AR SHOWS NEED FOR SCHOOLSHIPS

"Old Grad." of Lancaster Declares Public Policy Demands Institution

DISCRIMINATION SHOWN

State Helps in All Other Lines of Instruction Except Seacraft



HENRY B. HOWELL Lancaster man, who points out that the State of Pennsylvania should make an appropriation for the Pennsylvania Nautical School Association to make possible the education of young men in seamanship and navigation just as it appropriates money to educate boys in forestry and many other callings.

Many boys in the State who wish to learn the arts of navigation, seamanship and marine steam engineering are prevented from doing so for lack of a schoolship, according to Henry B. Howell, of Lancaster, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Nautical School.

"I was graduated from the Saratoga in 1905 after making four cruises, and after that I sailed in several of Arthur Sewall's deep-water sailing ships, and have since settled down on shore," he said. "I trust the Legislature will speedily pass the Vane bill appropriating \$150,000 to our school, for during the last few years I have realized most keenly the need of an adequate merchant marine.

"Pennsylvania, being one of the richest States in the Union, with an enormous amount of export trade, should certainly be one of the leading factors in the training of young men for merchant marine service. The present government, however, has failed in every one how woefully we lack ships and trained men, and the Pennsylvania Legislature should certainly take steps to re-establish the Pennsylvania Nautical School at once.

50 MAIN LINE TOWNS DARK WHEN POLES FALL

Sudden Gale Leaves One Hundred Square Miles of Suburbs Without Electric Lights

Electric lighting service in nearly fifty towns and villages in 100 square miles of suburbs was "out" for more than two hours last night when two poles, bearing heavy feed cables, were blown over at Wynnewood.

The darkness, affecting street lights and hundreds of homes, covered the territory west of Narberth as far as Foothill. The West Chester park section from Sixty-ninth street terminal to beyond Manoa and the Ardmore trolley line towns of Llanerch, Llanerch Major, Brookline, South Ardmore and Oakton.

Church meetings, entertainments, moving picture shows and lectures had to be canceled and large clubs and institutions were affected. The gloom brought into use candles and oil lamps. Automobile traffic was reduced to a minimum, policemen reporting to their district station houses declaring that the roads were almost deserted.

State Shows Partiality in Training of Its Boys

"THE State provides money to maintain schools for the education of boys who wish to master forestry, dentistry, pedagogy and other callings, but denies the privilege of a nautical education to boys who wish to follow the sea," it is pointed out by Henry B. Howell, of Lancaster, Pa., a graduate of the Saratoga in 1905.

BRUNNHILDE'S WINGS ARE STILL UNCLIPPED

Matzenauer's Heroine a Triumph of Time and Great Inspirational Singing

"WALKURE" FINELY DONE

Because the mischances of opera are sometimes more to be applauded than its planned merits, last night's performance of "Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan was superior and unusually fine. It was all due to the fitness of Melaric Kurt, the scheduled Siegfried. Her role was taken by Mme. Gadski, an admirable incumbent in the part. Further shifts brought Lila Robinson into the prominent dramatic roles, and to Margarete Matzenauer the shield and plumage of Brunnhilde. It was this latter change that made the production memorable.

But there was good meat in many other features of the night: Jacques Urfus's sturdy, pliant and understanding Siegmund; Ruyzine's imposing and wickedly heroic Hunding; "Chips" Whitehill's extraordinarily dignified, intellectual and finely poised Wotan, which made the matter of a not too tremendous voice seem small beside the acting power and trenchance he displayed.

There is also to be considered the conductor, Mr. Bodanzky. Superintending the ardent and ardently admired Hertz at the Metropolitan, the conductor has had the customary measuring stick of priority applied to him by those who frequent opera houses, and literally first in his field. He is a man of decided operatic bent cannot be denied. Whether he puts into his Wagnerian work enough fire and vim has furnished the basis for not a few dramatic criticisms in the press. To one writer, at least, Mr. Bodanzky has come through the furnace of individual criticism and proved himself the fine gold that he always seemed to be.

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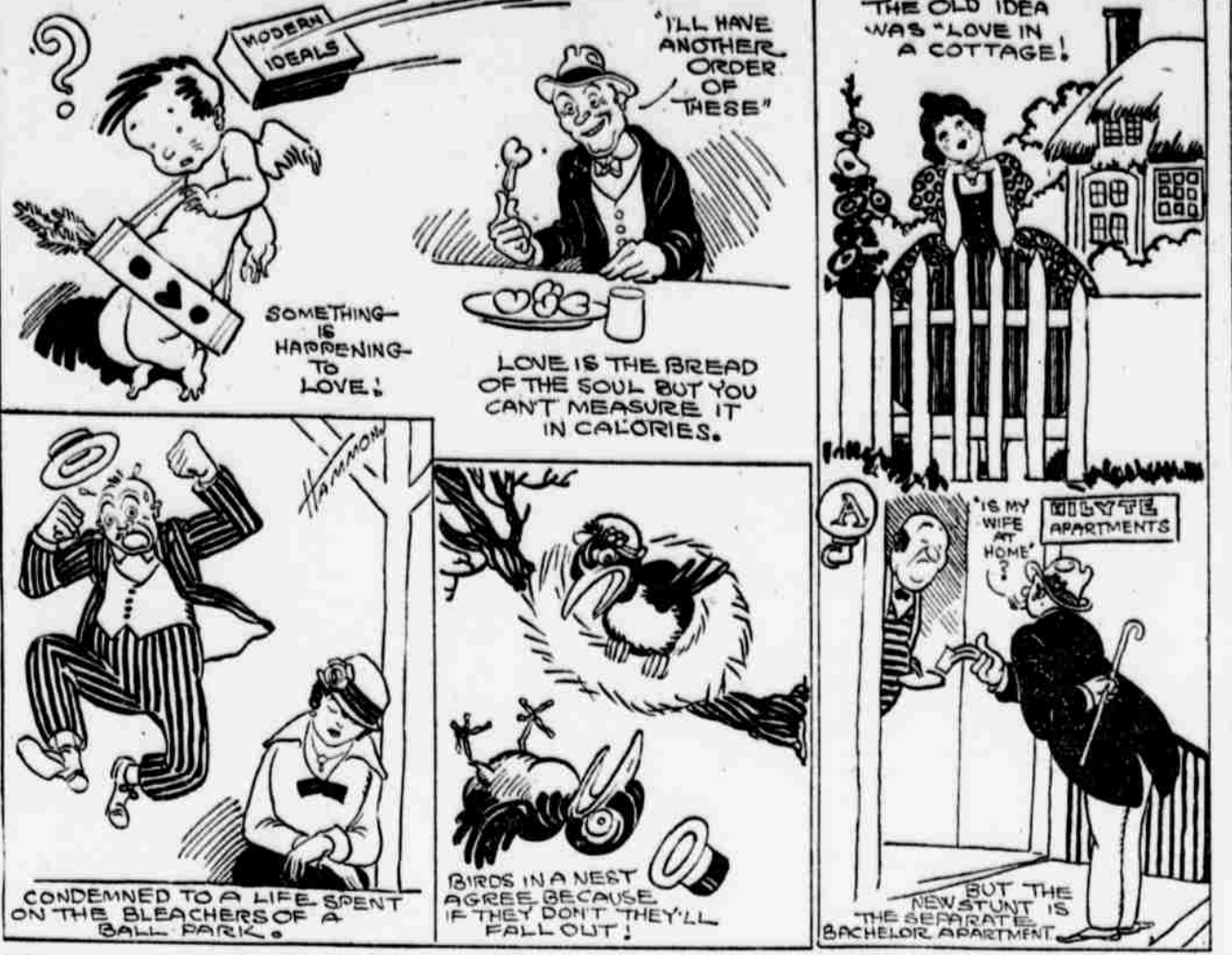
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LOVE IN OLD-TIME AND IN MODERN GUISE SHOWS SOME STARTLING VARIATIONS



"Bourgeois!" Protest Exponents of the New Form, Referring to Portraits Drawn by Shakespeare and Other Ancients—But Spring Is Burgeoning and Cupid Is a Sly Rogue Who Mocks at Theory

Something is happening to love—something insidious, something modern. The old brand seems no longer to give its former satisfaction, and the conscientious objectors apparently have not yet agreed on a new kind to take its place.

But one glance at the spring magazines, one talk with a real modernist, emphasizes the fact that all of the old experts had the wrong dope. It was their contention—and idealists have always clung to the belief—that love was the bread of the soul. They never spoke of it in terms of calories, but if they had, the maximum amount, 3000 at least, would have been recommended daily.

"Bourgeois!" exclaim the modernists, hands upraised. "Love should be the cavewoman. A whiff, a taste, a soupçon—and you grieve enough."

It was Billy Shakespeare and, judging from the documents he has left on the subject, he should be entitled to a respectful hearing, who immortalized the quality of constancy.

"Love is not love," wrote he in one of his most beautiful sonnets, "which alters when it alteration finds; or bends with the remover to remove."

LOVE'S EYES WIDE OPEN The old love was blind; the new has its eyes wide open, and carries a lognette the better to detect flaws.

THE old recipe was love in a cottage, very small, very compact, very romantic; it had roses growing on its little porch and a f. place. The new recipe is two bachelor apartments, with one's husband or

one's wife calling on one debonairly, like a charming stranger.

Yes, the modernists have agreed upon it; for two people who love to live together is bourgeois. Moreover, it is dangerous. According to the new theory you imperil your love by seeing too much of the loved one.

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of each other. The whole story of marriage is told in the old rhyme: Why do birds in their nests agree? Because if they don't they fall out.

"Now, it may be all right for birds to agree, but human beings are not built that way. They disagree and life becomes a little hell."

Which reminds one of the oriental story of the lonely man who begged Allah to create a companion for him. Allah did, and gave him woman. The man, enraptured, lived with the woman five days, five hours or five minutes, I forget which, and then went back to Allah.

"Ah, Allah," said he, "take back this creature, for I cannot live in peace with her."

Five minutes, five hours, five days or no he was back again—his loneliness having conquered him.

"Oh, Allah, give her back," was his plea. It was granted.

But presently he was heard to moan: "Oh, Allah, I cannot live with her, and I cannot without her. What shall I do?"

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS A Test of Endurance

"SORRY, but there's nothing doing." The city editor's tone was final. But the young man who had just applied for work as a reporter still lingered.

"I understand Mr. Grimshaw is in Europe," he said, "or else I should have applied to him."

"See here, young man," said the city editor, "Young Mr. Grimshaw is a young cub who knows about as much of running a newspaper as that desk does. He's in Europe, squandering his father's money—money that we're making for him. I am the News Sentinel and what I say goes. There's no job for you here."

The young man smiled. "That's the sort of talk every editor puts up," he said. "I want to be a reporter, and I want to learn the business. Let me come in and sit around and wait for an assignment."

"All right, you can come in every day and sit around till you're blue in the face," replied the city editor. "Come right in now."

The young man followed him into the big room and took his place on a chair. At 12 o'clock he went out for his lunch. At 1 in the afternoon he was back. He stayed till 6 and then went away. Nobody took the least notice of him.

For nearly a month he repeated this procedure, but he never got an assignment, nor did the city editor seem to recognize his presence. Wistfully he watched other reporters get assignments, and once, when a piece of news Mr. Lake's eyes fell upon him thoughtfully, but he did not call on him.

During his month the young man had learned many things. He had learned that Mr. Lake was the best city editor in town; also that he was possessed of a malignant and diabolical humor, which had led him to encourage the young applicant deliberately, in order to triumph in his eventual discomfiture.

Lake was also a brute. The young man had seen a reporter fired without a moment's notice for a mistake on Lake's part. He saw little Miss Norris, the telephone girl, hauled over the coals daily. Miss Norris stood in fear of Lake and, oddly enough, she and the young man used to exchange pathetic glances whenever any uproar occurred in the office.

erred that message as you gave it to me. I heard it," he said angrily. Lake glared at him. "What the— the—!" he began.

"That hunker won't go," said the young man, "or else I should have applied to him."

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MACKAYS MAKE JOINT HOSPITAL GIFT TO U. S.

Clarence H. and Mother Equip Unit of 500 Beds for Nation

NEW YORK, March 28. The first important contribution to the United States Government from a private source to be devoted to the furtherance of wartime efficiency—one of the finest gifts of the kind, in fact, ever received by the Government—was learned yesterday when it was announced at Roosevelt Hospital that Clarence H. Mackay and his mother, Mrs. John W. Mackay, who resides in Paris, have just made a joint gift of a completely equipped hospital base unit of 500 beds for service either in this country or abroad.

The hospital, which will be known as the Mackay Unit, has already been accepted through the National Red Cross. Through the patriotic generosity of Mr. Mackay and mother provision has been made for a staff of twenty-two surgeons, seventy-five nurses, 150 orderlies and others necessary to operate such a unit.

Although announcement of the gift was made at Roosevelt Hospital yesterday the organization of the Mackay unit has been pushed along with so much speed and thoroughness that it can be placed at the service of the United States as soon as needed. Much work in organization of the unit has been accomplished during the last two weeks.

The White Star liner Adriatic has also reached an English port in safety, cable reports said today. The Adriatic sailed from America on the same day as the St. Louis. She carried 100 passengers and 18,000 tons of freight. Captain B. F. Hayes was in command.

EZEKIEL, FAMOUS U. S. SCULPTOR, IS DEAD

Pneumonia Causes Death in Rome of Artist, Who Fought for Confederacy

ROME, March 28.—Moses Ezekiel, the American sculptor, died yesterday of pneumonia.

In his will he asked to be buried among his old Confederate comrades in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va.

Moses Ezekiel was one of the most widely known of American artists, and although his best work remains abroad, yet his influence helped to destroy the classicism of American sculpture forty years ago by introducing German and new Italian methods. His initial exhibit in this country was at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and his first large work, a group representing "Religious Liberty," completed in 1874, is now in Fairmount Park.

The last visit of the sculptor to Philadelphia was in 1913, when he was for a day the guest of his friends of many years standing, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Hirsch, of 2215 Chestnut street. On this occasion Ezekiel had come to this country to attend the unveiling of his monument to the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery, at which President Wilson made the chief address. In 1911 he spent three weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch and attended a reception given by the Musical Art Club in his honor. On this occasion virtually all the art and musical colony were present to do honor to the distinguished sculptor.

MARS HASTENS WEDDING

Sergeant Takes Bride Day Before Set Time, Then Re-enters Regiment

Their wedding set for this evening, First Sergeant Joseph S. Ferguson, of the Third Regiment, and Miss Dorothy E. Grant, daughter of Mrs. Ida Grant, were married last night before the bridegroom resumed service of the Government. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's mother, 3713 North Sixth street, and was performed by the Rev. Dr. George E. Burdett, of the North Presbyterian Church. Instead of a protracted honeymoon, the bride and her guardian husband went to their new home, 2632 Lehigh avenue, from which he will report to the army this morning.

Gets \$100 for Breach of Promise

POTTSVILLE, Pa., March 28.—Miss Emily McCool, daughter of Alderman H. B. McCool, who sued John Fulmer, master mechanic of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for \$500 damages for breach of promise to marry, yesterday won a verdict of \$100.

Advertisement for FRANK & SEDER, featuring 220 Spring Suits Worth up to \$25, available on Thursday. Includes details about the store's location and contact information.

Advertisement for The Century Flower Shop, located at 15th Below Chestnut St., offering flowers and plants.

Advertisement for MANDO hair removal product, claiming to remove superfluous hair and make sleeveless gowns and sheer hosiery possible without embarrassment.

Advertisement for Bell & Schmitt, a clothing store at 1123 Walnut Street, offering fashionable suits and dresses.