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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1914.

Be careful when you talk. Although your friend's back is turned his ears may be open.

Lip Help for the Unemployed

DHILADELPHIA is rich in sympathy and generosity, but the bread lines are beginning to arouse in the minds of intelligent ellizens an aggressive dissatisfaction with the management of affairs. The city is not poor. It has tremendous enterprises in contemplation, great civic undertakings that require the expenditure of vast sums, and in the achievement of which work for thousands of men could be found. There are actually millions lying idle in the banks, untouched and untouchable by reason of technicalities which prevent their use. At a time when the labor market is glutted and thousands of men are literally begging for work, the city does nothing to benefit itself by the condition and at the same time aid the men who need assistance; not in the form of charity, but in the form of opportunity.

Mr. Connelly and the men associated with him were talking a few months ago of the millions avallable for public works. Their promises have evaporated. Instead, they have appropriated a miserable \$50,000 for charity. against the advice of the permanent and scientific charitable organizations, and with this they seem to be content. Men are not crying for crusts of bread; they are asking for a wage. They know, too, that the city is able to give it to them, to its own great adantage. What or who stands in the way? tere is a feeling abroad that for sinister and

fish reasons politicians are holding back. belief is gaining ground that certain genon are content to have the bread lines because they conceive that the suffering lay will be laid against the Blankenburg ilnistration and be reflected in the elec-

ept for charity drippings, nothing has done and nothing is being done. It is conceivable that Councils, if sincere in surpose to aid the unemployed, could not means to make available hundreds of thousands of dollars. But there is no evidence that Councils cares very much one way or the other. It will not even sanction the change from gasoline to gas lamps in certain specified street lighting, although that would assure the immediate expenditure of about half a million dollars by the United Gas Improvement Company, would mean better lighting and would save the city annually thousands of dollars.

Help the unemployed! Not if the obstruconist committee which Mr. Connelly dominates can prevent it.

When Men Are at the Helm

TNGENEROUS Detroit! The city is not giving one cent in charity to the unemployed. It has merely begun millions of dollars' worth of contracts that ordinarily

would not have been commenced until spring. A few days ago some members of the Board of Commerce of Detroit were considering how they could become most useful to the community. "You fellows sit snug and complacent and don't care what becomes of your workmen," said the vice president of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments in the country. "I would suggest that the board drop all fads for the next few months and devote itself to helping the unemployed. I flon't call that charity; it's justice.

Every member pledged himself to find a place for just one more man. That was the besinning of the Detroit campaign for the assistance of the city's unemployed. Yes, ungenerous Detroit is providing work instead of charity for the unemployed. It may surprise some of our local statesmen to know that work was just what the unemployed wanted. Yet would it not really be better to begin some of our great projects now than to hold them back another year in the expectation that then possibly an Organization Administration will award the centracta? The unemployed need the money more now than do the politicians who expect to get it then,

Italy Makes Ready

FIRE authorization by Italy of a national loan of \$200,000,000 does not mean that Italy intends to enter the war, but it does mean that she intends to be ready.

There need be no doubt of her ability to fiont the fasue. A popular subscription would probably be successful. If not, there remains Magland, the exchequer of the nations, which is able now, as it was in the Napoleonic wars, successfully to finance the conflict on Eshalf of its allies. No war destroys the revsome of the Empire, for endless streams of gold flow from her vast colonies when necessity requires, and her investments in all parts of the universe assure steady sources of supply at all times.

But let nobody imagine that so able a man as salandra will parmit his country to be senied participation in the fruits of victory, whichever side wins. There will be someshing in the peace for Italy, whether she fights or not, and it will be substantial. So, in, the entrance of the Peninsula into the aftler would probably be decisive.

Why So Touchy?

TALLE Surherto double Senate is giving a good instantion of the worm that turned. management of a delimination from the White my makes the venerable upper chamber like a pointpine and is begins shooting guille, in the Yorks of rejections, in all For the School has been as long

so this man in Engineering to them. It

about two years ago when a sample Cabinet was submitted for its approval. There was need then for a man of demonstrated calibra In the Department of State, for there was Mexican menace in every yard of border from El Paso to the Gulf, and there were also indications that the time had come for efficient direction of the navy. The Senate was not touchy about its prerogatives at that time, and the public is not likely now to rush to its support in a controversy over a postmastership in North Dakota, or an Assistant District Attorney somewhere else,

Besides, in fights of this kind the President always wins. He may split his party wide open and dig his own political grave, but Andy Johnson proved satisfactorily than the man in the White House, if stubborn enough, can make any Congress appear foolish.

Make It a Record Demonstration

WHAT the people of Philadelphia think of rapid transit they will have an opportunity to demonstrate on January 14. The size and character of the outpouring then will be as eloquent, and probably as decisive, as a verdict at the polls.

A majority of Councilmen have already expressed themselves through the Evening LEDGER as in favor of the plans. But more pleasant than words is action, and action is what the people must demand.

Every Philadelphian who believes in the destiny of the city, who wants a greater city, who is convinced that adequate transit facilities are a prerequisite to proper growth and favors a universal five-cent fare, should join in the demonstration.

Not one hundred, but two hundred thousand people at least should take part. They will, for on this question there is a unanimity of opinion that will countenance no further obstructionism, either through gulle or igno-

Human Trait in Juries

WHEN damning the kind of verdicts that juries sometimes give—and the Cleary case is likely to cause much of this sort of criticism-it is just as well to remember that one of the most valuable functions of a jury is its power to disregard technicalities, or even the law itself, and render a decision on no other grounds than its own human view of things.

It is unfortunate that guilty men should go free, and too often American juries have been unduly confused by an abundance of tears or the beauty of a defendant. Nevertheless, there are fundamental traits in human beings which no phrases of law can control. So long as we have juries we shall have verdicts utterly out of tune with the facts, in particular cases, but it will be found generally that the citizen judges took into account circumstances which the ordinary man considers vital, however unimportant they may seem in law; and there are men who defend other things more vigorously than their

The fight for exact justice will always be waged earnestly, but there is one fact constantly to be remembered, and it is that you do not change the human qualities of a person merely by putting him in a jury box. The Cleary case, of course, showed this truth in an extravagant and revolting way.

Cold Storage Ships, Dementia, Etc.

A COLD STORAGE navy is as interesting as many of the exhibits in the Smithsonlan Institution, and just about as effective for purposes of defense. Representative Gardner has become so well acquainted with our demented naval policy that he launches a broadside of language formidable enough to overturn the whole system. This New Englander, it seems, labors under the impression that a navy ought to be a navy and not a kindergarten, although the Secretary of the Navy is sure that the real purpose of the establishment is to provide spelling lessons to the enlisted personnel. One or the other is right, or starboard, and the general opinion he that instead of spending a floating institution of learning and guns it would be wiser to endow a university or spelling school on land.

It would be nice if the naval experts were accorded as much respect as the gentleman whom London newspapers were fond of referring to as the First Lord of the Admiralty. It would be nicer still if both parties could forget politics when appointing a Secretary of the Navy and invariably place in that position somebody who knows the difference between a battleship and a washtub. Perhaps such a person would see to it that a third of our line-of-battle ships were not unavailable for service.

Mr. Daniels is just as fit as many of the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded him and passed soberly into oblivion. But times have changed. Efficiency and expert knowledge are now being demanded. The nation would like to have even more confidence in the Department of the Navy than it has in the Department of State. It wants to know that the money spent is spent wisely. People become inquisitive when they pay war taxes. Mr. Gardner need not worry. He may be a little brutal in his language, and even unnecessarily emphatic or exaggerative, but there is fire where he scented smoke and a general alarm will do no barm. The nation is not going crazy on the naval question; it is simply going to insist on sanity in administration and preparation.

It would be better for Germany if it had less Kultur and more Von Hindenburg.

The railroads now say they want more, If they get it the commuters will have nothing.

The shopping crowds indicate that there are a few thousand people, anyhow, who have employment.

The small Council is not the trouble in Pittsburgh: it's the men who happened to get into it.

Ohio is trying to get taxes on \$311,000,000 from Mr. Rockefeller, as if anybody would care that much about living in Ohio. The debate on the immigration bill indicates

that if a literacy test were applied some of the debaters would not be admitted. Mr. Taft says that the referendum and the

recall are not representative measures. Their

chief purpose seems to be to destroy stability in government. It is a good thing that the Emergency Aid will distribute the \$50,000. The Organization is accustomed to handing out more than that

in one day, but not for charitable purposes.

In view of the commutation rate increases the general opinion seems to be that if New York gets many more stations and rubes Patiadelphia will have to give up its suburbs,

Mr. Ambler's relection as Speaker of the House will despite be rathed by the body said. Mr. Ambier declares that he is meninitial absolutely to every plant in the to-

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF EUROPE'S SPY SYSTEM

Recruits From Every Walk of Life, But Criminals All-The Part That Women Play as "Secret Agents" of the Various Nations.

By VANCE THOMPSON

'S a strange thing what men will boast I of. Here you have "sples" and "secret agents" writing their so-called memoirs and relating proudly the crimes they claim to have committed.

"He was scant of news," said the Scot, "who tauld his grandfather was hangit." It is not much to boast of. And the curious part of it is that these "revelations" by Illustrious spies are nine-tenths gammon and one-tenth plaglarism.

For instance: Last year when it was thought in every capital in Europe that the world war could not possibly be prevented in 1913 I spent three months in Brussels, and my chief business was studying-an a scientist studies vermin-the spy system. From the time of the Dreyfus affair down to the present I have known the leading spies of Europe. A good deal of what I learned last winter appeared in an article which I wrote. One anecdote I told was that of a woman spy who, by pretending to be a Canadian heiress, became engaged to a young Russian revolutionary in Switzerland. She gave a prenuptial luncheon to her flance and got him to invite all his friends. That unwitting young man drew up a list of all the revolutionaries in Geneva. One and all they came to the luncheon, and when they were gathered in the garden she had a commemorative photograph taken-Within two hours this much-wanted information-names and photographs-was in the bands of the Russian authorities.

Now this adventure was told me by the girl herself and a young man who had posed as her brother as we sat one evening in a German beer hall in Brussels-a famous beer hall known in all the spy world. I had known the male rogue for years. He was glad to have the story told, but it was decided best not to use the real names. So over the beer table we invented the names of Charles and Therese Prevost. Those are the names I printed in my article. Now in the last few months that story has been printed in two of the books by famous spies -false names and all. Each of the spy authors claimed to have had a hand in it.

You may take that as a fair indication of the trustworthiness of these spy confessions which are making such a noise in the world. Any one at all familiar with the spy system carried on in Europe was perfeetly aware of the fact that such a book as that of "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves" was sheer gammon. He had no need of the assurance of the German Ambassador to the United States that it has "no more value than a Nick Carter novel."

The Heroic Fallacy

Under the circumstances it might not be out of the way to state-at no great length just what the spy system is.

In the first place discard once for all the idea that the spy is in any way heroic. I am speaking, you will understand, of the spy-the spy in time of peace; and calmly, reflectively, with extreme precision and scrupulous exactitude I state:

The spy is always a criminal. The raw material out of which he is made is thief, robber, embezzler, forger, gambler, pickpocket, rogue, white slaver-always and without exception. I could name a score of the most famous spies in Europe-men at the top of their dirty trade-and show you the precise truth of my statement.

Take, for example, the German spy system. The great clearing house was, until war broke out, in Brussels. Here the work against England was centred. That against France and Italy had its headquarters in St. Ludwig, a suburb of Basel in Switzerland, but lying just across the frontier. Here Leopold Paul von Liebroch, a major in the Bavarian army, was in charge. He was there on July 30 of the present year and I saw him. Here one thing should be said:

I do not rank Major von Liebroch with the criminals. He is an army officer. His duty in time of peace was the wretched duty of acting as general manager of the spy system. It is not to be supposed he was proud of the position, though after rolling in the dirt for years it is probable that one acquires no love for cleanliness. Under him was Schultz, a captain in the engineers who lives in Treveuntil the war broke out his address was No. 8 Saint Helen street. The odd thing about Schultz is that his wife, under the name of Fraulein Milou, acted as his assistant.

The Long Chance

These officers and their like are detailed to do this work. And it is as honorable, perhaps, as any other part of a soldier's business. At all events it carries with it no obloquy. Under them are the spies. These men and women are recruited from all ranks, for in all ranks of life in Europe criminals are to be found. Many of them have been officers in the army. As an illustration take the case of Wessel, who is one of the most successful spies of the last two decades. He was a lieutenant of engineers in the German army

He fell into the hands of a German adventuress and spy named Mathilde Baumler. who was then working for a French agent. His first crime was forgery. With this as a weapon he was forced into stealing military plans. He managed to cross the frontier before he was caught. With Mathilde he set up business as a spy for France. Like all these spies he has in the years worked for Germany as well as France, for not one of these men is ever true to one employer. Of course, Germany could imprison Wessel if she wanted to do so-for that old forgery. for treason, for a more recent forgery; but she prefers to keep the sentence hanging over his head. When she wants him she whistles. What is true of Wessel is true of the others. When an officer or sub-officer in the German army is caught in a crime he is given a chance-if he is fit for the work-of entering the spy service. If he is caught it means prison in France or Italy or England; but if he refuses it means prison at home-and he takes the long chance.

This, roughly, is the way the spies of this class are recruited. There is a nort of apy work that only military man can do.

A third and much larger class of spics in made up of women and traitors. The women have taken to the work usually to keep out of prison: I know two woman, however-Mathilde Baumler and Ross Hennequinwho went into it for sheer love of adventure, danger, crime and debauch. Both of them have "done time" in prison, though they moved in what are called amort circles in Monte Carlo and Berlin, Mathilia Baumlas is down the financial fall-or in Sharls. The is a wanter Austing sydness of woman's

sional agents such as Thiessen, who was in charge of the German clearing house in Brusssels up to August 1, 1914. (Thiessen, by the way, was imprisoned for five years in France under the name of Muller.)

Women Usually the Bait

The young spies are blackmailed into the business or netted by profligate women in the employ of Government. There is no other way of becoming a spy, for hardly any youth ever chose that dirty trade as a reasonable way of getting on in the world. And so you see the system.

At the top are the military chiefs and (as in Schultz's case) their wives and military assistants.

Then come the professional agents, like Richard Cuers, Thiessen, Lajoux, and, of late, Schwartz. They are fairly secure in their positions, although (as they are all tied to punishable crimes in one way or another) they may be whisked off to prison at any time by a dissatisfied government. But so long as they "make good" they may be said

to be fairly safe. Underneath them are the wretched victims of blackmall and intrigue, who do the real work of the spy system in times of peace. They are in a web they cannot break. They are veritable slaves. And unless they happen to be exceptionally useful they are thrown into prison or the trash heap after a few years. Their usefulness rarely outlasts two years or so. (Wessel is a rare exception.) Then they are betrayed to the police of the country they have betrayed.

A Gambler's Chance

I was in a famous tavern in Brussels one night and I watched a game of cards, played by Lajoux, the French chief of spies, and Cuers, who was then chief of the German spy world. And the stake for which they played? It was to see which one of them should deliver up a little spy. Lajoux lost and delivered up one of his agents then on a mission in Germany. And this is a fact.

Men without honor, criminals all-such are the spies who in the last dozen years have swarmed darkly over Europe. And those of one nation are no better than the sples of any other nation.

Now that the world is at war men of a different stamp are risking their lives to gain information for their countries. You may think of them as you think of Nathan Hale and Major Andre. It is hard to think of them as spies; and another word should be found to describe their dark but heroic way of life. There are also political spies, who belong in a triffe higher class, though the "secret political agent," as he exists in Europe, is anything but a desirable acquaintance. Indeed, he is the sort of person that only a newspaper man should claim acquaintance with. But the plain spy, in times of peace, is always a criminal. That he has done good work is evident. The concrete foundations in Belgium and France-his exnet accounts of cities and fortresses-his lists of agents and traitors who hopefully awaited the invader-give ample proof. He had to earn his pay-the spy-or part of it; but only a diseased imagination would think of seeing anything heroic in him.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" OF EGYPT Relics at University Museum That Bring Close

Ways of Human Life Long Ago. By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

In THE collection of Egyptian relics re-cently presented to the museum of the University of Pennsylvania by Mrs. Dillwyn Parrish, formerly of Philadelphia, there was found a loaded die, such as was used by Egyptian gambiers centuries before our era.

It is a shocking and interesting thing, this die. Shocking because moderns are very apt to think that such a device is the product of their own time; interesting because it makes the past live again as no work of art can make it live. Now that it is known that the pyramid builders knew how to make the six come up every time, the criminologist and the man in the street may both begin to pay more attention to the vestiges of ancient times which the University museum

There are, among other objects given to the museum by Mrs. Parrish, a complete outfit for counterfeiting Roman coins and a string of fancy beads, apparently of gold. By accident-a broken bead came loose-the true composition of the beads was found. It was clay. The great discovery is not that the Romans knew how to cheat, but that without the aid of modern appliances they were able to equal what the best electro platers of today can do.

One of the most interesting objects at the museum is the ancient Sumerian tablet containing a story of the creation of the world which antedates anything heretofore discovered. Not even feminism is new, if this tablet and some others in the constituent collection at the museum are to be bulleved. The Bujirems Being referred to in this old Significant lake of the executors of the works Supplies principal platform Trans has seen in the said are traiting Tray are many from they seem the spinite transport and sounds in any term the property of the person to be a supplied to the person to be a supplied

taining the payroll of the temple there-Comparison of these reports, the oldest ledgers in the world known to exist, shows that in the few months clapsing between the making of the two one workman died, one was forced to submit to a cut in his wages. increases were given to three and another was displaced by a woman at the same

"I WANT TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!"

Insight into the laws of the day also is gained from these tablets. There are at the museum innumerable records of loans, promissory notes and other legal documents. One, recording a loan of grain, sets forth that when it is repaid at harvest time the tablet is to be destroyed. As the tablet is still intact, apparently the debtor put off payment until he could take advantage of the Babylonian statute of limitations, and the creditor preserved the tablet so that posterity might know of the other man's perfidy.

The earliest bankruptcy law extant is preserved on one of these tablets at the museum. There are also in the collections records of the first laws of interest, the marriage and divorce laws and the penal codes of the

long ago. Milady will find much to interest her in the Parrish collection. She will learn that the vanity case is new only as to its style. The women of Babylon had them, wrought in precious metals. They also had far more beautiful ones than those of the present day, made of fine-spun, iridescent glass that sparkles with all the colors of the rainbow. In a few are preserved the daubers used by the fair charmers of three or four thousand years ago to touch up eyebrows and cheeks.

Mirrors of bronze were the fashion in Babylon and several specimens of these are on exhibition at the museum. Razors of tempered bronze-products of another famous lost art-also are shown. Antedating these, and of even greater interest, are the relics of the stone age-razors, knives and many other implements crudely cut out of hard rock. These razors, according to the authorities at the museum, are still sharp enough to shave. It is a mystery how the

ancients managed to give them the fine edge. Mrs. Dillwyn Parrish was Miss Sarah de Coursey, of this city. She is related to the local family of that name and, until her removal to London some years ago with her husband, was socially prominent in this city. Dillywn Parrish made the collection his widow has given the University Museum, Mrs. Parrish has two daughters, the Misses Elsie and Constance Parrish. Both are known in this city. Miss Constance Parrish is the founder of the famous Three Arts Club, of London. She is an amateur musician of recognized ability.

Getting Late From the Milwaukes Dally News. It is getting late for early Christmas shop-

"The Gentlemen's Agreement"

"The Gentlemen's Agreement"
From the Pittaburgh Gazette-Times.
In other times "gentlemen's" agreements were esteemed as quite the cutest and most effective devices to beat the game, the public and the statutes. But so many gentlemen have gone to the grave because their little compacts were discovered and wouldn't stand the test of publicity, grand juries and prosecuting attorneys that that sort of practice has passed out of fashion. Even so, Leiter got off easy. There are men in New York—or rather there were—who have paid more than \$12,000,000 for a broken who have paid more than \$12,000,000 for a broken word, and some of them have made more than that by forgetting a promise at the convenient crisis, but their folks aren't bragsing about it. Some there are who cling to the old truth that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

The Romance That Is Kunsas

The Homence That Is Kansas

Emerson Hough, in the Saturday Evening Post.

And traditions—blatory? You do not need to
go to Europe for such things. You could he
awake at night and look out over the wheat
fields of Kansas—bearing the greatest crop ever
known in the history of that Stais, a crop
great when the need of the world was great—
and see passing in the moonlight over the
wheat, knee-deep as they rode, the steel-clad
band of Coronado's soldiers, dead and gone
years ago.

THE OLD, OLD STORY Now comes the time when he of simple heart Who'd give his little ones the fullest

and does not mind the hardships of the part—
Of almost jors and long-remembered pleasure;
Now comes the time when he must clothe

In quaint outlandish garb, with seed intent, At no one knows what cost of hard-won beld And down a sooty chimney make descent. What though the edges of the brick be sharp. He does not halt for cuts and taxarations. Nor does he care that friends and neighbors

And mast of childhood's last hariocinations, Though his long whichers, made of some Scratch his poor face and almost drive him made the poor face and almost drive him made descripe at any pall to make the children giad.

No high he makes, no tour of immentation.
While theoryembers holds size in its grip about it as ables, his of a shirt defection.
When he is anote the pays of means one a gent to be in a make the pays of means one a gent to be in a make they have been a make they be in a mean one a gent to be in a make they have been a make they are the make they are the make they are the make they are the are they are the

THE SEVEN SOUP SOCIETIES

They Are All Here in Philadelphia-A Unique Charity With an Interesting History.

Soup societies are an institution peculiar to Philadelphia. There are seven organizations which dispense wholesome soup and occasionally loaves of bread to the needy through the winter months, all of them maintained by private contributions and an oncasional legacy. In the present season the distress and suffering have been so great that one of the houses opened its doors

week ago. Although the first to be established hers was founded as long ago as 1805, the souphouse movement cannot be said to have be gun its development before 1837. Excepting two, the associations which maintain this form of charity date from that year or later years. The most recent one is the Rich mond Soup Society and Relief Association which was founded 16 years ago.

The origin of this valuable charity is very interesting. In the fall of 1793, just after Philadelphia had been visited by its first torible epidemic of yellow fever, there was a great deal of distress among the worthy peop in the city. The plague left many widow and orphans, who were unprovided for, and the Female Society for the Employment of the Poor was then organized. Its object was to give employment to poor women during the winter months, and to care for their children while the mothers were at work. good dinner in warm rooms was given to the workers each day, and a nursery was opened for the children. Each of the women thus employed received, in addition

to the meals, a small wage. There was nothing in the line of phllanthropy like it anywhere. The society continued its ministrations winter after willist

and is still in existence. Southwark, that part of the city lying sub South street, had at the beginning of the last century a large population principally composed of worthy mechanics. In winter time there was a good deal of distress among these people, and about 1805 a number of the charitable citizens in the district formed a society to distribute soup during the winter to those who were in need. Here the inspiration was directly traccable to the work of the Female Society already mentioned, al though in Southwark the soup society di not limit its charity to widows and orphana In the families of the destitute all the meabers shared in the distribution.

The Northern Soup Society was established in 1817, to do in the Northern Liberties what was being done in Southwark. The hour was opened in January of that year, and the organization has ever since been maintaine It now owns its house on 4th street aboy Brown, and a few years ago added to the property and made some improvements which

permitted an extension of the work. But after the panic of 1837 the poor in the city were discovered to be more numerous and in greater destitution than had been known for 50 years. It was then that Charles Peirce founded the Western Soup Society Mr. Peirce had had some experience in alding the poor, for in Portsmouth, N. H., where he had published a paper called The Oracle of the Day, he had from his own door gives bread to the hungry. He was the first person to establish a "bread line," and this he did after the great fire of 1801 had destroyed a large part of the city of Portsmouth, leaving many of the inhabitants in great want.

Peirce came to Philadelphia in 1513, and made this his home until his death many years later. He was an amateur meteorolo gist, and those who know nothing else about him will recall his oft-quoted book, "Pelree on the Weather," which is a record of the

weather in Philadelphia for 50 years. Although societies for the distribution of soup each winter had been formed here before the Western Soup-house was opener Peirce not only was the founder of that charity, but he was instrumental in having the idea successfully imitated in other parts of the city where there were no soup-houses. He was long known as the "Father of the

Scup-House."

Peircs was a native of Kittery, Me., and from the time of his coming to Philadelphia until his death he was identified with many

philanthropies here. The soup societies in their sarly years had the assistance of many of the best men in the city, men of family and of wealth, and it is interesting to not that in some of them today will be found descendants of the founders carrying on the work of this simple charity begun so many years ago. The practice in nearly all of the soup-houses in to begin the distribution jus after Christmas, and to continue it up to the and of March. Soup to distributed daily, plat for such mamber of the family, and so three days of the week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Raturday, a leaf of brand. The teasts goes constitly sea in h rise only the world and deathing space in the discretibility of