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Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 30, 1920

A FOUR-YEAR PROGRAM FOR PHILADELPHIA

Things on which the people expect the new administration to concentrate its attention:

The Delaware river bridge.
A drydock big enough to accommodate the largest ships.
Development of the rapid transit system.
A convention hall.
A building for the Free Library.
An Art Museum.
Enlargement of the water supply.
Homes to accommodate the population.

HEADQUARTERS BLOOM

IT IS possible now to step into a beflagged and cheerful office on South Broad street and enroll one's self as a supporter of General Leonard Wood for the Presidency. Around the corner, on Walnut street, there is also gay bunting. Obliging clerks will welcome citizens whose sympathies incline toward Herbert Hoover.

Campaign offices are quadrennial harbingers of the greatest drama in American politics. A crop was to have been expected this spring.

And yet business is not precisely being done at the old stand. Neither General Wood nor Herbert Hoover ever run for any important political office. They are not conventional candidates nor products of any old guard machine.

The feeling that the coming campaign is going to smash some traditions is strengthened by a survey of local conditions. In the old days the leaders would have staged a headquarters scene, solid, "regular" and safely dull.

If either of the June conventions slips into the routine political ruts, such a catastrophe will certainly belie the novel and heterodox preludes.

THE KANE CENTENNIAL

THE 100th anniversary of the birth of Elisha Kent Kane, who died famous at the age of thirty-seven, will be celebrated by the Kane Masonic Lodge in New York tonight.

Kane, who accompanied one expedition and commanded another in search of Sir John Franklin, carried the American flag nearer to the North Pole than any white man had ever been up to that time. He did not find Franklin, but he accumulated a large amount of scientific information and achieved a reputation for intrepid perseverance which persists to this day.

The celebration of the 100th anniversary of his birth is to be marked by the presentation to the son of Admiral Peary of a medal struck in commemoration of the discovery of the North Pole by an American, thus linking Kane and Peary in the annals of American polar exploration.

The affair is of peculiar interest in this city, for Kane was a Philadelphian, and the story of his Arctic explorations was written at the suggestion of George W. Childs, also a Philadelphian, who published it and advertised it so well that a small fortune in royalties was turned over to the explorer.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

THE letter concerning the return of the bodies of American soldiers who died abroad which Secretary Baker wrote to Senator Wadsworth and which the Senator is circulating, contains much information of interest to the families of the dead.

The secretary announces that the work is proceeding under three projects. One deals with the return of the bodies from all countries outside of France, another deals with the bodies in France outside of the war area and the third with bodies in the war area. Some progress has been made in the first and second projects. The work on the third project awaits the decision of the French Government on the treatment of all the allied dead in the battle zone.

In the meantime the American Government has a force at work in Europe carrying on the work as fast as circumstances permit. It will cost at least $300, says the secretary, to return a body to the home of the next of kin in this country and $200 to remove a body from its temporary burial place in France to a permanent "field of honor" in that country. It is estimated that $30,000,000 will be required to carry out the plans, of which $8,451,000 has already been appropriated. The completion of the work, it will be seen, awaits action by the French Government and further appropriation by Congress.

HUNDRED PER CENT FAME

A GOOD deal of characteristically American fun has been poked at the Hall of Fame. Nevertheless, New York University continues to take that institution with elaborate seriousness, and this year a new election is to be held to apportion honors to those whom H. G. Wells in another connection described as "The Great Departed." Death is indispensable entrance qualification. The electors of the hall act upon the notion that no man is surely great until his life is ended.

Fifty names are to be chosen by the judges and inscribed in the structure. The coming quinquennial election is certain, like its predecessors, to provoke both wrangling and reflection. Names previously rejected are likely to be resubmitted.

Philadelphians will be interested to learn the fate of Stephen Girard, who was turned down some years ago. The stage is still somewhat concerned over the omission of Edwin Booth. John Jay may not get another chance this time, for treaties are unpopular just now. On the other hand, the war may have revived consideration for military figures, in particular Stonewall Jackson and "Phil" Sheridan, whose names await enrollment.

The eligibility of recent great men is an even spicier food for argument. Perhaps Mark Twain's name will come up. Andrew Carnegie's candidacy for the "business-men" class, still a blank in the hall, cannot be advanced for some years, nor can Theodore Roosevelt's for statesmanship.

Lively battling on new nominees is, however, inevitable. The Paris conference has been pitied on account of the difficulty of reaching decisions in complex affairs. But the League of Nations may work out, whereas when the guns are stacked contentions over percentages of deserved renown will endure.

There is nothing so inextinguishable as a fight over something that doesn't really matter.

IT'S TIME TO MOTORIZE THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

Efficient Bus Lines and a Curb on Ghost Corporations Would Relieve Street-Car Congestion

IT IS doubtful whether Commissioner Clement in his survey of the transit system will learn anything that the average trolley rider could not tell him, or define causes for inadequate service not already too well understood by taxpayers. Expert corroboration of familiar criticism will serve a purpose of sorts. But what the city needs is a frank and direct approach to the origin of the trouble rather than a microscopic scrutiny of surface flaws.

It is clear that the city has outgrown the present transit system. It has outgrown the transit system because the P. R. T. is hobbled and weighted down by the flock of shadowy underlying companies to which it pays enormous tolls every year.

Mr. Mitten's organization is like a barnacled ship moving with infinite difficulty in the ocean of water on which it is compelled to float. It is only by brilliant management that it can navigate at all. In every rational and honest appraisal of the transit situation the fact of the underlying companies looms as commanding—and, one might say, as significant—as a club in a riot.

No one at present in the P. R. T. management or in the city administration is responsible for the inadequacies of the car service. The people are paying the inevitable price for forgotten years of municipal wild oats. In those years of free and easy opportunities the rights of the public were traded and bartered like claims about a boom town. Financiers went into politics and politicians went into finance to snatch up the street car franchises. Companies were hurriedly formed for this purpose.

Not for years and years have any of these concerns owned a trolley car or even a horse.

They are spirit companies, as remote from the life of the city as the dim folk who are supposed to talk to us through Sir Oliver Lodge or the ouija board. They exist only in memory or on paper. Yet last year the P. R. T. was forced to pay over $7,000,000 to their representatives. It is more proper to say that the trolley riders of the city had to pay this enormous tribute. The people and the Mitten management between them pay such vast sums every twelve months—for what?

For the privilege of maintaining a public service on the public streets.

Unless Commissioner Clement and his associates can suggest some way of escape from this terrific burden general surveys of the street car service will do relatively little good. The P. R. T. is organized under legal agreements with the underlying companies. And whenever any one complains of the fantastic injustice of the arrangement spokesmen for the franchise holders arise blandly to refer to the sanctity of legal contracts and thus rest their case upon what appears to be indisputable ground. Some people have odd notions of sanctity.

If the transit company, as a partner of the city and a corporation intent upon performing an indispensable service, had only the $7,000,000 which it had to give up last year for the right to exist, it could, and probably would, so reorganize its methods as to silence all complaint, stimulate the business life of the city and give a new impetus to building development in suburban areas.

Seven million dollars would be adequate not only for the extension of trolley lines, it would permit the establishment of an elaborate motorbus auxiliary system of a sort that could bring relief almost overnight on congested routes. The gasoline motor has been winning glory for itself in almost every other line of business. It cannot be barred forever out of the passenger-carrying service—the people's business.

Motorbus lines operating westward from City Hall over Market street, Walnut street, Lancaster and Woodland avenues, the Parkway and Thirty-third street would have the benefits of open and relatively clear thoroughfares which run to populous districts.

Broad street and the Roosevelt Boulevard are thoroughfares of a relatively new type, which make automobile passenger service not only desirable but imperative. Trolleys will never be permitted on the Parkway, but that should not mean that easy access to Fairmount Park should be the exclusive advantage of folk who own motors of their own.

The traditional view of the general transit problem has always been too rigid. It does not usually reach beyond rail lines and electric systems. Even the recent appraisal of transit facilities in Philadelphia are not influenced by an appreciation of the improvements made in recent years by automobile engineers. Passenger busses of the sort that might be put on the streets of this city would be far more dependable, more efficient, faster and more comfortable than the vehicles that carry a considerable part of the traffic burden in New York. Improvements in chassis design and even in tires have transformed the heavy motor vehicle.

It may be argued that motor vehicles would be more expensive than trolleys. It is certain, however, that the people would be willing to pay fares adequate to maintain this new sort of service and provide a fair return on invested capital. The example of the jitneys still remains to show the trend of public sentiment in this regard. The jitneys were popular. They rendered a desirable service. The P. R. T. objected to them, not improperly, since they operated only in the most profitable areas and left to the transit company the compulsory and unprofitable long hauls which are a necessary part of an efficient transit service.

Nobody denied the limited utility of the jitneys.

Tradition and a lack of funds appear to have eliminated motors and motor service from the thought of the P. R. T. Yet no motor transit system such as seems desirable would be possible unless it were co-ordinated with the trolley system and synchronized with trolley schedules.

Such relief as the Public Service Commission and the transit company and business interests desire to bring about will not be possible by means of trolley alone until new rail equipment and extensions are provided for. In other words, it may be years before the P. R. T. can expand its service to meet normal needs in a normal way. Motorbusses, on the other hand, might be placed in operation within a few weeks if the funds necessary to a really extensive use of such vehicles were available. But until the P. R. T. is permitted to use more of the people's money in the service of the people no great improvement or extension of its service will be possible by any method. Meanwhile the business of the country is being motorized.

Why shouldn't the people's business be motorized?

The sudden interest of the Public Service Commission in the street car situation in Philadelphia has yet to be fully explained. The precise motive behind the proposed survey has not yet been disclosed. It is remotely possible that the long-delayed movement to amend the existing arrangement between the P. R. T. and the franchise-holding companies may be developing, and that the present survey will relate to the phantom companies rather than to the operating corporation.

Even in the face of what may appear to be a hopeless task, the business interests of the city should insist on a showdown. If riding in a trolley is to be a hardship or a disagreeable adventure, the commercial and social life of the community will tend toward gradual stagnation. And it is idle to blame the P. R. T.

The burden upon the Mitten management can be best understood by reading the charge made yesterday by representatives of the United Business Men's Association, who estimated that five-sixths of the money collected as street car fares goes not to the transit company, but to underlying companies which render no service whatever in return.

TROUBLE IN ENGLAND

BRITISH colonial administration has seldom been so seriously and explicitly indicted as in the official report of the commission appointed to investigate the recent disturbed conditions in the Punjab. The stern repressive measures carried out in Amritsar are censured as grossly unwarranted. The danger of rebellion in India is flatly denied. The resignation of certain British administrators and army officers is emphatically demanded. The viceroy, Baron Chelmsford, is called incapable of holding office, and his recall is sought.

If there was no seditious conspiracy—and evidence to that effect is said to abound in the report—the true situation in the Far East is virtually certain to cause political reverberations in England. The Lloyd George ministry in an explanatory role is not comfortably placed. English colonial rule has a brilliant and honorable record to sustain. She cleaned her India house in the days of Warren Hastings, despite his acquittal. Another salutary shake-up may be in prospect, and with it the wreck of a coalition government which seemed to have committed a series of blunders ever since the beginning of the uneasy "world peace."

James E. Hagedorn, chairman of Philadelphia's fair-price committee, says the committee has accomplished much, but he believes that if it reduced the price of 100,000 commodities the people in the city wouldn't notice it. Perhaps if Mr. Hagedorn would get "down to cases" and mention a few of the 100,000 the people could be induced to sit up and do what is expected of them. Or does Mr. Hagedorn mean "talk" when he says "accomplish"?

Important decisions were made last week at the meetings of the Technology Clubs, and the trained man and the big job may have a better chance to connect as a consequence; but the fact still remains that the School of Experience is the only school that turns out graduates able to handle men, which, as M. C. Brush pointed out, is 99½ per cent of the necessary qualifications of an executive.

New York is considering a plan which contemplates an appropriation of $10,000,000 for the erection of city-owned houses. Some objections to such a plan in this city immediately occur—but any plan is better than none.

For the third time since January 1 the window of a leather store on Chestnut street has been broken and beaded bags taken. Some of these days a local sleuth is linked to "get a bead" on this freak thief.

A dispatch from The Hague says the ex-kaiser is so poor a man that he is unable to pay his board. We always suspected that William was not as good a wood sawyer as he was cracked up to be.

Among the plans for a transit probe, wonder if it wouldn't be possible for the Colonial Dames to introduce a course in old-fashioned courtesy for the benefit of motormen and conductors?

Darby has a fish that lives after being packed in ice for a week. There are fish stories that live after a much longer period in the same condition.

Old Father Time wears a worried look these days. Daylight saving has mixed him up to such an extent that he doesn't know "where he is at."

One way of making sure that Bergdoll will receive plenty of punishment would be to turn him loose among the privates on Governors Island.

Oh, well, even the weather man is liable to make mistakes. The April showers were just a little ahead of schedule; that was all.

If talking means anything, Lady Astor is making a big success in the British House of Commons.

One of the most joyous facts in unnatural history is that the Easter rabbit lays candy eggs.

Travels in Philadelphia

Journey Up Grindstone Alley

AS I climbed the hill from Market street ferry this afternoon, the spring sunlight was warm on my face and overhead the skies were clear and blue with the fresh clearness of color all but forgotten during these long months of winter storm. The crowds clambering up and down the hill had a sense of this change—eyes were lifted, to come down reluctantly enough at street crossings and curb stones; girls were out in bright new bonnets, and large men jostled heedlessly by, clinking with their burdens of garden tools.

Along the sidewalks the shops displayed their dusty baskets of dahlia bulbs like dirty sweet potatoes, huge packages of baby chick food, wheel plows and onion sets of white, yellow and red with thin sprouts of pale green leaves. Under the seedsmen's windows stood tall stiff bags of golden yellow corn, black wax beans, or dark brown clover seed.

But as I walked west past the "only cork tree in America," that still lifts its two pathetic, dust-gray branches in front of a little shop, my eyes began to weary of all this unaccustomed brilliancy and I turned sharply north, up that little dark lane called Grindstone alley.

There are few alleys left in Philadelphia. Perhaps we think it below our civic dignity to maintain the old humble name. By the same evolution our streets all tend to grow into the dignity of avenues as they work north or west into the newer neighborhoods.

WE CANNOT tolerate the implication of hayseed and tall grass that clings to the name of ancient roads—and must rename them for a more dainty generation. So down here in town we elevate the titles of all our old alleys, save one, and lend them the dignity but not the dimension of streets. It is the cheapest form of civic improvement.

Grindstone alley is short and has no scenery but it is the gateway to a strange land. It is so narrow that my progress was, for a short while, completely blocked by two teamsters arguing on the causes of "prohibition," but when I had maneuvered by them, I stepped out into the comparative splendors of Church street, with its rear view of the tall brick tower of Christ Church and its lines of tall, old battered warehouses with rusty iron shutters.

Most of the little streets in this patch of the town between Market and Vine streets and Second and Third, come out into the larger highways under the shadow of long roofed passageways—just tall enough to clear the top of a dray. They narrow toward the outlet and as one looks down them, afford brief pictures of the more brilliant life outside—of passing girls, quite unconscious of the dim, old-fashioned world at their elbows, or of push-cart men heaving along like snails, up and down the pavements.

Back of Christ Church I could see over the wall a little line of wash swinging in the breeze which now and then lifted up a row of baby's stockings, strangely small and white and dainty against the dim red bricks behind them. Here at a turning was a deep excavation for some new factory or warehouse. On its far side, below the line of a modern concrete wall, was a foot or so of earth, and then the jutting bricks of what seemed to be a buried pavement of earlier years.

DEEP down in the cutting, some fifteen feet below the present street line, a laborer was digging into a stratum of dark earth, and every now and then as his shovel would throw down its contents, there would gleam out of the dirt a little shard of thin blue china.

I walked north then for a few paces—past the doors of dingy little workshops, and so came out into the sunlight at the corner of Arch street and Littleboy's court, where a row of small Colonial houses that faced me with the little dim lights up in their ancient dormer windows tempted me to cross over and continue my wanderings up Bread street. This old lane cuts in somewhat inauspiciously between two tall, modern factory buildings, but after a hundred feet or so it develops character.

Before me went a little yellow-haired girl with a bundle of wood in her arms, and as I walked on after her, idly wondering where such a clean, pleasant little person could live amid all these tall, blank-eyed shops and factories, I came on the end of Cherry street. There, on one side, was another vista with its glimpse of the gayer outside world; on the other, a decaying old red brick building, inscribed Newlin's Brewery, 1850.

In this region are to be found the earliest skyscrapers of Philadelphia. The old red walls rise seven or eight stories, and down on the street level open through arched gateways into courtyards now given over to rows of ash barrels, or to piles of crates, among which flutter flocks of blue pigeons that rise like a cloud when a team drives in and disturbs them.

There is busy, clanging life up Bread street—machine and boiler shops, noisy with riveting hammers or whirring with crowded lines of belts, below which patient men bend over great lathes that cast off long, corkscrew curls of silver-gray iron. Further on, where Bread street encounters Quarry street, one may hear all day the shriek or drone of the bandsaw. The air is sometimes thick with shavings, and children are to be seen about the street, gathering up long thin slivers of wood into bundles, and in their greed amassing huge fagots that burst and scatter kindlings all about the narrow sidewalk.

HERE, too, is one very old orphaned house, now altogether a ruin, that bears tacked upon its old patched door a written note, "Please call at the Fourth district police station and tell who owns your house."

I had almost forgotten the neat, pleasant-looking little girl who led me into Bread street; but as I came out into Vine, chance directed me to her home. Finding that my small street had ended, I went north half a square to Third and then up along its east side to the corner, where the single old-fashioned block of Florist street breaks into the city plan with its reminiscent houses, and its occasional carriage steps of old white marble.

There going in from Third street, between two shops, is a small unpromising doorway, labeled Branch place.

Some instinct led me eastward up its dark approach and I was rewarded by the sight of a clean little oasis of small three-story houses thronged with quiet, polite little children. There were chairs out on the pavements before the houses, and on three successive doorsteps three large, sleek cats—a gray cat, a white cat, and a cat with tortoise-shell fur. They sat there in the sunlight carefully preening their fur as the small boys frolicked on the pavement beside them.

It was a pretty good test of the social amenities of Branch place that the cats never stirred a muscle when the gang came chasing and laughing up to their resting place. And what is more—their confidence was justified.

It was a pleasant, homely little spot; a true neighborhood in the old village sense; now, unhappily, rare enough even on the borders of our great city; but here, flung in its very heart, a cheering sight indeed.

As I stood there gazing blandly about me one of the house doors quietly opened and out tripped the little lady who had lured me up the aisle of Bread street. So having found her at last, I felt that my journey was ended.

BEX HELTON.

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER!"

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

Ludendorff, in Proving Himself a Stupid Politician, Simply Followed Precedent—Books Caused Revolutions

SO IT turns out that it was Ludendorff who piloted the Kapp revolution which opened the way to the workmen's revolution in Germany.

In military strategy Ludendorff may be wonderful, but politically he is stupid.

In the last years of the war it was the general staff which controlled Germany's political policy, foreign as well as domestic.

This is inevitably the case.

Everything else is subordinated to winning the war.

And it was Ludendorff who controlled the general staff.

Thus it was Ludendorff who made Germany's politics.

And it was stupid politics.

It protracted the war.

It cost Germany many lives and much treasure and resulted finally in Germany being compelled to accept much harsher terms than she might easily have got any time before the Allies had, as they in the end did, military victory in their grasp.

And he has just played all over again politics just as stupid in fomenting the Kapp revolution.

A Socialist newspaper says Ludendorff has "lost his second war."

¶ ¶ ¶

SOLDIERS make the worst politicians, unless they be geniuses of the first rank, like Napoleon.

Yet politics always intrigues generals, especially general staff generals.

Perhaps they have a notion that politics is like war because it involves strategy.

They like to be occupied in a game of move and counter-move.

But the soldier is spoiled for politics by his habit of exercising authority.

He can't get over the idea that things move the way he tells them to move.

He can't get over issuing orders.

He can't adapt himself to a world in which there is no discipline.

Either he sees this quickly, being simple and unegoistic, like General Grant, and resigns himself into the hands of others and thus makes a failure as General Grant did when President.

Or he bullies, assuming discipline and obedience where there is none, and comes to grief that way.

There are two kinds of generals whom a self-governing people choose now and again to lead it.

One is the loved soldier, whom it knows to be a chucklehead in civilian affairs, but whom it delights to honor none the less; the Hindenburg sort of general, who may yet be president of Germany.

And the other is the restless, ambitious general, grasping for power, whom a people chooses because a term of him will "do the body politic good" just as a stay at Muldoon's training farm does a man good.

But the public soon gets tired of both equally.

This fable teaches—but then good judges say that General Wood has always been a politician whom accident placed in the army.

¶ ¶ ¶

THERE is always a book that inspires every revolution. It was Rousseau's books that voiced the ideals of the French Revolution and it is a book that borrows its title from Rousseau which has been read by all revolutionary Germany.

"Man Is Good" is the title of it—Rousseau had said, "L'homme bon, les hommes mechants"—"Man is good, men bad"—and it is by Leonhard Frank.

It is a collection of short stories attacking war, and it has been read in Germany as Barbusse's "Le Feu," translated with the title "Under Fire," was read in France, which was not ripe for revolution or it might have been overturned by Barbusse's fiction.

¶ ¶ ¶

THE first story in "Man Is Good" is called "The Father."

It is a simple little story of a waiter who has skimped and slaved and cringed before the patrons of his restaurant scraping up tips to bring up his son.

The war comes.

The boy is killed "on the field of honor."

All that was worth while in life has been taken away from the waiter.

Will he go on slaving and cringing before the patrons of his restaurant?

He goes out into the street and to a hall where the working people are gathered.

He mounts the tribune and tells his simple story of what war has cost him.

His story is the story of all his listeners.

He leads them into the street, and the whole town gathers behind him to make an end of the thing which robs you of that for which you have skimped and slaved and cringed and given your whole life.

¶ ¶ ¶

"CIVILIZATION!" writes Frank in the book which moved Germany. "Ten millions of dead! The blood which runs from these murdered 10,000,000, 40,000,000 of liters of streaming blood, would run for a day the whole electric station at Niagara, would replace the waters on the wheel and produce the power to light a great city. Ten millions of dead. All the cars of Prussia would not be equal to transporting the heads cut from 10,000,000 bodies, the heads alone. Civilization! Arrange all the bodies head to head and foot to foot and there will be a line of dead sixteen kilometers long, not meters, kilometers!"

Very simple stuff, much simpler than Barbusse, who was so much of an artist in "Le Feu" that you almost miss the propaganda, but of simple stuff revolutions are made.

¶ ¶ ¶

NEW YORK is once more excited about the "man higher up."

A prosecutor and a high police officer are calling each other names that the newspapers can't print, and there are promises of sensational disclosures and of tremendously high place persons going to jail.

This happens at regular intervals in New York.

A little while ago it was "the overshadowing crime" that was being investigated. Beside the "overshadowing crime" our old acquaintance the "man higher up" seems tame and insignificant but he is once more on the front pages.

He gets there often but he never goes to jail.

¶ ¶ ¶

WHEN you hear of the "overshadowing crime" or the "man higher up" it is a sign that the thieves who fatten upon the corruption of a great city have fallen out.

There is a saying that when thieves fall out the honest man gets his due.

Then the due of the honest man is a sensational story in the newspapers, for that is all he ever gets out of it.

Once when the falling out went so far that a police lieutenant killed a gambler in New York the honest man got out of it a very indifferent governor of New York state, who had been the public prosecutor to send the police lieutenant to the death chair.

When New York milk dealers follow a declaration that their profit is only a quarter of a cent a quart with the promise to reduce the price two cents a quart, does this prove them philanthropists? Or—

Board of Health routine these days is just one measly thing after another.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. In what part of Germany is the Ruhr district, now a hot-bed of revolution?
2. What are the tympani of an orchestra?
3. Who was Juvenal?
4. How long is an ell?
5. Who was called "The good gray poet"?
6. What is the hottest part of the United States?
7. What is the origin of the word tornado?
8. What is repousse metal work?
9. Who discovered the principle of the barometer?
10. What king of England was a member of the Dutch house of Orange?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Antelopes can run at the rate of sixty miles an hour.
2. Charlotte is the largest city in North Carolina, with an estimated population in 1916 of 39,000.
3. The expression "From A to Ampersand" is figuratively used in the sense of "from beginning to end." Ampersand is the name of the sign &. The word is a corruption of "and per se," meaning "and by itself."
4. Antonio was a celebrated Italian sculptor. He died in Venice in 1822.
5. The boy kings of England were Edward V, who died at thirteen, and Edward VI, who died at sixteen.
6. The ballad "Dixie" was written by D. D. Emmett. It originated in Bryant's Minstrels, New York, and was first sung in Mechanics' Hall in 1859.
7. Citizens of Delaware are known as "The Blue Hen's Chickens," in reference to Delaware troops in the revolutionary war, forming what was called "The Game Cock Regiment." Captain Caldwell, one of the officers, maintained that a true game cock must of necessity be the progeny of a blue hen.
8. A cavatina is a short, simple song, a smooth, melodious air.
9. Ivan the Terrible was Ivan IV, Czar of Russia. He died in 1584.
10. The extinct language Sanskrit was spoken in India.

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VICTORY BELLES

PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATRES
Direction LEE & J. J. SHUBERT

SAM S. SHUBERT Broad bel. Locust NIGHTS AT 8:15
POP. MAT. TOMOR. BEST SEATS $1
Musical Comedy Hit of the Town.
TAKE IT FROM ME
GREAT GOBS OF LAUGHTER
GAY MUSICAL SHOW
CHORUS IS A WONDER

Chestnut St. OPERA HOUSE Evgs., 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
THE SEASON'S SENSATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS
FIFTY-FIFTY WITH HERBERT CRTHEL
BEST SINGING CHORUS IN TOWN
Love, Laughs, Lingerie, Musical Gems
I Will Remember
POP. MAT. TOMOR. BEST SEATS $1

ADELPHI NIGHTS, 8:20. Mat. Thurs. & Sat.
POP. MAT. THURS., Best Seats $1
A. H. WOODS Presents
"The greatest collection of Farceurs that has ever been assembled."—Press.
UP IN MABEL'S ROOM
"An orgy of fun . . making that has seldom been witnessed on any stage."—Record
WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST
HAZEL DAWN, WALTER JONES, JOHN ARTHUR, ENID MARKEY and Others.

LYRIC Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
POP. MAT. TOMOR. BEST SEATS $1
WILLIAM HODGE
IN HIS GREATEST SUCCESS
"THE GUEST OF HONOR"
THIS WEEK NEXT WEEK LAST 2 WEEKS

Mon., April 12—MAIL ORDERS NOW
Sothern-Marlowe
in SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Mon. Evg., Apr. 5 Last Recital in Phila. for 2 years
VIOLIN RECITAL
HEIFETZ
Reserved Seats at Heppe's, 1116 Chestnut St.

Stanley
Market St. ab. 16th. 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
MAURICE TOURNEUR
Presents the Paramount-Artcraft Picture
"MY LADY'S GARTER"
Added—New MACK SENNETT COMEDY

PALACE
1214 MARKET STREET
10 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:30 P. M.
WALLACE REID "EXCUSE MY DUST"
Cast Includes THEODORE ROBERTS, ANN LITTLE and TULLY MARSHALL

ARCADIA
CHESTNUT BELOW 16TH
10 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:30 P. M.
JACK PICKFORD
IN FIRST SHOWING OF
"THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME"
By JOHN FOX, JR.

VICTORIA
MARKET ST. ABOVE NINTH
9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MARIE DORO in "12-16"
Directed by HERBERT BRENON
Added—"Tillie's Punctured Romance"
Cast Includes:—CHARLIE CHAPLIN, MARIE DRESSLER, MACK SWAIN, MABEL NORMAND & CHESTER CONKLIN

CAPITOL
724 MARKET STREET
10 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:30 P. M.
NORMA TALMADGE
in "SHE LOVES AND LIES"

REGENT MARKET ST. Bel. 17TH
MARGUERITE CLARK
in "EASY TO WIN"

GLOBE 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
MARKET STREET AT JUNIPER
CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE
"MY TULIP GIRL"
Mabel Berra; Dayo & Larsen. Others.

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave.
2:15, 6:45 & 9 P. M.
"MOVIE LAND" MUSICAL FARCE
ANITA STEWART "IN OLD KENTUCKY"

CROSS-KEYS Market St. Below 60th
2:30, 7 and 9.
"ASSORTED DAINTIES"

PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST THEATRES

BROAD NIGHTS AT 8:15. Mat. Tomorrow at 2:15.
ROBERT B. MANTELL
TONIGHT—"KING LEAR"
Mat. Tomorrow "JULIUS CAESAR"
& Sat. Evg.
Tomor. Night—"RICHELIEU"
Thurs., "HAMLET"; Friday, "MACBETH"; Sat. Mat., "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

GARRICK LAST 5 EVGS. Matinee Tomorrow
Positively Last Week
THE ED. WYNN CARNIVAL (1ST EDITION)
WITH ED. WYNN (HIMSELF)
A JOYOUS, JAZZY, MUSIC REVUE with a "Wynn-ing" Chorus of Youthful Feminine Loveliness.
BOOK AND SONGS BY ED. WYNN

EASTER WEEK—Seats Thurs.
Geo. M. COHAN'S Comedians
In the Brand-New Musical Comedy
"MARY"
Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel
LOU HIRSCH'S NEW MELODIES
Staged by Julian Mitchell and Sam Forrest.
Big Cast of Favorites. Easter Lily Chorus.

FORREST LAST 5 EVGS. MAT. TOMORROW
Positively Last Week
GREATEST OF ALL MUSICAL COMEDIES
LISTEN LESTER With ADA MAE WEEKS
And a Sensational Cast of Singers, Dancers and Funmakers.

EASTER WEEK—Seats Selling
MASK AND WIG CLUB
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA 32D ANNUAL PRODUCTION
"Don Quixote, Esquire"
A Musical Comedy in 2 Acts
Biggest and Best Show Ever!

Walton Roof
Refined Entertainment
A HALF SQUARE FROM EVERYWHERE
TELL YOUR FRIENDS to Meet You There
Excellent dance music at 9 p. m.
Nightly at 9:30 and 11:15 p. m.
Whiteside & Murdoch Boys Novelty Dancers
FLORENCE ANDREWS The Glad Girl
Lorraine-Sherwood Stahl Baby Soubrette
SARAH JONES Songstress
OAKLAND SISTERS De Luxe Dances Songs
PIERROT ROOF CLOSED FRIDAY

THURSDAY EVENING APRIL 8
RECITAL
JOHN DFOUTS
AMERICAN VIOLINIST
BELLEVUE-STRATFORD BALL-ROOM
TICKETS AT HEPPE'S, 1116 CHESTNUT ST.; CONWAY'S, or BELLEVUE LOBBY

DUMONT'S AND EMMETT J. WELCH MINSTRELS
NINTH AND ARCH STREETS
Mats. Mon., Wed. & Sat., 2:15. Evgs., 8:15.
This Week—YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR OF THE SCANDALS OF 1920

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, N. Y.
TO-NIGHT La Forza del Destino
AT 8
Mmes. Ponselle, Gordon, MM. Caruso, Amato, Mardones, Chalmers, Cond., Mr. Papi.
Adm. $1 & $2. 1108 Chest. Wal. 4424, Race 07

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE
Seventeenth and De Lancey Sts.
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Big Musical Success, with Georgia O'Ramey
"OUI MADAME"
Evgs., $2.00 to $3.00. A few at $5.50.
Mat. Thurs., $1.50, $2.00. Reg. Mat. Sat.

University Extension Society
Witherspoon Hall, Wed. Evg., Mar. 31, at 8.
JANET RICHARDS
Tickets, 50c to $1.00. On sale now.

Trocadero SLIDING BILLY WATSON and HIS BIG SHOW