Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President
Charles H. Ludington, Vice President; John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Phillip S. Collins, John B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman
DAVID E. SMILEY.....Editor

JOHN C. MARTIN....General Business Manager

Published daily at PUBLIC LEDGER Building
Independence Square, Philadelphia.
ATLANTIC CITY.....Press-Union Building
NEW YORK.....364 Madison Ave.
DETROIT.....701 Ford Building
ST. LOUIS.....1008 Fullerton Building
CHICAGO.....1302 Tribune Building

NEWS BUREAUS:
WASHINGTON BUREAU.....N. E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th St.
NEW YORK BUREAU.....The Sun Building
LONDON BUREAU.....London Times

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

The EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier.

By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month, six ($6) dollars per year, payable in advance.

To all foreign countries one ($1) dollar a month.

NOTICE—Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Wednesday, October 27, 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.

COUNCIL IN WONDERLAND

ONLY a few days ago a necessary sale of city bonds was held up because of an ordinance incorrectly drawn up and hence illegally passed by the Council. Something of the same clumsy, back-handed method of administering municipal affairs was illustrated yesterday in the passage of a bill appropriating $15,000 to make up the deficit incurred by local athletes at the Olympic games.

Mr. Develin has contended that the taxpayers' money cannot legally be used for this purpose. The committee on celebrations has been commissioned to consider a resolution asking that the question be referred to the city solicitor. The logical procedure would, of course, have been to obtain authoritative advice on the legal point before taking action.

Evidently, however, the "Alice in Wonderland" philosophy of "Sentence first, verdict afterwards," is popular in the Council.

OUR "CITY ARCHITECT"

MAYOR MOORE'S determination to remove the Philip H. Johnson incubus inflicted on the city during the days of Durham dominance is unflinching.

In a manner of speaking—that is, politically—Mr. Johnson held the post of "city architect." In reality no such position was in existence. The protection which Mr. Johnson has enjoyed was the result of contracts of the stranglehold variety. In addition to that, the impression prevailing in political circles prior to the Moore administration was that the "city architect's" role was inviolable. Like the Vicar of Bray, Mr. Johnson was to remain at his post no matter who ruled.

This particular political philosophy received a severe jolt when John P. B. Sinkler was appointed city architect, without the quotes. The office is duly authorized by the new charter.

The present encouragingly vigorous move in the awarding to Thomas E. Ash of a contract for work to be performed at the Home for the Indigent. The operation is a small one, in inverse ratio to the principle involved.

If Mr. Johnson feels that he is abused he can go to law for a definition of the validity of the contract for buildings of the Health and Charities Department made under the Ashbridge administration some seventeen years ago. Meanwhile, Mayor Moore's independence is to be applauded, and champions of decent government are entitled to hope that the term of an unsavory arrangement is drawing to a close.

APPLE APPRECIATION

"WE IN Pennsylvania," admonishes Governor Sproul, "are too apt to hold the apple too lightly." The observation is questionable. Apple eating hardly needs to be encouraged. The habit is intuitive. Where Pennsylvanians err, however, is in the fallacious notion that the fruits of this region are inferior to the more gorgeous western products and in the depreciating of this state as an apple-growing country.

The time and the apples are ripe for a little home appreciation. The greatest apple crop in the history of the commonwealth is in existence. The governor urges that "Apple Week" be observed here, beginning on October 30.

The program is to involve apple-buying for present and future consumption, apple-eating, apple-preserving in various forms, apple sauce, apple pie. Subscription to this regime ought not to be difficult.

The fruits will not be expensive. If that is considered a drawback by habitual purchasers of apples for their fair exteriors alone, such individuals do not deserve to live in this state of thriving orchards, prodigious in numbers and productive of the tastiest fruits.

THE SALT OF LANGUAGE

"THE Mayor," said the Rev. Dr. William B. Forney, chairman of the Sabbath committee of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches, which has indicted Mr. Moore because of the partial failure of the crusade against Sunday baseball, "has passed the buck!"

It is not often that a jewel of slang finds so conspicuous a setting, though the English language will be richer when those who write and speak it formally learn to illuminate their ideas with a little of the dazzling light that shines now and then from the lower levels of the vernacular.

Not all slang is good. But in the main slang is the salt of any language. So Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, regarded it, and men like Brander Matthews, John Masefield and other masters of English have gloried in the idiom that unpretentious multitudes devise to express moods and convictions too profound or too poignant for ordinary words.

Some writers have tried recklessly to make slang to order. They produce only thin and shabby imitations of the real thing. Like songs that every one remembers, slang at its best is an expression of emotion and the result of moving experience. It comes from the heart of man. The baseball bleachers, passion swept, produce gems of vivid speech. "Dead!" shouted an anguished fanatic once when, in a crucial instance, a batter missed the third time while three men were on bases; "Dead from the ears up!"

An academician might have written pages without being able to convey so vivid an impression of hopeless ineptitude as is here presented in five short words.

What other word would be as good as "graft"? Say that a man is distrait or slightly insane, and you get nowhere. Say that he has bats in his belfry and you will approximate in speech a complete picture of a vacant and haunted mind as Poe might have dimly visioned it. That, of course, is slang at its wildest. But it shows what a crowd's imagination can be like.

Irony, humor, rage and the cheerful nonchalance of the American character can be reflected in slang as they are reflected in few printed pages. There is no describing the colors in which man in his tenser moods sees the images with which he is concerned.

"A big steak," says the tired patron in a rough-house restaurant.

"Slab of moo!" shouts the waiter to the cook.

"I want it rare," continues the man at the table.

"Let him chew it!" bawls the waiter.

This isn't pretty. But who will say that it isn't picturesque and that it doesn't jar, rather wholesomely, a tired imagination?

DESPERATION FORCES COX TO JETTISON WILSON'S LEAGUE

His Promise to Compromise Removes It as a Factor, Leaving Democratic Failure at Washington as Real Issue Next Tuesday

GOVERNOR COX'S campaign managers must have been dumfounded when they read his Huntington speech in the newspapers yesterday.

Their candidate abandoned the chief issue on which he has been making his fight, turned his back on the Democratic President and went over body and breeches to the Republican position.

He not only abandoned the President, but he left the Wilson Article X Republicans who have announced that they would vote for him without any justification for their course.

And he did this less than thirty-six hours before the President was to assure these Wilson league Republicans that there was a vital difference between the two parties on the issue.

If Mr. Wilson repudiates Mr. Cox today as completely as Mr. Cox has repudiated him it will surprise no one. Mr. Cox has been ignoring the President ever since he made a formal call on him after the San Francisco convention. He has announced, "I am running for the presidency, and not Mr. Wilson." There is apparently as much lack of sympathy between Mr. Cox and Mr. Wilson as there was between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Cleveland in 1896. The party is demoralized, with its leaders pulling in different directions. And its candidate has been continually shifting position in the hope that he could find some plea with which to make a telling appeal for support. He must be in a desperate mood or he would not have made his Huntington speech.

We have said he has come over to the Republican position. Now, let us look a moment at what that position is as set forth by Mr. Harding. In a formal statement given out in Marion on October 11 Mr. Harding said, "I am unalterably opposed to going into the League of Nations *as that particular proposition now stands.*" He also said: "I am in favor of a world association—call it what you will, the name is of slight consequence—that will discourage or tend to prevent war and that will encourage or tend to encourage a better understanding among the nations of the earth." As to his plan for modifying our entrance into the league or association "as that particular proposition now stands," he announced that he would "call into conference with me the best minds, the clearest minds that America affords."

Mr. Harding has amplified these statements and put them in a different form on other occasions, but nothing that he has said justifies any one in assuming that he is not in favor of the entrance of the United States into a league of nations on conditions satisfactory to a majority of the American people. In fact, he has persistently announced his belief in a world association for peace, and he has been persistently opposed to the league covenant "as that proposition now stands." The form of words he has used has been prescribed by the exigencies of the campaign in which he is fighting the party which entered the contest definitely committed to the proposition "as it now stands."

He voted for the Lodge reservations twice, along with an overwhelming majority of his Republican colleagues and in association with almost half of the Democratic senators. These Republicans and Democrats were and are opposed to the proposition in its present form.

Mr. Cox seems to have made a belated discovery of the sentiment of the nation, and in the last week is making a desperate attempt to put himself in line with it. He said in Huntington, "I am willing to accept any reservations that are helpful and that clarify." In order to discover what reservations were "helpful," that is, what reservations were necessary in order to secure the ratification of the agreement, he said: "I will sit down with the Senate and reach an agreement about our going into this league. * * * If too much has to be given in compromise now in order to insure our entrance into the league, the people themselves will have an opportunity to modify and correct later. It cannot be a matter of the exercise of merely the executive will."

The position of the two candidates is briefly this:

Mr. Harding is opposed to the league in its present form and will consult the best minds in the country in order to discover how that form must be modified.

Mr. Cox is in favor of the league, but knows that it will be impossible for the United States to enter it unless some modifications are made in it, and he will consult with the Senate to discover what modifications are necessary.

One of them is definitely committed to tweedledum.

The other takes his stand without equivocation on tweedledee.

Now that Mr. Cox has at one stroke swept the League of Nations issue out of those which are seriously contested, what remains?

There remains what has been the predominant issue from the beginning, namely, *the failure of the Democratic party.* Mr. Hoover compressed it all into less than fifty words when he said a few days ago: "To have obstinately held up the peace of the world for eighteen months; to have rejected the opportunity of amicable adjustment of differences so as to meet those; to have projected the issue into a presidential election, is the greatest failure of American statesmanship since the Civil War."

Mr. Cox is asking the country to give his party another trial on the promise that it will do better next time. That is all he has to offer. And in offering it he is slapping in the face the President who has been acclaimed as the greatest Democrat since Jefferson. But Mr. Cox is saying by implication that insistence on the will of the executive has confused matters so badly that if anything is to be done there must be a change of policy in the White House.

The Republicans agree with him in this. They will be delighted to discover that he also agrees with them, for every open or covert criticism of Mr. Wilson that comes from him justifies their demand that the management of the government be turned over to a party which does not have to make apologies for the blunders of its leaders in office.

The complete break-down of the Democratic plan of campaign is of a piece with the break-down of Democratic statesmanship in Washington. Mr. Cox has given his whole case away, very much as the southerner did to whom the West Virginian mountaineer referred when, in speaking of the Cox meeting at Huntington, he remarked, "This has been the most excitement we have had hereabouts since they threw that fellow out of church up our way for telling the revenue officers where there was a still."

They won't throw Mr. Cox out of the party, but it will not be for the reason that some thinking Democrats would not like to.

ROOSEVELT: HIS DAY

IN ONE way Theodore Roosevelt remained alone and apart among the people who are celebrating the anniversary of his birth today. He did not consider himself as a superman, nor would he ever admit the possession of qualities of mind and heart essentially different from those that belong to the man in the street. He preferred to feel and believe that he was one of the great crowd and that he reflected only the crowd's virtues and spoke with its voice. This was an opinion which Roosevelt's enthusiastic countrymen refused to share. Yet it was rooted in simple truth—truth which, upon closer analysis, goes far to explain Roosevelt's force, his usefulness and his immeasurable popularity.

There are two sides to every human character, and one is good and the other is not so good as it ought to be. Yet it is before the lonely altar of his own better spirit that a man does homage in secret even while that better part of him is abandoned to the dust and to defeat. So we are made. In Roosevelt the average American saw his own secret virtues triumphant and marching unafraid. He saw his own better nature personified and freed, by some miracle of circumstance, from the hindrances that disturb and confuse existence for most of us.

All men retain through most of their lives something of the imaginative quality that is supposed to end with the visionary days of boyhood. How many Americans dreamed, in the days of Mark Hanna and dollar-marked politics, of playing the knight to the lady with the torch; of mauling the bosses, of great assaults in which the despoilers might be kicked out of the temple? Roosevelt did what millions of other men thought of doing while they lacked the energy and the determination necessary to do it. He went to battle for things that others had not time to defend. It was no wonder that the crowd followed him. He was what is noble in every crowd. If he differed essentially from his fellows, it was only because he listened to that voice of conscience which, though it is never still in any one, is forgotten or avoided for the sake of comfort or expediency.

When Roosevelt boasted that he shared only the gifts of the plain man he generalized largely. He did differ from countless Americans in one respect. He was able to think of the spirit of his country as if it were a visible and conscious entity, a living and present thing not without a constant need of passionate and courageous friends. America was not an abstract thing to Roosevelt. It was more than a country, more than a democracy, more than a system of government and a collection of ideals. It was a symbol and a hope and a promise of incalculable importance to all the world.

While other men who could think as clearly and feel as keenly as he were content, for the sake of their own peace and welfare, to drift and surrender, the man from Oyster Bay went out to scuffle, to strike blows, to fight furiously with the powers of darkness in politics so long as there was fight left in him. He was, as he said, a practical man. He started nothing without the hope of finishing it. In other ways, too, he was the typical American. He had the normal man's hatred for ugliness and double dealing and unfair play. His philosophy and his breeding left him happily free from the acquisitive instinct that has overwhelmed and driven many great minds in this country to futile effort, and so he turned easily to a career of great service.

On the birthday of this great American many people will again speak of him as a man of destiny. Roosevelt himself would say that he was no more a man of destiny than any other good citizen of the United States, and that he did his greatest work when he carried to realization the ideal of citizenship which every one of his hurried and harassed and negligent countrymen know to be the only decent one. He put his country first even among the things of his intimate life. He saw America clearly and he saw it whole, and deemed it worthy of the best that was in him. Any American willing to forget himself and risk the battle can be, in a sense, as great as Roosevelt. But how many are there who are willing to do that much?

AN OUT-OF-DATE LAW

THE anti-profiteering law, known as the Lever act, was admittedly an emergency measure. Its practical effectiveness was disputed even during the war, but there is no doubt that some sentimental satisfaction was derived from its indictment of overcharging practices and from the penalties with which offenders were threatened.

One weakness of the law lay in the difficulty of defining "unjust or unreasonable profits." Another, not considered too curiously during an international crisis, was the immunity from the operation of the law granted to agriculturists.

This feature has now been held by Judge Thompson, in the United States court for the western district of Pennsylvania, to be unconstitutional, clashing in particular with the fourteenth amendment guaranteeing to every person "the equal protection of the law." This objection, leniently passed over in wartime, is almost certain to arise again.

In other words, the Lever act, with its inconsistencies and anomalies, was accepted under abnormal conditions. Now that they have passed it is clear that either a revision of the law or its extinction is in order.

AN EASY WAY OUT

THAT Staten Islander who is solving the housing and heating problem by building a bungalow on his automobile in which he will ride to Florida to spend the winter has not exhausted the possibilities.

There is a food and clothing problem as well as a housing and heating problem. Why not solve them both by migrating to the tropics? There are South sea islands where food grows on trees and all one has to do is to reach out one's hand to get it. There are no hat-check bandits and the waiters do not demand a tip, for every one is his own waiter. Clothing is not a burden. A towel suffices for warmth and decency. Shelter can quickly be provided by weaving a few palm branches into a roof. The ground is soft and warm enough for a bed. And it is a region in which the coal barons cease from troubling and the ashman gives the inhabitants a rest.

AS ONE WOMAN SEES IT

The First Symphony Concerts, for Which Mrs. Gillespie Jeopardized Her Little All to Bring to Philadelphia

By SARAH D. LOWRIE

THE Monday after the first symphony concerts this autumn I was hailed on the streets by a teacher of music, Miss Martha Barry, whom many of us know and honor in this town, and what she had on her mind to tell me was that she had been so refreshed and thrilled by Saturday night's concert that the momentum of it was still carrying her along.

I thought as she spoke about the evening's inspiration of a story that had been told me only two days before by a woman who was once also a teacher of music, apropos of the dearth there was in Philadelphia of any such inspiration for either pupils or teachers or ordinary music lovers in the early eighties when she was young and most of us were children.

ALL THE way up the street I thought of Mrs. Gillespie. What a great old-ever-young woman she was! How much the big audiences that crowd into the symphony concerts this winter owe her for her spirited venturesomeness, her almost willful pertinacity in bringing symphony concerts to this city steeped in inartistic interests, jeopardizing her little patrimony—indeed, losing more than a little of it so far as ever having any return in dollars and cents is concerned—in order that teachers of music and the few that hungered and thirsted after it should have an inspiration from hearing great music greatly played.

Her own daughter was a teacher of music. If things had gone differently that daughter, Ellen Gillespie, might have been a great artist. She had temperament enough and technique—she studied with Von Bulow and for four years at Stuttgart—but not the physique. Now she is something quite different, i. e., the wife of a great physician and just this year the Democratic candidate for presidential elector by way of proving her mettle as a new woman.

SHE TOLD me about the way Philadelphia first had a chance to hear symphony concerts.

One day Theodore Thomas, who was her mother's warm friend—and, indeed, like a member of the family—said to her: "Granny, Nellie can't teach unless she hears music!"

The question was, how "Nellie" or any of the men and women of her profession in Philadelphia could hear music.

They could not go to New York to hear it every week or every month even. The most highly paid received $3 a lesson. A woman teacher was generally supposed to be thankful for $1 a lesson. If Mrs. Gillespie's daughter had not been a pioneer in those days, as well as in these, she, too, would have been thankful for $1 an hour. She asked and got what the men teachers asked and got, however, and incidentally made it possible for all the women who succeeded her to earn a living salary.

THEODORE THOMAS, for his old friend's sake, and for music sake, made a most generous, indeed, almost a quixotic offer. If Mrs. Gillespie would guarantee the pay of his orchestra men for a series of concerts, he agreed to forgo any honorarium as leader and to divide the profits, if there were any, on a fifty-fifty basis.

What the present orchestra committee and the women's auxiliary have accomplished with the help of the whole city one woman some thirty years ago started out to put through by her own initiative. And she put it through! The concerts were given, the musicians were paid and the artists received their honorariums, though at what cost to her own capital the following little colloquy between her daughter and herself on the night of the first great Wagner concert goes to show.

The artists were Materna, Fischer, Winkelman and lesser lights. There was a great turnout in the Academy, for many persons were hearing Wagner for the first time and had come from curiosity, but even a great turnout could not cover the expenses of an operatic concert at the then concert prices. So that when Mrs. Gillespie settled herself beside her daughter in the parquet circle she knew to a cent what the deficit for the evening would be.

"No one has paid so high a price for his seat as you and I have, Nellie!" said she.

"How much have we paid?" her daughter asked.

"About $2500 apiece!" her mother said serenely.

In the end, in spite of fearful prognostications from the onlookers and subscribers, the concerts began to pay. That is, Theodore Thomas and Mrs. Gillespie did have a dividend. The first fifty-fifty division they made netted each sixty-one cents.

I ASKED Mrs. Davis once where her mother got her music. She said the Duanes were very musical, and so was her grandmother, Deborah Bache, Franklin's granddaughter.

William Duane was a lawyer—incidentally he made Stephen Girard's will so cleverly that never a lawyer since his day has been able to show how it could be broken. The family house for all the young life of his children was at Sixth and Chestnut streets, where the PUBLIC LEDGER building is now. The girls went to the fashionable Madam Picot's school, where music of a tinkling kind was taught after a somewhat draconian method. But they had private teachers and the house was full of music. Sarah played the pianoforte, Mary sang, Ellen sang even better—"superbly" was, I remember, the traditional word for Ellen's singing. Elizabeth—otherwise Lib, or Lizzie—afterwards Mrs. Archibald Hamilton Gillespie, played. All the new music was tried over as a matter of course.

THE musical center in those days was Musical Fund Hall and the great musical events of a local kind were the concerts of the Choral Society. Dirigo was the leader. He was superseded by a Frenchman who had a fashionable following for a while, but the Duanes, being both musical and fashionable and loyal as well, did not swerve from Dirigo and brought the leadership back to him. Even in those days the one they called "Lib" was a great champion, it seems.

IN 1867, when Mrs. Gillespie took her young daughter to Europe—her husband, a noted soldier, had died in the Civil War—it was with the intention of giving her girl the best musical education Europe could afford, no matter what the cost might be to her somewhat slender means. She evidently realized from her own experience as a girl that America did not then afford many musical incentives for a young student.

What she did then and some years later in pursuit of that musical education made her an authority in the eyes of her fellow-countrymen. Indeed, it was through her that Richard Wagner was commissioned to write the music for the Centennial march. He received $5000 for that very mediocre composition, and Mrs. Gillespie was ever afterward somewhat sardonic concerning the episode. She could be sardonic on many subjects. She was not one to endure fools gladly. She never hesitated to speak her mind from motives of prudence or policy.

Her remarks had the effect of a thunder shower, therefore they cleared the air of subterfuge. Things were always more interesting and to the point after she had had her say.

She was kind, however, to needy fools and loyal to her faiths, and she had the masterful vision of a great seer. She fanned the little spark of music in this town into a sturdy blaze. And she did it at the risk of all she had.

A Cautious Critic

From the Boone County Headlight.

A Kansas man was recently fined $10 and given thirty days in jail for murder. It looks like a light punishment for such a crime, but not having been acquainted with the victim, we are, of course, not competent to judge.

"REMEMBER, LADY, Y' GOTTER HAVE FAITH!"

NOW MY IDEA IS THIS!

Daily Talks With Thinking Philadelphians on Subjects They Know Best

DR. ELLIS P. OBERHOLTZER

On Moving Pictures

"WHEN I became a member of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors about six years ago the work of supervising and controlling the moving picture was new," said Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer, director of the State Board of Motion-Picture Censors. "Now this branch of social service covers the world. There is control of the cinema house in England, under the direction of T. P. O'Connor; in all the provinces of Canada, in Australasia, Scandinavia, Japan, Germany and elsewhere.

"In general the inspection is physical before the picture is released for circulation, and it is aimed at one or all of three or four offenses—indecency, obscurity, sacrilege and what is contrary to public policy with reference to incitement to riot and the spread of crime. When a picture has been looked at with these ends in view it is certificated and sent on its way. It is marked with a seal of approval so that it may be identified, like an automobile if its owner or lessee shall be guilty of misconduct. It has been inspected like meat and milk and butter to discover if it is fit for public use.

"Our law in Pennsylvania, prohibiting the exhibition of film which in the judgment of the Board of Censors can be held to be 'debasing to public morals,' was enacted in 1915. At first we had two or three machines in a little projection room on Vine street in the heart of the so-called 'film district,' a neighborhood in which most of the picture distributing offices are located in this city. This seemed to me to be an arrangement not designed for the best service, and we secured from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company an old church at Eighteenth and Filbert streets, which I had used to make the costumes and build the properties for the Historical Pageant of 1912.

New Quarters Found

"When in two or three years the railroad company required this building for its own purpose I found and the Department of Grounds and Buildings at Harrisburg hired another old church on Cherry street near Eleventh street, and it is to this place that every foot of film must be brought for review before it may be shown anywhere within the borders of the commonwealth. Here in the auditorium upstairs we have installed six picture machines, which throw six pictures, simultaneously if need be, on six screens set upon the opposite wall. When I became a member of the board in 1915 we looked at film at the rate of nearly 20,000,000 feet in a year. Now, because of a reduction in the output and by reason of a change in our system of inspection, our service in a year covers about 12,000,000 feet. This is the whole product of the United States plus a certain amount of imported film, for there is little that is intended for circulation anywhere in this country which does not come to a large state like Pennsylvania. Our 1500 picture houses transact about 8 or 10 per cent of all the film business in the United States.

"In the interpretation of the meaning of the words 'debasing to the public morals' we have formulated a number of 'rules and standards,' with the support of a series of opinions of the county and Supreme courts. By experience we have come to judge pictures rather instinctively. We know by automatic understanding what violates a standard, and in the performance of our duties have wholly barred a large number of so-called 'enlightenment pictures,' having to do with white slavery, malpractice, birth control and disease, as well as pictures of other objectionable kinds. There are 200 or 300 separate subjects which may not be exhibited in Pennsylvania. More than this we 'reconstruct'; that is, we require the making over of 150 or 200 pictures in a year. Through changes of captions the tendency of immoral film stories is made good, or at least not offensive to public taste. A theme dealing with the betrayal of a girl, for example, or the use of drugs or the exploitation of crime, which the immature or the ill-conditioned mind may be led to imitate, is altered when it can be and it is given a different turn. We have co-operated in this way tediously and patiently with the film companies. In many other cases our changes or 'eliminations,' as we call them, are slight and cover only the removal of individual titles and scenes. It will be held, I think, that we have accommodated ourselves to the picture industry by long experience, and that the industry with some grace has ordered its business to conform with our requirements.

Run Into Many Lawsuits

"So much has not been done without at times hard thoughts, hard words and prolonged dealings with attorneys at law and judges of the courts. Only decision, courage, eternal vigilance, indifference to criticism when you know you are right, will avail the film censor. Then after great toil of the eye and some derangement of the nervous system, his reward will be satisfaction in well doing. I know there is treasure in heaven for an honest public servant of this kind. He is beset with temptation. Beguiling men full of subterfuge come to visit him with their own objects in view. He is cozened and pressed and banished from the company of man, sometimes as a "great Torquemada," and again as an Anthony Comstock full of prudish ideas, though he has been so moderate in his judgments that he knows of a certainty that a million persons will still think him a libertine.

"For all of this in Pennsylvania we have cared not very much. We have built up a system which is generally held to be as just as it is effective.

"At once intelligent and reasonable, it is known and respected, and to a considerable degree followed in other parts of this country and in Canada. It is commended on one side for the consideration it expresses for the property interests of the 'film men,' and on the other for an inflexible antagonism to the indecent and dangerous tone which characterizes the picture as it comes, in too many cases, from the producing studio in Los Angeles and New York at this day."

Inspiration to Home Affection

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"When a man bet on a lame hoss," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "hit sure do git inspirin' how he yell fo' laigs t' git on dat old crowbait fo' de sake o' his wife an' chillun."

The Reason of the Smile

SHE smiled at me! I knew not why,
But that she smiled is not a lie.
I caught the flashing, laughing blue
Of her sweet eyes—I swear 'tis true—
Why should she smile at such as I?

She smiled at me, as I passed by;
Oh! for a smile like that I'd die,
And so, I'm pretty sure, would you—
She smiled at me!

But I—I looked an awful "guy,"
For—let me heave a heartfelt sigh—
I soon found out what was her cue—
There was a freakish wind that blew—
To catch my hat I had to try—
She smiled at me!

—La Touche Hancock in Cartoons Magazine.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What great city, one of the foremost in the world, was originally known by a name that meant mud hovels?
2. What is the meaning of the Scotch word dour?
3. How should it be pronounced?
4. After what king of France was Louisiana named?
5. What is the original form of the phrase descriptive of the ocean, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink"?
6. Of what country is Giuseppe Motta president?
7. For what was the Gideon of the Bible especially noted?
8. How does a pennon differ from an ordinary flag?
9. What kind of an animal is a steenbok?
10. Who was James Clarence Mangan?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The inhabitants of North Carolina are sometimes called "tarheels."
2. Praxiteles was a famous Greek sculptor. He flourished about 360 B. C.
3. Shalloon is light cloth for coat linings and women's dresses. The word comes from Chalons, in France, where the material was originally made.
4. The middle name of Chester A. Arthur was Allan.
5. Saltation is a leaping, dancing, a jump, sudden transition or movement.
6. Damson plums take their name from the city of Damascus, in Syria. Damson is a corruption of Damascene.
7. Grover Cleveland issued his famous message urging that Great Britain submit the Venesuelan boundary dispute to arbitration in 1895.
8. Three of the most famous plays by Moliere are "Le Misanthrope," "Tartuffe" and "Le Medecin Malgre Lui" (The Doctor in Spite of Himself).
9. Senator Harding is fifty-five years old and Governor Cox fifty.
10. The city of Cork is situated on the River Lee in southern Ireland. Queenstown is its lower port.

SHORT CUTS

Old General Apathy has so far had no difficulty in lining up his cohorts.

The Red germ seems to thrive in whiskers. What Russia needs is a safety razor.

Published pictures of Prince Paul, of Greece, seem to indicate that he is a regular fellow.

Theodore Marburg may have set a good example to other members of the shipping board.

We take it that the present notable decrease in crime is due to the passing of the saloon.

Even the members of the American Legion will expect the President to be deaf as to Post.

And not a newspaper in the country grudges Julia Arthur the publicity being given to her.

One thing that disturbs the optimism of Democrats is the fact that Governor Cox is already preparing his alibi.

Now that Carpentier and Dempsey are to fight, the presidential election naturally becomes of secondary importance.

Well, anyhow, both parties agree that there is going to be a landslide. Not the most ardent "wet" has ventured to prophesy a flood.

The naval court of inquiry into conditions in Haiti will now proceed to determine whether it is the killings or the charges that have been indiscriminate.

Judge Brown probably knows by this time the number of really useful things that could be done with the money he wants for the Municipal Court.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of appointees to give the President another chance to name the very best men possible for the shipping board.

The executive secretary of the National Homemakers' Guild remarked at the guild breakfast in Chicago that home-making is an expert profession; which appears to be stressing the obvious.

Mrs. S. A. Barnett, founder of Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, and now a visitor in this city, knows, no person better, that the very best thing that grows in a garden is contentment.

It may be remarked in passing that girls subjected to insults from automobile mashers and left to walk home from remote places might save themselves annoyance by refusing to take rides with strangers.

Membership in men's clubs has fallen off, says a dispatch from Boston. Probably because highballs have been blackballed and "Here's how" is now nothing more than an explanation of the eighteenth amendment.

The New Syndicalism born in France may not be the panacea its advocates believe, but it may at least prove a healthful antidote to the Bolshevist canker which seemed for a time to be spreading all too rapidly in Europe.

It took the southern planters six years to change their slogan from "Buy a bale of cotton!" to "Thirty-cent cotton or starve!" For the old cry, it developed, there was no real reason. For the new one, it may be, there is no real need.

Candidates in the Cuban presidential election, which takes place on Monday, are earnestly beseeching their constituents to behave themselves. Here in America constituents are more or less carelessly hoping as much from their candidates.

There is a constable in Wilmington who can't be persuaded that woman knows no political tricks. One induced him to go to church last Sunday by promising to vote the Republican ticket. Later he learned that she had intended to vote that ticket anyhow. Now he says he is unalterably opposed to dragging the church into politics.

France is recovering. Half of her war-torn lands will yield harvests this year; 76 per cent of her war-destroyed establishments are operating; coal mines have been reopened—hard and intelligent work is showing results. But one can understand that while she sweats she can show no manifest sympathy for the one responsible for her misery and her present labor.