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Philadelphia, Saturday, June 24, 1922

**NOTHING BUT WORDS**

JOHN A. BELL'S explanation of his connection with the check-juggling operations of Harmon A. Kephart, former State Treasurer, leaves the matter where it was.  
 Mr. Bell says that Mr. Kephart explained that he wished to accumulate "a war fund," and that he wished to get checks signed in blank in return for checks of the Allegheny county tax collector in payment of taxes due the State. Mr. Bell gave him the checks signed in blank and the Allegheny County checks were not cashed for months, the money remaining in Mr. Bell's bank.  
 All this was known before, save that the money remained in Mr. Bell's bank.  
 What we want to know is why this juggling was done. There was no payment from Mr. Kephart's "war fund," so far as has been disclosed. The whole transaction is queer on its face, and no explanation yet made has been able to make it look like anything except a plan to conceal something.  
 The probe will have to go much deeper before it touches the exact truth.

**MORE SUMMER AMENITIES**

THE appropriation by Council of \$340,000 for orchestra concerts in Fairmount Park this summer furnishes an excellent beginning to an undertaking capable of inspiring expansion. A large patronage for the musical entertainment, provided in the music by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is assured.  
 It is safe, however, to wager that the attendance will surpass the average expectation. The popularity of the municipal concerts on the Parkway Plaza is nowadays severely taxing the seating capacity. Seats were abundant last year. They are this summer more numerous than ever. Since the open-air orchestral entertainments at Belmont, Strawberry Mansion and Lemon Hill will not be inaugurated till mid-July, the opportunity is at hand to prepare adequately for huge crowds. The program for the season is unusually interesting. The Park band concerts are regularly well attended. The additional offerings will not be competitive, but supplementary.  
 The public favor which they are destined to receive should prompt Council to increase the appropriation next year and also to establish an earlier opening date for the series.

**A CYNICAL JURY**

IT SEEMS to be the theory of the prohibition enforcement officers that the best way to catch a bootlegger is to send a bootlegger after him.  
 This is borne out by the complicity which has been engaged in bootlegging. Edgar A. Davis, a prohibition officer, had been a bootlegger before he got his appointment and that the man who appointed him knew it.  
 It is not a new theory. President Diaz acted on it in Mexico when he broke up bandits by handing out government rifles to the rural police. We do not know whether the former bandits levied tribute on travelers and on the ranchmen in their districts as the price of protection from the depredations of unoffical highwaymen, but it is known that for a long time the irregular bands of robbers which had not been taken into the police force had to behave themselves.  
 Whether the prohibition enforcement department is filled with bootleggers—retired or still in business—we do not know. But we do know that there are a good many cynics who think that there are some bootleggers now engaged in bootlegging. That the enforcement officers were not in the membership with the illicit sellers of whiskey was demonstrated when indictments were found against them. And Davis' confession indicates that the men in charge at present are not unwilling to have agents who have been engaged in bootlegging. The head of the enforcement officers in the State says that Davis is a capable officer and that, although he was appointed by his predecessor, he does not intend to remove him.  
 The system does not work out very well, however, for the jury which was trying a bootlegger now open to the Government job at a low salary in a department created to punish the men in the business which he had abandoned.

**A FOOL AND HIS MONEY**

THE arrest of a promoter at his office in this city, charged with swindling Maryland investors out of \$16,000, is not the first, nor will it be the last, arrest on a similar charge.  
 So long as men and women are gullible there will be other men and women willing to take advantage of their weaknesses. They will organize oil and mining companies and companies to exploit alleged new inventions, and they will call the attention of the people to whom they try to sell their stock to the enormous fortunes that have been made by the original investors in the American Telephone Company and in the Equated Copper Company and in the Oklahoma and Texas and California oil companies. Their favorite plan is to offer \$100 shares for \$5 for a limited time, with the announcement that in a month the price will be raised to \$10, and that when the same is developed or when the invention has been introduced or when the stock was found on the land the shares will be worth \$300 a share, or even \$1,000.  
 Sending people with money to lose begins

this shares the situation would not be so tragic, but the promoters seldom approach experienced investors. They solicit ministers, widows, school teachers and men on small salaries in other occupations, holding out to them the possibility of sudden riches. And these people invest their savings, only to discover when it is too late that the company had no assets and that its offices had been closed.  
 There is only one safe rule for the small investor and that is to buy only securities of established value. Government bonds are absolutely safe. Real estate mortgages can be bought with little risk when the transaction is conducted through a bank or trust company. And if one wishes to buy shares in corporations they should be shares bought and sold in the stock exchanges, where the market value is ascertainable every day. Even then no more than the market price should be paid. The price can be learned by consulting the stock quotations in the newspapers.

**THE FOOLS OF THE WORLD SLAY ANOTHER WISE MAN**

Dr. Wu Ting-fang Fell Before the Forces of Ignorance, Greed and Aggression in China

A COUNTRY like ours, which has been content to bask most of its views of modern China on dime novels, horror-fiction turned out of European propaganda factories, chop-see restaurants and the movies, isn't likely to be deeply moved by news of the death of Dr. Wu Ting-fang. Yet it is something to know that one of the wisest men in the world has just been killed by the forces of unwisdom.  
 Dr. Wu, whose death was announced yesterday, seems to have perished as one of those who went down with the South China Government, a Government which, as scholars viewed it, actually represented the legendary China of exquisites and philosophy, of quietude and peace and patient labor. The regime at Canton, which has just succumbed under pressure from armies said by some to be subsidized by Japan or other alien Powers, certainly was in all its pretensions like Dr. Wu, its real spiritual head. And Dr. Wu, who detested and derided war, was caught in the final bombardment. He died, the cables say, of nervous excitement, which may be another name for grief.  
 Wu Ting-fang, during all his years in this country and England, had an Alice-in-Wonderland manner of looking with eager interest on what he conceived to be a topsy-turvy world, and of being forever thrilled by its variations upon himself.  
 Time and again Washington confessed that the Chinese Minister amused it. Washington, in turn, certainly amused the Chinese Minister.  
 "Why does this for gentleman talk with the manner of a hero, while he knows that we know that he does not mean what he is saying? What useful thing does he do? Does he cultivate a garden? Why are those buttons on your coat sleeve? Why do you not know? Then why have them?"  
 Questions such as these, conceived in the utmost earnestness, were forever coming from Dr. Wu. Slim, smiling, in the wonderful clothes of his rank and country and with English accents almost imperceptibly with the note of Oxford, he seemed to be informed fully about all things under the sun. He had concluded that mankind was meant to find peace in wholesome labor and happiness in the contemplation of the beauties of the natural world and the friendly contacts of the human spirit.

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By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

PENNSYLVANIA has been remarkably free from crimes against her high officials.  
 Political feuds have waxed warm, there has been threats and murmurings against the unfaithful or corrupt, but no crime against the person of her officials has ever stained the pages of her history.  
 There have been attempts, however.  
 The nearest was a plot to kidnap Governor Simon Snyder, whose term of office extended from 1808 to 1817.  
 It is perhaps the most romantic and dramatic episode in the history of Pennsylvania's Governors.

**CITY THEATRE POSSIBILITIES**

THE conception of a municipal theatre in the Victoria Hall, as outlined by State Senator George Woodward, and the interest with which this idea was apparently received are particularly worthy of development in a community which has carried the Philadelphia Orchestra to its present plane of prestige. While this organization, in the technical sense municipal, its status as a cultural symbol of this city is none the less well defined.  
 In the field of instrumental music the distinction of Philadelphia is acknowledged throughout the country. This phase of its value, although, of course, gratifying, is secondary to the stimulation of artistic impulse, both appreciative and creative, which the orchestra has produced in this metropolitan area.  
 So far as symphonic musical fare is concerned, Philadelphia, though friendly to imitations, is no longer dependent upon stray crumbs from New York or Europe.  
 In the drama, however, reliance upon outside initiative is marked. With the extinction of the old resident-stock-and-visiting-star system considerably more than a generation ago, the concentration of talent in New York was rapid and pronounced. The proximity of Philadelphia to the chief producing center has unquestionably proved advantageous to playgoers. On the other hand, the geographical situation has acted as a severe depressant upon home progress.  
 The municipal theatre proposal opens, however, a domain of opportunity to which especial pertinence is given by the prospect of a great international fair. Dr. Woodward has courageously asserted that he would be willing to organize a citizens' committee which would guarantee any loss of income from the box office and would cooperate with city officials.  
 Clustering super-betelism is removed from his program by the suggestion that \$1 should be the top price charged for admission to the municipal footlight offerings.  
 The suspicion of fantasy or impracticality in a venture thus broached is, perhaps, best offset by the employment of analogies. Time was when the Philadelphia Orchestra, as a high artistic authority, considered a dream tax on the public utility. With due regard to the muse of music, it can scarcely be denied that her sisters of the appealing stage are of far wider general acquaintance.  
 The exposition year would furnish an admirable chance to repair an undue sense of neglect and to vitalize the most important of stage art in this city. Dr. Woodward has grasped the situation with commendable vision. The boldness of his proposal is among its virtues. In any community which is alive the shock of novelty should be of tonic properties.

**AN UNJUSTIFIED PARDON**

SENTIMENTAL impulse must be of the manifold types, and one of the most unpardonable is the one which leads to the unpardonable release from jail of Philip Yoskin, one of the most notorious of professional bondsmen, for whom a pardon has just been recommended by the State Board at Harrisburg.  
 Yoskin was imprisoned on the charge of subornation of perjury and on a long career of shady practices and Philadelphia law courts.  
 The straw-bail abuse on which Yoskin formerly thrived is a manifestation of deliberate and conscious roguery. It is practiced by ingenious lawyers, bent on subverting and defeating one of the elementary principles of law.  
 In commanding the release of this hardened offender, the State Board of Pardons has displayed a mushy-mindedness far from respectful to the public welfare. The ends of justice and the maintenance of the law are certainly not served by this premature release to a particularly offensive type of criminal.  
 Indiscriminate pardoning of proved enemies of society is the reverse of true humanitarianism.

**LO! THE BLOODY SHIRT!**

WHEN expertly organized associations are functioning in the country for the purpose of dividing citizens by late and crazy suspicion; when sectionalism is being preached furiously in Congress; when blocs are the fashion in Washington and no one seems able to think of the United States as a unit in spirit and feeling, it is not surprising to find a little crowd of Georgians and Virginians, and a few other Southerners, digging up the long-buried bloody shirt and printing an indictment of Abraham Lincoln in the newspapers. Abraham Lincoln, according to a pronouncement just issued by some Confederate veterans in Georgia, deliberately plotted the war against the South!  
 The suggestion that Lincoln plotted against anybody is so cruelly fantastic as to be laughable if it were not in a way so true. It is hardly more fantastic than some of the other aberrations that have found followings in Georgia.  
 Any one will make a mistake who supposes that the trade against Lincoln is in any way generally representative of Southern feeling. Lincoln is to the South what he is to the North—a memory, a presence, a constant spirit, a reminder of the breadth of wisdom, the courage and the charity that alone can bring not only this dust but the world at large out of the dust and the darkness into peace and light.

**Be Kind to Your Gnomes**

Don't let your gnomes misbehave, warns Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Gnomes, as the do-gooders of endocrinology know, are the do-gooders of endocrinology that sometimes by surgical grafting promise rejuvenation to the senescent, and they are kind to you when you keep your temper and refrain from worry. A man who is kind to his gnomes won't need to pay a large fortune for a healthy snaffle from some low-browed dealer, but instead may proudly say, "This is my own, my native gland."  
 Wu Ting-fang, who while he was in America lived the question of the gnomes. Thomas A. Edison contents himself with writing one's name in ink on a piece of paper and then declares he expected to live until he was a hundred years old. But, to paraphrase a Chinese proverb, he said he would be as old as the mountains and as high as the clouds. And he had the advantage over Benedict in that no one may put him with his eggs.

**And Perhaps He Joked**

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