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Philadelphia, Wednesday, August 23, 1922

THE RIGHT FAIR PLAN

SENATOR PEPPER'S definite assurance that President Harding is ready to sign the measure registering Federal approval of the fair of 1926 suggests that discussion concerning its scope, date and basic purposes will soon be ended.

While it should be comforting to note this prospect of settlement of some of the most vital questions relating to the undertaking, it is not strictly fair to imply even faintly that the enterprise has been held up through Federal indecision. As a matter of fact, Mr. Harding's interest in the enterprise is obviously very largely the result of his desire to please Philadelphians. It is not through lack of sympathy with the project that he has delayed signing.

It might as well be admitted that it was the temporary inability of this community to make up its own mind that impeded progress. Naturally the President was not anxious to indorse an undertaking concerning the nature of which its promoters themselves were uncertain.

Fortunately that condition of doubt appears to be passing. Mr. D'Olier's conference with Messrs. Barnes, Bok and other directors in Maine seems to have stimulated a revival of the original conception of the fair, as a splendid and monumental enterprise not only local, but national and international in scope.

It is a bill to sanction such a project that Mr. Harding is prepared to sign. Philadelphians have evidently returned to their original idea of a large-scale fair. It was the only idea with which the terms and language of the congressional resolution could possibly be in accord.

BUREAUCRACY LOSING HOLD

WITH a conservatism, which it is possible to overpraise, the Government of the United States is conducting a piecemeal reform of the bewildering and vexatious passport regulations which have become an international pest since the war. European nations are now the chief offenders in this labyrinth of red tape, although there was a period, immediately after the armistice, when the irritating ingenuity of our own Administration brooked few rivals.

It is at this time possible for American citizens to travel to several comparatively nearby countries, including Canada and Bermuda, without applying formally to Washington for permission to leave home soil.

Partial abrogation of the passport nuisance is now applied to aliens dwelling in the United States, who may journey to Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, St. Pierre-Miquelon, Mexico, Santo Domingo, Cuba and Haiti without official passports, identification cards or other documents, providing that these travelers return within six months of their departure.

This order from the State Department is unquestionably a step toward common sense. Admitting the practical necessity of passports in certain European nations, there is little reason why freedom of travel, so far as United States regulations are concerned, should not be now established throughout the Western Hemisphere.

Only professional bureaucrats would be inclined to mourn such a move of emancipation.

WITHERING HOPE

HOPELESSER and hopelesser, as A. E. might have said if there had been a Voistead in Wonderland, grows the prohibition situation in Pennsylvania. They who thirst for beer and light wines raise their voices in a great diapason of sorrow and desire. There is in some quarters a feeling that it even might be well to irrigate the desert slightly to still the discontented and to frustrate bootleggers who have utilized opportunities presented under hopeless dry laws to make rank outlaws pay dividends greater than any captain of legitimate industry ever dreamed of—even before the drought.

The light-wine-and-beer cause seemed at times to be advancing slowly on the road that leads to ultimate success. In the course of time there might have been the equivalent of a summer shower upon the burning wastes where the thirsty wander and endlessly mourn and grieve.

Now, however, all hope seems idle. Congressman Bill Burke, of Pittsburgh, and Judge Eugene Bonniwell have formed or are forming an alliance to run together, for the Senate and the governorship, respectively, as supporters of beer and the bonus. With this handicap even a good cause hardly could survive long enough to get its name in the papers.

PRESIDENT AND RESERVES

MR. HARDING'S appeal, made before the citizen soldiers of Camp Meade, for the training of 100,000 youths annually, in addition to those enrolled in the National Guard, involves no new departure in principles.

The National Defense Act, as amended June 4, 1920, provides for the establishment of summer training camps for volunteers forming in part the basis of the so-called organized reserves for whom a comprehensive program has been outlined in time of war emergency. General Pershing, as might be expected from a specialist, is eager for the formation of a large reserve force.

The Government, however, has interpreted the rather elastic provisions of the Defense Act with considerable restraint. The modest total of new citizen soldiers, with three weeks' training last year, was 11,000. This summer the number has risen to 28,000.

The increase is primarily due to extended facilities and accommodations. Both at the present time and last year no difficulty was experienced in obtaining recruits, the numbers of prospective reservists depending wholly upon the size of the congressional appropriation.

It is highly probable that volunteer citizen soldiers to the number of 100,000 can be secured yearly, if funds for their maintenance are forthcoming. In making his plea the President need feel little anxiety concerning the measure of popular response. It is for Congress to determine whether it considers it worth while to train 100,000 rookies annually.

WILL OLD FOLKS NEVER LEARN HOW TO BEHAVE?

More About the Jazz Which They Encouraged Before Youth Shocked Them by Taking It Up

THE old folks of these times—that is, all people over thirty—seem wholly unable to keep themselves out of trouble and confusion. They plot and they sin and fall into all sorts of grievous errors. Quite the ugliest thing about them is their habit of running wildly around and blaming the younger generation for the fallen state of the world when, at last, the results of their follies can no longer be concealed.

Here, for example, is Major Gaynor, one of the first-dimensional prophets of the National Dancing Masters' Association, declaiming, with signs of glad relief, that jazz is going out for good. "Any monkey," cries Major Gaynor, "can toddle!" Well, we've been about the cabarets a bit and seen them try, and we doubt that all monkeys can toddle. That, however, is aside. When the major is a little older and wiser—he is only eighty-two—he will learn that jazz isn't so easily got rid of. For it isn't and never was limited to dancing.

The politicians jazzed the solemn business of elections generations ago. The theatre was jazzed to the bone in the nineties. The Rev. Billy Sunday and his imitators did their passionate best to jazz religion out of all its familiar forms. Yet there were no sounds of alarm in the press or the pulpits where the elders rule. It was only after youth applied jazz in its own realm that we began to hear terrified rumors of an impending fall of the heavens.

Major Gaynor blames the girls of the period for what he calls the disappearing menace of jazz dances. They clutch you, he avers. But you may have observed that it is their dancing partners who pay the taxi-cabby and the waiter. That doesn't matter, either. Look, as Mr. Borah would say, narrowly at the whole question and you will see that the world is divided sharply into two classes, those who were giddy till they got tired and began to lecture on the evils of giddiness, and those who still find pleasure in romping around.

These two great divisions of the human race never were and never will be able to understand each other. If youth wants to jazz it will jazz, and all the dancing masters in the world won't be able to stop it. Meanwhile, it is interesting to observe how helpless all the professional moralists have been in the presence of what we have come to call jungle dancing.

Paris, if you believe half that you read, is the giddiest city in the world. The Parisians seem at times like people who know everything that is to be known about life and humanity and are trying to forget it all. If jazz dancing goes, as Major Gaynor puts it, "out" it will not be because of the moral crusaders, but because of Paris. The purists thundered and the press mourned in America, but the beat of jazz grew steadily louder and more ominous.

Suddenly Paris lengthened women's skirts. It did this to boom business and to show that it still could exercise its old authority over the world's fashions. Jazz and long dresses do not go well together. So what the Rev. Billy Sunday couldn't do with sermons and what the Rev. John Roach Straton couldn't do with sure prophecies of a social cataclysm, Paul Poiret did, as you might say, with a wave of his heavily jewelled hand and an edict addressed not to the conscience of the age, but to its spirit of vanity!

This is something worth pondering over. It is really astonishing at times to observe the helplessness of the accepted teachers of morals. Perhaps the prophets of righteousness are themselves distrusted by the knowing young of the times. The deficiencies may be of their spirit or of their vocabulary. Certainly any one who goes forth nowadays as an apostle of the Right will have a hard time to obtain an audience and a harder one in holding it after he makes his mission known.

Is it possible that some of the conventional conceptions of good and bad are inadequate or wholly wrong? Good things, good habits and good ways of life as they are defined by the folk who have most to say about them appear, on the whole, rather drab and uninteresting. It is unfortunate that the things called bad monopolize almost all the luster and color that may be found in the surface design of the social fabric.

Jazz was colorful if it was nothing else. That is why it fascinated half a world. And, since it gratified what appears to have been a desire for freedom and movement and freeliness and abandon, its vogue ought to have a pretty broad significance for the folk who are trying to improve the world. For every youthful human being has excesses of vitality that need to be liberated in one way or another. Jazz was an opportunity. It came along at a time when the forms of community existence had been drawn rather tight and when the hardening routine of labor in the cities had left little room for the play of youthful spirit. It is no wonder then that jazz made a hit when it was carried down from politics and law and the stage and the revivalist's religion to dancing.

Major Gaynor may be right. Jazz may be passing from the dancing floor. If now the law and the theatre and religion and politics can be dejazzed, we may yet keep the social heavens from crashing down upon our heads.

IRELAND IN THE COURTS

PROSPECTS of a civil suit in New York City to determine whether or not Ireland is free present one of the oddest situations in the history of nations.

Debate on the Irish question has taken a bewildering variety of forms. The case has been argued in the British Parliament, in Sinn Fein assemblies, in Anglo-Irish conferences and on battlefields. The last remnants of one phase of the controversy are now being disposed of by the Free State troops. In this instance "force majeure" will deliver the verdict. But even that possibility would not determine such an issue in the higher philosophy of sovereignty as is ripening for adjudication on this side of the ocean.

Chief Justice Burr, of the New York Supreme Court, has already signed an injunction restraining several New York financial institutions from turning over a fund of $2,300,000 to the De Valera faction. It is claimed by the Free State, which is initiating the proceedings, that as Irish freedom has been won, the new sovereign Government is entitled to the money paid out in America for certificates, which De Valera promised to exchange for bonds when the ideal of liberty had been attained.

The Free State maintains that the money is a liberty fund, that the desired object has been gained and that hence the sum should be placed in the Treasury of the new Government, which will issue the bonds.

It is extraordinary indeed that the very dispute which the treaty advocates and Eamon de Valera had been discussing with weapons of war should at the same time be shaping up for contention before the bar of legal justice. If the Free State is, despite its tie with Great Britain, a sovereign nation it is entitled to the moneys of liberty-loving champions in this country. If the new status of Ireland is but semi-independent, the funds will remain on deposit in New York.

In addition to Ireland, there are several other States of the Empire which will be interested in the decision. If the Free State has won its liberty, so have Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. It is conceivable that a New York court may be in a position to define the character of the British confederation in a way that will be equally novel and specific.

THE LOST LEADER

MICHAEL COLLINS joins the ranks of Irish martyrs. The lists are overcrowded, for it is a cruel fact of history that the truest patriots are among the easiest victims of organized cowardice and deliberately planned treachery.

Collins had vision, nobility of spirit, unsullied courage. He dared greatly in his unselfish effort to emancipate his countrymen and to render them worthy of national aspirations which he himself beheld with such clarity.

Destiny took Griffith. Evidently the marplots, who have provoked civil war in Ireland, regarded this blow as insufficient. The structure of Irish liberty has now been foully wrecked by an outrage of man's making. The consequences of this sickening perfidy are not predictable. Without its two great leaders, the future of the Free State is dark and threatening.

The leadership of Collins was of a type which Ireland sorely needed at many critical moments in its checkered annals. There may be some hope in the vitality of his inspiration and in the wave of patriotic and righteous anger which the best elements in the civilization of the island will be unable to exclude from their wounded hearts.

The fame and honor of a fine-spirited champion is at least secure. "Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further."

WHERE UNIONS LANGUISH

WITH the country involved in two of the most costly strikes in years, there is particularly timely significance in the announcement by the United States Steel Corporation that it will establish a voluntary increase of 20 per cent in wages for all its employes working by the day, effective September 1. The raise will affect 156,000 men, exclusive of the employes of independent steel companies, which will almost certainly follow suit.

Elbert H. Gary, president of the Steel Corporation, has long stood stanchly on the platform that wages should rise and fall with the rise and fall of the profits of the employing organization. Claims of unionism outside of this salient theory have left him unmoved; his relations with those who worked for him have been based upon this principle.

Since the last strike in the steel trades he and his men have seemed to get along very well together on this understanding and, while the men's wages have fluctuated, they have been raised as often as they have been cut, and the employes now seem satisfied that, when profits justify it, they will be raised still further without the necessity of a demand from an organized union.

More and more students of our industrial problems are pointing out that the only real solution to our recurrent troubles is a thorough understanding between employers and employes. The men must realize that it is uneconomic and short-sighted to make demands when the business is not flourishing; the employers must realize that, when profits begin to come in, their workmen are as much entitled to a share in this prosperity as are their officers and stockholders. If every workman in a plant felt absolutely confident that he would always get his part of the profits he would be more likely to acquiesce quietly in sharing some of the losses. That at least seems to be the theory that is working out well with the Steel Corporation.

Significantly enough, this raise comes at just the time when a survey made of industries in twenty-eight States by a committee of Unitarian laymen is reported with its conclusions. Six hundred and fifty plants which have been free from strikes were surveyed and the report says:

"The managers have acted upon their consciousness that all the workers in their organizations are fellow human beings—brothers—and the spirit of the managers is also the spirit of the great majority of the workers. * * * Certainly the fact that, in every case reported, success in business and industrial harmony have gone hand in hand with action based upon the principles of man's brotherhood with man is a straw which probably indicates the direction of the wind."

Busy bees buzzing! Oh, what have we here?
Burke, Bonniwell, Bonus and Beer!

Morrich, apparently, couldn't stand prosperity.

With the sinews of war tied up in New York, De Valera's army will be muscle bound.

Even the hay fever had to admit between sneezes that yesterday was a hard dice day.

The motto of the convention of dancing masters in New York is probably: "Watch your step!"

"We are concerned only with peace," says the President and looks for it vainly in railroad and mine.

The only interest Congressmen appear to have in the matter is the effect the strikes will have on the elections.

Former Kaiser Wilhelm's memoirs will sell at fifteen cents in Germany, the pre-war price of a hot sundae.

King Alfonso of Spain has voiced complaint of women's shoulders. Somebody may have given him a cold one.

By repeating, "Berlin must pay!" perhaps France hopes by suggestion to get Germany in the right frame of mind.

Surely Fate was never responsible for an odder quirk than putting it up to a New York court to decide whether or not Ireland is free.

The Altoona boy who found $7000 received $1 from the grateful owner, thus proving that virtue is sometimes pretty nearly its own reward.

While Poincare at Thiaucourt was telling an enthusiastic crowd that France knows how to make Germany pay, commercial and financial circles in Paris were discussing the possibility of a direct and friendly understanding between the two countries; but that, of course, was not what the populace understood Poincare to mean.

AS ONE WOMAN SEES IT

What Country People Think of Summer Boarders and Some Justification for the View They Take

By SARAH D. LOWRIE

THE summer boarder crop is now at its largest for the year. It is not so good a crop as last year's, they tell me, who count on it for the winter's bread and butter and jam. Not so good in the expensive resorts that is, because many of the expensive people have gone to Europe. But the tea rooms and gift shops are swarming, for it is now or never with them, and the boats to hire and free camping grounds and excursion busses have all the matrons that they can accommodate.

The smile of welcome and "good morning" of the native farmer has perceptibly lessened in fervor as he greets us city folks from his passing hay wagon. He is tired of living on skimmed milk; he misses his eggs and covets his own chickens and wishes his old woman would get through with our everlasting washing. He counts on our money till after Labor Day, but he is worn out with our constant presence and our air of owning his countryside, not to speak of his ripening apples. There will come a time in the dead of winter when he will wish us and summer back, but from now on he and all the "year-round" dwellers in the country have got about what they calculated out of our holiday for this season and are "fed up" with our noise and bustle.

GENERALLY speaking, we city visitors get more out of the country than we give back.

That is, we pay money for the rest and refreshment we get on our holidays, but apart from some faded and frayed-out summer clothes and dilapidated hats we do not leave much behind of ourselves that our hosts can use to advantage.

I hear my city pals grumbling at the extortion of the country people, from the price of balsam bags to a motor. But that is all most of us offer the dwellers in the country—a chance to get our money!

If they have a specially beautiful piece of ground we buy it. If they have any choice old furniture we buy it. If they have fresh vegetables and cream and broilers, we offer a larger price for them than they can afford to refuse. If we are the kind of summer folk who are particular about what people we know, we discourage hotels in our neighborhood by buying up what might be turned into a hotel and closing it up. If we are the sort that like hotels, we build and fill big barracks that when closed, out of season, give a dead, forlorn air to all the neighborhood. We pay such big wages to the village boys and young men for choring for us that the farmers cannot compete with our prices, and have to let the farms peter out into pastures and bayfields. We are bored by the village preacher and import "supplies" for the two big summer months, thereby dealing a double blow at the village church. For we discourage the minister and give the village congregation a feeling that what is good enough for them is not good enough for us.

AND if our manners are those of a possessor of the land, rather than as a sojourner, the employes that we import—domestic, garage and otherwise—go us, their employers, one better!

We put our extra men servants to board with the farmer folk about us and think that with the paying of the too large board bills our responsibility ends. Very often we buy a decent lodging for very indecent employe without in the least realizing it. But our ignorance is not put down to our credit by the persons that we have paid to harbor him; they think we are aware of his undesirability as a housemate, however much we may utilize him as a chauffeur—let us say.

If we take a proprietary air with the general landscape by day our servants take boisterous possession of the movies and the drug stores and the sidewalks at night. Who has not explained some wild disturbing clatter of tongues a few hours after dark that jars across some peaceful scene by:

"Oh, it's somebody's servants!"

A SUMMER cottager told me very complaisantly today, in speaking of her servants, that she always sent them on a hayride every summer. "They never get back until dawn, and I suppose blow their horns and shout all the way there and are boisterous with one another all the way back!" she added amusedly.

A hayride is an almost universal city folks' way of enjoying the country. I have known country Sunday-school children copy the city people in that particular way of taking an outing, but never adult country men and women, unless they are stray guests of the summer boarders. As one curt country wife told me:

"There ain't no fun about a hayride unless it turns into a hugging party!"

She thought of it as entirely a city invention.

A MAN near me has bought a whole mountain and several streams on his thousands of acres of forest land, streams which he is now stocking with trout. One pet stream he has taken from its source to where it empties into a lake, and he keeps five men guarding its banks so that he can be sure no one but an invited guest or his family have the fishing of the waters. I feel sure he is a very generous man to many besides his family and friends, but the closing up of that brook and the guarding of those acres of forest by his five guards is a demonstration of wealth and of possessiveness that his country neighbors cannot assimilate wholesomely.

The stream always belonged to some one or some ones, and it has always been fished by many besides its owners, with no attempt at penalizing the fishermen, country or city. The fact that he paid so much an acre for the land and stocked the stream would give him a chance to have all the fish he or his family could eat; but to guard it against all its ancient frequenters seems monstrous to its one-time owners and their fellow villagers. It is very unreasonable of them to hate the power of his money so vindictively; but that is what their feeling amounts to. He has demonstrated its power as no reading of books or speeches by demagogues could do.

Five men with guns protecting his fishing when they cannot hire one man to help with the crops! It is a big object lesson he has given them.

I DO not think our gifts to the village libraries, or our old clothes to the children of the village ne'er-do-well, or our attempts at cordial visitations on our egg woman, or even our Christmas box to the caretaker's children really make up for the unbecoming light in which we carelessly place ourselves to our summertime neighbors by all our possessive airs.

For really our summer places would not be possible if the ancestors of our village neighbors had not redeemed the wilderness and cut the roads and built the homes and made the gardens. Our three, or at most four, months of secure pleasure would not be possible without the presence and the care of the real inhabitants, for the dying and the resting and the wakening eight months of the year.

Without their gardens and farms and work and—yes, protection—we would not be able to maintain ourselves even for a summer. They are actually our hosts, those country folk, even after we have paid the price they ask for the land.

We are not their equals, let alone their superiors. We are at best their guests, at least their tolerated tenants.

If we could get that point of view of ourselves we would understand them better, for that is their real point of view of us, if they like us at all. And they are, it strikes me right morally, whatever the laws of the State may have to say.

JUST WHEN WE NEED AMUSEMENT, TOO!

NOW MY IDEA IS THIS!

Daily Talks With Thinking Philadelphians on Subjects They Know Best

MAJOR R. R. HOGAN

On the Memorial Convention Hall

THE great convention hall on the Parkway, which will be erected as a memorial to all of the American soldiers, sailors and marines who gave their lives in any of the wars of their country, will mark a new era in the erection of memorials in the United States, says Major R. R. Hogan, chairman of the Memorial Committee of the American Legion.

"The first step toward the erection of a suitable memorial," said Major Hogan, "was taken in November of 1919, when a resolution was introduced by me at a meeting of Post 186, of the American Legion, to the effect that such a memorial should be erected. One paragraph of the resolution required that the name of every man from Philadelphia, who gave up his life in the late war, should be imbedded in the structure in such a manner that neither time nor the elements should ever efface the record.

The First Steps

"This resolution went before the County Committee of the Legion the following month, that is, in December, 1919, and was adopted by a unanimous vote, as was the original one in the post meeting. I was made chairman of the Memorial Committee in January, and the committee memorialized the Mayor, but no definite steps were taken by the city authorities at that time.

"The matter came up before the State Legislature at its next session, and on March 17, 1921, the Governor signed the act which the legislature had passed, authorizing the County Commissioners of all the counties of the State to levy a special tax to purchase the ground necessary and erect suitable memorial halls in each county.

"The Memorial Committee of Philadelphia County then prepared a petition and sent it to the Grand Juries sitting in both June and July of 1921, as required by the act of the Legislature. Both of these Grand Juries approved the petition, which made it compulsory for the County Commissioners to submit the question to a vote of the people of the county at the next general election, which was that of November, 1921. The popular vote was overwhelmingly in favor of the memorial, being, as I remember, something like 10 to 1 in favor, or about 165,000 for, to 18,000 against.

City Council Helped

"Although the County Commissioners had been authorized by the Legislature to levy the special tax required to raise the money for the memorial, it was soon apparent that they had no intention of doing so. After a number of hearings, at which various plans were discussed, the County Committee of the Legion took up the matter with the City Council. Council authorized and appropriated the sum of $222,000 for a competition of architects for the memorial.

"This preliminary competition has just gone out, the conditions being made public on Tuesday August 15, and is confined to Philadelphia architects. The competition will close on September 15, being open one month, and it is being held under the direction of Dr. Warren P. Laird, of the University of Pennsylvania, who is acting as professional adviser to the County Committee of the Legion.

"The selection of those architects who shall enter the final competition, that is, the actual submitting of the designs, will be made by a committee of non-resident architects of high standing. Not more than ten of the competing architects in the preliminary competition will be selected to enter the final one. The committee will then invite the architects so selected, to submit designs for the memorial in the final competition. By this method of procedure, we believe that we shall be able to get the best architects of the city to submit their best work for what we hope will be, when completed, one of the crowning glories of the Parkway.

Many Persons Consulted

"The committee held a number of hearings, which were attended by representatives of all the various military organizations of the city, representatives of most of the civic bodies, the Fairmount Park Commission and many prominent citizens. These hearings were largely informal, and a free interchange of thought was sought and obtained.

"The combined sense of the persons who attended the hearings was submitted to Dr. Laird, and it embraced most of the features of the proposed memorial. Not only was the general idea of the exterior discussed very freely and frankly, but also the interior arrangements, the various purposes for which the memorial building shall be used, and for that matter, every feature of it which could be thought of and on which the concerted opinion of so many distinguished persons and so representative a body would be of value.

Plans for the Building

"The consensus of opinion of those who first had the idea of a memorial hall in charge, was that the building should be an extremely dignified and beautiful memorial and at the same time combine as many utilitarian features as it was possible to have, in full keeping with the character of the structure and the main purpose for which it is to be erected.

"It will occupy one full city block, being located at Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Wood streets and the Parkway. There will be several small convention halls, which may, of course, be also used for other purposes, one large convention hall, smaller meeting rooms for all the various military organizations of the city and, if possible, there will be incorporated into the building a hall which may be used as a municipal theatre.

"Another prominent feature of the building will be the organ, which will be presented by Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis and which will be the largest and finest pipe organ in the world. Back of it all lay the idea in which the Legion, the County Commissioners, City Council and every citizen who expressed his views were unanimous, that the City of Philadelphia should have as a memorial for its dead, who gave up their lives at the call of their country in any war, a memorial which should be the equal, if not the superior, of any similar building in the United States or in the world.

A Large Undertaking

"This is a large undertaking, for when the Parkway is completed, there will probably be no thoroughfare in the world of similar size which will have so many wonderful buildings on it and in so limited an area. It is the idea of all who are associated with the memorial hall to make it one of the very finest even in this collection of great buildings.

"The unanimity of public opinion in favor of the hall has been very pleasing to those of us who have been associated with the project from the beginning. Our original plan was that the memorial which should be erected should take the form of a building which should serve not only the purposes of a memorial, but which might be found of use to the largest possible number of the citizens of Philadelphia as well.

"It seemed to us that the day of mere monuments, beautiful as many of them are, has passed, and that a building might be erected which should have all the commemorative value of a monument and at the same time be made of an immense amount of usefulness to the community. In this way, the hall might serve a useful purpose and at the same time keep constantly before the memory of the public the sacrifice which had been made by so many of the sons of the city, thus acting not only as a memorial of past deeds of heroism, but as an ever present inspiration to the present and to coming generations.

"It is fitting that a monument should be erected; and it would have come in the course of time, in any event, but it seemed to many of us that the present was the best time in which to start the movement, and that the Parkway was the obvious place for the memorial. In this view we are glad to find that we are heartily sustained by the public of the city."

Go to Jail and Be Happy

At first glance there appears to be an element of humor in the idea of three hundred convicts in the New Jersey State Prison going on strike because their ration of peaches for dessert was not large enough to suit them; but it really is a serious matter. If convicts get the notion that they are put into jail to be coddled rather than to be punished it cannot be denied there is some excuse for them. There are prison reformers who seem to have the same idea.

Cynic or Humorist?

Aristide Briand declines to make denial of the story that he was arrested as a vagabond on the ground that denial would rob him of his only chance to be remembered. Briand, statesman, orator and patriot, deserves well of France. Avowed belief that he will live longer in memory as a suspected vagabond is a whimsical fancy not untouched with bitterness.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was the "Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"?
2. Who was the last Whig President of the United States?
3. Who was the first President of the Third French Republic?
4. What is the name commonly given to the ancient and disproved theory that the sun moves around the earth?
5. What is a duomo?
6. What is galena?
7. For what was Sir Henry Raeburn noted?
8. What is the meaning and origin of the word jejune?
9. What is a fault in geology?
10. What is a carcanet?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Magellan discovered the Philippine Islands in 1521. He named them after Saint Lazarus, but in 1542 they were renamed in honor of Philip II of Spain.
2. Paleontology is the study of fossils of plants or animals and of the ancient life of the globe.
3. The Garden of Epicurus was the seat of the philosophical school in ancient Athens, of Epicurus, who taught that pleasure was the highest good. Epicurus died in 270 B. C.
4. Queen Mary I of England was married to King Philip II of Spain.
5. The highest active volcano is Mount Popocatepti in Mexico. Its summit is 17,520 feet above sea level.
6. Romanesque art is the general name for the art that flourished in Europe during the period of fermentation before the definite constitution of nationalities from about A. D. 800 to 1200. In general, it is remarkable only for its architecture, which overshadows all other branches.
7. Burlington is the largest city in Vermont.
8. Quintus Roscius was a celebrated actor, the greatest comedian of ancient Rome. He died in 62 B. C.
9. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the famous American sculptor, was a native of Dublin, Ireland.
10. The sea-leopard is a kind of seal, widely distributed throughout the Southern oceans. It grows to be ten feet long and is the largest of the Southern hair-seals, except the elephant-seal. It takes its name from its spotted gray and white coat.

THE CALL

WILLOW buds are touched with green,
The snow is melting fast,
And I'm away tomorrow
To woods and fields at last.

Oh, I must leave the valley
And foot it up the hill;
When mandrake buds are breaking,
My feet will not be still.

Ah, never try to hold me—
It's death to make me stay—
But match your step to mine, love,
And come away, away.

We shall dance on Winter leaves
And drink of melted snow;
Winds shall tangle in our hair,
And flaming skies shall glow.

But, if you let me go, dear,
And never follow after,
'Tis you will live with loneliness
While I go forth to laughter.

—Abigail Cresson, in N. Y. Times.

London society women are making pets of monkeys, marmosets, mongooses, foxes, parrots and snakes. That's what one might call a hip-pocket collection.

Asheville, N. C., man dislocated his arm while trying to dress in a Pullman berth. Unfortunate. Most men escape with dislocation of the temper.

Carpenters found 200 pounds of honey under the eaves of the Moravian Church at Lititz, Pa. This ought to help the congregation to wax prosperous.

Frank N. Leyendecker, artist and illustrator, says the modern girl has no heart, no soul, no sentiment. Oh, well. We gather from the work of artists and illustrators that she has legs.

Senators will try to persuade the President not to veto the Bonus Bill by assuring him that it will be cheaper than a pension system. They forget to add that it is merely preliminary to a pension system.

Dispatch from San Francisco tells of the crew of a becalmed schooner who starved themselves for forty-three days so that the new-born child of the captain's wife might live. Pretty good old world, after all, and some mighty fine people in it.

Miss Commonsense Tenet
Sat down in the Senate
Eating her cards and whey.
Commander MacNider
He sat down beside her
And Commonsense, scared, ran away!