

EDITORIALS

WRITTEN

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FOR

ROXBOROUGH NEWS &
ROXBOROUGH TIMES

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1927

A LITTLE ACTION

Action, action, action everywhere in the Ward. At Leverington avenue and the Ridge, there is the new theatre being erected; in Upper Roxborough the old water works are coming down and a brand new school will be erected; at Wissahickon station the grading is progressing rapidly and ground is being filled in at St. John's High School for improvements. Across from the hospital we see girders rising into the heavens for a new community building in the Kendrick Playground, Henry avenue will be finished before the baby has to be vaccinated, and down in Manayunk they're getting a new firehouse, and the Inter-county Green Lane bridge is being started. How can we be gloomy with all this going on? Step on the band wagon, drowsy ones, and get inoculated with the serum of Optimism. Light up the store windows and let's go, with the live ones of this bustling, bustling, coming-along, hilly-hollow old northwest ward of ours.

* * *

Over in Germantown they are making a drive for a \$400,000 athletic field, and at the Roxborough High School, the other night, we heard that our own Twenty-first Ward sports field will be ready for our door before this year. Whoops, my dear!

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1927

ENTHUSIASM

The resident of the Twenty-first Ward, who is unable to see the certain development of this portion of Philadelphia within the next two years, is indeed blind, or must be a confirmed pessimist.

An unprecedented number of needed civic improvements are taking place at the present moment and the vision of increased commercial advantages lies before us, continually, especially concerning the territory

adjacent to Ridge avenue in Roxborough.

What has caused all this action? Things like these do not simply happen! No, and it wasn't just dreaming and waiting that caused the present liveliness in our hilly old Ward.

Enthusiasm has been, and is, the mainspring of all this activity. Organizations such as the Civic Federation, the Board of Trade, the several Business Men's Associations, and other alert public bodies combined with the wisdom of the ward's political leaders, have been imbued with an enthusiasm which is breaking down every obstacle that lies before them.

Enthusiasm is the spark that starts action, that moves the man, that finds the cows and brings them home. Enthusiasm is what makes people and communities "get there."

It is the spirit that goes through stone walls, bores miles under great rivers, wins battles and lays out cities, towns and nations. It changes maps and makes history possible.

We, of the Twenty-first Ward, at our desks, at our looms, at our lathes, at our brooms, at our pens, wherever matter where we are—should take heart and hope and acquire enthusiasm, for it has already started things, shaped things and will do more to make this Northwest section of Philadelphia the finest place in the world to live, than any other force that could be employed.

LEARN FROM THE ADS.

How often have you been greeted by good news in the advertisements of your newspaper? Those good-looking, comfortable shoes, that hat, and stockings—how would you have learned of their availability, if it were not for the paid notice? An afternoon or evening of pleasure at the movies, the lecture or church? You only have to open the pages of your paper to make certain of the time and place.

Consciously, or without thought you read the NEWS in the advertisements, as well as in the news columns. You know when the latest styles arrive, when prices are reasonable and how you can save money. You gain a vast knowledge of a quantity of worthwhile things that

are not printed in the news columns.

But have you profited by reading these ads? Just glance about you and notice the articles you have been introduced to through the newspapers. What a thrill of pride when you see some of the articles drawn by an artist and realize then that your selection was correct in every detail! Walk outside and look at your home. Bought through reading a real-estate ad. Look on the shelves of your pantry. The finest of foods, selected through the suggestion of an ad.

Can you learn from the Ads? From the latest in radio to the most modern of motor cars—from a fluffy garment of lingerie to a muzzle for a police dog—even a technical handbook, which is always hard to locate, may be found.

We'll say that you can learn, for each day you read as you run.

MARCH 9th 1927

LET'S GO

We the people of this northwest section of Philadelphia can make anything of this Ward that we want, from the germ of what lives in it. But we citizens must appreciate its full possibilities, for to achieve and to lead, it is necessary to have high aims, ideals and ambitions, all linked together with concentrated determination.

Without intentionally making a pun upon the topography of this section, we ourselves, set the height to which we shall climb. Have we the summit in view?

All right. Let's Go!

We can take charge of ourselves at any moment we desire to do so. We can set ourselves as an example among the communities of the world. No one can retard us. The little people of pessimism that whine within and outside our doors, whine at the same places in every wide-awake neighborhood. We can make mere whiners of the whiners in our power over our future. But are we doing it now? Well—

Let's go!

The best way to receive the smiles, applause and congratulations of our neighbors is simply to extend extra efforts at our own crafts and guide our own plot wheel with "Our

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Ded" as the part of call. There's what a large number of citizens, many church and semi-public organizations have been doing. And results are beginning to take care of themselves. Never mind the sneers, the criticisms, the misjudgments of others. Time will fade them all away from us, if our accumulated strength of character has taught us to be patient. Today is Yesterday's place put into action. Tomorrow begins Today. Our worth to ourselves and the vicinity is measured by what we contribute each day or week in usefulness. Success is the total of the days.

So Let's go! Today!

WHERE DO WE SPEND OUR MONEY?

The citizens of the Twenty-first Ward have just cause to be proud of their activity in securing the many needed civic improvements now taking place in our community, but in their elation are evidently forgetting that the financial means which made these projects possible, is obtained directly, or indirectly, from the people who dwell in the Ward, in the form of taxes.

Why shouldn't all the money that is possible be spent in this immediate neighborhood? Why shouldn't those who contribute in actual cash, have an opportunity to get what is honestly their due, in the monetary profits of the local enterprises now, instead of only reaping the future benefits of convenience and safety which will be provided by the bridges, streets and buildings which are being constructed?

When some of the Ward's unemployed, recently called upon the men in charge of one of these contracts, in an effort to obtain work, they were turned away with the lame excuse that no one was needed at this time.

Inasmuch as each day sees the hiring of new employees, who have been brought from a distance, this is indeed disheartening.

It is a truth that in the past, on like operations, which extended over a period of months, many of the men who were hired and their families, have settled permanently in the neighborhood, and not always to its best interests.

If there is work to be done, in our ward, we should see that the unemployed at home are taken care

of him, an opportunity to outsiders whose social value is at least doubtful, and who may prove to be a menace.

It is hoped that such public organizations as can possibly do so, will take up the fight for the people, to see that as much as possible of their identity stays in the ward, to its advantage.

March 16th 1937

OUR OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity is something, not a nothing; also it is something real—not a phantom.

And Opportunity is now knocking at the door of this great northwest section of our—right here, today, and we feel sure she will stay around for tomorrow. By moments, hours, days, weeks, months and for at least a couple of years, the fickle jade promises to hover about, and strange to relate, she can be seen and heard, making it decidedly easy to seize her.

Opportunity is the hand of progress that is going on around us, to the alert, "the handwriting on the wall" of failure, to the sleepy and slothful. For by every messenger, that can be seen flitting around Roxborough, Manayunk, Wisnabiekon and East Falls—Opportunity is the one most patient, most fair, most just and most considerate symbol of light.

She is no respecter of persons or seasons. Merchant and banker, arouse thyself! Mechanic and housewife awake! Teacher and farmer arise! For Opportunity is on the job and she calls and calls and calls. We humans may repose in slumber—but Opportunity—never!

At this actual minute she stands before you people of the depths and hilltops of the Schuylkill valley. For the next two years at least, she will be at your call. Lightning-like she is flashing her messages to you. Can you understand her code?

Think! How about it? "Stop, Look, Listen! Can't you see, hear, feel,

grip her hand?" Make the most of what she holds this day for you. Think! Then act.

For Opportunity is being converted into fact, is taking hold of the simplest is at hand. People and city authorities are building new houses, new theatres, new streets, new schools, new bridges and highways and doing it in the best way that they know how. Pick up the pins of priceless minutes that the other fellow passes heedlessly over. Merchants, light up your stores, banker lock to your investments, manufacturer, overhaul your machinery, for good times are on us and still coming. To the mechanic, the farmer, the housewife Opportunity means doing your work better, each day, and tackling bigger jobs, that you may think you are capable of handling.

Great is the rise of the person, or community, who makes an early friend of Opportunity and takes her with him through the paths of the common workday.

OPERATORS AND MINERS MEET

The ten day conference at Miami, Florida between the coal operators and the miners ended in a deadlock. The operators asked a flexible wage rate to permit competition; the miners hold to the 1934 agreement, which consists of a five day week, 8 hour day and \$7.50 daily wage for unskilled labor.

It is entirely possible that the union miners will now try to arrange separate district agreements with the operators. They may succeed in Indiana and Illinois where high wages can be paid. Ohio and Pennsylvania will probably see strikes on April 1, but such strikes should not cause any business tremors. Soft coal above ground and in the non-union fields of West Virginia and Kentucky will last well into the next winter. It is time that the consumers of coal start some action to forestall these yearly differences, by placing the blame where it belongs and uniting to prevent the regular yearly rise in the price of coal.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1927

LIVE AND LEARN

Be an observer. Let nothing new appear without clinching its value, studying its meaning, and absorbing its lesson. Learn.

Find out. Learn from appearances, people and happenings. Read the thought of each day as far as you can fathom it. Then apply your knowledge. Learn all the time, from everything you can—everywhere. Investigate the meaning of all the civic activity that is going on in this great northwest section of our city. What does it mean?

Everywhere we go, we meet people, generally old residents of the locality, who seem to doubt that real prosperity has at last decided to visit Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, East Falls and the contiguous territory. They have so long been accustomed to see changes for the better take place slowly. Some of them do not appear to realize that this vicinity is scheduled to move ahead rapidly and that is daily gaining momentum.

There are still a few who ask, "Do you believe that the Henry avenue project will really be completed? We've lived here so long and heard so much talk, but have seldom seen the good things materialize. Can it be true?"

These people, it is true, have looked longingly for the improvements for years, and probably have real reasons for losing confidence. But it's never too late. Time doesn't mean a thing, it's a case, like one of our leading advertising agencies says of "keeping everlasting at it, that brings success."

We cite a paragraph from History, John Milton, a word from you, "I am blind, past fifty, but I am completing my 'Paradise Lost.'" Michael Angelo—your testimony, "Though seventy years of age, I am still learning." John Kemble—what have you to say? "Since leaving the stage, I have written out Hamlet thirty times. I am now beginning to understand my art!"

You who have eyes, and ears, and mouths to talk with—learn. Your

work today may seem useless. You might only fill a little place in the general scheme of things. But you will always be in the same sort of a place if you fail to learn. For the path of advancement marks the way of the man.

Leadership comes only to those who know. Knowledge is surely power. The local diners at the table of the feast of Success are no favored folk; they are none other than those who took time to learn all about the difficulties which were in front of this wonderful outlying section of Philadelphia, and then overcame them.

They learned, and unselfishly applied their knowledge and now to the benefit of all the citizens of the Twenty-first Ward, and the upper end of the Thirty-eighth, the improvements are coming. If you have learned, you can't doubt.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1927

SEEING THINGS

There is more than one way of seeing. One with the eye and one with the mind. Helen Keller once said, in a public address, that there were many people who were more blind than she. She was right. The blind are people who will not see.

Everyday we talk to people who cannot see the big things that are going on around them. They pass, by the certain signs of progress and prosperity that are on all sides of us who dwell in this high and healthy section of what was once Penn's "green countrie towne."

Joseph Palitzer, the deceased blind editor of the New York World, did not make his newspaper great until after he had become blind. Prescott wrote his greatest histories with sightless eyes. The Reverend P. S. Henson, the renowned preacher, with but one eye, saw more and learned more than most people with both eyes. The blind may at times see the best.

And the thinking people of the northwest area of our municipality are seeing far ahead into the future and making their plans accordingly. They are the folks, who are thinking, talking, acting optimistically for the advancement of our own immediate

neighborhood. Are you one of them, or one of the folks who are visually blind, mentally incapable of seeing the rosy aspect of our civic future?

Use your eyes to see things. And after you see them, use them to help better your own personal condition in life. No two people see things in the same light. Watt saw latent power in the steam that came from his mother's teakettle. Franklin saw another kind of usefulness snapping out of the string of his kite. And their followers have brought enlightenment and convenience to all of us, for they saw keenly enough to advance civilization scores of years.

Many of the big things of our section are still to be seen. You, at your humble task today, may see some of them. If you do, persist in seeing. There is always this one great way to profit and grow: "To resolve on seeing everything that can be seen." But your eyes are only half. To see with your mind is the other half.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1937

STEPPING OUT IN FRONT AGAIN

Almost eight weeks ago, this Northwest section of Philadelphia established another precedent to its long line of "firsts," when the manager of a local theatre, operated by a nationally known motion picture exhibition company, inaugurated a Saturday morning matinee club for the children of our locality.

It is true that a "prophet is without honor in his own country" and there are people of a pessimistic state of mind, who do not believe that NEW and BIG things can be started in their own immediate neighborhood, but nevertheless, in the case of the local matinee club, it has been accomplished.

Recently the managers of other theatres, and several leading women's welfare organizations have taken hold of the idea and it is now rapidly being adopted all over the eastern part of the United States.

We started the matinee last Sat-

urday morning, and were amazed at the department of the children and their reactions as various pictures were flashed upon the screen. The "kiddies" are enrolled as members of the club, presented with a badge and contests are arranged and prizes distributed that keep up the interest of the little ones.

The pictures are carefully selected, usually consisting of a news reel, a comic feature and an animal or a children's picture, all of which have been painstakingly judged for educational and moral value.

There is a business-building angle in conjunction with the entire plan that signifies the vision of those who conceived the idea. The type of pictures that are displayed, in the very cleanliness of their natures, will eventually make consistent "movie goers" of a large percentage of the youthful club members, and at the same time provide a trained class of critics that will keep the moving picture producers on the alert to maintain the standard that the future "fans" will expect, helping to eliminate legislative control, which occasionally is so biased as to hamper the industry.

And so, here we have an individual who labors in our own balliwiek, launching a movement that will reach to unknown lengths, when despite the present-day merits of the best pictures, will ultimately result in even greater improvements being made.

We feel a just pride, that it was in one of our own local theatres, that this progressive movement originated.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1937

EASTER

Easter comes again, with its yearly round of joy. Joy for those who believe a Saviour arose, joy for the children with their Easter baskets, chocolate eggs and other presents, and joy for milady and the young folk who expect to sally forth in all the glory of their new ratment. For the latter group, let us hope that the weatherman will be kind.

For who has the hardhood to deny any of them their pleasure? Easter

is a true sign of Spring, with its burst of color that comes at the end of Winter, that has finally become tiresome. It's an omen of the bigger, better, brighter times in store for us in the Summer that is to come.

Easter derives its very name from the Teutonic Goddess of Spring, Ostera, or Eostre, whose festival occurred about the same time as the celebration of Easter. The early Christians, who believed the Christian passover to be a commemoration of Christ's death, adhered to the custom of holding the Easter festivity on the day prescribed for the Jewish pasch, the 14th day of the first month; that is, the lunar month of which the 14th day either falls on, or next follows the day of the vernal equinox. A rule was adopted which makes Easter day always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon, or next after March 21, and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after.

Among the best known Easter sports, in addition to that of promanading, is the custom of making presents of chocolate or colored eggs, called pasch or pace eggs. The idea originated from the old German legend of a white hare stealing into the house on Easter eve and secreting a number of beautifully colored eggs, in odd corners for good little children.

In this country, where the white hare is practically unknown, the custom has been transferred to the rabbit, it's near relation. Hence the colored Easter eggs are commonly referred to as "rabbit's eggs."

We have no knowledge as to who is responsible for changing our attire for the brighter things of spring, but think maybe that Mother Nature has something to do with it, for at this time the trees, grass and other growing shrubs are budding out and will soon be in full foliage. A new dress after the drab one of the cold or months.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

SPORTS

Sportlovers in this vicinity are now planning to open the 1927 outdoors campaign in real earnest. And it is a good sign. The community in which a majority of the people can forget the

daily round of business, home problems and worries of the day and go out and enjoy, either by engaging in or witnessing physical contests, is usually one that progresses the most rapidly.

Athletic sports furnish a safety valve from the monotonous routine of life and, to those who participate, instill a spirit of "give and take" that cannot be obtained in any other manner. The physical development which naturally follows the employment of muscles which would otherwise never come into use adds to the man power of the community.

In local circles the baseball teams are preparing for their summer schedules, the tennis lovers are looking over their nets and racquets while canoeists can be seen at all points along the river, getting their frail craft in shape for the pleasure which comes with warmer weather. The trout season, which opened on April 15, started the ball rolling for the anglers, and doubtless the Wissahickon creek, which in recent years has been stocked by the State Game and Fish Commission, will be thronged with those who would match their skill with the members of the finny tribe.

Preparations are being made for the Third Annual East Falls Regatta and River Carnival, at the foot of Midvale avenue and as the short up-river course is popular among the oarsmen, a larger affair than ever is expected. Swimmers and fancy divers, of both sexes and of national fame will again be among the contestants, and as the Schuylkill Navy and the A. A. U. sanction the event, an afternoon of real pleasure for young and old is expected.

To be able to anticipate the time when we can lay aside the cares and worries of the day, for a few hours of enjoying a physical contest, either as an actor, or as a spectator affords us a vast amount of mental relief.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1927

DIG

Where Ridge avenue starts to climb its way up over Robeson's hill, the workmen have been digging for several weeks. Excavating huge holes for the foundations of retaining walls, new sewer levels and for various other purposes.

It is fascinating to watch the present-day tools of man, as they scoop up the dirt and the stones, some of which easily weigh a ton, and dumping them into auto-trucks which haul them away to fill in a larger hole at some distant point. Hour after hour, tirelessly and unceasingly, the giant steam shovels are tearing up the soil of the ages to make way for modern

Improvements.

There is a big lesson in all this digging. Have you ever given it a thought? A lesson for all of us, no matter who, what or where we are, **DIG!**

Dig right through every obstacle. Fight to uphold the dignity of your purpose. Dig, Bore, squeeze, sweat—but get through.

The regular, persistent drop of water will wear away the hardest stone. Science says that even the rhythmic step of an army has power to wreck the strongest bridge. In like manner does determined effort win anything—anywhere,—just by digging.

If you observe the other fellow carrying away plenty of the "bacon"—Dig! You failed in many things, yesterday—Dig! You want money, reputation, glory—Dig! Mental, moral or financial bankruptcy stares boldly at you—Dig! Success cannot be inherited. To get it you must **DIG!** Every man or woman who ever won anything knew how to—Dig!

No matter **WHAT** you want, or **WHERE** you want it, or **WHEN** you want it, you must first know how to **DIG!** Or you won't get it.

Take a stroll to the foot of Wissahickon hill and learn a lesson. Watch the big steam shovel dig! Then go about your own task and—**DIG!**

new things that are going on, all the new things that are to come, and what their meaning is, the retort that usually comes back is "Oh, you fellows are too optimistic!" Well, if we are, we're glad of it, for there are a great many people on this earth that we don't need, and that the world would be better off without. Knockers, for instance.

There is a difference between a Knocker and a Kicker. Sometimes people kick to good purpose. But a Knocker—is a Knocker—a Pest and a Destroyer—and he never changes. Here is a way to make a Knocker take a back seat and sit down!

Boost! Boost your town, boost your business, boost your friends, boost your ideas, boost everything that helps other people or yourself. Boost and you can't help but build.

The individual who boosts is a leader and his philosophy becomes contagious and he leaves a trail of boosters in his wake. And soon there are crowds of boosters.

When you don't know what else to do—Boost! It makes no difference what you boost, so long as you boost something. Once you get the habit, have no fear; for there will be plenty of things to boost. They will spring up in every direction. And then you and your community will grow.

If you want to be happy—Boost! The busiest and wisest men in the town will be glad to listen to you if you are a booster. Learn the knack. It is more important than "pull" or "influence" and it's greater than the mere making of money.

Any town that ever amounted to anything, consisted chiefly of boosters.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1927

TELL IT TO THE WORLD

Newspaper advertising, generally, is the most effective form of business building that has as yet been devised, as is proven by thousands of advertisers over a period of many years.

There are other forms of advertising, which used in conjunction with the newspapers, are really good for certain concerns in accomplishing some particular object. And we are in favor of permitting them to live and prosper in accordance with their individual merit. The advertising men of our staff are too busy handling their own business to speak ill of any other form of advertising. The policy they try to follow in that respect is: "If we cannot say something good, it is better to say nothing."

BOOST

Every once in a while, in various sections of the territory covered by The News, our news gatherers are greeted with the remark, "Where do you fellows get the idea that this section of Philadelphia is going to advance so rapidly?" and when explanations are gone into, detailing all of the

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1927

LOCAL ADVERTISING

"We don't expect you to believe our blunt statement that local weekly newspapers are advertising mediums which deserve more consideration." Not at one jump, anyway, not by a mere wave of the hand, or a shrug of the shoulder, that might indicate "It is so, because we say it is so."

We would rather lay before you a few facts that ought to be the knowledge of everyone who expects to build up his business, whatever it may be, and these facts should be judged entirely upon their merits.

We are talking about the "local" newspaper, not the "daily" that goes into the big city centers, but the little paper that gets into your home, that visits the farmhouse, the village, the outlying sections where the majority of

all people live.

Here is where we find the people who enjoy a generally normal earning capacity; most of them live in comfort and many of them can afford and rightfully deserve, some of the luxuries of life. Here is where folks know one another; when Sally Francis gets a new dress, Elsie Jane may recognize it as the one advertised last week in the "News," as on sale at Blank's Clothing Store, and her only reaction is one of congratulation that Sally had such a nice dress and a desire to possess one like it, herself. And when "Shorty" Maguire gets a new-fangled roof put on his house, or buys one of those glittering little speedy roadsters, Steve Brady observes them as the same advertised in the "News" and asks "Shorty's" opinion of them, with a view to making a similar purchase.

These people are usually eager to get the weekly newspaper and the paper generally comes directly to their homes. Each copy is read by the various members of the family, during the course of the full week that the paper is around the house, because no other issue has come out. The features are read for entertainment, the news items are read through natural interest, the "personals" are read and the advertisements are read—and considered.

The people who live in the outlying sections deserve and want more of the better things—such as those having sufficient merit to warrant the expenditure of money to properly advertise them—and these people will appreciate the opportunity to read more about these things through the medium of the advertising that is done in their local paper. Retail merchants, located in outlying sections, are learning fast the advisability of stocking and featuring products that are properly advertised by the manufacturer and distributor. Advertisers only look to RESULTS in the form of profitable sales as a justification for placing advertising in any medium, and—they must show profitable results, too.

So, when more advertising, placed in a local newspaper, is of benefit to the public, of benefit to the local merchant, of especial benefit to the advertiser, as well as to the local newspaper, then it appears that the subject is one of mutual concern.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1927

UP

How often have you, while in some other section of Philadelphia been ridiculed, on the hilly topography of this locality, when you answered the question of "Where do you live?" And heard, as you told them in "Roxborough," "Manayunk," "Wissahickon,"

"East Falls," "West Manayunk," or "Blue Bell?" your questioner say, "Oh, your one of those hill-climbers, are you?"

You have probably smarted under the witticisms concerning our hills and said, "Yes, I live on the hills, UP where it is high and healthy and nearer to Heaven."

Let us grasp the significance of that little word UP. For that General Bun Down feeling try the tonic UP. The UP tonic has actually saved this big world from going off to the hospital. Millions daily rise to sing its marvelous praises.

Get UP your pride for your community. That is the first step. Stand UP. The more you test your own strength, the more you will pat yourself on the back for having such strength. Get UP—and stay UP.

Cheer UP the people of your community. The best is always to come. Cheer UP. All you have to do is to go after the Best. And then, Cheer is so magnetic. No matter where you work, or where you go, you draw people and fortune your way. Suppose the cow did kick over the pail of milk. There's more cow and there's more milk. Cheer UP!

Smile UP, on our glorious hills. Smiles don't count when they hit the lowland. Smile UP. When you face a day that seems knotted with kinks, Smile UP. There will be very few kinks left.

Climb UP and get a good view of things in general. Be satisfied with nothing. Climb UP. Gather up carefully and patiently the threads of toil and experience that make your completed day and use them as a loop with which to pull yourself higher. Climb UP.

Lift UP your neighborhood, by "boosting" it. If everybody were always UP and never down, there would be no reason for this article. Somebody is always down, and somebody is always up. You who are UP help the fellow who is down. Lift UP. Then you will be higher UP and can take pride in being there.

It was on a high spot that the dove landed from Noah's old ark. Don't forget that. And we are all sorry for the folk who live in the lowlands of the Mississippi and wish that they too might have been as fortunate as we who live on the high places of the earth.

ROXBOROUGH NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1927

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1927

BIRDS

Real, honest to goodness, Nature lovers, who like to climb up and down the hills of the Wissahickon gorge, and who have been out there recently, have probably caught a glimpse of one of the most beautiful of birds—a golden pheasant. These birds were, within the last year or so, released by a State Game Commission and have added to the wonders of the bird life in this vicinity.

What wonderful creatures they are!

The true pheasant, of which there are about fifteen species, and whose original home was in Asia, is among the most gorgeous of the feathered tribe. These beautiful birds, as a rule, frequent the woods for the purpose of roosting, being in the daytime found in the bottoms and the thickets searching for their food, which consists of grain, seeds, green shoots and insects.

But the golden pheasant is not the only bird that can be found in our own "valley green." There are the warblers, the Maryland yellow throat, the yellow chat, the ovenbird, the Kentucky, the Louisiana water thrush and many other varieties. You can also find brown thrashers, which the great naturalist Audubon called the Ferruginous mocking bird; the indigo bird, the wrens, the scarlet tanagers, kingfishers, swallows, the Phoebe flycatcher, the pewee, woodpeckers, crows,

awks, sparrows, wood thrushes and occasionally a titmouse. There are cardinals, finches, red-eyed vireos and owls. We, of this immediate section, are indeed fortunate, that we have such a wonderful natural bird sanctuary so close to our homes, where we can go out, whenever the impulse urges us, for a hike in the sylvan solitudes of the Wissahickon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1927

AS WE SEE IT

Somehow or other, we of the common herd, cannot always control our face from wrinkling in a grin, when we see some of our fellowmen, and neighbors attempting to don, what is known to the man up a tree as "the high hat."

In one of Saturday's dailies, appeared a news item concerning the transfer of a parcel of land, on School lane, "on the north side, adjacent to Penn Charter School," and quoted as being "in Germantown."

In the first place, Penn Charter School is not on the north side of School lane, and in the second place, the property as indicated, is in the Twenty-first Ward, therefore is not and never has been in Germantown.

The news article stated that in 1684, the ground was granted by William Penn, to Robert Turner. This statement is probably true, for in that year, practically all, of what is now the Twenty-first Ward and the upper end of the Thirty-eighth, was granted by Penn to the following men: John Jennett, Robert Turner, Philip Talmun, the two Vicaris, Frances Fincher, James Claypoole, Samuel Bennett, Charles Hartford, Richard Snee, Charles Jones and Jonas Smith.

The portion that was allotted to these men, was outside of the township line of Germantown, which is now familiarly known as Wissahickon avenue, but we fear that the locations, in news items, like that one that caused us to break out in guffaws, are inspired by the vivid imagination of real estate men, who evidently think that "a rose by any other name" isn't what it is claimed to be by the adage writers.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1927

THEIR BATTLE IS OVER

With the passing of Memorial Day, 1927, comes the thought of the fast diminishing ranks of the "boys" who in the perilous days between 1860 and 1865, gave their all to hold this glorious Nation under one flag.

Thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of blue-clad boys marched away in the early 60's, youthful and full of zest for the fights that lay before them, and they and their comrades, who didn't return, accomplished the purpose for which they went.

After the conflict was over, those who did return to their homes, banded themselves into local G. A. R. posts, and into regimental and divisional associations.

One of the regiments, which organized after the war, was the 88th Pennsylvania Volunteers, which in wartime had its recruiting camp where the Queen Lane Pumping Station is now situated.

When this regiment marched away to the Southland, it had enrolled some 1600 men.

William F. Dixon, a charter member of the Twenty-first Ward Board of Trade, and who has acted as secretary of the 88th, for many years, reports that but seven members of the old regiments are now alive.

One of the old customs, of this particular organization, was to hold an annual reunion, each September, at Strawberry Mansion. This year, Mr. Dixon says, there will be no gathering of the old fighters, on account of the small number of survivors.

We glory in the feats of our soldiers of all wars, and we sadly realize that the "boys of '61 and '65" will soon pass out from earthly view into the Great Beyond.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1927

ROAD OVER THE RIDGE

A friend of ours took a ride the other day up the Ridge road to Collegeville and evidently philosophized somewhat.

"Do you know," he said, upon his return, "the Ridge road is a great deal like Life. You look ahead and what is apparently a long steep hill looms up. As you approach it, however, it flattens down and there is nothing to it, after all."

That man observed a fact that most of us come to realize sooner or later. The hill that look the highest are of little actual moment when we are

ascending them. It is the same way with our fabled troubles. They melt away as we approach them with a strong heart and a determination.

There are other analogies that come to mind as we motor along. Suppose we go for a ride.

The Ridge stretches out like a gray ribbon laid on the green. The scenery behind us is soon forgotten, that ahead is too far away to see clearly. Only the present is in our focus. The present, however, rapidly becomes the past and the future is the present. Hills vanish and new ones appear.

One of the first things we notice is that the majority of the cars on the road are "flivvers." They represent the common people, always in the majority. Lincoln said God must have loved them because he made so many of them. At any rate the "flivver" joy-riders seem to be having just as good a time as the others and children abound in them.

The Ridge is pretty well posted with signs: "Dangerous Curve Ahead," "Stop! Look! Listen!" "Slow Down" and other warnings. So is Life's highway, but people don't always heed the warnings. They open the throttle wider and wider and then comes a smash-up.

Sometimes the road leads through the shade, sometimes through the fierce sunlight. Sometimes it is smooth and passengers have the sensation of sailing through the air. Sometimes, and lately this is true in our own county, at least, it is rough and full of bounces. Without any warning at all the "hard going" is upon us. We are compelled to slow down and proceed carefully until the next smooth spot. These rough stretches do not always last. On Life's highway it is the same. Darkness gives away to the light; the rough spots are left behind and we go sailing along. The car needs careful handling or a spring may snap. Optimism, courage and determination must be at the wheel.

We see some significant things on the old Ridge. Some people are at a standstill, mending punctures. Others in some way are in the ditch and have

to be hauled out. In some rare instances the ruins of a car that has been burned up, lie along the roadside. And it isn't the small car, either, that gets stuck in the mud easiest.

Many a big one has floundered while the flivver rambled right along. On Life's highway many a man has been sailing along when something happened to puncture his tires. Perhaps he was going so fast he couldn't steer, and he went into the ditch. Stop your car and help him out if he needs help. The world has many wrecks who need assistance. You may be able to help

more than you know.

You may notice another thing. It isn't the car that makes the most noise that makes the best progress. Some of the "tanks" go wheezing along making as much noise as a locomotive. Progress seems to be in inverse ratio to the noise—the more noise the less progress. You may see men like that—loud-mouthed, loud dressed, drum-headed—they attract attention, all right, but unfavorable attention that does not result in getting action. Ten to one they mortgaged their house to buy the car. They are riding to a smash-up sooner or later.

Some folks are walking. No gasoline engine or balloon tires make their pathway easy. The sun beats down mercilessly as they plod along their hard and weary way. Sharp stones are in the path. Their brows drip brine into their eyes. They see no shade and the road looks all uphill. Give them a ride once in a while. Help them over the hard places of Life's highway.

Stop your car occasionally and go into the grove just over the fence. Wander over the fern-laden, woody-smelling soil and sit by the side of the creek that runs from the rocks. Drink from the cool spring. Pick the wild flowers.

And don't stick too close to the main road in Life's journey. There is happiness to be found in the byways. Don't overlook the springs and shaded walks, they will repay you for the effort.

Yes, there are many ways in which the old Ridge road resembles Life's highway. In one respect, however, there is a vast difference. On the Ridge we meet cars, as well as pass them. On Life's road they go just one way—on and on—over the hill into the misty future—and they never come back!

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1927

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

In 1947, or only twenty years from now, an entirely different group of men will be directing the future of this great northwest section of our city. There will be new storekeepers, new bankers, new factory superintendents, new preachers, new teachers, and new political leaders.

Why not be one of them? What's to prevent? Lack of training? Such a handicap need only be temporary.

Education is as free as the air. Between looks and books anyone can learn anything.

Influence is not worth the seeking.

Of what benefit is the inside track to an incompetent man. You have the privilege of entry in this race for success. If your heart is in the running you will soon strike the winning stride.

Make a plan organize your campaign, schedule each day. Put thirty constructive thoughts in your mind for each month. Don't ever close your eyes before you have added to your stock of information. Be neither a spendthrift of money, or energy, and by sheer process of growth, advancement is certain. Focused and persistent effort has yet to face its first failure.

It is not always the brilliant minds that accomplish the greatest results, for they are usually too flighty and over-assured and regardless of orderly procedure.

Where and what you start is of secondary consideration if it starts you. We know millionaires, in this section, that were yarn dyers before the late war—we are acquainted with bankers who once operated soda fountains—born right here on the hills over the old Schuylkill valley—one of our political leaders was born in a row on the steep side of our hills. Opportunity has never played favorites.

What will you be in 1947?

LINDBERGH-NEWSPAPERS

Among the numerous significant features of the Lindbergh triumph, is a side light of importance to advertising men that no doubt has occurred to advertisers.

Colonel Lindbergh rose from comparative obscurity to unprecedented fame within a matter of hours. His accomplishment and his personality became familiar to hundreds of millions of people almost exclusively through the speed of newspapers. Probably no single personality ever was projected so completely into the lives of hundreds of millions throughout the world in such a brief period of time. Second only to Lindbergh's remarkable achievement is the service and influence of newspapers as reflected by this event.

Colonel Lindbergh's world-wide fame was thoroughly established by the newspapers in less time than it would take any other form of publicity (or advertising medium) to start its presses. The job was done without the assistance of another medium, with the possible exception of the comparatively limited activities of the radio.

Here is a thought of tremendous significance to advertisers.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1927

THE INITIAL SURVEY

We noticed him rolling down "the Ridge" in an old battered, paintless Rivver, which was evidently built before Kaiser Bill conceived the idea that he could clean up the world. At the time its manufacturers placed that car on the market, they probably called it an automobile.

Rims, dashboard and hubs were caked with mud—and there were a couple of imitation leather suitcases tied on the running boards.

"Everybody turned to look. But he was looking too, and had a great deal more to see.

Passing motorists rose delightfully to the occasion and delivered violent blasts on their motor horns.

But the lad from the "sticks" ran on ahead—not showing, by his face or manner that he heard. He didn't appreciate that he made a ridiculous figure. He didn't care a darn about appearances. He didn't know there were any. What the spectators said, didn't reach his ears—the chugging of his one-hunger drowned out the banter—and the driver couldn't hear a word. His thoughts to all appearances seemed to be "that these city folks couldn't understand what it means to urge this creaking old bus to keep running 'till we get to town."

Nobody knew how far he had come, or how much farther he expected to go, but men who make the best of the best at hand are liable to go anywhere. Think of Eyrd and brand of weather that he had, but he landed safely on the other side.

This type of individual uses a special quality of gasoline—the "Determination Brand"—with No Knocks.

One of these days that hick driver is going to run back over "the Ridge" on balloon tires. The time we saw him was probably just his reconnoitering trip; he wanted to size up the fighting ground. But when that bird comes back, look out! He has acquired the habit of surmounting difficulties—of getting where he wanted to go, despite the antiquity of his conveyance. And he'll get the last laugh.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1927

NOW IS THE TIME

That noise you hear isn't the ice-man. It's your chance beating on the panel of your front door.

What did you say? You thought your chance wouldn't come at a time like this? You thought she wouldn't climb up our hillsides or slide down into our valleys after you.

Son, your Chance never sleeps, and she never was easier to take than right now.

This is the time when other folks are asleep, and it's up to you to kidnap the fickle Jade. Nobody else will do it for you. Things are changing overnight in our locality, and change is but the married name for Chance, after you pull the caveman stuff on her.

Future leaders are being educated every minute. Old ones are being toted off by the pall-bearers, and others are realizing that they cannot keep step with the younger generations, and are stepping out of the picture. Barriers that held you off are being used for firewood.

Without a thought of the physical characteristics of the scummy old Schuylkill—the whole current of this neighborhood is being changed—not for a day, or for a decade, but forever.

If you have, as Jay House puts it, "any abdominal investiture" at all, to help yourself, "your is the world and everything that's in it."

The man who sits around and wishes, in times like these, is lost. So is he who thinks and doesn't act; the stupid man and the fellow who depends on making a "front."

Collect your brains, energies and nerve and go out take your chance, for you never had such opportunity in a lifetime, and it isn't going to be any better if you wait 'till the undertakers list you as a prospect.

Snap out of it!

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1927

KEEP ON WITH THE BATTLE

Merchants who experience difficulty trying to get new business will be interested in the following lines:

"Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,

Is oft but perseverance in disguise,

Continuous effort, of itself, implies,

In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.

Twixt failure and success the point's
so fine,
Men sometimes know not when they
touch the line.
Just when the pearl was waiting one
more plunge.
How many a struggler has thrown up
the sponge!
As the tide goes clear out, it comes
clear in;
In business 'tis at turns the wisest
win.
But Oh! How true, when the shades
of doubt dismay,
'Tis often darkest just before the day.
A little more persistence, courage,
vim!
Success will dawn o'er fortune's golden
rim.
Then take this honey from the bitter-
est cup;
There is no failure—save in giving up;
No real fall as long as one still tries.
For seeming setbacks make the strong
man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth! save from
within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're
bound to win."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1927

LOCKING THE BARN

The ancient phrase of "locking the barn after the horse is stolen" is gruefully brought to mind in the placing of a danger signal at the intersection of Ridge and Hunting Park avenues.

After months of warning from the local business men's association, the Department of Public Safety, on Wednesday, finally placed the long-needed sign and light, one day too late to save another life.

The pole for the light has been in position for several weeks, but it seems that the fatal accident of last Tuesday evening, in which a Manayunk-bound street car crashed into an automobile, at the dangerous intersection, was needed as a spur to the public safety officials.

The steep grade of Ridge avenue, at this point, and the increasing number of automobilists who are constantly utilizing the short cut to the East River Drive, justifies the placing of a regular traffic officer at Hunting Park and Ridge avenues.

We sincerely hope that fatalities, such as that of last week, will have come to an end.

The barn has been locked.

Wednesday, August 17, 1927

THE HIGH BRIDGE

Coincident with the grade crossing elimination which is taking place at Wissahickon, the Reading Railroad Company is having some improvements made to the huge stone bridge, known hereabouts as the High Bridge.

This beautiful structure, which spans the Wissahickon Creek, near the mouth of the stream, is a fine specimen of architecture and viewed with the surrounding landscape is one of the most picturesque scenes to be found anywhere in the county.

The bridge which is 492 feet long and comprised of five spans supports the tracks of the Norristown branch of the Reading lines, seventy feet above the normal height of the water.

Footwalks are to be constructed along both sides of the bridge, not for public use, but for the trainmen whose duty may force them to walk over the structure, and to prevent the roadbed ballast from falling off to the walks and drive below.

It is hoped, that at the same time this work is going forward, that some action will be taken to prevent the stalactites from forming on the under side of the arches. These, for years, have been a source of annoyance to park visitors, who use the footwalks under the bridge. The formations continually increase in numbers and drip constantly on the pathways, so that the hiker has little chance of passing under the arches without having his, or her, clothing spotted.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1927

THINK FOR YOURSELF

We should form our own individual opinions of others—so far as is possible. How often have we found unjust the ill opinion we have accepted from another?

How often in meeting a new resident of the town, or in going on a new job, have we listened to and believed evil of a person, and later found out, by actual contact and association, that the things we believed were untrue?

Very possibly we have lost valuable time, agreeable companionships and opportunity for profit by accepting judgment from one of another. Forming second-hand opinions is the source

of prejudice and unjustified hatred. Obviously, the reverse is often true—in accepting a good opinion from another we may live to suffer for it. The human elements of fallibility, prejudice and self-interest are there just the same. But second-hand evil opinions are more often wrong than good ones; for we are all more apt to relate and discuss evil of others than good—we should not, but we do. And a good deal of evil is engendered in the transmission of the tale.

The same mistake can be made in accepting indirect judgment against books, authors, brands of merchandise, new ways of doing things and political, economic and religious movements.

The principle of misjudgment will apply to any of these in the characters of people. How often, for instance, have we accepted an adverse opinion from another, of a book, or an author, and after our own reading to have that book, or author, become among our favorites?

We may have for years been deprived of a joy and pleasure by accepting judgment, other than our own, of men, things and books.

Allowing others to form our opinion and think for us is contrary to the independent spirit characteristic of free, liberty-loving Americans.

Accepting the opinions of others is dependence.

Thinking and Judging for ourselves is independence.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1927

IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK

Vacation days are almost over. It's time to go to work. Those who have been spending the summer at the seashore and on the mountains are flocking homeward.

Last Wednesday saw the last of the huge community outings which have been held by the various business men's associations of this locality.

The East Falls merchants had their day of play on June 8, at Ambler and a large crowd attended to indulge in a few hours of outdoor sports. The Wissahickon tradesmen held their annual neighborhood picnic at Lakeview on July 20; Roxborough's business men entertained almost 1500 Hilltoppers at Wildwood on August 17; and lastly, the Manayunk Business Men's Association carried a throng from the mill-town to Riverview Beach, last Wednesday.

A review of these outings brings to mind a thought that is worth the consideration of everyone.

Achievement is the result of the proper coordination between work and

rest. Were it not for the regular fraction-of-a-second rest between each throb, the heart would soon pump itself out. Relaxation is stored-up energy.

To the person who early learns the value of play, as applied to their lives, and knows when to apply it, there is opened a road, both wide and short, into the town of Peace, Power and Plenty.

Play stretches the muscles, rests and soothes the nerves, stirs the blood and clears the brain. Play stays the hand of age and transplants youth all through the advancing years.

Play lifts the burden from people's shoulders, smoothes out the wrinkles from their faces and starts smiles and joys anew. Play is a strangler of worry, an enemy of ill-health and a mighty force in the creating of clean, strong thinking. Play is insurance against failure.

Play at outdoor sports. Play at your books. Play with your kiddies, if you have any, and with the neighborhood children if you have none of your own. Play before you start the day and play at its close. And it's good, occasionally to "skip" a day that you may play all day.

Play hard when you do play. But never play when you work, and never work when you play. Don't make work out of play—nor play out of work. Relax once in a while. You'll find it profitable both for your health and for your business.

But it's time to go to work.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1927

OUR PHYSICAL SELF

We were greatly grieved, recently, to hear of the sudden deaths of two residents of the district covered by this paper from acute indigestion. Most of us do not pay sufficient attention to caring for our bodies and their interior organs which do not receive the care that we bestow on less important things.

We should respect our stomach, which is the firebox of our body. Its simple construction, patterned by a Supreme Master, is imitated by the human makers of the greatest engines in the world.—engines that have knit civilization and populated nations.

Every human stomach is from the same mould. But no two human beings take care of their stomachs in quite the same way. In real importance greater than any other organ of the human body, it is the least respect-

ed—the most neglected.

We should pay obedience to our stomach, for to it we owe the credit for most of our success. Nothing can replace a ruined stomach. Think seriously of this when you hurriedly throw into its marvelous pocket, ill selected and quickly masticated food. Think of this as you neglect its call for regular fuel and regular care. Think of this when it begs for a rest.

No stomach ever turned traitor to a good caretaker. A companionable stomach will work wonders with its master. It will build power for scores of years. It will knit strength and elasticity into bones and muscles. It will create unfailing nerve centers. It will pump a great heart. It will give an iron will and a masterful brain. Kind stomachs are more than thrones, and simple care of them, more than Norman blood.

Respect your stomach, morning, noon and night,—and then between times take care of your physical self.

SPEEDING MOTOR CARS

If a speed trap, for motorists, was ever justified, then there is real cause to have one established on Ridge avenue, between the Wissahickon drive and Calumet street. Every time the automatic traffic signal at the drive flashes its green "Go" there is usually a trolley car in the mass of traffic that awaits the sign to move on. The motor car driver then puts on all speed to pass the slower-moving trolley car.

One block below the park drive crossing, and then at the Queen Lane Pumping Station entrance, there are trolley car stops. At night, particularly, these two points are poorly lighted and it is at this time that the greatest danger arises, for repeatedly the prospective street car rider has to leap for his life as some speeding motor car dashes around to pass the trolley. Those desiring to board the cars of the P. R. T. have no choice but to step out into the street to inform the motorman that it is their desire to ride.

There have already been several accidents on this stretch of Ridge avenue, and eventually death will be the result.

The territory referred to is at the extreme southern border of the Thirteenth Police District, and the farthest north of the Fourteenth District, as School Lane is the dividing line. For this reason policemen are not so frequently seen, as they would be in a more central part of their districts. It would probably require special police attention to prevent motorists from speeding, but some action should be taken, for if the condition continues, a loss of life is just as certain as next year's taxes.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1927

BACK THROUGH THE YEARS

If one had gone to the present site of the Queen Lane Filtration plant site, yesterday—September 13—and had the power to bring back the scenes of 150 years ago, he would have witnessed the fired, but valorous, army of General Washington coming into the camp that was located in that ground, for a rest after the Battle of Brandywine. At the head of the column he would have seen the glorious American flag, in its striped form, as we know it, flying from the flag bearer's staff, for it was at Brandywine that this emblem was first used in battle.

It was on September 11, 1777, that General Greene of the Continentals, made his heroic stand and fired the last shots of the engagement. It was in this battle that Lafayette, on a knoll on Bennett's farm, in Chester County, was wounded in the cause of American independence. The groans of the stricken soldiers arose to the heavens, after the desperate battle of his forces and go back to the camp at the Falls, on the heights overlooking the fords of the Schuylkill, where he could keep a watchful eye on the men commanded by Lord Howe.

After reaching the Queen Lane camp, Washington issued a general order complimenting the soldiers on their brave behavior in the Chester County battle.

One of the American under-officers—Lieutenant James McMichael—whose diary was preserved, wrote of this camp: "September 13th—At sunrise we crossed the Schuylkill Bridge—at Market street—and turning to the left to avoid the city, proceeded to the Falls of Schuylkill and at 11 A. M. reached the site of our former encampment, near Germantown, where we encamped and put up our tents, which we had been without for a week."

Local residents are no doubt aware of the fact that Washington's men had camped at the reservoir site from August 1 to 8, 1777, when it was rumored that Howe was on his way to capture Philadelphia.

And so exactly one hundred and fifty years ago—yesterday and today—Washington and patriots were making history right in our own immediate vicinity.

Let us who appreciate our heritage of freedom, whisper a fervent "Thank you" to the spirits which today, must be in our midst.

SPREAD YOUR INFLUENCE

What wonderful weather we have had these first days of September! The sun

In all its glory radiates with just sufficient warmth to make us feel at our best.

The greatest body in the heavens is the sun. Let us give a few thoughts to the great ball of heat and light that passes over us every day.

It keeps the world out of continual darkness. It radiates its greatest gift—Light.

There is our lesson. Radiate your influence. Make it worthwhile to radiate. Diffuse it over your friends. Spread it around among your fellow-workers. Radiate it in your public position. Cast it out through your own approval and take to heart the responsibility that gives you the chance to make your influence felt.

Radiate your smiles. For Smiles and Cheer are the greatest "boosters" in the world. You don't have to say a

word to radiate smiles and cheer. They shoot their rays of warmth and healing and encouragement from the very lines of your face and the very movements of your body.

Radiate your knowledge. Do it for a higher purpose. Confined knowledge is of no value. The thoughts that are given away are untold wealth. What knowledge you get—Radiate.

Radiate your memory. Earn it honestly and well. Then radiate it to useful ends. Divide it with the faithful workers who helped you make it. Money is a useless thing in itself. Its value lies in that it radiates to help others in hopeful enterprises and noble works.

Radiate your success. There is nothing so stimulating to a real winner as to hand out the secrets and formulas of Success that he has learned. Nature works in cycles. So does a man's success. What is yours today, is the other fellow's tomorrow. Your service is to keep the law—To radiate today What Came to You Yesterday. For the whole rule of life and success is to Radiate.

Be a little Sun unto yourself. Spread your influence.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1927

TENNIS COURTS ARE NEEDED

After having continuously held the Davis Cup for seven years, the American team at Manheim recently lost the World's tennis crown, and it becomes the task of the sport lovers of the United States to develop new players to take the positions of leadership that were held for many years by Tildens and Johnson. The youthful Helen Wills had a wonderful year, but we need other girl racquet wielders to re-

place the women whose tennis achievements have so long filled the sporting pages of our newspapers.

Up in Roxborough there are dozens of cubby champions, who are devoted lovers of the racquet and net, but who find it difficult to locate a court on which to practice and enjoy the game, which is health-giving to the extreme.

Aside from the ground set aside for the court at the Roxborough Baptist Church, which is semi-private, and the private court at the Memorial Hospital, there are no places provided for the indulgence of the sport. Some arrangements should be made to lay aside a portion of the Freeland Kendrick Playground for the benefit of the tennis players. Or possibly some public spirited citizen, with an available piece of ground might be prevailed upon to allow the tennis enthusiasts to erect a few nets on his land.

Down in East Falls, the East Falls Church Baseball League is drawing to the close of its first schedule and its success has been primarily due to the admirable organization that was effected at the outset with regular officers, board of arbitration, a staff of umpires and publicity experts. The whole town exhibited the keenest sort of interest in baseball. Probably a local amateur tennis association could be formed, with sufficient members that would arouse a more public interest in tennis, so that ultimately the sorely-needed grounds could be obtained. It behooves the future Tildens, Johnstons, Wills and Mallorys to get together.

WOMEN AT THE WHEEL

The recent sad fate of Iandora Duncan, the world famous dancer, whose long-trailing scarf blew out the side of her automobile to wind in the front wheel of the car and dragged her out on the road to her death, brought back to our mind thoughts that we had previously formed on the exceedingly dangerous habit of women motor car drivers in arranging themselves in apparel that is unsuited for operating an automobile. We would not have condemned a scarf, for it is probably only once in a lifetime that such accidents, as that occurring to the dancer, could have happened, but we do quiver every time we see one of the fairer sex speeding along our hillside highways crowned with a flapping wide-brimmed specimen of the milliner's art. A flop of that brim, before the eyes of the driver as she crosses an intersection, is a flirt with the Grim Reaper. Dozens of times each day, it is of absolute necessity, to car drivers, to have an unobstructed view in both directions of the street to be crossed. Automobile manufacturers recognize this fact in the newer construction of their cars and make the windshield posts as narrow as good stability will permit. MI-

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lady of the Motor will be playing safe and at the same time pursue the present path of fashion by wearing a small chapeau.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1927

THE WISSAHICKON SKIRMISH

Let us turn back through the pages of the Past for a moment. Those with a patriotic sense, and a little imagination, can look back one hundred and fifty years and visualize General Armstrong and his Pennsylvania Militia, marching down muddy old Ridge road and going into battle, on the edge of the hill overlooking the Wissahickon Creek.

It was on the foggy morning of October 4, 1777, that General Washington, with his army which had been camped on the Skippack road, arrived into position to attack the British forces who occupied Germantown. The battle line stretched over from our neighboring community along the line of School lane to the Schuylkill river. On the morning of October 8, the American forces assembled at a planned distance from the British lines and went into camp near the home of Peter Wentz, just a little to the east of Skippack road, and at 7 o'clock in the evening again took up the march toward Germantown.

The Continentals separated on the march. A portion of the army moved into York road to reach the rear of the British right, General Greene departing by way of the Church road to Lumekiln pike, to perform this mission. The remainder of Washington's men moved down the Bethlehem pike to Chestnut Hill. Here General Armstrong, in command of the Pennsylvania Militia, guided by George Danenhower, continued on to Ridge road, down which they marched to engage the British left, which was composed of Hessian troops.

It is a source of pride to the residents of this section, who have read of the Battle of Germantown, to know that Armstrong and his men, who fought at the mouth of the Wissahickon creek, accomplished all that their commander-in-chief expected of them, and that was to keep the Hessians from going to the assistance of the King's troops in the center of Germantown.

Give a thought to the men who fought for our freedom.

ANCESTORS

We sometimes get a great thrill out of life, in observing some of our younger townfolk in their attempts to do,

what is now known in the vernacular as the "high hat." Some of these misguided people appear to be those who like to putter away a lot of valuable time in figuring out just how they stand as to ancestors. The true fact of the matter is that our ancestors were what we are. Some of the best and the worst, that has gone before us, is now somewhere in us.

The wisest thing that we can do is to find out the most useful qualities of our ancestry that remains a part of us, and begin to weave, from where they left off, greater and better things. Ancestry stock goes up every time we do our work better today than yesterday.

We have heard a tale of Marshall Ney, who served with Napoleon. At a banquet during the Russian campaign, a brilliant woman had been telling Ney of her wonderful ancestry, when suddenly she questioned, "By the way, Marshall Ney, who were your ancestors?" "Madam," answered Ney, "I myself, am an ancestor!"

After all the task of being an ancestor is a mighty serious business. It is enough to put us all on our mettle and make us work to force the red blood into our arteries.

In just the proportion that men and women render Service in this world do they forget their own selfish interests and begin to plan out and deal in the future of their race. The man who will but get this truth imbedded into his system cannot but fall to be a better mechanic, clerk, lawyer, business man, father—or citizen. And no woman can take this idea to heart without putting lustre to the important duties of her life.

Ancestors? Why, we're all ancestral.

Oct. 4th 1927

FIGHT

The night of the Dempsey-Tunney fight found us among the guests at the home of one of our hillside residents, listening in, via the radio, to Chicago. Graham McNamee and his associates gave a vivid portrayal of the happenings of the moment. We were impressed with the interest that everyone exhibited in the struggle between two human beings. Women of all ages were included among those who cheered, one or other of the contenders.

At the time, the whole affair seemed brutal to us, but later philosophy leads us to believe that the whole game of living is a grand struggle.

We should all learn to be fighters. Not with fists, clubs or swords, but through the mastering of the forces which are at our command—generated by our own brains.

For every day victories are gained from the everyday battles of life, over

the never ending difficulties which continuously confront us.

Let us fight! Facing to the front—fiercely and fairly. And when anyone looks upon us as a loser and calls us whipped, why then is the time for us to send in a blow that will send our enemy to the mat, and cause the referee to raise our hand as a victor.

We will not always win, but we're never going to admit it. Half of the so-called losers of all time, lie in conquerer's graves. And the crimson poppies and the golden-hearted daisies grow over the burial places of sleeping souls that didn't know how to die.

What is our work today? Let's make it a battle front. Let us muster the best that is in us and go out and meet every obstacle that seeks to keep this day from being the one we will most prize as the one of all our days most worth while—to other people and to ourselves.

Fight every inch of the way. Give no quarter—and accept none. And we'll go to bed with the spirit and satisfaction of a winner.

It's better that we fight!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1927

FAITH

A week ago, last Sunday, the members of the Leverington Presbyterian Church and Sunday School marked another chapter in the history of their organization when they held the opening service in the new house of worship at the corner of Hermitage street and Ridge avenue.

Other new churches have been completed within the past year, and still others are in the building and are being planned.

It is a good sign, this building of structures for the perpetuation of faith. For faith is the miracle worker, whether in religion, business, or everyday living.

Have faith, first in yourself, then in the thing you have set out to do—and then faith in the result.

Faith is the ability to believe you have won before you have. It's the art of beating the enemy, the obstacles, or the plans of your opposers, before they have securely organized. Faith takes hold of the hand of Victory, before the battle starts.

The greatest stories of history, from the beginning of time are but narratives of men and women actors—who had faith. Faith feeds the hungry in adversity, clothes and warms the needy in temporary failure. Faith constructs for it cannot destroy.

Our success is limited by our faith. The results of faith live forever. You

who are despairing, take heart.

The only time that people fail is when they lose faith. The athlete in a contest, the soldier on the battlefield, the leader in politics, the follower of a religious belief, the humblest toiler, each goes ahead and does his best, only as he is inspired by faith. First he has it, then those about him, under, near or above have faith in him.

Make it a vital part of your determination to win today. The most obscure worker is entitled to as great credit for results in proportion to the man who commands, so long as he has and uses all the Faith he can gather. So remember, to keep a god stock of faith on hand constantly. We can then build more monuments to a Supreme Commander and make our communities better places in which to live.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1927

THE LINES OF YOUR FACE

As we ride around the territory covered by the Roxborough News, we marvel at the large number of strange faces that greet us. From the County line, down Ridge avenue to Hunting Park avenue, along Wissahickon avenue, on Blue Bell Hill, or up the Main street and over Green Lane Bridge to West Manayunk, we are greeted with a vast sea of unfamiliar faces, in addition to the multitude that we are acquainted with.

The face is a revelation of character. As certainly as the hand is guided by the brain, to clear wide wastes, to build huge bridges, and cut into life-like figures, from bare rocks, the story of man's achievements, so the brain and thoughts of a person carve the secret workings of his ideals and purposes into the lines and plans of his own face.

Let us make something of our faces, for they are one thing that we cannot hide. Where we go, they must go. From this fact we each should appreciate the responsibility of making our face a good companion, a faithful servant, an active force, an interesting study—a face worth remembering.

The only way to make something of your face is to make something of your character. A face never lies. It may be a comic cartoon, a comedy of errors, a Shakespearean tragedy, a chiseled image of Power, or a wrecked God—but it is no lie. If you would know the character of your associates, study their faces. Their character is proclaimed there in bold type. And beauty parlors nor barber shops can erase character lines.

Who can talk ill of Lincoln? His

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wonderful race would belie the speech.

An old writer has said that the proper study of mankind was man. But the way to study a man is to study his face. Don't for a minute think that you can "jump ball" on your own face. It can't be done.

The liar, the thief, the over-indulger, the immoral can be identified by his face.

In the mirror of life, let us be able to face our own face.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1927

MISTAKES

A mistake had happened at the office. It was one of those things that cost money and cause most employers to "rise right up on their hind legs and roar." But instead "the Boss" just gave us a little lecture on errors.

There are two kinds of mistakes. Those that happen from ordinary human mis-thinking and those that come from lack of thought. They should be studied.

No one ever gets too big to make mistakes. The secret is that the big man is greater than his mistakes, because he rises right out of them and passes beyond them.

We once heard a tale concerning one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, which was delivered at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. After the sermon a young man went up to the famous preacher and said, "Mr. Beecher, did you know that you made a grammatical error in your sermon this morning?"

"A grammatical error!" answered Beecher, "I'll bet my hat that I made forty of them!"

Half the power of a forceful man springs out of his mistakes of one sort or another. They help to keep him human.

The stupid mistakes are the ones that tear away the power of a man, to weaken him and make him flabby. The clerk who forgets, the housewife that doesn't care, the worker who neglects—these are the ones whose lives are wasted and result in failure.

One of the best things to do each day is to do your work the best you know how, unmindful of mistakes. But after your work is done and you realize your blunders, don't shirk, don't whine, don't despond, but study those mistakes, profit by them, and go ahead.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1927

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Yesterday opened the season of the Hunter's Moon. If you happen to live out in the open country, you probably were awakened by the opening shots of the campaign. And housewives will be searching all over the house for the lost can of sewing machine oil.

The woods and fields are overrun with men with shotguns, in search of Old Bre'r Cottontail. It is reported that there will be more hunters abroad this year than ever before. Therefore caution should be exercised. As the number of gunner's licenses have increased the fatalities increase in proportion. Several men were killed and many others seriously injured in previous years in different parts of the State, through the carelessness of some gunner.

The sportsmen should keep in mind that there are possibly others in the field besides themselves and should take all the care that is possible not to injure someone, who may be in the range of their gun, but out of sight, behind bushes or other covers.

AUTUMN

We, the people—who live out here in the suburbs—are indeed fortunate folk, for in the neighboring woods of the Wissahickon, across the Schuylkill, and Upper Roxborough we are being daily treated to pictures by Mother Nature, the colors and tints of which cannot be equaled by the hand of man.

The golden glory of autumn, with the bronze and velvet above of the skies above the royal robes of oak, maple, poplar and pine is one of the delights that the city dweller cannot find at his beck door.

How splendid is the setting of the early November sun! Out in the west, with the horizon full of golden lustre, which gleams on the foliage and brightens every object and reflects the various colors of the rainbow, slowly descends the great sphere of light.

The pines and hemlocks are, of course, still sporting their green clothes, but the poplar has changed to yellow, the maple to brown, the sumac to red, with the beech, the oak, the elm and other trees in various-hued raiment.

The hickories, the birches, the catalpas, the button balls, the dogwood, the ash, the allanthes, and the paulownias, too, lend their colors to the gorgeous array of color that greet the eye on every side.

The beautiful trees and shrubbery remind us that another summer with its wealth of pleasant memories is stored away among the archives of our life. These wonderful colors that flame

across the softened sky of Indian summer like the glorious banner of a royal conqueror, come to warn us that in a few weeks the snows of Winter will be with us.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1927

POISE

We were one of a crowd who recently attended a political meeting in the Northwest section of Philadelphia. Several speakers were upon the program and it was readily apparent that most of the men who addressed the gathering were extremely nervous as they tried to hold the attention of their listeners.

All but one, and immediately we were impressed with the power of the man. Not so much by the things that he uttered, but by the manner in which he calmly surveyed his audience and coolly launched out into a speech that held the undivided attention of those in attendance, until he had finished his discourse.

Poise, was the attribute that he possessed, which held the assemblage in a spell, until he had delivered his message, and poise, it seems to us, is a large phase of success already worked out, for without a confident attitude, there seems but little success. Poise is the art of keeping your head, when everybody else loses theirs.

When it seems that everyone is finding fault, when the fingers of those who blame all, appear to center in front of your face, when failure flies into your door, when fictitious friends assume their true form, as foes, when the skies darken and the clouds are black and threatening, then is the time for Poise to control things.

The cool head is the battle winner, and the person who rules and conserves through calmness is preserving peace by being prepared for war.

They, who are wise, always stand ready to listen and think, for in such an attitude they can consider and weigh with Justice, and rare freedom, the most puzzling problems. Poise to such a person is like a bank full of funds. Add Poise to your accomplishments and it will balance your character and make it fit and formidable.

There are times when the man of action sits at leisure, calm and collected—with plenty of time for anything that is important—while all about him is confusion and an atmosphere of importance that is, after all, charged with very little of true importance.

Study yourself and acquire Poise, for Poise starts when you begin to discard Fear and Disorder.

Nov. 23rd 1927

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THE Y. W. C. A.

Things are in a sad condition when a community shows the lack of interest which was exhibited at a meeting last week at the Falls branch of the Y. W. C. A., which was held in order to make a decision on the contemplated discontinuance of the local headquarters of that organization.

Letters had been sent out requesting individuals and members of various religious, parents, social, athletic and business organizations to attend the meeting in an effort to "feel the pulse of the people," as it were, regarding the situation.

Forty-one persons, out of several thousand residents of East Falls, attended the meeting, and of these, eight or ten were members of the governing board of the institution. In another part of the building a musical organization, consisting of a large group of men; and a dozen or so basketball players from a neighboring church, who could have lent the force of their presence, at least, ignored the more important gathering which was in session on the lower floor.

Of eleven outside clubs or associations to which the Y. W. C. A. extend the facilities of their building, but one or two representatives were present. The local tradesmen sent a delegation of three men.

Those in charge of the meeting disclosed facts and figures, covering the expenses of the social service which the branch has carried on over a period of more than twenty years; which if applied to any business house, would have placed it in the hands of a receiver more than a decade ago. Even with a monetary loss, although it would necessarily have to be considerably lower, the branch would probably have been continued, and this still may be possible, but the lack of interest shown by the community in general, certainly must be discouraging to the ladies who control the destinies of the Christian Association.

Often one hears the complaint that their particular neighborhood is not keeping step with other communities; that "the town is dead", and remarks of a similar nature. At such times we are reminded of a verse we once read entitled "It Isn't Your Town, It's You," and the indifference concerning the Y. W. brought it more forcibly than ever to our mind.

A town is made up of individuals and

is only as "wide-awake" as each person that lives in it. Placing the blame of "slowness" on the other fellow has never yet made a hustling, bustling place in which to live.

Without a doubt, things look dark for the Y. W. C. A. in East Falls.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1927

BOOKS

A few weeks ago we were "among those present" at a meeting of a local book review club, and were most agreeably surprised at the interest displayed by the entire group, who were all young people of the neighborhood.

Books are wonderful things!

Find out what kind of books your friend reads and you'll know what manner of man or woman you have for a friend. Books contain the wisdom—as well as the foolishness—of all the ages. The greatest thoughts, the deepest experiences, in fact everything worthwhile, are preserved in books.

The character of the person is shown by the books that he selects. The character of a community is largely determined by the books that its men and women read. The wealth of the world is in its books, not in its mineral resources.

Good books are cross sections of life. They tell the truth and conceal nothing. You can take or leave what a book teaches. You think, act, walk, work and live with it. For the time you are of it—a part. You live over the thought that the author lived. He may be long years in his grave, but again he rises to breathe and the warmth of his being is on earth again. Think of the marvels of a book!

Progress is but the accumulation of book power. With books gone, the world would rot away. Good books will put music and poetry into the smallest endeavor.

The world's greatest doers have been the world's greatest readers. "Read again" said Napoleon, to an officer on board the ship that was taking him into exile, "read again the poets; devour Ossian. Poets lift up the soul, and give to a man a colossal greatness."

Read good books regularly and systematically. Learn books. Love books. Live Books.

And you will grow useful.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1927

ADVERTISING

Where can you find a better salesman than advertising?

When a salesman can sell twenty-five times as much goods as he receives at

salary, he should be classified as a dog-gone good adjunct to the house that he works for.

"How can we get people to eat more fruit?" Inquired a group of fruit growers. They finally decided on advertising and spent \$1,000,000 telling the citizens of the land all about their product.

What was the result? Well, the Fruit Trades Federation reports that since this education in fruit began, the consumption of their product has increased by \$25,000,000.

Thus the little old dollar bill, who was launched out into the cold, cold world, all by his lonesome, returned and brought twenty-four other green-backs with him.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 21, 1927

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS

One of the finest customs that we, the people of these Northwest wards enjoy is that of the Christmas carollers, which we will again hear, within the next few days.

The strains of "Silent Night," "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing" and "O, Little Town of Bethlehem," in their never-diminishing popularity, will ring out in the quietness of the night over the hills and valleys of East Falls, Wissahickon, Manayunk and Roxborough.

The custom is an old English one, which was brought to this country by the thousands of British textile workers who emigrated to this section in search of employment in the mills of the vicinity.

This carolling is one of the most beautiful of the "old country" practices which these people brought over the seas with them.

The various church choirs will meet early on Christmas Eve and rehearse some of the old Yuletide hymns, at the home of some member of the chorus, before starting out on their melodious rounds. At certain designated places along the route the street singers will pause to partake of lunch and hot coffee, which is provided by those who are serenaded.

One who has experienced this announcement in song, of the birth of the Christ-child, and then moved to some distant place, where the custom is not practiced, feels the mysterious lack of a custom that brings Christmas to his door in all of its fullness.

The songs of the carollers are now heard by the residents of our neighboring communities, who, having heard of the delightful custom, have invited our local singers to come and serenade them in their homes.

Our old English custom certainly pro-

vides a fitting prelude to the advent of Christmas Day.

PRACTICAL NEWS

Almost everyone likes to read of the happenings of the community. The little things that are going on around them; the little incidents in the lives of their friends and neighbors, and what this association or that organization is doing. And this is as it should

But the real practical news that is printed in a newspaper is contained in the advertisements that appear on its pages.

In the management of a home, as in any business establishment, it is necessary to make every dollar go as far as possible. Food for the family, shoes, furniture, household equipment, the house itself, all must be considered before you disburse a cent.

To buy wisely, one must keep posted on the current prices of merchandise and the best way that we know to stay abreast of the times is by reading the advertisements.

Take time to read the display ads. No matter what is required, make it a habit to read the advertisements in the current paper. You will find them an up-to-the-minute guide. Illustrations of the most modern merchandise, descriptions of goods, and most of all comparative prices, will quickly inform you on what you should pay and where you should spend your money.

The storekeeper who advertises, generally sells at lower prices. He can give you the most for your money. He buys right and is selling right. He does not hold any fear of his competitor. He's friendly with him. He tells the world openly and frankly what he has to sell and for how much. He does not fear to expose his prices to the light of day. They are what they should be and he knows it.

The house that advertises offers you the best service and the best prices. The merchant who cannot afford to advertise cannot afford to compete in price and quality. To make up for a lack of customers he must charge a higher price. The man who has the biggest bargains seeks his customers most earnestly.

Almost every merchant, artisan, or any other who serves the district covered by The Roxborough News, advertises in its columns because The Roxborough News is a paper that everyone in the locality is interested in reading. It comes to your home regularly with many money-saving suggestions that will help you to spend your money wisely.

Consult the News and then visit your local stores and offices and you will save yourself from aimless, tiresome shopping trips and at the same time save money.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1927

CHRISTMAS GIFT CONTESTS.

One of the most enterprising methods of inducing local residents to shop at home, that is annually conducted by the merchants of this Northwest district of Philadelphia, is the "Christmas Gift Contest," several of which ended on Saturday night.

The Roxborough Business Men's Association gained a vast number of new, honest-to-goodness shop-at-home adherents again this year, by the increased generosity in the number and value of the prizes which they distributed.

Down in East Falls, where the system received its first try-out, nothing but enthusiastic remarks have been heard from the merchants and the one-hundred and fifty-six fortunate contest winners.

Propper Brothers, a Manayunk department store, launched its own campaign, in co-operation with the Empress theatre, and it, too, proved a large success.

William Spiegel, manager of the Wilsahickon theatre, displayed his faith in the plan by distributing gifts to his patrons.

The business men of the entire section covered by The Roxborough News are to be congratulated for using every feasible method to keep as much money as possible in the community; where it does the most good; by encouraging the people to shop at home. This paper endorses plans such as the Christmas Gift Contests and will do everything within its province to promote the idea.

TAKING STOCK

Again we face a new year, with all of its new hopes, new plans, new problems, new failures and new successes.

At this season, the average human being sits himself down and in retrospect, looks back over the year that has gone and determines to do bigger and better things in the next twelfth-month, and makes various and sundry resolutions as to his spiritual, mental and physical improvement.

Good business houses take stock at least once a year, and so it is only proper that the individual himself, should do likewise.

Your best earthly stock consists of your mental, physical and mechanical assets. Are they as good as they ought to be? Why not take stock and see?

Let's go!

Mark yourself down 10 where you are perfect. Put your own valuation down where you are not, and see how you like the result.

Ideas: Any new ones lately? Any

good ones pigeonholed in the archives of your mind? Observe what's going on around you and put it down on paper. It's the best idea-builder we know.

Progress: Have you become more adept in doing your work of the day? Or are you going back? Practice brings success.

Extensions: Growing? Learning? Expanding? Or are you taking on a coat of rust? Grab off the oil-can of "Tryin'."

Plans: Are you satisfied with yourself as you are? Are you crippled by inaction? Buy a few gallons of the gas of Ambition.

As compared with your last stock-taking, how do you stand on these: Concentration, Courtesy, Co-operation, Energy, Endurance, Initiative, Orderliness, Punctuality, System, Service, Self-Control, Tact, Truthfulness, and Thoroughness?

Have you learned any new thing in the past year?

Have you learned to do your old jobs quicker?

Can you do more than you did last year?

Now what do you think of yourself?

Every time we take stock it makes us think that Life is so blamed short that we never will be able to mark down 10 everywhere, but each year we feel concolted enough to see a little advance over the previous accounting.

For instance we can add: Resolution Making: 10.

TRUCK 18

We are not advised that the fire of last Thursday morning, at America Hall, had anything to do with the retention of Fire Truck 18, at Ridge and Mills streets, but word comes to us, from a reliable source, that the ladder company is to remain at its old station.

For months it has been rumored that Truck 18 would be moved to Twenty-second street and Hunting Park avenue, as soon as the new company, Truck 25, was established at Manayunk.

The combined efforts of the East Falls Business Men's Association and Councilman-elect Clarence C. Blackburn were used to prevail upon Director of Public Safety Elliott to keep the truck at its present location.

William J. Benham, who years ago, as a councilman and as a member of the old Falls of Schuylkill Improvement Association, was responsible for Truck 18 being organized, volunteered his aid in helping to retain the truck, and there is little doubt that the weight of his arguments, which included the original reasons for having the apparatus placed at the Falls, helped to convince the Director that the "hook and ladder" should remain in the vicinity.

Several lives have been saved by the

use of the long ladders of Truck 18, and on buildings of three stories, such as America Hall, is of the utmost importance to have some means of reaching the upper floors as quickly as possible. To wait, even a few minutes, for ladders to come on long runs from Twenty-second street and Hunting Park avenue, Thirtieth and Diamond streets, or Manayunk might mean the life of some fire-trapped citizen.

GAMBLING

Gambling, as we understand it, is the act of two or more persons who place stakes to wager one against the other.

Bunker comes to us of the opinion voiced by a church leader in East Falls who thinks that the Business Men's Association of that locality should be criticized for fostering gambling by means of the Christmas Gift Contest drawings, which recently have been held.

When one stops to consider that less than one hundred members of the Association contributed, without charge, 156 gifts, which were to be distributed without discrimination among the 7500 or more residents of the locality, without any stake being placed by any of the contestants; it seems rather far-fetched to label the affair under the head of gambling.

It was the merchants' desire to develop a "shop-at-home" spirit among the residents of the town; the greatest good for the greatest number; and there is little doubt that the plan, as worked out, accomplished its purpose.

The critic, more than likely carries insurance on his life and even the churches are insured against fires, which is no more, nor less, than a sure-thing gamble.

We feel that the one who put forth his opinion, uttered his first thoughts on the subject, and that if due deliberation had been given to the whole affair, nothing would have been said of the matter.

Those who won should not feel that they are gamblers and we for one wish we had been among the fortunate winners.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1925

PLAYGROUND AND HOSPITAL

Residents of Roxborough have reason to feel proud over the W. Freeland Kendrick playground which was dedicated by our ex-Mayor last Thursday.

Here has been set aside, for future generations, as well as the youngsters of today, a space which will always permit healthful outdoor recreation to be

enjoyed regardless of how many of our other fields and lots are built upon.

Here, too, is a community building, second to none, where indoor sports and other social activities may be held. Both the athletic sports and mental and physical exercises will be under the careful supervision of welfare experts, who will not permit the participants of health-giving games to overtax their abilities, a circumstance which without proper thought, is sometimes indulged in by the youth of the day, and often leads to unexpected and sorrowful physical disabilities in later life.

The parents of those who will use the playgrounds and community building can also be assured that their children will play in moral environment, away from derogatory influences. Profanity, rowdiness and poor sportsmanship will not be permitted under any circumstances.

Many persons believed that the site that was chosen for the playground was in too close proximity to the Memorial Hospital, but it is our understanding that the officials in charge of the hospital are not displeased at its location. They say that it is well-known that the theory of mind over matter, as applied to people who are ill, has proved beneficial in numberless cases, and inasmuch as only those patients who are convalescent will be placed on the sun-porches of the wing nearest the playground, that those patients will be enabled to forget their unfortunate circumstances, and while away many tedious hours by watching the youngsters at play.

The private rooms and wards for the very ill patients are situated in parts of the building farthest removed from the recreation center.

Then again, they say, that the Welfare Department acted with wisdom in placing the outdoor sports section of the ground at such a distance from the institution that the games can be witnessed while comparatively little of the noise can carry as far as the hospital.

Kendrick and Grakelaw killed a couple of birds with one brickbat. Or was it our own ward-lover, Kenworthy?

*The Northwest News
June 5th 1928*

THINK IT OVER

Money spent at home.
Banked at home.
Loaned out at home.
Develops home surroundings.
Improves your property.
Your neighbor's property.
Increases home values.
Increases your wealth.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

You who live in Roxborough, Man-

yunk, Wessahickon, East Falls, West Menayunk, or Blue Bell Hill—have you ever stopped to think that now is the time to step on the gas, catch up with your city boosters and stay with them.

That your town is a town worth boosting. There is a permanence behind it that will push it forward. It will go faster with your help.

That the ceaseless driving of insatiable ambition will bring it quickly to the front.

That your boosters with active brains and stout hearts are the men who will pave the way for its future greatness just as our forefathers built it from the wilderness.

That the opportunity is now before every citizen to join them, to grasp their outstretched hands and help them to lead the town on to greater prosperity and development.

That you who may not be strong in faith, who are hesitating, you who are doubtful, you who say, "It can't be done," and quit before you start, should stop and think.

Your town will be just what your citizens make it. You can be prosperous only when your town is prosperous.

If you and your fellow citizens do not work and work hard to make better business for your town you will not be prosperous, neither will your town.

No influence can hinder or retard the growth of a town whose citizens have instilled into them a spirit of progress.

The spirit of progress is the force that will move ahead and bring a complete victory over any and all obstacles.

A. S. C.

THE CHECK UP

"Tell your troubles to a policeman" is an old phrase, but according to our advertising solicitors, many business men apparently believe that it is the newspaperman who should hear their tale of woe. Frankly we believe the extent of "poor business" is the most malicious one that any merchant can offer, in refusing to invest in advertising. When trade is dull, that is the psychological time to advertise, or to increase the space, so as to suggest to the prospective purchaser, that your store should be considered. Some business is done every day, no matter how hard the times. If this weren't so, the world would cease to exist. The man who gets his proper proportion of the trade is the one who advertises most.

Still, there may be some tradesmen who are really in need of advice, and assuming the role of sage, we keep our eyes open for suggestions that may be

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of benefit to the business man in the field that we cover.

When the ordinary business man finds his business slowing down, he is likely to diagnose the case, on some single reason. As a rule, he blames his advertising counsel or his sales force.

Ray Giles, in a recent issue of Printer's Ink, tabulated various factors that may slow down a business. It may be profitable to the merchant who reads this article to scan the list and check it against his own business.

Failure to gain on the market through a contest with small-gains activities.

Failure to provide for experiments.

Failure to operate in a large territory.

Failure to know which sex buys most of your goods, or is the determining factor.

Failure to aim at the right class of buyers.

Failure to know exactly what habits of the customer cause sales resistance.

Failure to keep revealing salesmen, jobbers and dealers on the merits of the goods.

Failure to sell those who may influence the customer—dealers, clerks, servants, chauffeurs, stenographers and the like.

Failure to explain changes in prices or product.

Failure to correct mistakes of product.

Failure to recognize competition in fields other than one's own.

Failure to concentrate on the most salable items in a line.

Failure to allow time for the breaking down of old buying habits when introducing new models.

Failure to recognize the requirements of climatic and geographical differences.

Failure to handle the problem of substitution.

Failure to narrow down to the two or three main problems—and handle them.

Failure to maintain personal contact between the higher-up executives and the salesmen, branch houses, or jobbers.

Failure to give individuality to a standardized product in a highly standardized field."

In fairness to the business man, in the territory circled by the News, we pass the advice along to use or forget just as they see fit.

Rock News. 1-11-28

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1928

A UNITED FRONT IN 1928

Community co-operation, how to get and keep it, is one of the paramount subjects in every well-ordered community, in every church, school, lodge, board of trade, chamber of commerce, and the community or organization

that secures this much-desired co-operation has a grand and glorious feeling that comes over in a lifetime, and needs careful study and considerate nursing to maintain; but the object is well worthy of all the effort, and disappointment can only come through blundering after successful effort has achieved this crowning virtue.

Our churches and our lodges and various other organizations, all striving for improvements and the betterment of the community in which we live.

There are a great many organizations in the territory covered by the Roxborough News, among them being:

Roxborough Business Men's Association.

Manayunk Business Men's Association.

Wissahickon Business Men's Association.

East Falls Business Men's Association.

Twenty-first Ward Board of Trade.

Twenty-first Ward Civic Association.

Ashmont Civic Association of West Manayunk.

The Parents' Association of the Twenty-first Ward.

The Breck Home and School Association.

The Young Women's Christian Association.

Memorial Hospital.

Women's Medical College.

Amy Barton Dispensary.

In each of these organizations are a few leaders who devote their time, energy and money for the carrying out of certain plans, which are for the benefit of all. They give unstintingly of their time and money, and what do they get from the community? Sometimes nothing but criticism, but usually something more, and it is worth the effort.

If one of the leaders of any organization—and you can include them all—accomplishes something, there are always some who are there to find fault. A far better plan would be to get back of that particular man or men and urge him or them to better effort, offer him or them your assistance, your co-operation, remembering that the fault-finders, like the poor, are always with you. Wouldn't it be a grand and glorious feeling to the leaders if you were connected with an organization and all agreed:

First, to attend its meetings.

Second, to offer suggestions at these meetings and not afterwards.

Third, to offer your services for committee work.

Fourth, to perform these services to the best of your ability.

Fifth, to boost, but never knock.

Sixth, to support your leaders in whatever efforts they make for the general good.

We may not agree with the decision of the chair, but we should all agree with majority rule.

In unity there is strength. With strength you can get results, and results bring greater effort from those who are able to secure them.

What a grand and glorious feeling it would be to our leaders if, during the coming year, you would follow these ideas of co-operation, get behind the progressive elements in our district and with a united effort, help along the development of these favorite communities to greater and better things.

Shall we all singly and together, as individuals and organizations, pledge our best efforts with a New Year resolution to work together?

Let's all sign this pledge mentally and do it now.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1928

FEDERATION OF JEWISH CHARITIES

The fourth annual appeal for funds by the Federation of Jewish Charities was launched on Sunday, the goal set being \$1,650,000.

This is the largest sum the Federation has ever asked for, but is still about \$40,000 below what will actually be needed for their warfare campaign for the coming year.

Jewish Charities in Philadelphia were organized into a Federation twenty-six years ago and may justly be credited as the forerunner of the now generally acclaimed plan of coordinating charitable effort, although the Society for the Organization of Charity had preceded it by a considerable time. But the first concerted appeal for funds for their organization was made in 1910, and the present phase of intimate co-operation and development really dates from the reorganization of the Federation of Jewish Charities at that time and from the almost coincident coming of Jacob Billikopf into the office of its executive direction.

In this conception of opportunity and its service, the development of the Federation of Jewish Charities, its direction by Mr. Billikopf and its liberal support by the entire Jewish community of Philadelphia, has achieved a chapter of which it is deservedly proud.

Mrs. William Propper and Mrs. Joseph Cullner are the local representatives of the Federation.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1928

SAFETY FIRST

As we read in the daily papers of the horrible deaths of the half dozen or more little girls which were caused by the fire at the Germantown Community Center recently, we shudder at the thought of a like fate happening to our own loved ones.

And yet such an occurrence is invited in the Twenty-first Ward by the use of the age-old fire trap, which is used by the smallest of scholars who attend Levering School, inasmuch as they are housed in the old ramshackle building which sits back from Ridge avenue, on Gerhard street.

While the walls of the structure are of stone, the interior woodwork is so time-dried as to be like tinder. The heating plant, we believe, is of an old type which in itself is dangerous. The one front entrance is all that is apparently used, although the rear doors of the first floor may be utilized at times. The second floor, however, means sure death if a fire should gain more than a minute's headway. The building is not equipped with fire escapes of any sort.

One of the contributing causes of the large number of deaths at the Germantown fire was the delay caused by grade crossings where the fire engines were held until a railroad train had passed. Who knows what may prove an obstacle to the local fire companies when one considers the increasing traffic congestion and the hilly nature of our streets?

We, who read of the disaster in our neighboring community and offer suggestions as to what should have been done, would be following sooner and safer lines if we looked after the welfare of the children of our own vicinity.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1928

NEWSPAPERS

The first duty of a newspaper, as we see it, is to provide an interesting collection of current news regularly, so that when it comes to the door every member of the family has a real desire to peruse its columns.

Its second obligation is to increase its circulation so that its contents are diffused over the largest possible territory.

The merchants who advertise their wares in such a paper, receive the most value for their money, for each

paper goes directly into the hands of their prospective customers and the notice of salable goods, or of services, is seen, read and remembered by the greatest number of people.

Papers which do not cater to reader interest soon lose their value as an advertising medium.

Newspaper advertisements have stood the test of time, for they possess unusual merits as business getters. They please the people in their appearance, appropriateness and service.

Quality goods, well advertised, appeal to the good sense of all the people because of their practical economy—and because they are cheap in price. People know that business concerns who advertise in the wide-awake periodicals are keeping step with progress, and the stores that are progressive carry merchandise that is popular in demand.

Advertising in an interesting paper, creates buying confidence, a confidence which means that buyers get a dollar's worth for a dollar spent.

And that's the kind of advertising that is found in the columns of the Roxborough News.

Advertising, like everything else, is worth exactly what you pay for it.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1928

EMULATE LINCOLN

None of us are any bigger than the big things that we do. We will never be able to create anything bigger than our own character. Let's take a single example—Lincoln. To humanity, Abraham Lincoln is far greater than President Lincoln. As the years slip into the dim and distant past, farther and farther do his superb qualities penetrate into the innermost workings of the people of this and the other nations of the world.

Let us emulate Lincoln.

The moral code that guided Lincoln were the rules of ordinary common sense and human feeling. They were plain, to be sure. They were no disguises, no extra trappings, no encumbrances. The varlet ignoramus grasped the just rulings and decisions of Lincoln. The finest asset that any business house can gather together are the simple rules of conduct that guided our Civil War president, and have them printed, framed and hung before the eyes of everyone of its employees.

When General Hooker received his promotion, Lincoln told the soldier that he was doing it, "in spite of the fact that he had glaring faults, enemies,

vanities and a lot of other things." But the commander-in-chief recognized the high qualities of leadership that Hooker possessed and he was not blinded by his defects. He was always able to see the bigger side of a man. He knew Grant even before he met him. He left men by their deeds. Results, to him, reflected the man.

Lincoln was just. Lincoln was generous. Lincoln was square. Lincoln was magnanimous. Lincoln was gentle. Lincoln was modest. Lincoln was strong.

In your ideals, emulate Lincoln.

COURAGE

Courage is the acquired poise of sitting calmly in your seat without stirring and without getting excited when praise, success, ridicule or trouble comes up the street where you live and stops at your home, only to go on after a while a-visiting somewhere else in the neighborhood.

Courage is fundamental virtue refined.

Bulldozing and bare bluff are not even its near relations. Courage is very little physical, but mostly moral. It is a nude conscience fired and drawn from the kiln, uncrazed and unbroken.

Courage is the heart-value of a person making most full use of it. It never waits for opportunity, but makes its own chances.

Every twenty-four hours that pass with a little Courage scattered through them, make the man—or woman, and there never was a real one who didn't have it.

Today, tomorrow, forever, have courage. It gladdens the heart and strengthens the soul and arm. It generates smiles and starts the kind of circulation in a fellow that makes him want to go out and do his best at the most humble occupation.

You cannot fail if you have courage—and you'll never win without it.

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and
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Published every Wednesday

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1928

ON WITH THE BATTLE

Some people believe that to sidestep hard work that they ought to do is the best thing that they should do. They are always trying to follow the course of the least resistance. There is truth in the old observation that only the gamest fish are those who buck the current and mount to the head of the stream.

There are a legion of examples for copying down which should be faced. It is unfortunate that the most costly lessons are many times learned late in life. The reason for this is our own timidity and cowardice in facing every problem which faces us. Many of us have eroded a problem in our youths that could have easily been solved at the time and that lesson learned, but which we refused to grapple with until we were assailed by circumstances in our lives and amid the bittered pang of sorrow and remorse.

It takes greater courage to decide to do a thing than it does to do it. If we have a particularly difficult piece of work to do today, let's do it. If we have an enemy to face, let's meet him and convert him into a friend. We feel that we are capable of doing bigger and better things than we are now doing. Let's start to do them. Let's do them for we will never master them unless we try. Whatever our problem, let's face it with courage, without fear, and with the calmness that comes to people when the decision is made to go ahead according to their innermost convictions.

Sidestep, shrink from nothing. If a thing's worth doing, let's face it and finish it.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1928

GEORGE WASHINGTON

One hundred and ninety-six years ago, on the 22nd day of February, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia. The babe was a grandson of John Washington, a gentleman of a family of some distinction in the north of England, who emigrated to America about the year 1657 and took up the estate on which his grandson, George Washington was born.

Inasmuch as this lad was destined to become the leader of the emancipators of his countrymen, and after becoming such, in the time of his hardest struggles trod the ground in the immediate vicinity covered by this newspaper, it is but fitting that some tribute be paid to him on this the anniversary of his birth.

Of Washington's youthful days little is known, excepting possibly the ancient legends concerning a ruined cherry tree, the breaking of a colt's spirit and his oft reliability for truthfulness. It is of the man of action that history is written.

General Washington was exactly six feet in height; he appeared taller, as his shoulders, it is said, rose a little higher than the true proportion. His eyes were of a gray, and his hair of a brown color. His limbs were well formed and indicated strength. His complexion was light, and his countenance serene and thoughtful.

His manners were graceful, manly and dignified. His general appearance never failed to engage the respect and esteem of all who approached him.

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Possessing strong natural passions, and having the nicest of feelings of honor, he was in early life prone keenly to resent practices which carried the intention of abuse or insult; but the reflections of maturer age gave him the most perfect government of himself. He had a faculty above all other men to hide the weakness inseparable from human nature; and he bore with meekness and equanimity his distinguished honors.

Reserved, but not haughty, in his disposition, he was accessible to all in business concerns; but he opened himself except to his confidential friends, and no art or address could draw from him an opinion which he thought prudent to conceal.

He was not so much distinguished for brilliancy of genius as for solidity of judgement, and consummate prudence of conduct. He was not so eminent for any one quality of greatness and worth, as for the union of those great, amiable, and good qualities which are rarely combined in the same character.

Alive to social pleasures, he delighted to enter into familiar conversations with his acquaintances, and was sometimes sportive in his letters to his friends; but he never lost sight of the dignity of his character, nor deviated from the decorous and appropriate behavior becoming his station in society.

His industry was unremitting, and his method so exact, that all the complicated business of his military command and civil administration was managed without confusion and without hurry.

As a military commander, he struggled with innumerable embarrassments, arising from the short enlistments of his men, and from the want of provisions, clothing, arms and ammunition, and an opinion of his achievements should be formed in view of these inadequate means.

The first years of his civil administration were attended with the extraordinary fact, that while a great proportion of his countrymen were not in accord with his measures, they universally venerated his character, and relied implicitly on his integrity.

Under his auspices, a civil war was conducted with mildness and a revolution with order. Raised himself above the influence of popular passions, he happily directed those passions to the most useful purposes. Uniting the talents of a soldier with the qualifications of a statesman, and pursuing, unmoved by difficulties, the noblest end by the purest means, he had the supreme satisfaction of beholding the complete success of his great military and civil services in the independence and happiness of his country.

Pause just a moment in the hurry of this present day to give a thought

to the first president of our great Union.

OUR FRIENDS

We don't suppose that there is any human being on this grand old earth, who at times hasn't felt that everything was all wrong, and when blue seemed to be the predominant color scheme of things in general.

We had such a spell lately and lapsed into a philosophizing mood from which we couldn't seem to liberate ourselves.

Everything was out of kilter with all of our plans. And then we met a friend. Friends are essentials. Just as air and food and clothing are essentials. For about the most lonely, useless being there is is he who has no friends. Whoever heard of a useless man having friends. Like attracts like. No one ever obtained a friend without first vibrating the Friend Spirit within himself.

To get a friend, one must first be a friend. The Friend Art is the heart art. All else cheapens it. Those to whom we talk, and confide and trust are but another part of ourselves where courage, cheer and kindness are transplanted. We go to our friends and are lifted up, and we feel them coming back to themselves again in ourselves.

A friend is a mutual partner with whom we need no signed agreements. It is said of Carlyle and Tennison that they could sit for hours together with-

out passing a word and then separate, inspired and uplifted because of the meeting. To reach the priceless treasure veins of a friend it is necessary to go deep. In the presence of real friends there is a sort of Divinity that exists. Back of our knowledge that you have a friend is the sense of your ability to press on and win at your plans.

The glory of "friend joy" does not depend on numbers. If you have but one real friend, it is enough. One that will not misunderstand you, one who will always protect you, and when you come to face adversity will gladly tell the world that you are his friend. One such is but the other half of the fight with you.

You and your real friends plan no parades. You are as you are. Sincerity of service leads you on, just as certain of success as though it had already been completed and handed to you.

A lifetime seems to be all too short in which to be a friend and to get friends.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1927

OPPORTUNITY

Of all the occurrences of the day, that most gets on our nerves, is that of hearing people, especially merchants, complaining of hard times. These misguided folk seem to believe that the days which have past were better in every way, than those we are now going through.

There are people who actually believe that the best opportunities have all been lassoed, haltered and hitched for life, to somebody else's apron string. But the truth is nobody can corner opportunity, and it doesn't belong to any certain year or period.

A story is told of a cup of many handles. So many handles, in fact, that no matter from what direction a person could approach it, there was a handle to greet him. All that was necessary was to step up and take the handle. Opportunity is just like this fabled cup.

There is a handle to the cup of Opportunity and you can grasp it, if you will but reach for it. And you need have no fear that somebody else will beat you to your handle, for there is a handle for every single person in the town.

The handles are everywhere. Just take them out and grasp one, and don't let go of it until you have reached it and drank to your fill, from its priceless contents.

Oh, ye mourners, think of the cup of many handles. When something comes up that ought to be done, but that you don't feel like doing—do it. That's a handle. When something happens that take you from your intended task—have no fear. That's a handle. Get a grip on it. Always look for one of the handles. And get into the habit of using them.

This is the way to learn that opportunity is everywhere and that it is ever with us. Then there will be no such thing as hard times.

DAMPERS

"Well, I put a damper on that fellow!" That was the remark we overheard in one of our local stores, the other day, and when we had finished our business and had left his store, the phrase stuck in our mind and lingered with us until the end of the day.

It started us to thinking about dampers. Dampers are checks. They are also savers. Attached to a heating apparatus, they check the draughts and

save the fuel. Human beings have dampers. Thought—itsself—is a damper; also judgment, conscience, expediency and many others. No one, however, can ever know your own dampers as well as yourself.

Dampers are very essential. An open damper on a furnace might so heat things as to cause an explosion or a conflagration. On the other hand, it might be so turned off as to put out the furnace entirely. In the same measure this is true of the dampers that go to regulate and make up your modes of action, and your character.

We should learn to know when to use our dampers. We should study them. A few of them are: Enthusiasm, Energy, Will, Learning and Money. There is a damper for every draught. If used intelligently, increased results are secured. If enthusiasm sweeps you out of the practical, turn on the Reason damper. If you go into things with nothing but a will to go through—turn on the Thought damper. Don't learn so much from books that you know nothing about life and people. Remember that you have dampers.

And be sure that you, yourself, is the one that uses them. Don't let anyone else turn any damper on your enthusiasm, your ideas, your plans, your work. Run your own dampers. Study them carefully, for it's knowing exactly when and how to use them that makes the difference between Success and Failure for you.

Established 1925

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Pamphlets

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1928

HOPE

The wonderful thing about man is
the way he builds his life on hope.

draws his inspirations out of hope, hopes where he doesn't know, dreams where he doesn't see, and believes where he cannot prove.

Knowledge is no more than an island here and there, which lifts itself above the surface of the water while the great ocean of hope round about laps all the shores of thought.

Hope, wish and yearn are companion words, and grow from the same root, and signify without that the world speaks no language than man can clearly understand, while the world within also is without power to utter the hidden meaning, and both fade away into dim frontiers where hope sits in silence with her head lifted to the skies.

Religion, of course has been man's greatest hope. But philosophy has followed closely behind, while all the arts have found in hope their fruitful source and inspiration.

Music, architecture, poetry and painting derive all their glow and rapture for the force which moves invisibly behind the face of things, beyond the reach of sense, and works its magic upon the spirits of men.

But stranger than all these experiences of imagination, and dream and love is the way of the solid and practical adventures of business and politics and all the purely physical labors of life root themselves deeply in the same world of hope. How is all this enchantment of weaving and sewing and dressing and decoration which makes all the business in the world to be accounted for except by the mysterious element of desire, within which science so far has been totally unable to define or even say where it come from, how it goes, or where it came from?

And here is hope within hope. Man lives far more by what he doesn't know than by what he does know. The known goes stale and commonplace. It is the thing that he hopes for that lures and beckons.

WORDS

What wonderful things are words, mere audible breaths, invisible forms of ether, tones sculptured by the deft tools of the tongue and throat and lips into designs more enduring than the architect's stone and steel.

And yet these oral forms are the golden bridges spanning the gap between men and man, and between past ages and the present, so that the growing spiritual, intellectual and commercial history of all the centuries may move silently over them.

A word dies on its utterance, and yet there is nothing that man does that lasts so long. Words have saved, and after wars, have rebuilt empires, where arms would have destroyed them.

All of our great institutions are built

on words. Charters, creeds, and legislative acts are nothing until they have been voiced. We do not trust a man until he "has given his word" and no contract can be binding until it is set down in black and white. The words give validity to the understanding.

It has often been said that the pen is mightier than the sword." This is true for while the sword is a wonderful fighting tool, it can't compare with the pen, which is loaded with words.

The greatest battles of the ages have been word battles—in which wit and eloquence and understanding have struggled against error and ignorance. Words are highways that bring all times and places into contact with each other. They are the inventions of peace and not of war the sublime means by which men arrange armistices and agreements, and not rarely to cheat each other over the heads with. The Bible itself says: "In the Beginning was the Word."

THE THANK HABIT

There is a man who lives in this vicinity who is often called upon to make public announcements. Whether it be a dance, a baseball game, a religious gathering or at any place where a crowd collects, he makes his statement, and whether he tells the people they are going to get something for nothing, or begs for a monetary donation, he is always sure to be greeted with vociferous applause at the close of his brief speech.

His success at this sort of work intrigued us into attempting to analyze the reason of his success. And we believe we found it. At the end of each speech he says, distinctly and earnestly, as though he meant it, "I thank you!"

The thank habit is one of the best habits that anyone can acquire. Think for a moment. Did you ever regret a "Thank You!" received from anyone? Did it ever make you feel mean, dissatisfied, out of sorts? Has it ever brought to you a feeling of remorse for services rendered?

It is not necessary to express in mere words at all times your feelings of thankfulness. Once get the habit thoroughly, and you will do so unconsciously. Thankful men and women show it in their very eyes, an attitude that they have the habit. It's the most showy quality possible. It's contagious, too.

You meet a gruff human being. He performs a service as though he were a sort of mechanical device. You thank him. He at once becomes human.

Thankfulness acts like a powerful stimulant both on yourself and upon other people. It transforms. All days are fine days, all people are square people, all happenings are for the best to the one who has thoroughly mastered the "Thank" habit.

Get it by always acknowledging a service with a "Thank You." If your clerk or waiter or secretary or partner, or friend does a service—no matter how small, hand over the thanks—ready, with a broad healthy smile. It's a gross investment. The dividends simply roll back to you.

We thank you!

WINNING

With the close of the indoor basketball, and the opening of the longer outdoor baseball season we have been listening to lengthy talks on the satisfaction of winning and of encouragement to those who hope to win.

The very first commandment in the decalogue of winning is to keep your chin up. Throw yourself into the game, no matter how small may be your part. Tackle it "on all fours." Center your whole enthusiasm in it. Study its every detail. Drive your heart's interest into it. But don't forget to keep your chin up.

The ones who look down never get much of an idea of the sky where the stars are set. And the persons who never hitch a wagon to a star never get up very far. Get your eyes off the ground. Look ahead.

For after all, winning is a thing with-in—then out. No other individual will or can win for you. No other person in all the world, no matter how exalted, has the ability and power that is concentrated in you, waiting for some match of action to touch it. Also, your success can be as the success of no other. But you alone, must find the thing and do the work. It's great fun, too, if you keep your chin up.

It is easier to win than to fail. Everybody sides with the winner. But the failure walks alone.

Remember, that to win is to do your work well, right now. The thing delayed or put off is the thing done. Start today. Straighten your shoulders. Set your eyes ahead. Clench your fists, close your jaw, and keep your chin up, and you will win.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1928

THE WARD'S GATEWAY

Far-visions politicians, real estate men, merchants and manufacturers have for years realized the importance of eliminating the Twenty-first Ward's greatest drawback—the Ridge avenue grade crossing at Wissahickon. Still, it seems as the ordinary residents of the territory which it will automatically open—those who have no business interests in the ward—have not awakened to the real meaning of what happened to Wissahickon, Roxborough and beyond, when the formal exercises were held last Friday afternoon, at the entrance to the Ward.

John S. Turner, who for years has made a deep study of the transportation problems of the locality, in his brief speech, hinted of some of the tremendous things which are of a certain sure to happen within a short time. One fare transit to the center of the city! Just let your imagination grasp that thought for a moment and you will readily appreciate some of the things that will occur.

You, down-town workers, think of the nights when you have returned, fagged out from the toll of the day, waiting patiently for some means of transportation to your home on the hilltop. Or of the dozens of times you have had to make an alibi, for your lateness in arriving at work in the morning, both cases which were due to deplorably inadequate means of getting back and forth.

Think of boarding a car, or more than likely a bus, a square or two from your residence and riding down to City Hall. Like the artist of the comic strip says, it will be a "Grand and Glorious Feeling."

And once the top of this old, long-neglected ward gets a single fare—just watch us grow—for the crowds will flock to reside in the neighborhood, for where in the whole of the county, is there a higher, healthier place, in which to live?

The Wissahickon and Roxborough resident can congratulate himself.

ROXBOROUGH TIMES

Philadelphia
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THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1928

NEWSPAPERS

Newspapers are one of the necessities for the happiness and well-being of mankind, because they are the sources of invaluable information and because they supply the stimulus to action, without which the life of the average citizen would become unbearably monotonous.

Suspense—the alternation between hope and depression—is, after all, something that our natures demand. And here is where the newspaper comes into our routine lives as a saving grace, snatching us as it were, from this dreaded lingering death by boredom.

What we call consciousness has a tendency to fall quickly to a low ebb in the absence of unusual prods to renewed activity. Shooting-the-shoots, riding on the electric railway and going on the "darker-days" in the amusement park supply these necessary prods in children and adults of low intelligence. The modern newspaper performs this function for the benefit of the adult of higher mental level.

The fact of the matter is that we could not live unless we had our hearts in our mouths part of the time!

What does it matter to the spectators whether a conflagration causes \$1,000,000 damage, if only the spectacle has been grand and full of thrills?

Would boxing bouts be considered worth while by the 'fans' if blood didn't flow profusely—all the talk about the manly art of self-defense to the contrary, notwithstanding?

In our urban centers we are, it is true, better supplied with various forms of entertainment, including theatres, motion pictures, concerts, circuses and, every four years, political conventions.

Still, even these become routine

at last, and we feel the longing for the thrill of life itself in its myriad forms. However, we cannot possibly attend all the murders, fires, earthquakes, unsuccessful transatlantic flights and other occurrences of the kind in person.

The modern newspaper does this for us and thus saves our consciousness from innocuous desuetude."

Why We Start A New Paper.

This issue is the first number of the ROXBOROUGH TIMES, which is written and published by the staff of writers and advertising men, who in the last two and one-half years successfully built up the prestige of the Roxborough News, and who endeavored at all times with all of their abilities to give the people of this section of Philadelphia the best community paper it had ever had.

It was necessary to work tirelessly day, night, Saturdays and holidays to present an interesting newspaper and we unhesitatingly leave it to the readers of Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, East Falls, Blue Bell Hill and West Manayunk to decide how near we came to "hitting our mark."

The publishing of the ROXBOROUGH TIMES is our effort to retain all that we, the ones in the field, have worked for in the past years, for which we feel we are justly entitled, and to continue to serve the people in the future as we have in the past.

This number is a criterion of the support of our many friends, who upon hearing of the condition which arose in the affairs of our original paper, rallied to encourage us to carry on in the work we have started. This we intend to do and our friends will still find us unbiased as to creed, color or race, our sole desire being to continue along the lines we have always followed.

We shall commend such things as we consider commendable, and condemn anything which in our judgment requires censure, and will not be coaxed or frightened into any course which we do not of our own free will consider right and proper.

To the enterprising business men who have contributed to our advertising columns, we are sincerely thankful, and hope that our course may merit a continuance of their favor. To the many friends who have aided by their interest and a hearty "God speed" we are grateful. With a hope that we may make of our venture what we have mapped out, and that the locality may be even a little wiser or better for our presence, and with a wish that we may be able to correct some present evil or to aid in some unfinished good work we enter upon the task.

The Roxborough News was one of the eight suburban weeklies which were conducted by Mr. Robert D. Towne under the name of the Gazette Publishing Company. That company has lately had some financial trouble and is now in the hands of a receiver. It is not our purpose to recite the troubles of Mr. Towne and his enterprise at this time. It is sufficient to say that the interests involved in his affairs seemed willing several

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weeks ago to let the Roxborough News, along with all the other papers, go to the wall, and that the undersigned, at their expense, saved the Roxborough News from that fate.

Later developments made it appear to us that the company publishing the papers would not be able to go on, and when a receivership was granted by the court, we took measures at once to protect our own interests and the paper, which we believe had won out financially and in the regard of the communities we serve.

Last Friday the staff of the company to the last man resigned, partly to express their faith in Mr. Towne, and partly because they did not believe the creditors were acting for the best interest of the community in such a manner as to protect the papers which had been built up at so much cost of money and effort on the part of the owner and those employed by him.

We were told six weeks ago that the papers were to be closed down at once and all wages stopped, as of that date. By our own insistence and finally with the consent of the auditor in charge, we were allowed to publish the Independent Gazette and the Roxborough News at our own expense.

All of this was done with the sincere desire to tide the business over the present difficulties and in the belief that Mr. Towne would surely be allowed to proceed and the papers would soon be on a profitable basis.

Since we are the men who joined Mr. Towne a year ago and have seen our work grow in twelve months from \$1400 of actual cash collections in the first month to \$10,300 in the twelfth month, we not only felt that our work must be satisfactory but that the future of the business was certain to be satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Our judgment is that our progress during the year was phenomenal and it is our further judgment that Mr. Towne's plan of joint publication in one plant with one overhead and control was a good plan, and after the year's experiment we are convinced that Mr. Towne's plans have proved up. He told us a year ago that in one year we should increase the business to close to \$100,000. This worked out although it seemed incredible at the time in the face of the \$14,000 to \$18,000 annual gross we were then doing.

He told us that in the second year we would go to \$150,000 and make from \$20,000 to \$30,000 profit. We believe this was absolutely correct because our advertising earnings increased from about \$1800 gross in our first month to \$12,500 in our twelfth month.

We naturally felt proud of the papers in these circumstances and well satisfied with our management and prospects.

We are of the opinion that there has been something wrong somewhere in the handling of this proposition. To our certain knowledge something like \$100,-

000 was put into this effort by Mr. Towne in order to give the eight communities better newspapers than they ever had before. The undertaking was in no sense a failure. It had barely gone through the first stages.

We felt that the success of the Roxborough News was so marked under our management that we were entitled to draw the conclusion that we were doing our bit toward community service in a satisfactory manner; and we pledge our best efforts to go right on making our new paper, the Roxborough Times, better and better as fast as our resources will permit.

CORNELIUS L. WELLS
ISAAC M. WALKER
A. C. CHADWICK

Rox Times
4-5-28

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1928.

APRIL ON THE WISSAHICKON

This is the month when we're greeted by flowers,
Brought forth by the blending of sunshine and showers;
For smiling through teardrops, gleam through the mist,
April is here, once more, keeping her tryst.

Wissahickon's proud woods are all mantled in green,
And the trees, on the zephyrs, most gracefully lean;
Their heavenward branches, with sunbeams are kissed,
For April is here, once more, keeping her tryst.

The ferns, on the hillsides, burst forth into view,
To form emerald carpets, which are annually new,
And the wildest of grapevines, with tendrils that twist,
Start climbing when April is keeping her tryst.

The water is sparkling, when the freshets have passed,
It is now rippling silver, for Spring's here at last;
The vale has escaped from cold Winter's fist,
And is joyous when April is keeping her tryst.

A. C. C.

DARE

This new venture of our—that is: getting out a newspaper of our

own—has taught us another lesson. It is this: Daring to do a thing is worth all its costs.

Immortality is but a simple matter of decision, and a decision is to dare.

All the world apparently loves a man who isn't afraid to dare—a man willing to start something without first waiting a week to figure out the cost. It always takes Courage—sometimes courage mixed with "blood and iron." But the one who is really fearless is the creator of great events.

Whatever we do make mistakes—it is better to blunder along making some healthy headway, than to fear failure or grow timid and vacillating and flabby in the legs. The person who becomes soul-daring and doing will be aided by the latent powers that lie dormant in every human being, and will rise to heights that were never before attained.

There isn't anyone who will ever amount to anything unless he dares something.

Dare to attempt new things. Dare to try new jobs. Dare to go ahead, kicking aside precedent, if necessary, and you will have no time to shovel wrecked hopes and dead dreams out of your path. Dare to be better at the task you are doing. Dare to excel the fellow who went before you. Dare to be a bigger leader than the one above you. Be courageous, for if you are the world will recognize you as one who dared. And you can take our word for it: darers are respected.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12

OUR HILLSIDE STREETS

A colored boy with a huge box of flowers, which he was apparently delivering to some lucky person for the Easter holidays, asked us the location of "D—" street. We, in our daily labors, tramp all over the northwest section of Philadelphia and should know the territory, but we were taken by surprise and were unable to answer his question. A street-car conductor overhearing our conversation, gave the required information and then followed it up with, "Yes, sir," he said, "I think I know this town as well as anyone who lives in it. There isn't an alley or street in it that I am not familiar with. I've lived here all my life and I know these hills like a book."

One can learn a whole lot in a lifetime. Even a congested city will grow familiar. It is not hard to imagine that your old home town can ever surprise you.

Yet if you get to thinking those kind of thoughts, you're all wrong. You don't know the town. Nobody does. Not one of us even knows our street. The collection of homes, from a cross-roads settlement to a crowded metropolis, is an eternal, insoluble mystery, and we are mistaken if we brag of easy familiarity.

Consider the street on which you live. You walk down it every evening of your life. Its physical aspects are seen so often that you would get to your house with your eyes shut.

But the street, for all that, is a mystery. Each house on it is the abiding place of two or more people like yourself, with secret hopes, hidden struggles and unknown dreams like your own. You do not know the street at all. It is not simply a commonplace highway lined with ordinary frame and brick buildings. It is the temporary resting place of some scores of aloof human beings, each of whom has his own victories, his own defects, his own aspirations, and his own little heartaches.

Nothing is commonplace, you are mistaken if you think that wonder and romance are to be found only beyond the seas. They lie at your very doorstep, unseen. In your own block are a hundred unending odysseys. A prince who has con-

quered the power of darkness, is near you but since no trumpets sound, and since he gives you a casual "Good Morning, Neighbor," next day, his victories go unnoticed and you think him a passing, ordinary fellow.

Because our modern world has so many diversions, because it insulates us so well from the dangers and shock which our fathers knew we are inclined to assume that it has lost its glamour. But that is a mistake. Life remains what it always was—an everlasting mystery. For all its familiarity, your own street is as strange to you as a street across the Arctic wastelands. Your neighbors, like yourself, are immortal souls fighting the long, unchanging fight to make dreams come true.

SERVICE

To serve is to find something to do, and then to do it. It matters not what the something is, so long as it serves a useful end.

The biggest man or woman who ever lived was in no way, after all, greater than a servant, in some way or another. The world is a place of servants. They are a servant. We are servants. And the ones we serve are servants.

Proportionately every man is as great as the greatest if he serves to his fullest capacity. To do this is to grow. And growth only comes to the people of servants. You who do your best today will do even more tomorrow. There is no limit to service.

No job is so dignified as service of some kind. Nothing brings greater rewards in happiness and pay. He climbs highest who helps another.

We who are working on this newspaper have realized within the past week that the truest fact in all the world is that the more that is done for someone else, the more you have boosted your own aims—the stronger your own individual influence and character has become. We know, for just this thing has happened to us.

Try it in your own home, at your office, in your place of power, or in the midst of the humblest circumstances. Be a real servant. Serve. And be glad in doing it. The rewards will be "a plenty."

And in so doing you will become one of the leaders in the stirring affairs of your time.

Rox Jones 4-19-28

THURSDAY, APRIL 19

BE ALONE

Do you ever have times that you feel alone? Only to commiserate yourself? Well, the next time you feel that way, make a determination to learn to be alone.

To be healthy alone is to be mentally alert. In such solitude are the ideas of a century hatched. Big minds think, decide, stand and conquer—while alone. They self-examine and self-construct.

Lincoln was alone with his open-hearth fire and borrowed books; Hugo was alone in a mean garret with a pen; Cromwell was by himself at St. Ives, behind his plow handles. Wherever big problems, or great decisions have been made, men have calmly withdrawn that they might better make their plans—alone.

The people who are out in social affairs every spare minute of their time are the ones who, when they have departed this life, leave nothing behind them but the phrase "He was a good fellow," and even that soon dies. The greatest monuments stand to the individuals who built their reputations on the things they had done for their fellowmen.

Emerson says, "Trust thyself, for every heart vibrates to that iron string." Can a person trust themselves away from themselves? Is not the vital test and final assurance of a man all focused on his ability to stand absolutely alone in great emergencies? From brittle and unnerve. So do responsive natures. The crowd disappears when independence is shown. Real worth gleams out like the snow-cap of a mountain. Nobody can mistake it. Like the mountain itself, it stands alone. No one will ever do for you what you are able to do for yourself—alone.

If it's a personal problem—get off by yourself. If you are dissatisfied with what you are now—Isolate yourself. You will look strangely true to yourself when examined alone. Nothing stimulates like getting alone—so long as you get alone to improve yourself.

* * *

BEFORE YOU TALK

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We recently had an experience with a man who made the walkie-talkie ring with statements of what he was going to do. He would not listen to the advice of those around him and labored under the impression that what he said and was going to do was faultless. He failed in his expectations because he had not learned the art of listening.

To listen is to learn. Doers of large affairs take very little time to talk, but they are always good listeners. Anyone may secure a liberal education if he will but take time to listen. Of course you must be in a receptive mood and absorb what you learn.

General U. S. Grant was not a brilliant man. He was a failure in business. But he had made up his mind to be useful. He was endowed with wonderful determination and doggedness. He had what the moderns call personality, IT. And today, high above the waters of the Hudson River, along the Riverside Drive in New York, stands Grant's Tomb—a mute testimonial of the life and work of Grant, as a soldier and as President. So great a listener was he that he acquired the name of "The Silent President." Cal didn't have a thing on Grant.

To listen well is a great accomplishment. No one shows his ignorance quicker than the man persists in talking without saying anything. If you have something to say—say it. If you have nothing to say—listen.

However, you should select the people to whom you listen. Listen with respect and an open mind. Give new ideas, new theories and new programs a hospitable reception. There is an old adage which says "Condemnation prior to investigation is a bar to all education and progress." Listen well. To you remains the right to reject what you do not want. But above all be bright enough to listen. And you may succeed.

4-26-28

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Thursday, April 26, 1928.

HARMONY

We recently took a walk out in to the beautiful Wissahickon valley and marveled at the harmony displayed by old Mother Nature. Her grass, flowers, trees, and rocks. What is most impressively about these things? Nothing more or less than silent—harmony. Nature wastes nothing. She does not dissipate. Her team work is perfect. All her laws mesh in perfect harmony. There are no discords.

Where there is no harmony there is no progress. Fra Elber Howard once gave some good advice when he said: "Get it done or else get out!" This ought to be the motto of this grand old world, to every one of its men and women.

There is not a man or business that cannot increase its efficiency over and over again by the application of this simple rule of harmony—cutting out the discords getting back into accord with its purpose in hand. Tune in.

Think of the lost energy and lost life through your failure to keep in harmony with your best thinking or with the concern that honors you by employing you. Do you realize that what you are carelessly discarding can never be secured again. Stop—right now—the leaking of smiles, high purpose, his resolve. Rebellious thinking cuts into the heart of your life force and dribbles it away.

Wake up! There are no dreary days to the alert, the masterful. To you who determine to win, the story of the stars and the planets that do their work in perfect harmony is the inspiration that makes every working minute of your day wonderful and liveable. Harmonize.

RANDOLPH

Relative to the comment on the name of "Randolph Boulevard" for the proposed thoroughfare from Independence Hall to the Delaware River Bridge, we are reminded of the Virginia Randolphs who were associated with Philadelphia.

Peyton was probably the most celebrated. His nephew, Edmund lived here, as a member of Wash-

ington's Cabinet, and John, of Roanoke, died at a tavern here. But Peyton, in his day, outranked all other Randolphs as well as other Virginians, not excepting Washington. He was all the bigger because his brother, Sir John's son, John, was a Tory. Attorney General of Virginia at 21, Peyton was long president of the House of Burgesses and president of the First Virginia Convention, as well as of the First Continental Congress. It has been said that he was buried from Carpenters' Hall but that is a mistake. He died on October 22, 1775, of an apoplectic stroke, in his fifty-second year, at the house of Henry Hill, in Roxborough. This house is now familiarly known as "Carlton" on Queen Lane, west of Wissahickon avenue. At that time the township line of Roxborough extended south beyond School House Lane, and included the property as we now know it. Randolph was buried from his brother's house on Chestnut street, opposite Carpenter's Court. In November, 1776, his body was removed to Williamsburg, Va., his birthplace, and buried in the Randolph vault in the Chapel of William and Mary College.

5-3-28

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1928

TOMORROW

We have long since learned that in the newspaper business it pays to do a thing today, for ofttime the note you failed to make was the opportunity you missed.

To the fellow who never accomplished anything Tomorrow is what happened yesterday, but which he seeks to make happen Today.

We have found out that the thing put off until Tomorrow is rarely done Today.

The great task finished is always the task done today, while there is yet time, while there is yet life creation, while there is yet life and health—while there is still a chance.

Some of the things of the greatest moment were done in a day. Napoleon was banished to a living death—on a lonely rock with armed guardians hedged about him, for the simple reason that Blucher de-

aided to do his part with Welling-
ton without any courting with To-
morrow. Tomorrow for Grouchy
meant defeat for Napoleon, for
Baucher, "Made Good" Today.

It may be easier to do things To-
morrow than it is Today, but if you
take the chance, the one best bet is
that they won't get done. Money
earned Today represents dividends
Tomorrow. Work entered into and
done Today renders back ease and
satisfaction Tomorrow. Records
made Today inspire ease and satis-
faction always, and lead great
armies of fighters Tomorrow.

Don't put off until Tomorrow if
you can do it Today.

* * *

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1928.

MOTHER'S DAY

The sweetest word in the
languages is that of—Mother
There is in every letter of the
word a wealth of music so sacred—
there are vibrating chords of love
as Divine—that the whole world
often pays tribute to the mother
it honors.

Nancy Hanks—Abraham Lin-
coln's mother; Queen Victoria of
England—the mother of a nation
Frances Willard and Jane Adams—
mothers to the world.

You, no matter who you are,
your greatest asset is your mother.
You, bankrupt, discouraged, fail-
ures, hope-deserted, heart-wrench-
ed, self-estranged, there is still
day, glorious in sunsets for you,
you will but get back again in
the light, of heart, or person—
your mother.

The most wonderful event in the
history of the world was when
the first woman became a mother.
Human life has become a beautiful
thing because the world has had its
mothers.

Have you—who are away from
your mother written to her lately?

If she has gone from you, her
often do you think of her? Do you
appreciate that all that you are or
ever hope to be, started back in the
years when your mother, her faith
being pulsating with pride, held
you tight, and with eyes brightened
and watered with love, watched
your every breath and kept pace
over the hours, with your faintest
heart throbs? Think how all
through those days she wrapped

sacrifices.

The measure of your success may
be the degree of honor you pay to
your mother and to motherhood.

How many delicate stories would
you tell if your mother could al-
ways be present? How many mean
and unjust affairs would you bring
to pass if you had the eyes of your
mother looking on? Never mind
about the "Apron Strings." There
are always ways coming when there
will be no "Apron Strings" to be
tied to. And then you will long
for them to come back.

If ever failure begins to press
if ever friends begin to fade away
if ever the grand figure of you
will shall begin to lose its power—
do this—think of your mother and
live up to her ideals of you.

Kiss your mother as you go into
the fight this day. And at its close
fill her furrowed brow with your
smiles. Go and see her often,
even if it takes you across the
globe. Let her Holy presence
keep you courageous. And if she
has gone from you let her memory
guide and inspire you as once she
guided and inspired her faith.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1928.

HABITS

Habits are a fixed series of ac-
tions. Do a thing once and
tracks are marked. Do a thing
twice and a route is mapped. Do
it a third time and a path is
blazed.

So it behooves us to do the right
thing over and over again.

From the unconscious wink of
our eyes to the smooth unnoticed
movements of a rail on wheels, the
law of habit relentlessly rules its
course. All of our lives are but a
set of habits.

The pennies saved today make
the nickles in the bank tomorrow.
The nickles in the bank tomorrow
make the dollars in that safe place
a year from now. The dollars form
a fortune in after years. Habit
either makes or breaks us—either
leads us up or drags us down.

If we are prompt today you will
want to be on time tomorrow. If
we are square once we will surely
want to be honest all the time.
The fight for a thing worth while
right now, cannot help but ease
the fight for the thing worth while
later on. It is the inevitable law
of habit. Habit creeps on from

the business action is repeated over and over again.

So let us grow great through habit. There is no other way. Let us start what we start to do right. Or else begin all over again. We can handle the seas of a storm, but we can't play with the storm. We can back that last battle today, but if we wait until tomorrow the bad habit will break us.

So let us start the right thing now.

THURSDAY, MAY 31

MURDER

There may be some of our readers, who upon the appearance of this week's issue of the Times, will receive a surprise at the meagre details which the paper contains concerning the sudden death of a somewhat well known Italian of East Falls.

The facts which we print are all that are necessary to tell of what actually happened early Sunday morning, and inasmuch as the space which is taken up in printing the story could be filled with information of a more beneficial character to our readers, we have abbreviated the murder story as much as possible.

We are those of the general public, who have satisfaction for a morbid curiosity to look elsewhere for pleasure of that sort. News of the progress of the community, in our opinion, is more helpful than lurid tales of intrigue, scandal and crime.

LOCAL PARTICIPATION

The 15th anniversary of Lafayette's recent career to a most fitting climax on Sunday evening at St. Peter's Lutheran church at Barren Hill.

The celebration drew a crowd of thousands of people to the fields on Ridge avenue at the head of Cherry lane just beyond our northwest city line, and it is no small satisfaction to realize that a large part of the success of the affair, was due to members of our own local organizations; the Wisconsin Valley Historical Society, Battalion Taylor Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Camp 50, P. O. S. of A., Roxborough Presbyterian Church and Roxborough and Wisconsin Boy Scouts.

To be a member of active associations, as the above, which staged such an elaborate affair as that of Saturday and Sunday, in-

cluding war patriotic and religious principals like the boys and minds of youthful America, reminding the same laws in the older folks and providing entertainment of a wholesome nature to all who witnessed it, is a tangible reason for possessing a feeling of pride and the Times unhesitatingly extends its congratulations to the local agencies and the entire committee for the success they attained over the week-end of Barren Hill.

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THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1928.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day has come and gone, once more, and the battles which have been fought by our country's soldiers, and the supreme sacrifices they made, still live on in the heart of a grateful Nation. The various Memorial Day exercises along the beautiful coast of the Schuylkill Valley testify to this fact.

One of the finest tributes ever paid to our warriors was written years ago by Robert G. Ingersoll, and reads as follows:

"The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. As if we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the heroic drums, the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale faces of women and the sunken faces of men; and in their assemblages we see all the dead whom first we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woodsy places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they heartily part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again and say nothing; and some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones, to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by

FRIENDS

One of the most active of the men who organized the Y. M. C. A. in Pennsylvania, years ago, was a man whose son is one of the prominent residents of Wissahickon. The following lines, which are believed to have been written by the now departed Y. M. C. A. man, in a time of adversity, are as true as when they were penned many years ago:

"It is surprising what a wonderful effect the insolvency of a merchant has upon his former creditors! Men, who before were only too glad to take him by the arm and laugh and chat with him by the hour, now shrug their shoulders and pass him on the street with a frigid 'How d' do?' Every trifling item of a bill is hunted up and presented that under other circumstances would not have seen the light of day for months to come. If the bill is paid, well and good; but if the obligation is not immediately canceled, the moral of the matter, perhaps, meets him at the nearest corner. A business man who has never failed can never know, but little of human nature, for in prosperity he sails along gently, his barque wafted over placid seas by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character and makes it his boast that he has not an enemy in the world; and when adversity and misfortune knock at his door, he is forced to look at the world in a less rosy light. He reads suspicion on every brow, and he hardly knows how to move, or whether to do this thing or the other. He looks in vain about him for every hand and knows that a multitude of suits and attachments are ready for his back. In order to realize what kind of stuff the world is made of, a man must encounter misfortune, and stop paying his liabilities; and then, if he has real and true friends, they will come promptly forward and prove their devotion. A business failure is a kind of a moral sieve which brings out the wheat and winnows the chaff; and passing through a financial ordeal teaches a man that fair words and affected good will are not the constituent components of a true and reliable friendship."

holding high in her hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flag, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all

the busy fields, in all the heartaches of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the trenches running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between the contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches of forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and injustice, but whose selfish can never tell what they suffered. We are there when the news comes that they are dead.

We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief. The past rises before us. We hear the roar and the shriek of the burning shell. The great armies fall. These heroes die. We look instead of stars we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and school-houses and books, and where all is fair and clean, and cruelty and pain, we see the faces of the free.

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the windows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of the battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death.

"I have one sentiment for the soldier, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead."

Germantown Press

6-7-28

THINK OF GERMANTOWN

Have you ever stopped to consider that success is often the difference between what a person earns what they may save and what they spend in their own town? "Self-time boosters" don't do much for a community. It takes a "never-say-die" booster to bring home the bacon.

New industries seeking new locations, are often influenced by the evidences of support and encouragement shown to the industries which are already established in the neighborhood.

Germantown has much to be thankful for. One of the things which should be praised to the skies is the progressiveness of men who have had the vision to invest in merchandise, to erect fine business places, and to talk Germantown, daily, nightly and unceasingly until it has become a city in itself, with stores and markets which cannot be excelled, even in the heart of Philadelphia.

They are the type of men who would make any town better, men of high ideals, men who are willing at all times to labor for the public good, men who believe in their town and its future and practice what they preach by spending their money for its advancement.

These are the men who do all in their power to encourage and develop a high degree of efficiency every they meet for the betterment of the place in which they live.

These are successful men, big assets to our town, in whom the people have confidence, for they are real leaders.

Every town must have leaders and every public spirited citizen should follow the leaders, for in places which are forging to the front, the ordinary folk follow their leaders.

We have nothing but applause for the merchants of Germantown.

Pop Jones

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THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1928

THE TIMES

There are those who find only new things good and beautiful, simply because they are new; others can see nothing good in what is new.

We often hear of the increase of evil in the world and the decrease of virtue, and it is a complaint which has come down through the ages, for the Greeks and the Romans based their ideas of the four epochs of the world on this self-same complaint.

But the theory is unjust, for on close investigation the facts show to the contrary.

History teaches us that former ages, with many good qualities, also had many bad ones. The latter were even more conspicuous than at present; for instance, the brutality of the ancient marauders, the club laws of old Germany, and the Blue Laws of Connecticut.

There is no age which does not have its good and bad characters. But man has been educated.

In domestic and social life, observe the improvement in the manner of living, dress, food, comfort and social enjoyment. True, there are evils which have resulted from these improvements, such as luxury and the insane desire for new fashions.

However in the matters of real progress, the airplane and the radio, the harnessed river with its vast power which has been given to the populace, all show an improvement in the mechanical art, and in science, what gigantic strides have been made!

Ignorance is fast disappearing before the advance of compulsory education; while in state governments there is shown a greater regard for human rights and a closer attention to the administration of justice; there is a greater security of life and property and with better police regulations, while the charitable and philanthropic efforts of the times entirely surpass anything that could be conceived in past ages.

Old people are apt to imagine that times are not so good as formerly; even the sun does not seem to shine so brightly. The years of childhood, youth and manhood are gone, surely a change has taken place, but it is in ourselves. And so it has always been with the human race. The good of the past seems to us more excellent than that of the present; but in reality it is not so.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1923

THE GRADUATE

June is the month of graduations. It fell our lot to witness the graduation exercises at one of our local schools. And we were impressed by the graciousness of it all.

It was a girl who was about to receive her diploma. She was on the platform reading an essay. She had the appearance of having just stepped out from a flower bed. On her cheeks the excitement had left its glow, and her lips had robbed the roses. She was only one of the average, healthy American girls, of a type which we love and honor and protect.

What was she saying? Something that told of hope and ambition and summery skies. Hard knocks were not being considered. Why shouldn't this graduation girl for a time, at least, believe in the entire goodness of the world, believe in perpetual sunshine? The orchestra plays fairy music for her. Let her have what she wants and she is happy. And so she ought to be. Why should she know that farther down the path there will be no roses, that there will be very little music and that the clouds oftentimes shut out the sun?

We say let her have her good times. Let her live what story she can in her lifetime, and take pride in her attainment. There can never be too much happiness in this world; for there is always too much sorrow.

Probably that man and woman down in the front row are her father and mother—two persons who have suffered and borne much. It is better that way. It puts deep lines of care on faces and very often wrinkles the heart, but not always.

If you look closely you will see that the couples in front have but one object in life—THE GIRL. She is their blood. She is slipping away from them as the years go by, and often the mother may cry silently because of a sorrow that is too often for words. She is proud of her girl, but her arms are empty, and there is an ache in her heart for the baby that is now blossoming into a woman. Men love deeply and truly, but there is a help affection which is denied them. Mothers know it—and mothers only.

What is the girl saying? To those parents it represents the ul-

mate in wisdom, the animation of learning. The words flow like music and there is a hymn in every paragraph. True love, you know, wears rose-colored glasses.

And then when it is all over, a queen goes to her home. She seems just a little bit taller, a little bit more sacred does this girl graduate, and she tells her father about it, and her mother, and her eyes shine and there is a sob in her throat, and she finds out, all at once, that it wasn't the applause of the great word she yearned for but the understanding appreciation of her parents; not so much a desire for fame and a career as to justify their wonderful faith in her ability.

Perhaps it is a boy in your family who has graduated, but what's the difference? You'll find that the ambitions and the desires of young folks are all the same after all.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1923

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

To Philadelphians the Declaration of Independence is one of the most vivid incidents of history. Though no one now living had any part in the events of that most eventful summer of 1776 yet so long as we have seen since our earliest days, the sanctified hallding in which our country's founders pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to the principles of the great document, and even being privileged to stand in the very room and see the very table upon which lay the formally engrossed parchment, the scenes then enacted have come to be a part of our lives.

Let us, in this week which precedes the Fourth of July, turn to the detailed proceedings which led to the Declaration.

What private discussions led to definite action we do not know, but at the meeting held June 7th, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, offered, with the approval of most, if not all, of the delegates from that state, the following resolutions, the manuscript of which, in his own handwriting, is in the Library of Congress.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures of forming foreign alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be

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prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies, for their consideration and approbation."

These resolutions did not contain any formal reason for the separation of the colonies from the Mother country.

The resolutions were tabled until the next day, and they were then taken up in the Committee of the Whole, with Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, in the chair. The Committee rose without making a decision and again sat on the following Monday.

At Monday's session the resolution was again postponed until July 1st, and it was decided to appoint a special committee to prepare a formal declaration of reasons for affirmative action in case such action should be taken.

Two drafts of the Declaration were reported to the session of June 28th, and were ordered to lie on the table.

Richard Henry Lee's first resolution was passed on July 2nd. The fact was announced to the public by a brief notice in the Pennsylvania Gazette, of July 3rd, in an inconspicuous part of the paper and without comment: "Yesterday, the Continental Congress declared these colonies to be free and independent States."

The formal Declaration was taken up on July 4th and adopted by the vote of 12 colonies, the New York delegates refusing to vote, as they had no definite instructions from their constituents.

Pennsylvania was then represented by seven delegates: Franklin, Morris, Dickinson, Wilson, Humphreys, Morton and Wining.

Although the formal Declaration was taken up and voted upon on July 4th, it was not until July 19th that Congress passed the following resolution:

"That the Declaration passed on the 4th, be fairly engrossed on parchment with the style and title of the unanimous declaration of the thirteen states and that the same when engrossed be signed by all the members of Congress."

This resolution was followed out and an entry in the minute book of the meeting of August 2nd states that the engrossed copy was examined and compared at the table and signed by all the members.

And so we learn that while most people believe the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4th, 1776, it was not until August 2d of that year that the famous signatures were placed on the document.

RESPECT

We have noticed him often. A queer looking, hanged-dog expression on his countenance as he walked along the street. And we wondered why he always looked down instead of up. His is a story that would probably contain a moral, if we only knew it. For some reason or other he has apparently lost his self-respect.

Respect is the name of the fellow who tends to the door of your conscience. His is the most important office in the whole make-up of your character. For when he goes wrong, conscience becomes a thing that is stricken.

We cannot win in the game of life with our self-respect gone, for it is our greatest guide, our most powerful protector, the safest pilot into the Port of Success.

Respect is made at home. High tariffs or free trade have nothing to do with it. A man can be on no better terms with anybody than with himself. The man without respect is a make-believe, a fraud—a counterfeit.

Respect yourself and other people will be compelled to respect you—and it naturally follows that you will respect them. Respect is the beginning of wisdom. With respect on guard, you look people squarely in the eye, without wincing. With respect active and unafraid, you move ahead, surmounting obstacles and setting a way for other people to follow, which will prove beneficial to mankind.

Think of this, as you move about today. Let it keep you strong! Let it make you indomitable! Let it lift you from your present position into one higher up. Let it make a leader of you. For remember—nothing of winning matters with respect gone.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1923

GHOSTS

The children were gathered on the front porch of a neighbor, and we overheard one of them say, "Now, tell us a ghost story!" As we eavesdropped we watched the awed expressions on the youngsters' faces as they listened to the reader's tale, and we ourselves gave a thought to the same subject.

There is nothing in ghosts. But they do exist. However, they are nothing more or less than the phantasmagorical imaginations of a sick, timid mind. They carry several labels: Failure, Ideas, Mistakes, Chances, Regret—and scores of other names. They should be faced. Walk right up to them and shake their hands. Look them in the eye and listen to them. And then give them a good hard kick—properly placed, for they will never render you any service.

They are always on the job. In the office of the doctor, the lawyer and the business man. They are in the home, on the street and everywhere. But they don't like fight. They are reared in the dark alleys and carry a sandbag. It is your duty to keep the lights on—your mind open—your courage alert—your character unassailable.

Faster than you read your newspapers there will be ghosts between the lines of the print. The old bugaboos will search you out and constantly attempt to scalp you. They are particularly apt to pounce on the time-wasters, the hesitators, the impatient. They revel among the players of life good-fellowship. But they shall not cower heads with their tails between their legs at the sight of doers, time users, obstacle chasers and path makers. So don't be afraid.

Face them, but don't harbor them. Live, red-blooded people can't be dragging around a lot of ghosts and amount to anything.

Chase them off of your trail.

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THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1923

OUTDOOR RECREATION.

Increased specialization in manufacturing processes, with the resultant monotony to workers, has produced a great need for organized play. According to a study of outdoor recreation for employees made by a large insurance company, employers are encouraging and supporting various programs of recreational activities because they realize that such a course of systematic play increases the efficiency of their workers.

"Let's go!" implies not alone an invitation, but an ideal. Its significance is based largely upon the impression it conveys of co-operative effort to obtain a common object. Whatever that object may be, it can be obtained only by hard work and genuine co-operation, each man doing his share and pulling his weight in the boat. Such are the lessons learned by active participations in the trials of skill, strength and endurance.

Projects for outdoor recreation increase in interest each year. Almost every community has an annual outing or picnic.

Folks of this district are keeping step with other live sections of the country. Only yesterday the Wessahickon Business Men's Association with a large crowd of folks from the lower end of the 21st Ward enjoyed their Third Annual Outing at Mermaid Lake. Next Wednesday is the Manayunk merchants turn to entertain the shopkeepers and the residents of the milltown at Santa Maria, and on August the 15th, the Roxborough tradesmen will hold their big time at Wildwood.

We are heartily in favor of plenty of outdoor activity. Let's go!

WAIT.

We know a man who seems to be the most impatient man in the world. He has never learned to wait. And the really successful person is the one who has acquired the habit of biding his time. Learn to wait. Not idly, but with the spirit of business in your system working itself out into some useful endeavor.

The parents of Balzac were wealthy. The son at the age of

twenty announced his intention of becoming an author. "But," asked his father, "do you know that in literature a man must either be a king or a hodman?"

"Very well," said the young man. "I'll be a King." He was therefore abandoned to a rude career, where for ten years he labored against the fiercest envy and obstacles. But his waiting and work won. Balzac's name will remain among the greatest in literature of all time.

He had learned to wait. To wait intelligently is ability in itself, of the rarest sort. For it is a quality imbedded in fortitude, self-mastery and will.

Perhaps you hold a humble position. You are a restless individual. You see others of less ability and brains passing you. Wait. The prize of life seems to you to be unevenly divided. Wait. The click of gold and silver plays songs to your senses. Wait. Be sure that you are paid for in real work and conscientious effort. Conquer the trifles. Reap the respect of your superiors. Wait. Mayhaps, there is something in life which you crave more than everything else. Wait, but while you're waiting—Work.

And your rise to power shall be the rise to power of the men and women who have made this grand old world what it is.

Learn to wait.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1928

ENVY

"I wish I had it as easy as Brown has." How often have you uttered or heard a similar remark, in envy of some other person's position in life.

You who are reading this little preachment, have things locked up in your head that nobody else on earth has or ever has had. You yourself, hold the key to open up the treasure chest.

Although the Almighty is in the business creating millions of human beings, year after year, nobody has ever yet discovered a duplicate human being. For every single one of us are "originals." So if there is any envying to be done let the other fellow do it. You should be too big to bother with envy.

For envy, you know, is begrudging some person the right to good fortune. To be envious is to stagnate your own growth. The envy that you have for the winning of somebody else, takes away in just the same measure, winning on its own part. When you envy someone, you are robbing yourself.

Just stop and think of those who have accomplished big things. Were they envious people? No—they were too busy to envy. If they took the time to envy they would have lost the time to achieve.

You would never feel jealous if the other fellow if you would but realize the accumulated power which comes by profiting by the success of other people. Be glad of the good fortune of somebody else. Be wise enough to let its inspiration lift you up. Individual success is not stationary. It has no limitations. Congratulate your friend today, and he may be in a position to clap you on the back tomorrow, and will be happy to have the chance. There's enough glory for all.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1928

PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

One good thing has been done by the modern business man who keeps close tabs on his business by the use of charts. The old-fashioned notion about presidential years has been given a set-back. It will dry up and blow away like other exploded superstitions before long, without doubt. It deserves to pass into the limbo where have passed fallacies like the association of rain with the coming of the circus or the worshiping of the Quakers.

There were days when the people might have had to worry over the outcome of the election and to hold off making investments and on going into new ventures. But nowadays, with no great economical issues at stake and with finance puffles of Uncle Sam rattled and not likely to be disturbed, there is nothing to fear over.

Among the trade experts and forecasters who have declared themselves of late are Col. Leonard P. Ayres, a much trusted prophet, Herbert S. Hollander, the *Bazhe Review*, another, the *Executive Forecast* and others. All are agreed that world-wide conditions will end to affect our trade and that economic factors within our own borders may give us an up or down, but that the mere fact of an approaching presidential election is negligible.

There lies before us one of the familiar hill-and-dale "graphs" showing American Business, year by year, since commercial started picking out the presidential year. We find they show no more warring about irregularity than any other fourth years, such as those just after a quadrennial election, or the second or third years after it. In other words, one may say, as the man did who saw a giraffe for the first time, "There ain't no such thing" as a regular depression in the months preceding our selection of a new Chief Magistrate.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1928

PRICES

It may be set down as a business axiom that to reduce the price of a well-known product, or staple article means more sales, but this does not necessarily follow when the article offered is unknown. In the latter case, the public, in its rough and ready way, makes up its mind about the novelty, partly by the price, and may conclude that a cheap article is an unimportant or inferior one.

A case well in point is that of a certain make of pipe scraper, which is well-known to present day pipe smokers, as a convenient tool to remove the encrustations from the inside of their briars. The inventor was pretty shrewd when he first put it on the market. In one set of tobacco stores he had it priced at ten cents and in another at twenty-five cents, just to test this influence of price. Shortly afterward he visited all the stores to see how the sales were going. He found that at twenty-five cents the reamer was selling finely, but where its price was only ten cents it was a "dud."

Apparently, the male population, when it exposed for sale for the first time, looked at the ten-cent figure and concluded it was a toy, while the higher price gave them sufficient respect to buy it. That particular brand of reamer at last accounts had piled up a quarter of a million dollars in profits for its exploiters, but undoubtedly it would hardly have done so if the error had been made in the first instance of under-pricing it.

With investors this principle has long been recognized. No experienced bond houses would be guilty of the error made by a young corporation recently. Needing a large sum of money, and having property on which bonds could be issued, it put out a line of securities which at the cost price would yield seven per cent. The investing public fought shy of the issue. The bonds were temporarily withdrawn and later issued again by a bank, but at a price to yield a trifle over five per cent. They then sold very rapidly.

There is a particular application

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of this principle to advertising. Let us assume a new product, or service, be brought out and introduced to the public. It is not a staple. It is unfamiliar. A wide sale is wanted. Sooner or later it is certain that, at a reasonable and moderate price, many people will buy it. But how shall we overcome the tendency at the outset towards a depreciatory judgment based on low price? The obstacle is the unfamiliarity of prospects with the article or service.

The answer here is that advertising can make the offering known, understood and thus familiar. By means of advertising it is possible to educate a body of prospects thoroughly, before disclosing the purchase price, while if the missionary work were placed altogether in the hands of salesmen, they talk would be interrupted at the first interview by the question, "What's the price?"

Advertising can explain, can recommend, can illustrate and picture the newest and most unfamiliar offering, until it is no longer strange and novel. Then the price, if set reasonably low, may be a delightful surprise to the prospect when disclosed and lead to numerous immediate sales.

weight of his dollars; the woman who thinks that she has accomplished all when she wins the man of her choice—these are but illustrations of the point-of-view in life—turned backward—out of kink. There is but one way to reach the Port of Real Success and that is to set your rudder before sailing.

A point-of-view is nothing but plain purpose. And there is only one kind of purpose that is worth any man or woman's salt—the purpose that attends to some useful end.

If you start this day with a healthy point-of-view you will end it a happier, healthier, broader, bigger person. How wonderful, too, the individual effect of a high, square point-of-view—set not upon yourself alone, but on your whole environment. In fact, how it makes environments!

—Get the right point-of-view upon life. Then it will permeate your work—make rich the lives of your friends and your achievements, bringing at the same time, to you a rounded success. Search out the proper point-of-view for each task daily. In other words, set your rudder before sailing.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1928

POINT OF VIEW

We watched a boy, one day last week, sailing a toy yacht in one of the park lakes. He was explaining to a comrade that he was having trouble setting the rudder so that boat would sail with the wind and reach a certain point at the opposite end of the body of water.

And we philosophized on the lad's problem.

Hourly thousands of human wrecks topple headlessly over the Niagara of a ragged point-of-view, and strew the rapids of failure into a pitiful sight. The reason? Rudder out of setting!

The rudder should be set before sailing. The boy in school who has as his end, but the fitting of his lesson to the mere classroom hour; the clerk who but dreams of his day as done with the end of his eight hours; the man who measures his success by the

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1928

THE MAN WITH MANNERS

We saw him on a community occasion in one of the Atlantic seashore resorts. He was seeing to it that everyone was made comfortable as possible, and everywhere he went he tried to make people feel at their ease. To everyone he was courteous and his smile was infectious, with a result that those who came in contact with him were glad that they had met the man with manners.

It is often inferred that manners make the man. But those who think so are wrong—for it's the man who makes the manner. Or better still, manners are the man. And they point the path of interpretation to a character as surely as does the weather-vane tell the direction of the wind.

It pays to be our best self always. We enter a car, an office, a home, a store, or pace the street and we meet our like and image—everywhere. Our manners in their presence mark our standing and our own enjoyment. Our smiles, our

graciousness, our courtesy, change the gruff attitude of the one we face, or the cold reception which it be for our profit or the other persons.

"Sir," once said a noted philosopher, "a man has no more right to say a thing to another than to knock him down." The man or woman of manners is the person of consideration and tact. And nothing but the inbred quality of manner is genuine. For money or social standing or quick achievement cannot give it.

Manners are a possession which are most enviable. Few are born without the possibility of them. A large number who have them hidden away somewhere use them not. To find them out and put them to use is an event much to be heralded. A better day than this to start could not be found. How about polishing them up at home? How about carrying them as you do your handbag or newspaper to your office? How about investing them as sure dividend bearings in your relatives and daily associates—from the humblest to the greatest? We can do so, if we decide as a settled thing to **BE OUR BEST SELVES ALWAYS.**

8/30/28

VACATIONS

This issue of your favorite weekly paper will be the last one before the first of September rolls around, and vacations will be generally over. Most of the regular folks will be back on the job and the hum of industry will pervade the air instead of the intensely hot rays of the summer sun.

There are those who have said that the purpose of a vacation was to give "the Boss" an opportunity of seeing that you are not indispensable and that somehow the business can get along without you.

But there's another side of the theory. If the place—we care not whether it is in a factory, an office, or in your home—where you are employed has gone to wrack and ruin while you were away, it's up to you to prove that you're an asset when you return.

How can you do it?

Well, in the first place, when you have that vacation forget your job. Forget its joys and its tribulations and recreate. There's a grand old word. Recreate. Recreate your

enthusiasm, your pep, your optimism, your determination to perform your job as well as you can. Recreate your interest in your work and loyalty to the people you serve—the Boss, the wife, the children, the husband, the teacher, or whatever person or group you labor for and with.

Pack the vacation full of healthful fun and sport. Let it dominate you and then when it is over, give the same amount of attention that you gave to the vacation—the same enthusiasm, the same interest.

And the folks will know that although the business was able to get along without you, it runs better with you—a whole lot better.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1928

THE PEACEFUL PARK

Mechanics are busy repairing and resurfacing the Wissahickon Road. From Ridge avenue to the Lincoln Drive and on Sunday it became necessary to divert traffic from that delightful and much used half way.

We had wandered out for our usual after-dinner hike and were amazed at the solitude of the lower Wissahickon, a quietness which we had never before experienced in that particular part of the vale. Motor cars, having been forced to detour, there were none but pedestrians along the walks, and with huge crowds enjoying the three-day season's end holiday at the shore or in the mountains, there were but few walkers, and the tiny furred and feathered woods creatures were voicing their approval at the temporary surcease of human din.

We saw more rabbits, squirrels and birds than ever, and in addition noticed two water rats come out stealthily, from the banks of the creek to forage in the vicinity.

Even the trees seemed to lower their whisper as they swayed on the breeze, a circumstance which only served to emphasize the blatant singing of the crickets, locusts and other forest insects.

But the comparative, and unusual, quiet brought to mind the

following quotation of Shakespeare's:

"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

THE HOOK-UP

Every sensible business man knows that personal salesmanship and advertising are teammates.

Though each has its own separate functions, one can do some of the other's work. The salesman, if he happens to be an outside man, in his rounds is spreading a knowledge of his product, even in the cases where he closes no contracts, and advertising of certain kinds, by way of the mail and telephone may hook actual orders. Nevertheless they are co-workers and not rivals. No salesman in one day can tell 10,000 people what a product is and what it does; but a newspaper can, and does. However this is no reason why a business house should dispose of its sale force.

Advertising and selling combined are an unbeatable combination. It is a pity that manufacturers and merchants do not make an effort to master all the combinations of these two forces that are possible. Many stop short with advertising that evokes some sort of inquiry indicating interest—such as a demand for an offered booklet or folder—and to such inquiries sends post haste a salesman, although he wasn't asked for. It is no wonder that this and other coupon systems are beginning to be played out. It was always illogical and unfair.

But there is a plan of combined advertising and selling that has been proven to work nicely. First a neighborhood newspaper or other medium is chosen. The advertisement is concentrated in one particular district, and the residents of that community are educated along lines which tell of the store, the goods, and the mode of service of the advertiser.

And then, if it be in lines where outdoor salesmen are used, the advertiser goes around the vicinity, "ringing doorbells" as this house-to-house method is called, but with the difference that when the door opens the agent does not have to

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explain his errand, and his product from the ground up. On the contrary he knows that he is talking to prospects who have been posted on what he has to sell.

It is said that this idea has produced nine times as many orders per day as the more familiar unannounced call without preliminary advertising.

It is worth a study.

9-13-28

OLD EMPLOYEES

Important as it is to see how corporate to infuse new and good blood steadily, in the shape of promising young employees, it is well to remember that the tried and true employee of long standing is also a necessity. The man who has proved his worth by a long life-time of service, even though he may not climb to the top, is usually more valuable than is generally supposed. There is such a thing as taking him too much for granted owing the silent self-encasement that is characteristic of his type. But he should be appreciated for his worth and recognized in some way.

At the close of forty-eight consecutive years as engineer of passenger locomotives on the Lackawanna Railroad, "Ben" Locke was presented with a gold watch and assured of esteem of his superiors as he closed his long career at the throttle. He was seventy years old. He had hauled over one hundred freight a total distance of 2,000,000 miles, equivalent to twelve trips between the earth and the moon. In all his forty-eight years of work there had never been a single fatal accident on a train pulled by him, and to quote an official statement, he "had never been reprimanded or reported for petty insubordination or impudence."

Such men fulfill unnoticed and unheralded, important posts in society and help to keep civilization going.

The National Casket Company, largest manufacturer of funeral supplies in this country, does not forget its thanks to faithful employees of long tenure. It has organized two classes, one of men and women with 25 years in business to their credit, and one with 50 years. These wise and valuable helpers wear special badges of honor and their services are ap-

Roy Jones 9-20-1928

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preciated and recognized by the cooperation. It is to the credit of the casket company that it gives honor where honor is due and understands the worth to a whole personnel of these human reservoirs of experience and technical knowledge.

We recently visited a huge type-writer manufacturing plant in Syracuse, N. Y. The company was at the time celebrating its Silver Anniversary and had published a publication number of the firm's house organ, a little monthly magazine. On one of the pages was printed the picture of a group of twenty-five year employees. All of the men whose faces appeared in the picture, whom we met in our rounds through the factory, displayed their pride in their job, and the company exhibited its glory by printing and circulating the photographs of its faithful helpers at a cost of hundreds of dollars.

The story is told in a recent number of a little trade magazine, the name of which we have forgotten, of a foreman who had just completed 25 years with his company, and found the anniversary not remembered by even so much as a slap on the back. He complained to a friend. The president heard of the incident and acted. He tendered a formal banquet to this foreman and others of the same vintage, presented each with a tin watch and thanked them in the name of the organization.

It may have been a coincidence

or not, but it was noticed thereafter that discipline and performance improved throughout the plant. Manufacturing costs fell somewhat and rejects by inspectors decreased substantially. Young and old felt that the management had a heart, as well as a head, and the discovery reacted favorably on the morale.

A HEART ACT

It happened Tuesday afternoon on a southbound Route No. 2 street car, on Fifteenth street. The incident was trivial but we were interested enough to take the car's block number, which was 41, and stopped at the conductor's badge, to note that the figures were 2565.

A blind passenger arose at Fairmount avenue, and the conductor seeing that the man wanted to dismount, courteously left his post, guided the afflicted one down the car steps, over the street and up the curb, to see that the man was safely on his way after dismounting. That conductor, in rendering assistance to the blind man may have been simply doing a kind act, but the impression made on the other passengers in the car, certainly worked to the advantage of the company he worked for, inasmuch as it demonstrated to the car riders the type of employee which the transit officials hire.

Just a little act of ordinary courtesy shown to a helpless fellow-creature, but one which strengthens our belief that everything is right with the world.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES

"What should you always keep when you give?" was a conundrum to which the answer was, "your word."

"You are going into business," said a manufacturer to his son. "You have an establishment, you have some capital, you have a knowledge of your trade. But you have something else infinitely more important to your success. It is your WORD. Be chary of making promises whether in written form as a promissory note, or for so slight a matter as an engagement to meet someone at a stated hour. But the promise, once given, keep it sacredly.

"Pay the note on its precise due-date, be at the place of meeting on the minute. The higher you climb on the ladder of business, the better the character of the men with whom you transact business, the more important becomes your reputation for keeping your word. A promise is but a breath, true, but when uttered it becomes a bond to a man of principle."

Civilization may almost be said to be a network of contracts. Every contract is a promise and business

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in a network of contracts. So-called though they may be law and law's penalties, there is seldom one that has not loopholes through which an unfair or unscrupulous man could crawl out of it if he were so minded and had a will-lawyer at his elbow. The individual who keeps the spirit as well as the letter of his contracts—and who in fact can be depended on even with no contract—is the one who gathers powerful friends around him, whose influence extends as he is better known and who retrieves his position most quickly in case of a business misfortune.

Marriage is a contract, too. Don't forget that! There are men and women who after the first glow of the wedding has worn off, try to seek ways to evade the letter of the contract they made. Men are apt to forget to give "friend wife" the little attentions to which he made her accustomed. These were probably the things that drew him to her, but after the wedding bells have ceased their chiming, he settles down to the daily routine of trying to earn a livelihood and his thoughts fail to turn to the woman who has stayed in the house all day away from breads and diversion. He should entertain her when he can be with her. She needs it just as much as he. It's a part of the obligation he assumed.

And the woman. What of her? Sometimes there are the kind who want to be entertained too much. Those who will not permit the husband to devote enough time to his business. The kind that wants to run around after the marriage ceremony to dances, teas, bride-parties and to the theatre instead of taking care of the tot who has probably arrived. These women are breaking their word just as surely as the man who doesn't do his part.

Lie is a fifty-fifty proposition and the one who gets the most out of it is the person who keeps his promises.

The promise breaker eventually weeps a whirlwind of sorrow.

TONGUES

We remember when we were children that our father was a great believer in buying us books whenever he had the opportunity and can distinctly recall one Christmas season when Saint Claus brought us a wonderful volume of Aesop's Fables.

That book became our childhood Bible and many good lessons, which which we profited on since, were gleaned from its pages.

The other day, while thumbing through a similar set of the parables, we paused to read of the course Aesop took when he was instructed to buy the best articles the market afforded and he brought home a tongue; and on another occasion, when ordered to buy the worst, he again brought home a tongue. And thereby hangs a tale.

The tongue, capable of rendering the greatest services in favor of all that is noble and good, is likewise a source of much evil.

It is the medium of our sensations of pleasures in eating and drinking; and consequently has given encouragement to the art of cooking and promoted interest in commerce by its tameness for foods from distant countries.

But it also encourages the desire for dainties, revelry, drunkenness and lavishness. As Shakespeare once said, "Dainty bits make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wit."

The tongue's greatest effects, however, comes when it is used as the organ of speech. It enables us to express our sensations of joy and grief, not in mere rough, abrupt sounds, as animals, but by articulate words, figurative language and foreign tongues. It is the chief means for the culture of the mind, awakening and animating the smothering thought.

It allows us to make known our wants and desires; to console, advise, warn and defend those who are in need.

It is the organ of eloquence, the true guardian of free institutions. Witness: Demosthenes and Cicero, of Greece and Rome; Burns, Pitt and O'Connell, of Great Britain and Ireland; and Webster, Clay and Wilson of the United States.

From the tongue, life receives its most attractive charm—conversation. It permits us to worship God in hymns of praise. Without

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languages there would be no words; no written languages, no books, no newspapers.

But—and the bit is a large one—the tongue can also be an instrument of lying, deceit, calumny, indiscretion and flattery.

By its means, persons have disgraced themselves, demagogues have perverted the truth and sown infernal seeds of discord in peaceful communities.

Be cautious, then, in using your tongue; it is the source of much good, but also of much evil. Keep it in proper bounds, and bear in mind that man has to render an account for every idle word. "Speak little, but think much"; for many words and good judgement seldom go together and "speaking is different from thinking."

A poet—we've forgotten his name—was right when he said:

"There is a lust in man no charm can tame.

Of loudly punishing his neighbor's shame.

On eagle's wings immortal yearns he for

While virtue's actions are but born to die."

LOOK AT THEIR FACES!

Several years ago we were employed by a man who believed in scientific salesmanship, and carried his theory out in practice by engaging a teacher to instruct all of the workers in the place, along fundamental principles of business.

After a long series of lectures, in which we had been told all about how to make a "sale," one of the members of the class arose to ask, "Well, when we have reached the end of our selling talk, how can we tell if the person has been sold?" And the answer to that question has, in hundreds of instances, proved a great source of satisfaction to us.

The tutor's answer was "Look at their faces!" And here are a few of his reasons:

The means by which the soul enforces exteriorly its will are the voice, and the motions of the body, but there is one manner by which the mind expresses directly its will, namely: the look, or expression of the countenance.

As the eyes, the windows of the soul, are directly exposed to external impressions, so likewise do they serve as the direct medium of conveying the interior dispositions of the soul.

The direct language of the inner man is exceedingly manifold, for by the agency of the look, one is able to express desire, enthusiasm, courage, wrath and scorn. The warning sign of our feelings is supported by the mechanical changes of our eyes.

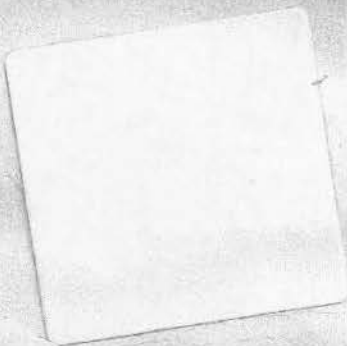
As Addison once said, "A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed; this little member gives life to every other part about us."

The look is extensive over people and animals. With full force it will control the haughty, disarm the passionate, and confound the liar.

In the face of the strong there is strength, and the countenance of the weak describes its owner; so that it is a pretty sure method of gauging a person's capacity.

True, there are exceptions, for the looks of anyone may be impaired by causes over which they have no control. But the human's appearance is affected by the impulses of the moment and at different times may be severe or mild, fierce or gentle, angry or patient.

And inasmuch as our looks ex-



press our propensities, we should endeavor at all times to acquire a disposition which will ennoble the countenance, which is the true mirror of the human soul.

Rep June 10-11-28

VICE HAS NO COURAGE

We, with thousands of other readers of the daily papers, have been learning of the corruption which is going on around us, and while we are not surprised at the wholesale breaking of civil laws which some citizens believe limit their personal liberty, we often wonder at the lack of early moral training which is exhibited by scores of individuals who occupy places of respect in the community. Men who are supposed to be Samsons of strength are but weaklings.

Everyone, of a necessity, acknowledges the moral law; for he who should deny the existence of this law would relinquish all claims to the title of rational being, and would no longer be considered as a fit member of society, or one with whom it would be safe to have any intercourse.

The history of mankind teaches us that vice has no courage; and a mere minute investigation of the human heart discovers to us that the basest villain, when in calm and serious reflection compares his actions with the purity of the moral law, experiences a painful and humiliating feeling which renders him odious to himself.

We discover that vice has no courage when we watch the means resorted to by a characterless person: deceipt, falsehood, dissembling, hypocrisy. We find such a person continually alarmed by the echoes around him, he is suspicious even towards the partner in his crime. He is always in fear of detection or punishment.

Such people feel that their actions are not comfortable to the moral law, they acknowledge that they are at variance with God, their fellowmen and their own conscience.

The law breakers may show no outward sign of dread over the enforcement of laws, but as South puts it

"No man ever offended his own conscience, but, first Or last, it was revenged upon him for it."

Rep June 10-18-1928 ⁵⁶

GROWING OLD

We spent a few hours of last week out in the Wissahickon woods with a group of nature-lovers. The grass is fading on the hillside and the trees are changing their brilliant coats of green for garments of a gaudier hue. The evergreens, alone, retain their year-round color. All about are signs that Mother Nature is preparing for her annual period of rest.

In the party was a middle-aged man who laughed loud and long because everything was dying and philosophized on the fact that flowers, bushes, trees, birds, animals and human beings were all forced to grow old and expire.

But we failed to grow sorrowful with him when he complained of growing old. It is something that everyone in the world is doing at the same time, and we glory in it, for each day brings us some joy which a younger person can never experience until Time has laid a weighty hand on his shoulder.

The life of the human has often been compared to the course of the seasons. Among other similarities, they have this in common—us every season has its peculiar joys, so has every age of the life of a man or woman; the child has its happy moments; the youth has his, and it follows that old people have their good times.

It is true, that with old age comes many an unpleasant accompaniment; such as bodily ills and so consequences gives less pleasure in objects of sense, and also diminutive of mental power—memory, imagination, and so forth, with the increase of what are called the follies of elderly persons; melancholy and distrust.

But old people have their joys. As a general rule they have not ceased to take pleasure in Nature. There is usually an increase of interest in this study; for the arduous cares of life; ambition, money-making, and other diversions, are past, and the mind is left to greater freedom.

Social joys are still theirs. They have more leisure, and are more communicative, and dwell with delight on the past. They have happiness which arise from the esteem and veneration which we feel for people who are older than ourselves. We respect their wishes and opinions, and this gives them pleasure. They get a thrill out of life from

the knowledge they have stored up through the years and by exploring their time to help younger folks up the ladder of life. They, more than likely, have family circles and what greater goal is there in life than to see one's offspring become successful in his or her chosen line of endeavor.

And there are the joys which spring from religion, and these in themselves are sufficient to render all our life most beautiful and happy portion of life, even if all other joys were wanting.

It is true, that most of this can only be said of the aged person who has spent a good life, and is not afraid to look back. Even past pleasures will but pain the memory if they are embittered by a guilty conscience.

Let young persons, therefore, who are hoping to spend a happy old age, now lead a virtuous life: "Prepare your couch well, and you will rest well."

Oct 25 1928

SETTING AN EXAMPLE

We were forcibly impressed, at a dinner given by the East Falls Church League, with the number and type of men and women who were present on the occasion displaying their interest in the activities of the youth of the community.

All of these good people have served without financial compensation, in various capacities, during the baseball season, to promote clean recreation for the players and spectators. There were clergymen, doctors, lawyers, athletes, business men, mechanics, wives and mothers. Why have they given their time and energies to so ordinary a thing as baseball?

The only answer we can find to our self-put query, is that they are attempting to follow out the logical reasoning of sane grown-ups by setting a good example for the rising generation. Teaching fair play, sacrifice, grace and courage, so that when these young people have advanced in years, they too, will set a like example for another succeeding group of future men and women. It is an endless circle of keeping the faith with our children and our neighbors' children.

Instruction is indeed a great blessing. What would a person be without it? It serves to set the youth right in the path of life; and

he will profit by it, for he feels that it makes him wiser and better for the time to come. But instruction, however good in itself, would be of little or no avail if he who insists did not support his teaching by setting forth a good example. According to the old proverb, "Words teach, example wins."

Good examples show the contrast between good and evil in a striking manner. Even the most indifferent mortal becomes stirred up by a good, kindly, or courageous act. And the moral feeling is aroused with such force, that at least some degree of emulation is excited.

Good examples instruct, for they bring their lessons to the comprehension of the dullest intuition, and convey to the mind things which language will never be able to express.

Good examples convince, for they remove all doubts concerning the value of good actions. They encourage, by involuntary incitements to resolutions of amendment; by affording strength in the combat with evil. Think, for a moment, of the example Abraham Lincoln set for all lowly-born Americans; remember the courage of a Columbus and the reactions of his example on the minds of a Byrd or a Lindbergh; and who ever heard of a Gehrig before he became Babe Ruth's playmate.

Good examples conquer. No power on earth is able to hinder their final triumph; no length of time can prevent their fame from being handed down to posterity. Middleton had it right when he said:

"For as the light
Not only serves to show, but render
us,

Mutually profitable; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to
others give

Matter for virtue's deeds, by which
we live."

November 6, 1928

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PUBLIC SPIRIT

Next Tuesday will be election day once more, and despite the unprecedented registration figures, there will be thousands of citizens who will let the opportunity to exercise their franchise slip by.

History teaches us that Nations and Empires have been ruined by the selfishness of their public men, who, to advance their own interest, have sacrificed that of the people whom they serve.

Persons who seek the destruction of their country are not patriotic; neither are those who seek office solely for their own purposes, nor those who use improper means to obtain office.

Those who seek office without possessing the necessary qualifications are defrauding their fellow citizens, and so are the people who willingly assist such persons to obtain office. The voter who neglects to become acquainted with his or her public duties is not a true citizen, and those who suffer themselves to be bribed should be classed as political criminals.

Men and women manifest their love for their country in always having the general good in view; in being in a position to give good counsel; by assisting in the erection and support of educational and charitable institutions; and in the highest sense, by seeking neither acknowledgement nor reward for the services they render.

To love our own country, we have only to reflect upon what it was and is. Think of the exertions of our forefathers; the freedom which they gave us, after slumbering for centuries, once more revived and assumed a new glory unparalleled in the annals of the world. Even Greece was a Republic, but for the few, not for more than 110,000,000 people; the majority were enslaved. Our country is the first that has presented to the world the rare spectacle of liberty for all.

Our freedom is based so that it raises a beacon that casts a light over the entire world, before the radiance of which superstition and despotism shall grow pale and vanish forever.

Go to the polls next Tuesday, cast your vote for the Presidential candidate of your choice, but don't fall in this service to your fellow-citizens.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1928

LANGUAGE

The verbosity of political spell-binders and other orators, which each day increases, through the convenience of reaching vast audiences via the radio, calls our attention, once more, to the wonders of the spoken and written word.

Language, which contributes to the glorious pre-eminence of man over brute, is the means by which we arrange our ideas, and reveal, by articulate sounds, our thoughts and feelings.

It is a symbol of mental activity, and a medium of communication between different minds. Man is a mirror of all objects; he digests and assimilates in his mind the material furnished by his senses and then "tells it to the world" with his tongue. Our very thoughts are not clear and well-defined until united with the symbols of speech.

Thought crystallizes the activity of the mind, and is then uttered by words. Speech is as much a function of thinking as breathing is of living. It is developed only in society; and we can neither understand ourselves, nor our own ideas fully except by trying the intelligibility of our words on one another. Mental communication sharpens the intellectual powers; so that, with the increase of social intercourse, language gains in perfection.

We should, all of us, endeavor to acquire a correct pronunciation and learn to apply the principles of grammar in our conversation. We can always improve ourselves by reading the works of good authors, by conversa-

tion with persons of refined tastes, by practical exercises of uttering and writing our thoughts, and by attention to purity of heart and mind, by

which we shall learn to prize noble words, refined ideas, pure thoughts, and despise what is vulgar in thought and conversation.

Such care will be richly rewarded by the advantages and pleasure we shall derive, by the esteem of our companions, and especially by the approbation of Him who gave language to man, for no other purpose than that it should serve as an instrumentality to promote his temporal and eternal happiness.

Ray James 11-15-1925

A TRAFFIC PROBLEM

Each evening, between 5 and 7 o'clock, the Ridge avenue motorist who crosses the Kenworthy Bridge and descends the Wissahickon Hill, finds the highway jammed with automobiles which are prevented from proceeding on the various journeys, by trolley cars of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company that use the cross-over switch at the foot of the hill, in order that they may make a quick return to the center of the city.

The Route 61 street cars, due to traffic troubles along lower Ridge avenue, evidently fall behind their scheduled running time, and to make up the lost minutes the crews are instructed to "cut" at Wissahickon, thereby causing long periods of waiting by the Manayunk street car user who happens to need the cars above the switch.

The greatest fault in the proceeding, however, is the uncalled traffic jams at Robeson's Hill, which could be eliminated by moving the cross-over switch a hundred feet farther northwest on Main street, which would at least permit motorists using Ridge avenue, who are by far in the majority, to continue on their way.

Mitten Men and Management, which usually functions so efficiently, should surely be able to do something about the condition at the foot of Wissahickon Hill.

The situation is one of real danger as the traffic streams flowing down Ridge avenue conflict seriously with the traffic bound north on Main street, particularly when the Main street is

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jammed up by standing trolley cars. This condition often becomes so bad that bolted Main street traffic is backed up across Ridge avenue, practically blocking that artery at the foot of Robeson's Hill. This faces south bound Ridge avenue traffic into the north bound lanes and creates an extremely perilous situation all the way to the Wissahickon Drive intersection.

Moving the cut-off switch, say to a point on Main street near the foot of the step to the station tunnel, would admittedly block Main street, but it would not block both highways, and it would not create any such dangerous congestion as now exists.

Ray James 11-22-1925

COURAGE

As one reads the many tales of heroism on the part of various passengers and members of the crew of the ill-fated Vestris, he is apt to wonder how much of the quality of which men call "Courage" he, himself, possesses. What would we, ourselves, do in a like situation?

We once worked for a man who attempted to analyze every problem which confronted him, and it is amazing the amount of knowledge that he obtained by following out his custom. Let's, you and I, analyze this subject of courage.

What is courage?

It is a quality which respects actions; it has respect for feelings. A person who can meet danger, and has the fortitude to endure pain, has courage. It is the power of the mind, which bears up against the evil to come.

The person of courage goes with everyday coolness to the mouth of a cannon, as was exhibited a thousand times over in the world-wide fracas which ended ten years ago. The same courage is faced every day in the year by thousands of women who face the dangers of motherhood, so that the race of men may go on to further and greater heights.

We cannot boast of courage unless we are ready to set aside every present and personal consideration in the conduct we should pursue.

A writer once said, "What can be more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the command of reason and conscience?"

We cannot boast of fortitude when the sense of pain provokes a murmur or a token of impatience.

Bravery differs from courage, in that

It appears to be involuntary, an instinctive movement that does not depend on ourselves. Courage requires conviction, and gathers strength by delay. Bravery is of utility, only in the hour of attack or contest.

Courage is most times the only means of freeing us from danger and the effects of misfortune. Lindbergh displayed his courage when, after starting alone in the night, he courageously kept on flying through the fogs of the Atlantic to gain world-wide and never-ending fame. Byrd is displaying no less fortitude as he sails away to uncharted regions of the South Pole.

To these great qualities we owe many important discoveries and inventions. We cite Peary, Amundsen, Robert Fulton, Count Zeppelin, Edison, Henry Ford and others, whose names and their discoveries are too numerous to mention.

Courage and fortitude enable heroes. The 300 Spartans who defended the Pass of Thermopylae, the gray-clad heroes of Gettysburg, who marched into the face of the Union cannon, the blue-arrayed champions of the North who marched with Sherman through Georgia, the U. S. Marines of Chateau Thierry, and the doughboys, in scores of battles on the poppy fields of France and Belgium, were grander men than before, when their bloody trials were over.

And there is the courage to face the cares and trials of the everyday world, financial, domestic, spiritual, physical.

Man's life is a warfare. Courage can be obtained by the unceasing application to virtue; for this will inspire true courage and fortitude and raise any person, as it were, above himself.

"Let Fortune empty her whole quiver into me;

I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,

Can take in all, and verge enough for more;

Fate was not mine, nor am I fate's;
Souls know no conquerors."

—Dryden.

Rep. Jones Dec 6-1928

"THIS VALE OF TEARS"

"As we go through this vale of tears." This expression is frequently heard, and everytime it reaches our ears we stop to wonder who ever created the phrase. Certainly there is much evil in the world; we often see the good people suffer, and the bad prosper. Still, we are prone to believe that there is more good than evil, in the daily intercourse of men.

We obtain some measure of proof from our feelings and experience. We have many pleasures, the enjoyment af-

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forded by Nature, those of pure friendship, those we experience in contemplating the progress of knowledge, and the noble actions of men and women.

We were all intended to be happy; our senses, as well as our minds, are susceptible to enjoyment; there is more laughing than weeping in the world; and we are attached to life, for even old people do not generally wish to die.

Again: many of our so-called evils are blessings in disguise, and are the cause of much good. Witness: They improve our character by making us more prudent and more moral. Without them some virtues could not exist; for instance, patience, meekness, heroism, charity.

The origin of the expression which heads this article, lies in the defects of man and in his selfishness.

"The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels:

More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;

And conscious virtue mitigates the pang."

YOUNG.

Man's morbid sentiment often inclines him to believe that evil exists where none can be found. Fictitious writings have had a lot to do with this.

The expression attacks our inbred human nature. It plays up pain instead of pleasure. Pain makes the deeper impression on the mind. We therefore, remember evil rather than the good, especially if caused by others. This also causes us to form worse opinions of our opponents than they rightfully deserve. Evil, like the foam on the surface of the water, is easily seen; and most of us believe it to be more extensive than it really is.

Our noblest pleasures are not made public. They spring from the heart and from deep religious feeling; the communings of the soul with God. We do not broadcast our feelings of friendship, especially those of the family circle.

Let us then take heart that this good old world is not "a vale of tears," but is rather a place where man enjoys a foretaste of the bliss that awaits him whose life corresponds to his calling.

"This world is not so bad a world, as some would like to make it; Though whether good, or whether bad, depends on how we take it."

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Rox. Times 12-13-1928

CONGESTION

How often do we local residents complain of the inadequacy of our transportation system? The answer is "not often, but continually." And there are times when we are not fair in our criticisms.

Saturday evening found us snow-bound in Wisshicken, trying to reach the center of Roxborough by means of the hill-climbing trolley car on Ridge avenue. Our patience became exhausted, although it was through no fault of the employees or the equipment of the street car lines.

There were three trolley cars stalled on the northbound track and two headed southward, between Manayunk avenue and Salignac street, by automobiles, the owners of which, despite the day-long snow storm, had failed to provide their cars with tire chains. These machines slipped and skittered all over the highway, their rear wheels spinning around uselessly, because traction was impossible inasmuch as no mechanical means were at hand to grip the road.

The automobilists, themselves, were delayed, and the car riders, too, were compelled to wait, while the trolley-men stood patiently around, unable to proceed.

Squares away along the car line, in both directions, there were doubtless scores of people waiting for street cars, who not knowing the cause of the non-appearance of the cars, either mentally or verbally condemned the street car company.

It is our suggestion that after six hours of a snowstorm has elapsed, motorists who block the highways, due to failure to have chains on his car, should be arrested and fined. We say this because without this necessary equipment, the automobile in a snowstorm, is a menace to every other motorist and pedestrian on the street, for if in event of a sudden application of the brakes, the car immediately leaves the control of the driver, anything is likely to happen and the car is apt to skid in any direction. Six hours should give each car owner sufficient time to place chains on the wheels of his car.

So the next time you complain of trolley service, think of the obstacles that unthoughtful, lazy, or selfish motorists place in the path of the crews who operate the street cars.

Rox. Times 12-20-1928 61

CHRISTMAS WAYS

It is said that the American custom of celebrating the greatest of all festival days, Christmas, are descended from, or are survivals of the old world customs which existed in England, a couple of centuries ago.

Yet, when these latter are examined into, it requires a wide stretch of an unusually elastic imagination to link the ways of the present-day with those of the 17th Century, or even the 18th Century.

It seems probable that the folks of half a dozen generations ago crowded more merriment into the Christmas season than we of this age do, and they went about it with the same pre-arranged system that a commercial prince devotes to some great financial coup, but the run was of a boisterous kind, quite inconsistent with the crowded way of living in the present era.

If one of the old merrymakers could come to life on Christmas Day and celebrate the festival in the way fashion and custom demanded in his time, he would probably find himself in the station house charged with rudely disturbing the peace.

Noise, bluster, feasting, drinking and horseplay were the chief features of the old-time English Christmas. Gift-making existed as it had for many previous centuries, but that was merely an incidental custom, and not nearly so important as the work of the pompous butler, upon whom devolved the responsibility of carrying into the dining room the great bear's head.

The old-time Christmas began a week before the arrival of the day, just as the shoppers of today rush out with more or less fat purses to lure the holiday bargain. But purchasing gifts did not bother the heads or weary the bodies of the old world folks.

The gathering of the holly and mistletoe for the decoration of the house and church was their initial task, and it was performed by the village emmasse, headed by the brave pipers and fiddlers, who filled the forests with the joyful melodies of Christmastide. It was the pagans who first used holly and mistletoe for the observances, and the practice was adopted by the early Christian churches. The Greeks and

Romans also used them in their religious ceremonies, as did the Druids and the Celtic and Gothic nations. So the young maid of today who stands alluringly under a sprig of mistletoe may find satisfaction in knowing that she is following the precedent of centuries.

A mediaeval observance which always followed the gathering of holly and mistletoe was the cutting and hauling home of the Yule log. The favorite Yule log was a cross grained block of elm or the rugged root of a tree of fantastic and grotesque shape.

Formerly the members of the family and guests sat down in turn on the Yule log, the throne of the master of the revels, sang a Yule song and drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. As part of their feast Yule dough, or Yule cakes, were consumed. These bore impressed figures in the shape of

an image. Sometimes they were made in the form of an infant. Nor was the manger overlooked.

Now-a-days, we seem to get more of a thrill out of searching the stores of the community for gifts to give to our relatives and friends. But we'll wager the sentiment doesn't last as long as it did in the old days.

Roy Jones

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1923

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Since the days of William the Conqueror, January 1, has been known as the beginning of the year. William was crowned on that day and whether he honestly deemed the date, which was then in use in Normandy, the most convenient, or whether he wished to thus signalize his victory, the day was then first used and has since been the custom.

The day is set aside for feasting and merriment all over the Christian world. It is said that in Paris over \$300,000 is spent on sweetmeats alone. In Scotland so universal is the custom of giving up the entire season to the duties of the trencher and the cup that the day is known as "Daft Day," a touching allusion to the state to which, after morning has come, the majority of the celebrators are reduced. New Year's Eve is known as Hogmanay, supposed to be derived from the old Saxon hog night, the time for killing hogs for eating and sacrifice.

In the rural districts of England there existed until a very late date a custom which probably came from the

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Greeks, on down through the Romans and the Germans, of eating on this day a species of sacrifice cake known as God cakes -- small triangular buns half of an inch thick and filled with mince meat, while the famous Boxing day, with its attendant custom of "Streppling," are all through the isles the chief event of the rural year.

Americans, in spite of the fact that the day is less distinguished than Christmas Day, owe many of their choicest privileges to events which transpired on New Year's Day. It was on the first of January, 1773, that Washington unfurled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the first Federal flag, the original emblem with the thirteen stars. In 1779, the first Society of Universalists met at Gloucester, Mass., and Major General Benjamin Lincoln, commanding the Continental force in the South, established his first post at Purysbury, on the Savannah River. In 1781 occurred the mutiny at Morristown, N. J., the most formidable movement of its kind in the military annals of the Nation. Some 3000 New Jersey troops of the line, angered by the repeated negligence of Congress, grounded their arms and refused to fight until some further provision could be guaranteed toward their maintenance and pay. It was indeed a crisis in the conflict, as the outcome of this bold move must either intimidate or encourage the entire army, all of whom were suffering from much the same causes as their comrades from Jersey. General Wayne saw at once that it was not for him to personally deal with this question and sent Colonels Stewart and Butler to intercede. These officers conferred with the ringleaders at Princeton, and while the conference was on, General Clinton sent two British officers to coax the mutineers over to the other service. The prompt manner in which the militia handed the interlopers over to Washington had much to do with the speedy compliance of Congress with their just demands. It was a happy turn in a most embarrassing affair.

On New Year's Day, 1815, during the second day of the battle below New Orleans, the British made the most determined of their three assaults and lost the flower of their army. From this day until 1862, from some strange freak of fate, which seems to bunch her important events on certain days, few things of note occurred. But in 1862, the second and most critical year of the Civil War, Congress enacted something which will forever be memorable to many political economists -- the suspension of specie payment until further notice. Just how such a huge machine managed to exist until New Year's Day, 1873, when specie payment was resumed, will be a matter of

endless argument among economists of
the future.

We have no means of foretelling
what momentous thing will happen
next Tuesday -- New Year's Day, 1929
-- but, we're wishing that everyone of
our readers will see the start of a hap-
py and prosperous twelfth month.

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T I P
The Type Louse.

STORIES BY
CORNELIUS LANE WELLS,
SKETCHES BY
A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

~~ROXBOROUGH~~ NEWS
STARTED November 9th 1927

11-9-27

TIP, THE TYPE LOUSE

We take pleasure in presenting Tip, our type louse. Type lice are very rare, and the Roxborough News is quite proud of Tip, who has honored us with his presence for a number of years, and is now almost a member of the staff. Type lice, as the name implies,



are supposed to eat type. This, however, is a disputed point, as no type louse has ever been seen to eat anything. They do not dine in public, being almost as retiring as they are rare.

Tip is an inveterate shopper and bargain hunter, and always is alert for a chance to save a dime. He stopped in Roland Loog's Haberdashery yesterday and says the best buy in the place is a smile—Mr. Loog gave him one for nothing. He also reports that Mr. Loog has some very fine Stetson hats and men's underwear at reasonable prices.

11-16-27

TIP, THE TYPE LOUSE

Type lice usually do not go gunning. They are content to spend day after day in a type case, gnawing on the letters when they need nourishment, and leading a life of slumber, luxury and ease, while the poor printer does all the work. Tip,



however, is different; he heard of a real tough old squirrel "up on the Blocks" and decided that it would make a little change from type metal, and he does relish a little game once in a while, if it isn't too tender.

Tip reports good luck. He got more than Charlie Bogle, who couldn't find anything to shoot at except butterflies. Speaking of Bogle, Tip went down to his shop in East Falls yesterday and, while Charlie wasn't looking, took a bite out of the tread of a new Dayton Cord. Tip broke three teeth and, lispily reported that it was the toughest mouthful he ever tried bar none. He added that Bogle can well afford to allow ten weeks' time in which to pay for tires because those tough babies won't wear out in ten years.

TIP, THE TYPE LOUSE

Tip dropped into Morrison's Pharmacy yesterday. He was on



his way to J. Raymond Turner's furniture store, but he happened to catch a glimpse of Mr. Turner in Morrison's and he likes to chat with Jim, anyway, because he says his line is refreshing.

"Lo, Ray," says Tip, in his usual insubordinate manner.

"Lo, Tip," says Ray, politely, "where are you headed?"

"I was going across to your store," says Tip, "to see if I could find a nice lounge chair. Type cases get rather uncomfortable, after three years."

"You can't go in my place, Tip; not after what you did to Charlie Bogle's tire last week. You might eat all the casters off the beds."

"No, I won't," says Tip, "I'm fasting, to work up an appetite for this fowl next Thursday, and besides, I just finished a large meal. I ate an eleven-room dwelling and four apartments out of Benj. Calverley's 'adv.'"

"Well how are you going to kill that big turkey anyway? He looks pretty large for you to handle."

"Oh, I'll just tell him that joke that George Wright told at the business men's meeting last week and let him laugh himself to death. Laughing is fattening."

"Looks pretty fat now, Tip."

"Yes, I read him the Rusty Rambler column every week, and it's done wonders."

Editor's Note:—If that turkey ever turns his head and sees that "refreshing" crack, he'll never hear George Wright's masterpiece.

11-30-27

TIP, THE TYPE LOUSE

Tip's responsibilities in the Christmas present line, are few, but he believes in doing things early and his



taste for bargains drove him from his bed in the type case and sent him window shopping. His ogling of Pittsburgh polished plate took him

down to Propper's store where his meandering course came to a stop. Tip says he saw so much he couldn't stop looking, and his only regret was that he hasn't more friends to give to. Be that as it may, he asked for a raise as soon as he got back to the office. Motion lost.

Tip says that he is going to add one more name to his Xmas list, that of Bill Propper, whom he is going to present with a package of wooden tooth picks, on which he may impale his cigars, when they get short, so as not to burn his fingers.

Walter Propper, he says, is in charge of the toy department and has reached that stage in which he is beginning to think he really is Santa Claus. Tip says he is going to present him with a set of whiskers.

The above portrait of Tip was taken shortly after his return. He was so absorbed in a monkey on a stick, while at Propper's that he is trying to emulate him.

12-7-27

TIP, THE TYPE LOUSE

Type lice, while they are hard-boiled" enough to dire on lead type, are nevertheless playful little fellows and love toys. Tip went into Harry S. Williams' new toy store at 4334 Manayunk avenue, and spent the entire day there. That is all he did spend, however, for he neglected to start a



Christmas Club last year and now he's broke. He says Harry has some of the most wonderful toys for type lice, good little children and adults with juvenile brains. Tip is no youngster in point of years, but his cranial cavity is necessarily limited and he has never lost that schoolboy complexion.

Tip says he will start a Christmas Club this year, and anyway Harry gave him a lolly-pop.

12-14-27

TIP, THE TYPE LOUSE

"Dave Berland," says Tip, "is a nice sort of a fellow. He fixed my shoes the other day for nothing, and made my feet feel so good that I just had to jump around and play. So I went across the street to the Falls Hardware Store and bought a basketball and joined the East Falls Church Basketball League."



Tip was snapped by our ever-alert staff camera man, Dave Seeger, at St. James Hall, where he is practicing in order to earn a place on any team he can make. Religious belief is a minor matter with Tip, who says he'll join any church that will let him play on its team.

12-21-27

TIP PLAYS SANTA

Tip is an economical little fellow, riddled with vices—it has even been alleged that he smokes cigarettes; — he squeezes a dime until the eagle squeals, but he



has a warm heart and when Tip-Santa Claus. He has been patrolling round he likes to play nizing all three of the local banks with Christmas Club accounts and now he is starting on his annual Christmas rounds playing Santa Claus. All good children in the Twenty-first Ward and in East Falls, who find that on Christmas morning they have more toys than they asked the real Santa to leave for them, may thank Tip. Of course, Old Kriss, himself, may have left more than they expected. Tip has been in touch with the Twenty-first Ward Parents' Association and the Breck School and Home Association, and he knows just what little boys and girls have been good, and he is acting accordingly. "Watch out for me," says Tip, "if you've been good, because I've been running three Christmas club savings accounts and my bag will be full.

"Get your Dad to start a Christmas club fund for you, if you want to know what a real Christmas can be."

12-28-27

MAKE 'EM AND BREAK 'EM

"One half," says Tip, "of the fascination of making New Year's resolutions is



the joy of breaking them, just when we are so starved for indulgence in our pet vices, that the relapse is doubly enjoyable and gives a twang of

novelty to an old habit." We censured Tip for this philosophy, which is, we feel, highly immoral and likely to pervert the youth of the community.

Tip, however, is a resolution addict, and starts making them along about December 1. Among others, he resolved to abstain from bargain hunting. This was easy to keep up to Christmas time, but when Tip saw the copy for Maurice Reiff's Bargain Sale advertisement come into the composing room last Tuesday, he fell. He just muttered something about meeting a friend in upper Roxborough and ran straight over to Reiff's.

When he came back, he said bargain hunting was not a vice, but a habit that he would cultivate—and that when Maurice Reiff said half price he meant half price. Tip then asked for a couple of hours off, beginning Friday, December 30, at 9 A. M.

1-4-28 *

TIP HAS A DIZZY SPELL

Tip, the Type Louse, who is king of all the bugs in the Roxborough



News composing room, ate too much fruit cake during the holidays, and since, and finds it necessary to run occasionally for exercise.

Yesterday he dropped his wrist watch and on his exercise trip ran down to see R. Papiernik, at 4221 Main street, because he needed the time-piece and knew that the Manayunk jeweler is an expert in fixing up sick watches.

After leaving Papiernik's, Tip hurried across the street to Weiss's, at 4254 Main street, and bought himself a fine Stewart radio, so that he can listen into the concerts when time hangs heavy on his hand. Howard Weiss pulled one over on our little bargain-hunter by quoting prices so low on furniture that Tip had a dizzy spell.

Our little old Type Louse says that anyone who needs furniture—and who doesn't?—should make a visit to Weiss's.

The picture shows Tip recuperating and listening in on the Stewart.

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1-11-28

TIP RETIRES EARLY

Our clever little type louse refuses to be inconvenienced, even by an Inconvenience Sale, which is his way of saying he will be there early and avoid the annoyance of the rush. Tip, therefore, retired early last night, as witness the accompanying flashlight, so as to be at Al Forster's shoe store early this morning.



Tip tried to beat the crowd altogether by going today, but Mart O'Donnell said the sale hadn't started yet, and went right on humming. "When Irish Eyes are Smiling."

Tip felt hurt at Mart's conduct, and he doesn't like music anyway, so, in a fit of rage, he tried to take a bite out of one of those fine new chairs with the blue leather seats but "Al" walked in just at that moment and he had to duck.

1-18-28

TIP PLAYS GOLF

Tip, the snappy little type-louse, took it in his head yesterday to take a day off, to play golf, and hied himself up to the Green Valley Country Club. While driving the little pill around the course he ran into Al Skrobaneck, the financial magnet of East Falls.



Al invited Tip to come down to the Manayunk National Bank's branch office to look the plant over and our voracious type chower snapped one of the bars out of Fred Strenger's cage. However, Al gave Tip a lot of good advice before he left the bank, which impelled him to open a bank account. Tip says, "All the wise folks have an account at one of our local banks, and I'm no dumb-bell, so I started one." The moral of this little tale is "Go Thou and Do Likewise."