

Salutation!

Having a firm belief in the future of this northwest section of Philadelphia; a keen desire to aid its residents in securing more and better transportation, larger and finer schools and other institutions, a wider social life and to promote the activities of the territory's civic, business, educational and domestic interests, has impelled us to start the publication of The Suburban Press, with the hope it will prove beneficial to the citizens of Roxborough, Wissahickon, Manayunk, East Falls and West Manayunk.

The publisher, a Roxborough man, Joseph H. Ewing, in 1899, started his newspaper career with the late James Miligan, who as editor of the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser, built up a reputation as one of the most aggressive leaders of the press in the eastern part of the United States. Mr. Ewing spent several years under the tutelage of this able newspaperman before beginning work in a reportorial capacity with the Philadelphia daily papers, at which vocation he has become widely known throughout the length and breadth of the city. He also successfully conducted for many years, as his own enterprise, The Germantown Review, before selling it out to a syndicate. Under the experienced direction of such a publisher the future of our paper looks exceedingly bright.

A. C. Chadwick, a local East Falls resident, who serves as editor, was one of those largely responsible for the reader interest created in the two papers which preceded the Press in this locality.

We shall encourage such things as we consider worth encouraging and condemn anything which in our opinion should be censured, and will not be cajoled or intimidated into any course which we do not of our own free will consider right and proper.

To the merchants, artisans and professional men who have already contributed to our advertising columns, we are sincerely grateful and hope that our methods will warrant a continuance of their favor. To the many well-wishers, who have aided by their interest and a hearty "Good Luck," we express our thanks. With a firm desire to make of our venture what we have mapped out, and that our readers may be even a little enriched by our presence, and with a wish that

we may be the power to correct some present evil or to assist in some unfinished good work, we enter upon the task.

News happenings concerning the development of the district covered by the paper, or the progress of its people will be gratefully received and printed by the publishers of The Suburban Press, 474 Conarroe street, Roxborough. Bell phone. Roxborough 0260.

The Suburban Press

(Charter Applied For)

ESTABLISHED 1929

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

JOSEPH H. EWING

Publisher and Advertising Manager

A. C. CHADWICK, Jr., *Editor* JOHN M. SICKINGER, *Circulation Manager*

Owned by JOSEPH H. EWING, A. C. CHADWICK, JR., HARRY B. HEYWOOD and IRVING HEYWOOD.

Remittances, Drafts, Checks, Post Office Money Orders and Express Orders should be made payable to the order of THE SUBURBAN PRESS, 474 Conarroe Street, Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa. Telephones—Bell: Rox. 0260; Keystone: North 0384.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, \$1.50; 6 Months, 75c; 3 months, 55c.

ADVERTISING RATES will be furnished upon application.

ALL COPY must reach the publishers before 5 P. M. Tuesday of the week of issue.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1929

The News Writer

Little you know, or even think,
Of the work there is in spreading ink,
By the busy wielders of pencil and pen—
Generally known as newspaper men—
"Personals"; Picnics; a hero's life;
"Fillers" and rumors, perpetually rife;
Editorials, jokes and rhyming views,
And wise-crack paragraphs, to amuse
Business men's meetings; a blazing disaster;
Publicity tales for a drug or a plaster.
Now at a show to scribble the news
Of a play or a dance for you to peruse,
Praising the limb in some dancer's pose,
And next the calves in the cattle shows;
Then to a prize-ring, where he writes
Sickening stories of bloody fights;

Off to a banquet hall to dine,
 Or to the church of a famed divine;
 A motor car crash, the wreck of a train,
 Then election returns come to bother his brain.
 Deaths and marriages; murderous rows;
 Birthday parties and so it goes.
 Real estate sales, or a raise in fare;
 And the radio concert to come on the air.
 Pencil in hand, at a boat race course,
 Asking questions, 'till he is hoarse,
 Making his notes of each ball or strike,
 At a baseball game, as the ball bugs like.
 These are a few of the many things
 At which his tireless pencil swings.

A. C. C.

* * * * *

Leverington.

In the majority of cases a change in the old order of things usually marks a sign of progress, but every time we stop to wonder why the designation sign of the street cars on Route 61 were changed from the age-old "Manayunk" to the higher-sounding one bearing the legend "Leverington," we feel that some steps toward advancement are of a backward nature.

"Girard", in his most interesting column in the Philadelphia Inquirer of December 29th, in relating the tale of the changing of the name of a New York town, said the following concerning our own immediate neighborhood, "They used to think Manayunk was so funny that stage jokers tried to capitalize it. But any resident of that part of Philadelphia who tried to change it to 'Schuylkill Hills', or 'Rocky Terrace', or 'Slippery Walk' would merit the doom quickly meted out to him.

"Manayunk is just as good Indian as Allegheny or Mohawk, and there has been in recent years quite a cult for aboriginal names."

A stranger in the center of the city wishing to reach Manayunk would certainly have a fine time identifying "Leverington" with Philadelphia's noted mill town. And the same would be true of thousands of residents of this old Quaker City, themselves.

Manayunk is a shorter name for the sign painter to work

in and immediately tells the uninitiated where they are going, while "Leverington" does not tell anyone who isn't acquainted with the territory, whether that street lies at the beginning, in the heart, or at the extreme end of the town.

* * * * *

Telling The People

Newspaper advertising reaches more people in a shorter time and at less expense than in any other possible way. Without advertising a retail merchant can only sell goods to such persons as pass his store, or who have been attracted by the favorable comments of the few who already trade with him. With advertising he can talk at any time to thousands, instead of a few, and adapt his messages to certain prevailing market conditions. In many cases the cost does not exceed one cent per person.

Again, advertising promotes good will and better business relations. No corporation or firm can be permanently successful unless it has the confidence of its customers. Good will is one of the most valuable assets. It can be built up by intelligent advertising. Advertising is responsible for the better relations now existing between the public and big corporations.

Today advertising is more than 90% believable. It has been purged of much of its extravagance, boastfulness and insincerity. The tendency is to straight-forwardness and simplicity of statement. Misrepresentation is never deliberately used by reputable merchants, whereas it was once common practice.

Choose your advertising medium according to the interest shown in it by the readers of the publication. Only in this way can you reach the most people at the least cost and in the shortest time.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1929

My Valentine

A pair of eyes which ever gaze into the heavens blue,
 In which your fondest hope betrays, a love for me that's true,
 A pair of trembling lips, which oft have timidly met mine,
 Have whispered to me, low and soft, that you're my valentine.

One heart is quite enough for me, to cherish and adore,
 One face is all I want to see, and welcome evermore,
 Love's flowers, always fair and gay, which in your hands
 entwine,

Will form a wreath for me today, for you're my valentine.

A. C. C.

GO TO CHURCH

Next Sunday has been designated throughout Philadelphia County as "Go To Church Sunday."

While holding no biased view of spiritual activities, we express the hope that all persons of all creeds will take advantage of this opportunity of renewing their faith in the particular denomination to which they belong.

We are acquainted with no one—and that applies to a vast host of friends of various faiths—who has not been enriched by attending his church.

We have been taught to believe that a Supreme Being knows all that man thinks, wishes and does, and all that will happen to him. Man, very often sees in a most striking manner the merit or demerit of his fellow man, and when attending religious services, becomes acquainted with his innermost moral state, his own defects and virtues, and consciously senses all that passes within his own soul; each action, word or thought.

Religious precepts have elevated the dignity of human nature and promoted the happiness of mankind. The same teaching inspires mankind with mild, benevolent and peaceful dispositions.

Was it Paley, who said, "Whilst politicians are disputing about monarchies, aristocracies and republics, spiritual life is alike applicable, useful and friendly to them all?"

Let us change our habits for better ones and—GO TO CHURCH—next Sunday.

Making Money Last

According to reports which emanate from the Govern-

ment's Bureau of Standards in Washington, we are led to believe that the proposed new paper money will last 40 per cent. longer than heretofore in use.

It was recently discovered that dollar bills, which used to wear twenty months, would only last six months. So a new kind of paper has been developed which will wear longer.

Old Dollar Bill has to work so hard in these popping times, a'trying to buy things, that he gets out of breath in a short time. Unfortunately the fact that money last longer does not prove that it will stay longer in anyone's pocket.

Money circulates so fast in these days that it is not surprising that the bills wear out fast. Our worry is not so much about our "long green" wearing out, as it is about it "lasting out." The best and surest way to make a little last longer is to deposit a part of each week's earnings in a reliable bank, of which there are three in our district.

* * * * *

That Airport.

The rumored recommendation of a site for the Philadelphia Airport, consisting of 450 acres north of the League Island Navy Yard, comes as a surprise to citizens who have watched the official manoeuvring of the past few weeks.

It is our opinion that the site is a bad one, for as in the case of the Sesqui-Centennial, all traffic to the ground named will have to go up and down the narrow streets of South Philadelphia. No entrance for vehicular traffic will be possible from the east or south, on account of the rivers, and very little can reach the site from the west without some travel on South Philadelphia streets. This leaves nothing but the "bottle-neck" entrance from the north.

A few weeks ago, we, with several other local residents, attended a meeting of the United Business Men's Association at the Walton Hotel. When the airport subject was discussed, George E. Dorwart, of the 21st Ward Board of Trade, arose to point out the availability of several sites in Upper Roxborough, from which mail or other freight could be transported from airplanes to the center of the city within a few minutes running time.

Traffic could go and come to the field from any direction of the compass thereby eliminating congestion which is sure to result as the business of shipping by plane increases.

Mr. Derwart called the attention of those who were at the meeting to the absence of fog on the heights of Roxborough, an elemental fact which must be considered when

schedules and safety of the flyer are thought of.

It seems to us that every citizen of this section of the city should talk, eat, sleep and dream "airport," like the dwellers in other districts are doing, so that we, at least, might have a survey made for a landing field for airplanes. It will benefit the resident of Manayunk, Wissahickon and East Falls as well as he who dwells in Roxborough.

Comments on First Edition of New Paper

Prominent Men of Community Send Letters of Commendation to Suburban Press Publishers

Letters of encouragement and approval upon the first issue of the SUBURBAN PRESS, for which we are deeply grateful, and which speak for themselves were received from the following men and organizations:

John J. Courtney

Publisher "The Suburban Press"
Dear Sir,

Congratulations upon the very readable and presentable appearance of the first issue of your eight-page publication, "The Suburban Press."

The very generous manner in which the live business men of Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, East Falls and West Manayunk, have had their advertisements appear in "The Suburban Press," is indicative of the fact that they know a good thing when they see it, appreciating its great worth and pulling power among thousands of readers, which is reasonable to expect, will continue.

The field you contemplate covering with "The Suburban Press," is very extensive, and I feel confident with your training and long experience in the journalistic field, and also of your well-known, able and ex-

perienced co-worker, A. C. Chadwick, Jr., as editor, you will make the "Suburban Press," a much-welcomed weekly newspaper in your growing community.

Truly Yours,
JOHN J. COURTNEY
5537 Chew street.

Editor's note—Mr. Courtney is widely known in Germantown as the Newspaper Dean, has been writing for the Philadelphia Record for 40 years, is president of The Don't Worry Club of Germantown, and Editor of the popular department in The Germantown Telegraph of "Who's Who Among the Prominent Business and Professional Men and Women of Germantown and Vicinity."

George E. Dorwart

February 9th 1929

To The Suburban Press,

Congratulations on your first issue of The Suburban Press! A real, live newspaper, such as that which you put on as your first effort, is a community necessity, and it is with great pleasure that I send my best wishes for your success along.

If there is any way in which I may be of service to you don't hesitate to call on me.

Yours very truly
GEORGE E. DORWART,
President,
21st and Board of Trade

American Legion

Thomas F. Emery Post 229
The Suburban Press
Gentlemen:

We are in receipt of the first issue of Suburban News, and congratulate you upon the production of such a wonderful sheet, and trust that your endeavors will be rewarded by

the patronage of the entire community.

Yours for Success
Thomas F. Emery Post No. 229
Comander
FRANCIS J. WHITEHEAD

James Foster Wilcox
February 8th, 1929.

To the Suburban Press,
Gentlemen:—

I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the **SUBURBAN PRESS** in this morning's mail and I am led to congratulate you on its fine appearance. You have a right to be proud of it typographically. The subject matter is informing, and your "Salutation" is timely. Few people duly appreciate the contribution a good newspaper makes to the life of a community. The dissemination of local news promotes a neighborly spirit, creates interest in local institutions and emphasizes the interdependence of our citizenry. No community can prosper without the cooperation of its people, and a good newspaper can do much in creating this unity of thought and action. I trust that you may continually merit prosperity and win it.

Sincerely yours,
J. Foster Wilcox.

Roxborough Baptist Church,
Hidge and Lyceum Aves.
Roxborough.

Manayunk Trust Company
February 7th, 1929.

To the Suburban Press:

Accept my hearty congratulations on issue Number 1 of the Suburban Press, looks like a real newspaper for the beginning.

Hope you keep up the good work.

My best wishes for a real success.

Yours respectfully,
Charles A. Jordan,
Secretary.

The P. M. Allen Advertising Service
February 8th, 1929.

To The Suburban Press
Gentlemen:

Permit us to congratulate you, both personally and professionally, upon your new publication "The Suburban Press." It is not only well printed and with an exceptionally clean make-up

and well selected type, but its news is presented tersely, and in a metropolitan manner. It is good reading, and should become a powerful influence in the community.

As an advertising medium, too, it should prove influential, and an excellent business builder to those financial and business houses in the territory that have the courage to go after business.

You have selected a splendid location, Roxborough. Wissahickon and Manayunk are up-and-coming, with thousands of comfortable homes, and progressive merchants keeping pace with their requirements.

Judging purely by the appearance of your first edition and the reputation of Messrs. Ewing and Chadwick, I should say that your paper's future is assured, and that the reading public will welcome it with open arms.

Yours very truly,
P. M. Allen, President,
5555 Germantown ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wm. C. Rowan

February 7th, 1929.

To the Suburban Press.

Dear Sirs:

As a resident of the Twenty-first Ward, I want to congratulate you on the initial issue of your publication, which was delivered at my home to-day.

Everything about it indicates that it emerged from the press with a touch of journalism finesse, and am confident, with a continuation of capable attention and management, that its success is assured, for it has, in my opinion, an opportunity to be serviceable to the citizens and business interests of the northwestern section of our city and contiguous territory.

It has been my proud honor, I may add, to have enjoyed the cordial friendship of your designated Publisher for nearly a quarter of a century—a friendship founded through mutual affiliation with one of Philadelphia's leading newspapers,—and out of personal recognition for him, and as a modest manifestation of my individual support in your endeavor, I am pleased to forward remittance for a year's subscription.

Very respectfully,
Wm. C. Rowan,
122 Rochelle Ave.,
Wissahickon.

J. Ellwood Barrett
February 9th, 1929.
Editor—Suburban Press.

The first issue of THE SUB-URBAN PRESS is newsy and interesting, and in my opinion more than adequately fills the place left vacant by its predecessors.

I liked especially an item in your Editorial Salutation: "We shall encourage such things as we consider worth encouraging, and condemn anything which in our opinion should be censured, and will not be cajoled or intimidated into any course which we do not of our own free will consider right and proper." That is true Editorial Courage. More power to you!

I hope for you and for Mr. Ewing and those associated with you real business success in your venture, and for the SUBURBAN PRESS—a long and useful life in the Community. I sincerely congratulate you for your efforts to bring to the people of the old Home Town, a real live news instru-

ment that will reflect credit not only on its Editorial Staff, but also upon the Community that has accepted it, and has made it possible.

Very sincerely yours,
J. Ellwood Barrett,
Liberty Trust Building.

Magistrate Court No. 28

February 8th, 1929.

To the Suburban Press.

I want to congratulate you and the members of the Staff for your progressive paper, the "SUBURBAN PRESS."

I enjoyed reading the many features covered and feel it will meet a demand in this section for a wide-awake, clean, forward newspaper.

I wish you every success in your new venture and will look forward each week for the coming of the "Suburban Press."

Sincerely yours,
Harry J. Conway,
Clerk to Magis. J. J. Campbell,
4352 Main Street,
Manayunk.

Suburban Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1929.

The Old Ridge Road

In by-gone times, when Indians sought a route of ease to wend

Their way into the Schuylkill's vale, they managed to descend
A lane which trailed the valley's ridge, before it reached the floor,

Close to the river's marshy banks, where vital waters pour.

Then white men came to rule the land; they built their homes
and mills,

Beside the swift stream's fern-rimmed sides, and on the tree-
clad hills.

The track, which redmen once had trod, was widened, graded,
paved,

And as "The Ridge", the Indian path, through ages has been
saved.

The stage, which Crawford, in his time, drove o'er its rounded
stones,

Made way for horsecars, slow, but sure, despite their clat-
tring groans;

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Now, street and motor cars pass by, to varied destinations,
The homes and stores of old Ridge Road, that's served
through generations.

A. C. C.

George Washington

It is customary to think of George Washington, whose birthday will be celebrated tomorrow, as a soldier and a statesman. He was also a man of business, successful farmer, builder of transportation lines, engineer, pioneer and promoter.

He was a man of broad commercial vision and rare business ability. He spent one-fourth of his life in public service and yet left behind him a record of business achievement and a fortune which entitles him to be called the United States' first millionaire.

He started life with but a few cents of his own. When he died, the land and other investments that he directed to be sold, were worth, by his own conservative estimate in his will, \$530,000, and this did not include some of the most valuable portions of his estate.

To many of us Washington is a mythical figure, hidden behind fables like the self-righteous little boy and the hypothetical cherry tree. As a matter of fact he was a very different sort of person. He was a man who would have been at ease in a group of modern big business men around a directors' table. And he enjoyed fox-hunting and dancing, as the modern man enjoys golf.

In his ideals, his sense for giving value as well as getting it, his insistence on exact statistics, his zeal for big constructive understandings, for striking into virgin fields, seizing opportunities, opening avenues to development, his instinctive swing up of the possibilities of profit in a deal—in all these matters and others like them his attitude was strikingly similar to that of the best modern business.

He did not definitely formulate any rules for money-making, but he followed certain basic principles throughout his career.

So when your thoughts stray to "The Father of His Country" don't let them dwell too long on the cherry tree incident or some other fantastic tale, but let logic exert its force and make him a man of action and common sense befitting a character who exhibited the leadership that George Washington possessed.

Our Part of The City

We are in receipt of a well printed pamphlet entitled "Greater Philadelphia," which contains two addresses made by Mayor Harry A. Mackey, the second of which contains a paragraph which bears directly on the territory which is covered by The Suburban Press.

Mr. Mackey says. "For several weeks I have been conferring with the Councilmen of the eight districts of the city, with a view of obtaining from them the wishes of their constituents relative to municipal improvements. The reports have been placed before me, and tonight—January 15th, 1929—I will briefly outline some of the suggestions which have been made by the members of the legislative branch of the city government.

"To procure this very valuable information, the members of each of the districts conferred with me and, at my suggestion, prepared a report upon which they all agreed. I will refer only to the major recommendations."

And we call our readers' attention to the suggestions concerning our own district, which is represented by Councilmen Howard Smith, William Roper and Clarence E. Blackburn, which were as follows:

"The construction of the Chestnut Hill-Bryn Mawr bypass within the city limits, from a point on the Schuylkill River south of Montgomery County line to the intersection at Graver's lane and St. Martin's lane, requiring the construction of two bridges over the Schuylkill river and over Wissahickon Creek.

"The extension of Henry avenue through Upper Roxborough, requiring the construction of bridges over Gorgas lane, Green lane and Wissahickon Creek.

"The opening and improving of Ridge avenue to its full width, as on the confirmed city plan, from Leverington avenue to the Montgomery County line, and a revision of the transportation system of this street.

"The extension and development of the Park system in the vicinity of Henry avenue and Walnut lane; Henry avenue and Wise's Mill road; north of Port Royal avenue from Umbria street to Eva street; both sides of Chestnut Hill-Bryn Mawr bypass from Umbria street to Hagy's Mill Road, and tracks along the east approach to Green lane over the Schuylkill river, between the canal and the river."

We are hoping to see all of this work completed, and willing to work to the best of our ability as a publicity agent, to aid the Mayor and his confreres in having these things accomplished, for when the time comes that they are completed, just watch this "ripe and ready" northwest section of the old Quaker City come into its own. Let's go!

Comments Continue to Come in From Readers

Leaders in Community Thought and Progress Express Approval of New Newspaper

We are still receiving congratulatory letters upon the issuance of "The Suburban Press" and hope that we will be able to live up to all the good things said of us.

This week's letters follow:

Rev. John S. Tomlinson
THE SUBURBAN PRESS,

I wish to express my appreciation of your publication—"THE SUBURBAN PRESS."

A newspaper has a certain group to serve and a certain mission to perform. A city-wide sheet cannot serve in just the same way as a local publication. Each locality needs a newspaper that aims to cover its community life unpartially to build it together more compactly and to rally the various forces for civic righteousness and community advancement.

As I read your paper, "THE SUBURBAN PRESS," covering so many phases of the life of Northwest Philadelphia, in such a clear and progressive manner, I discern that your paper is built on high ideals. I want to congratulate you on your production and wish you great success in your undertaking.

John S. Tomlinson, Pastor
FALLS M. E. CHURCH

George J. Campbell

February 13, 1929.

Editor, Suburban Press,

Received your first copy of Suburban Press and you can count me in as one of your subscribers, and also with my best wishes for a rousing success in your new undertaking.

Very truly yours,

George J. Campbell,
President: United Business Men's Ass'n. of Phila.

Rev. Charles Jarvis Harriman

February 16, 1929

Dear Mr. Chadwick:

Congratulations on the new paper. It is a thoroughly creditable production, and should be a success from the start. We need such a voice for the community and business interests of the city, and it is a great advantage that the new publication bears names that are a guarantee to all who know them. Assuring you of any cooperation in my power, and enclosing check for a year's subscription, I am,

Faithfully yours,

Charles Jarvis Harriman,
Church of St. James the Less
33rd and Clearfield Streets.

Charles Brumm Helms

February 13, 1929.

Publisher Suburban Press,

Dear Sir:

I have noted with pleasure the first issue of the Suburban Press and desire to compliment you on its makeup. With your experience in newspaper work you should be able to give the Community a very desirable paper.

Wishing you success, I am,

Very truly yours,

C. B. Helms,
State Sec. P. O. S. of A.
1317-19 North Broad St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Stanley H. Bussinger

February 18, 1929.

To the Suburban Press:
Gentlemen:

We have perused the first two issues of your interesting paper and, as printers, extend our congratulations to you on the typographical makeup, the quality of the paper and general newswiness.

We feel elated that we are associated together under the same roof, which gives to the community an all-round printing establishment which can handle anything from a label

to a newspaper.

With best wishes for your continued success, we are,

Yours very truly,
The Roxborough Press,
Stanley H. Bussinger.

John F. McClaren

February 13, 1929.

Publisher Suburban Press,

This is the first time I have had the pleasure of looking at a copy of the Suburban Press. It is a rather attractively made up sheet. I am glad to see that you have a stranglehold on it, by being both the Publisher and the Advertising Manager.

It looks like a real newspaper with a large circulation. I am quite sure that under your management, it will forge ahead.

With best personal regards,

Yours, very truly,

John F. McClaren,
Executive Secretary,
Philadelphia Real Estate Board.

A. F. Skrobaneck

February 13, 1929.

Editor, Suburban Press,

It was with a great deal of mingled surprise and pleasure that I received the first edition of the Suburban Press, and I wish to congratulate you as Editor, and Mr. Ewing as President, in placing before the public this splendid paper.

I have heard many favorable comments relative to the new paper, and feel sure that the people in this section must appreciate its value to the community.

With best wishes for the success of the new enterprise, I remain,

Very truly yours,
A. F. Skrobaneck,
Assistant Cashier.

Manayunk-Quaker City Nat. Bk.

Especially pleasing are items which appeared in contemporary newspapers.

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The Manayunk Review

February 13th, 1929.

Starting last week a new weekly paper published under the name of The Suburban Press was distributed on Thursday.

The paper is conducted by Joseph H. Ewing, and A. C. Chadwick, Jr., and looked quite attractive and presented its readers with many new news features.

The Germantown Telegraph

February 15th, 1929.

The first issue of the "Suburban Press," a new paper, made its appearance in Roxborough last Thursday, and was a distinct credit to its editor, A. C. Chadwick, a writer of note and Joseph H. Ewing, its publicity director, long affiliated with newspaper work in this city. It is a bright newsy sheet and its promoters are to be congratulated on the typographical makeup of the initial number, which is a credit to suburban journalism.

The editor is also in receipt of a copy of the Northeast News, Edward J. Doyle, Publisher, in which the following article appears.

Good Luck Chadwick

We are in receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Suburban Press, of which A. C. Chadwick, Jr., is editor, and Joseph H. Ewing, president. The sheet should meet with a hearty reception in Roxborough and other points it covers, as it is brimful of newsy happenings and carries a large quota of advertising. Let us repeat the caption appearing on this brief article: Good luck, Chadwick!

Winter's Sights

Upon the Wissahickon heights, it's good to gaze on Winter's sights,
 For he who climbs the hills shall find, an exaltation o'er man-kind
 Which causes him to view with scorn, the comfort of his fellows, borne
 In motor cars, which speed on roads where once were sleighs with merry loads.

Beneath him, pale-clad rocks arise to send their glitter to the skies;
 The peaks are carpeted with snow, which catches all the warm sun's glow,
 And makes a million diamonds gleam from fleecy banks, an artist's dream,
 Which in his fancy he would place on canvas, for some future race.

The stream has gone, a glassy floor holds snowflakes from the water's roar,
 To form a lane of purest white; for Nature has subdued it's might;
 And half-robed trees, upon the hills, add to a dreamer's keenest thrills.
 Oh! On the Wissahickon heights, it's good to gaze on Winter's sights.

A. C. C.

Boathouse Fires

Owners of bungalows in the Shawmont district have doubtless learned a lesson from the disastrous fire, which last week consumed the Devon Club and at the same time threatened other buildings in the neighborhood.

The lack of water, despite the proximity of the Schuylkill should impel the property owners to construct a crib, for a dock, level with River Road, extending into the stream far enough for the firefighters to utilize their suction apparatus.

This provision would permit a pumper to get closer to the water so that the blaze might be readily extinguished. A stitch in time saves nine.

A New School For East Falls

East Falls needs a new public school to replace the present antiquated structures which constitute the Samuel Breck School.

The Breck Home and School Association, and the East Falls Business Men's Association have both placed the matter up to the Board of Education, and Councilman Clarence E. Blackburn has also lent the weight of his influence in efforts to have the old building abandoned for a school provided with proper light, heat and ventilation, an auditorium, cooking and shop-practice facilities, suitable arrangements for physical as well as mental development, and constructed along lines which lessen hazards of fires or other disasters.

All of these things are considered by the board which governs Philadelphia's school system, when buildings are provided for other communities, and in fairness to them, they have stated their intention to build a modern school in East Falls as soon as it is possible.

The structure should be located as nearly central as possible for all of the pupils, both present and future, and inasmuch as the geographical lines of the territory involved present a problem, care will have to be exercised as to the site selected.

Fairmount Park blocks the building of any future homes west of the Schuylkill river, as do the cemeteries to the south of East Falls. Wissahickon avenue is the eastern boundary, and School House lane the northern line.

Most of the children of grammar school age who live in the Queen Lane Manor section, east of Henry avenue, attend private schools, although this condition may not always exist, but to place the school farther east than Conrad street will certainly work a hardship on pupils dwelling at distant points north or south on Ridge avenue, and other places at the foot of the hill.

It is to be hoped that the selfishness of landowners will not enter into the placing of a new school in East Falls, and that the Board of Education will show its usual good judgment when a site is selected.

Saving Steps

A brief survey of the advertising columns of the Suburban Press will save the shopper many weary steps.

It is easier to permit your eyes to run through these adver-

tisements than it is to force your feet to carry you to places you know nothing of.

In these columns news of all the stores, specialty shops, shoe stores and other retail establishments is presented clearly and concisely.

Most important of all, women have learned that they can save time and money and avoid futile search for what they desire to purchase by carefully reading the ad-columns in the local newspaper.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1929.

The Weakening

I do not dread the daily toil, for labor must be mine,
 It's when my heart grows weary with Life's cares, that I
 repine.
 I do not cry o'er hardships, for I'm set to stand their blows,
 It's when my soul's assailed by fears, that comes my deep-
 est woes.
 I'll overcome all weaknesses, but when my spirit faints,
 My lifelong hopes and sturdy faith are numbed by my
 complaints.

A. C. C.

The Kenworthy Bridge.

The municipal authorities are, we understand, about to make some changes to the Kenworthy Bridge; which eliminated Wissahickon's age-old grade crossing; in order to prevent motorists from driving through the fragile iron fence which adorns the edge of that structure.

It has been suggested to place a fourteen ^{inch} ~~foot~~ iron girder along the east curb line, so that automobiles, which are out of control, cannot possibly mount the sidewalk and crash through the fence for a plunge to the depths below.

A red light has already been placed on one of the electric light poles on the bridge to warn drivers of the danger which exists there.

We feel that a broad, white traffic-lane line should be painted on the roadway of both approaches and the bridge itself, for several times, we have observed that it is the cars coming up the hill, attempting to pass slower moving vehicles, that create situations which force descending cars to the danger point of the curve, and feel that these drivers who break the safety code should be arrested and fined.

According to reports it is also planned to erect a heavy screen on the cantilever of the bridge, outside the fence, to

prevent children from climbing the rails and falling over into Cresson street.

The hazards at the Kenworthy Bridge, which was a long-needed improvement, will not be disposed of until all of these steps have been taken.

That Income Tax

Tom Daly, in his "Morning Cup" in the Philadelphia Record, yesterday morning said:

"Every time we lay our chin in our left palm—with the index and middle finger extending upward along our jaw toward our high brow—and try to think of something worth writing, we get nothing but the disturbing thought that we haven't made out our income tax statement."

We wish Tom had been with us on Tuesday evening when Joseph A. Wilson, assistant chief clerk of the local Internal Revenue headquarters, addressed a gathering of business men at Ridge and Midvale avenues. If the Record's noted columnist had been there, he would not have been inwardly troubled about the annual Federal Tax.

Mr. Wilson's talk was given in the everyday terms, which were readily understood by those who heard him, and illustrated with little humorous accounts of happenings in the Internal Revenue office, which eliminated all the usual "dryness" from such a subject.

It is a genuine human touch on the part of the Philadelphia Federal tax collecting heads to have such men as Mr. Wilson, going about and answering the perplexing questions which arise in the ordinary person's mind concerning the Income Tax.

Youthful Marriages

Quite frequently one reads or hears of young people not yet out of school or college who have "gone and got married" in opposition to the wishes of their parents, and sometimes without informing their parents of what they were doing.

In some cases, of course, parents may feel that it is right that young people should marry at such an early age. But the teachers of colleges and schools would say that save under exceptional cases, students should wait until they finished their education before getting married. It takes about all a student's time and thought to attend to the scholastic work. If he or she has to devote attention at the same time to cares and interests of married life, the education is apt to suffer.

Young people who go off and get married without notifying their parents, do something they are likely to regret. It proves a hard blow to many parents. They feel that after

they have devoted their best years to bringing up these children, making incalculable sacrifices for their benefit, they have a right to be consulted before their children, at least while they are under age, do anything so vitally important as getting married.

Boys and girls of that age do not commonly know their own minds. They are subject to sudden fancies of "calf love," which are not based on seasoned judgment, but on transient feelings. If they get married so early, they are apt to regret the hastily act within a short time.

Many social workers favor the idea of fairly early marriages, but as a usual thing a mistake is made when young people marry before finishing their school work. Of course, if the family is wealthy, so the question of supporting a wife does not enter in, the situation may be different, but anyway young people who are not of age should have considerable enough for their parents to seek their advice.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1929.

We Cannot Die!

We cannot die, for our deeds remain
To crown with glory, or blot with stain,
And through the sequence of years to come,
Our lives shall speak though our lips are dumb.

For if love can banish a scalding tear
And lifelong service avails to clear
A single veil from before the true,
Then love and labor have won their due.

What though we mourn, if we ease a pain;
What if we shrink, so the truth is plain;
For a little spark from a high desire
May kindle another and ignite a fire.

Labor is earthly and shall fade away,
But love lives on forever, and aye,
And naught is wasted in Heaven or earth
For nothing dies which has once had birth.

A. C. C.

All Work and No Play:—

We cannot resist the desire to place in type a few thoughts we have concerning the good feeling which permeates through a community, by the staging of social affairs such as the Ninth Annual Banquet, which was held last week

by the Roxborough Business Men's Association, at the Green Valley Country Club.

This particular annual occurrence has developed into one of the most noteworthy social happenings of the year, and gives to the merchants, artisans and professional men of the neighborhood, and their wives, families and friends, an opportunity of assembling to become better acquainted and to revive old associations.

The Roxborough Business Men's Association's dinner and dance is consistently arranged to give pleasure to the young and old of both sexes, and the consciousness of good-fellowship, which prevails, provides an environment which redounds to the benefit of everyone in the community.

The mixing of good food and a little frivolity, in the stern business of earning a livelihood, is good for the soul, and the persons who recognize this fact are those who get the most out of life.

* * * * *

Will Blood Tell?

We recently heard one of the leading religious teachers in this section say that children are but "chips off the old block." The point he was trying to bring out was that our children are nothing more, nor less, than we parents can expect them to be unless we set the youngsters a good example. And in this we agree with the minister. But not so far as his statement that "blood will tell."

In numberless cases, as the clergyman admitted, one child of a large family, all of whom have been home-trained exactly alike, will bring sorrow to the hearts of its parents.

But we know of at least a dozen instances in which a person, born of parents of mediocre character and intelligence and who gave no care to their child's up-bringing, who "pulled himself up by his own bootstraps," as it were, to a position of respect and prominence in his own and other communities.

Physical weaknesses, or strength, may be inborn. At least it seems logical to suppose so. But proper moral conduct, in our opinion, is not instinctive. We feel that it is entirely a matter of education, training and environment.

Dr. James Struthers Heberling, professor of child helping, of the William T. Carter Foundation, at the University of Pennsylvania, states that "when a child is born, he is neither good nor bad. He is but a human organism motivated by a mind which is imitative in character, and will take on the characteristics of the persons with whom he is associated."

We agree with our local clergyman when he says that our offspring are "chips off the old block," but think that the

statement, "blood will tell," places a bar before a lowly born child, which if he be ambitious and sometimes discouraged, might influence him into an attitude of "What's the use?" So we disagree with our religious teacher on this point.

* * * * *

The Merchant's Problem

The problem of any business is how to reach the people who want and can use and have money to pay for the goods provided by that business. If the goods are all right, there are always plenty of people who would like the goods and could afford to buy them, but many business concerns do not succeed in getting in touch with these possible buyers, or enough of them to make the business pay. The mass of the buying public might as well be in China, for all the good they do those concerns.

A retail store, therefore, needs some method of making contact with these possible buyers. A good looking store window is one such way. But only a small portion of the goods shown in that store can be displayed in the store window. And the majority of the people who pass the place never look into the window, and only a small portion of the population of a town will be likely to pass the window at all.

Some more intimate means of contact is needed. Newspaper advertising furnishes that point of contact. Every one reads the home newspaper. If a concern advertises consistently, people are bound to see and read those advertisements.

Some Day!

I try to phrase a little song
 To Hope, who urges us along
 Life's thorofare, when pain
 Assails us; to say "Rise Again!"

Faint heart awaits a tempter's chance,
 To tumble Hope from off his stance,
 With queries of some dreams denied,
 When troubles in our hearts abide.

But Hope still stands, our tears to dry,
 And "Some Day!" is our fervent cry,
 Which makes the terrors of the night
 Fade out, to leave our visions bright.

A. C. C.

Why Some Fail

On the sporting page of the Evening Bulletin, last Thursday, appeared a carton entitled "Believe it or Not," which contained a merchandising problem concerning three youths who had apples to sell. Our reason for mentioning it is that the basis of the enigma is one that affects every merchant.

Time after time, we have observed individuals and groups entering the commercial field, succeeding where others who went before them failed. And we have often wondered—why? The Bulletin's little cartoon went far to explain the situation.

The problem was this: Three boys had apples to sell. One had 35; the second had 50; and the third possessed 15. They sold their fruit at the same rate—AND EACH RECEIVED THE SAME AMOUNT OF MONEY!

There was no increase in the price of the article to the consumer, but the fellow with the least stock—contrary to expectation—in realty was the most successful. For the simple reason that with the smallest amount of assets he accomplished as much as his competitors. And therein lies the moral of our tale.

In giving the solution to the sales procedure we pass along some food for thought to our local merchants.

The boys sold their stock at the rate of one cent a dozen, in even dozens, and each received three cents for each apple

over the even dozen. Thus each, after his sales, found himself with ten cents.

There is an old saying, that "nothing is impossible," and the person who studies his line thoroughly, and works at it diligently, can usually make a success where some one, who preceded him, through lack of thought has failed.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

In Spring the Sheikian Fancies —

Would-be John Gilberts, with sedanic love-nests, from all sections of Philadelphia, have evidently "spotted" Ridge avenue as a Lover's lane, where a temporary sweetheart may be acquired by a simple honk of the horn.

With the first few warm days of Spring, they have again arrived to annoy the daughters, sisters, wives and mothers of Roxborough as they pass along the street.

None of the feminine pedestrians are free from molestation and it's about time the local guardians of the law made another raid on these "pesky" street Arabs.

Manayunk Stations

With all the changes being made to the railroads in this vicinity it is odd that no one has arisen to suggest that the Pennsylvania Railroad station be made more accessible to Main street.

The stranger, arriving by way of this road who desires to reach the business section of the community, has to traverse a maze of small back streets before he is actually in Manayunk.

It doesn't seem as though it would be the hardest thing in the world to do, to make some arrangement whereby both railroad stations could be connected for a junction point, and at the same time give egress to the town for which the stations are named.

Carpet Philosophy

As many men look back at their youthful experience, they recall how at this time of year they were called upon to take our the tacks from the carpets that were tightly fastened to the floor, remove the same to the back yard, beat them vigorously, and then bring them in and tack them down. The women folks said this exercise was necessary for sani-

tary reasons, but it led many men with lame backs to dislike housecleaning time.

Many women may still believe that there are reasons in favor of a tacked down carpet, but at the least the common custom of loose floor coverings saves back laming labor. However such household tasks made men and boys very practical about the house, and able to do things with their own hands, where the modern man may have to send an S. O. S. call for a carpenter if a few nails have to be driven.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1929

Easter Resolutions

We greet this newest Easter with a finer, fairer creed,

And we're going to cease complaining of our neighbors' ruthless greed;

We will banish all repining, when our duty's call is clear,

And we'll waste no time in whining, for our hearts shall know no fear;

For as we look about us, we see things that merit praise,

In our search for hidden beauties, which eludes the selfish gaze.

We will try to walk contented, in the lanes which we must tread,

Though our good deeds be resented; when we strive to forge ahead.

We will not be swayed by envy, if a rival's strength is shown,

We'll accord him all his glory, as we try to earn our own.

For who are we, compared to Him, that we should sigh

and mourn,

When He felt upon his fevered brow, each individual thorn;

A humble mien concealed His heart; cast in a hero's mold;
And we stop to ponder on it, when the Easter story's told;
For our souls were made immortal, at a dreadful Cross-
borne price
So we'd gain the Heavenly portal, through a Saviour's
sacrifice.

A. C. C.

Out of The Fog

Frankly, we don't think much of the latest recommendation, made by Director of Public Works Murdoch, for the proposed Municipal Airport.

Philadelphia needs an adequate landing field for airplanes. The City Fathers apparently realize that some provision must be made to accommodate this fast-growing medium of travel. The directing head of the city's engineering department properly called in experts to select a site, the most prominent being Lieutenant Colonel Harvey H. Blee, Chief of the U. S. Department of Commerce Airports and Aeronautics Information Bureau.

This was after similar experts had decided on a Delaware County site at Springfield.

But why ask the opinion of men, who are known to be experts, on the advantages of landing 'down in "the Neck", where the initial outlay will be in the neighborhood of \$6,000-\$\$\$? Were they ever requested to look over the heights of Roxborough?

Existing plans, which have partly materialized, would provide a local landing field with avenues of ingress and egress in every direction, with the Schuylkill river nearby, for planes equipped with aquatic landing devices.

We have long known of the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, but received a sort of a jar, when we first heard of Hog Island's "fog trough". Our belief has always been that the "London blankets" always sought the lowlands, and avoided the heights.

Major J. Sidney Owens, commander of the N. G. P. Air Force says, "Fliers know a little something about meteorology, but when they come across a peculiar thing like an "air trough", which they can't understand, they just have to accept it with a smile and be glad they have it."

And if those in charge of the Department of Public Works eventually build the airport at Hog Island, we with

other Philadelphians, will have to do like the fliers do—accept it with a smile. But until that time we are extolling the Roxborough site.

Securing Church Attendance

Only 50 per cent. of the church members attend regularly, according to the secretary of an evangelistic committee of the Federal Council of Churches. A pastor at the same meeting declared that he had increased attendance by dividing his parish into zones and having a corps of workers call on all absentees.

Politicians do not expect to put over their political movements without rallying their followers. Similarly the churches need some system for waking up the laggards. If the church is a force for good, as most of us believe, empty pews are about as useful as worn out cells in an automobile battery.

The Talkies

We always like to see small hats on women. Some years ago we used to get a lot of satisfaction out of seeing a slide thrown on the screen at the movies, requesting our lady friends to remove their bonnets.

Nowadays, thank goodness, Dame Fashion makes this plea unnecessary, but with the advent of the talkies—and applicable alike to both sexes—there should be an announcement reading, "Silence, Please!"

The conversation of nearby spectators often spoils the pleasure intended by the synchronization of the voice and film.

We like the words which "Gypsy" Smith once used to describe the trials and joys of life: "If you want Easter Sunday, you must go through Good Friday."

414129

Councilmanic Apportionment

It looks as if someone were trying to "put one over" on the citizens of the 21st Ward, when House Bill, 1550, was reported on the floor of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, last week.

This measure, which is also known as the Royle Bill, inasmuch as it was introduced by Representative Royle, of Frankford, would increase the number of councilmen from twenty-two to forty-eight, and incidentally invite the removal of all the evils attendant on a large Council. To the ordinary

political observer, the action at Harrisburg last week, looks as though it were but a gesture, and that the measure will be killed. But something else might be in the minds of those who are pushing the Act.

By re-setting the date of the population census, the residents of the 21st Ward were denied representation in Councils at the last election for these offices, and it may be possible that someone is engineering a deal that will leave us without an advocate, again, when the next election is held.

... This, with all due respect to the ward leader, who has done more for the 21st Ward than any Councilman, who ever represented the district.

Express It In Song

The Roxborough Male Chorus will hold its 13th annual concert on May 2nd at the Roxborough High School, with William C. Ames directing, and in East Falls for the past several years, Joseph Smith has led a group of men vocalists which has built up a reputation that extends over three States.

Communities which possess sterling organizations like the two mentioned should include them among the reasons for their citizens feeling proud of their neighborhood.

Community music has a wholesome effect on the public temper. People who enjoy singing and practice it are not commonly discontented and morose. Their love for music tends to make them cheerful, and cheerfulness tends to industry and achievement. There should be a choral society formed in every section of the land.

If a lot of people we know spent a little less time in nursing their grievances, and a little more in singing, the world and its future would not look so sour to many of them.

Retail Credits

Recognition of Philadelphia as the most typical "home" city among the great metropolitan communities of the country is responsible for the choice of this city by the Department of Commerce Bureau for an intensive survey of the credit situation as it concerns the retail distribution of meats and groceries. The chain stores operate on a cash basis, so that they are not included in this inquiry. But there are over 4,000 independent small grocers and meat dealers in Philadelphia, in whose prosperity the question of credit policy and the recurring misfortune of bad bills is a matter of vital effect on profits. Of these 4000 stores, a great many are located in Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon and East Falls.

George W. Robbins, a Department attache, who was for-

merly in the business himself, and who has had years of experience in analytical investigation is in Philadelphia in charge of the work, having recently conducted a similar study in Louisville and previously in other cities. As a preliminary to his inquiry, he is addressing a questionnaire to every grocer or meat man whose address he has been able to obtain, asking for confidential information. It endeavors to ascertain the various types of credit being extended by the various types of grocery stores operating throughout the city, the percentage of losses and similar pertinent facts. The questions asked include: "Total combined cash and credit sales," "cash sales," and "bad debt losses on credit sales." It is kept as simple as possible consistent with the purpose in view. The individual reports are held in strict confidence by the Department of Commerce in accordance with the practice in surveys similarly made for other trades throughout the past few years.

Every small retailer, particularly in the grocery and meat trade, knows what "bad bills" are and would like to avoid them. This effort on the part of a helpful-government agency is for the purpose of finding the way out. It is estimated that in the entire retail trade of the country, approximating some forty billion dollars a year, sixty to seventy per cent. is on credit, and out of this losses mount up to hundreds of millions of dollars. And the "bad bills" are nowhere more disastrous than in the case of the small trader, whose capital is limited, and whose own personal credit has to be carefully conserved. Co-operation in such an effort as the Department of Commerce is making in this field is a chance for the smaller trade to help himself in the competition with the cash-selling chain store.

* * * * *

Now that the baseball and automobile seasons are ready to start in earnest we expect to have an increase in "hit-and-run" news.

* * * * *

We understand best what we know best. A man whose name was Pjjabzsky thought it was easy to pronounce.

* * * * *

Another "hex" murder. It looks as if Eastern Pennsylvania is going to the powwows.

OLD STREET NAMES

Members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, and other residents of the 21st Ward have voiced regret over the changes in the names of streets which date back to and previous to the Revolution.

One in particular which has been spoken of, is "Ship Lane," which mail carriers in this section know as Port Royal avenue, when letters are to be delivered there. Up until at least fifty years ago, Ship Lane was trod by local residents who traveled back to the MacMaster Farm, near the Wissahickon Creek. The Old Ship Tavern still stands at Ridge and Port Royal avenues.

It is said that in Revolutionary days, when the atmosphere was clear enough, one might stand at the Ship Tavern and view the sailing vessels going up and down the Delaware river.

When the British blockaded Philadelphia's mighty river, between this city and Trenton, Washington dispatched Lafayette from Valley Forge, with a large detachment of soldiers, to break the blockade and while at Barren Hill, enroute to accomplish this feat, the gallant Frenchman was attacked by the troopers of King George III.

Hipples' Lane, is another roadway of old, which should have its original name restored. This is now familiar to inhabitants hereabouts as Fountain street.

The Suburban Press is willing to co-operate in any manner, within its power to have the old appellations once more applied to these two ancient thoroughfares.

* * * * *

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!

It may be all right for the Department of Public Safety to give citizens of our fair city the "ring-around" occasionally, especially when asked for seemingly impossible improvements, inasmuch as the area of the municipality is great, and the number of suggestions, or complaints, received from dwellers in various localities are doubtless multitudinous, and sometimes, through legal procedure, require months, or even years, to be fully acted upon. However, there are some things that a blind man could "see", that we should do for the protection of strangers in certain sections of Philadelphia.

After a dozen, or more, automobile accidents—one of which occurred rectnaly—at the foot of Laurel Hill,

on Ridge avenue, above Hunting Park avenue—or as the old inhabitants still call it, Nicetown lane—we can't understand why the police department have not yet observed the dire need of a permanent red light on the outside arc of the dangerous curve, and placed it there. The number of times which the Water Bureau has been called upon to straighten the fire plug at that point, after it has been knocked askew by a speeding motor car, has cost the city far more than the price of a red lamp post.

Of course, we realize that drivers of motor vehicles should be cautious, but the ever-present human propensity for doing things on the spur of the moment, would be somewhat controlled by a silent signal of the danger which lurks at such locations.

SOUND THE HEALTH TOCSIN

In the rear of Philadelphia's most modern firehouse—that at Manayunk—which houses Engine Company No. 12 and Truck Company No. 25—there is a vacant lot, the ownership of which is clouded in mystery. It may be that it now belongs to the City, itself, on account of unpaid taxes.

The ground is the former site of the stables of the old United States Hotel, and is surrounded on three sides by the firehouse, the Empress Theatre and the blank wall of Struse's Plumbing Establishment. On the Cresson street end of it there are five dwellings, and it is apparent, at a glance, whence the cause of this editorial arises.

No one, whose olfactory nerves are still unpetrified, will have any trouble locating this unused piece of real estate, for its uneven terrain is piled high with ashes, garbage and dead animals, which with the coming warm weather, creates an odor that makes the cheeses of Southern Europe smell like attar of roses in comparison.

The dormitories of the firemen overlook this unsightly dump, and the need of proper ventilation makes it compulsory to open the windows at the rear of their quarters. No vivid imagination is required to picture what will eventually happen to the health of these men, whose task is to guard the lives and property of their fellow-citizens.

We have no knowledge of whose duty it is to launch action on the matter, but do know that steps should be taken immediately to eliminate the condition.

There should be no hesitation on the part of any health officer to locate the owners and compel them to clean the isolated lot, or to prosecute the people who are responsible for the health-destroying practice of dumping rubbish on

that particular piece of ground.

We have steadily proceeded along our way—knocking nobody—simply getting the business—for ourselves and our advertisers—and so we shall continue.

The man who hides behind a woman's skirt, nowadays, is not a coward. He's a magician.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1929

Watch Us Grow!

Thursday, April 11th, 1929, should be set down as a red-letter day in the history of Northwest Philadelphia, for it was then that the good news reached us that the City's Bureau of Engineering and Surveys and the Fairmount Park Commission had agreed on the plans for the Henry avenue bridge over the Wissahickon Creek.

There was no reason for dispute on the subject of this long-needed improvement. The problem could have been solved in two hours instead of in the two years of wrangling which has ensued. The money had been appropriated, the plans drawn and everything ready for construction, months ago.

Dilly-dallying, over some petty cause, or another, is shameful, when it holds up the future of a section as large as will be opened when the new thoroughfare to the city center is opened. Now that agreement has been reached, the public interest of the people of the upper part of the 38th and all of the 21st Ward, in addition to nearby residents of the 22nd, should be served by the speediest possible action.

The disputants seem to have overlooked the fact that the purpose of the bridge was to provide this part of the municipality with a most necessary and important gateway.

We've needed, we've wanted and w're going to have our Henry avenue! And then watch us grow!

Traffic Troubles

When the Fairmount Park Commission made the recent changes at Ridge avenue and Wissahickon Drive, the thought was doubtless to improve the traffic condition which prevailed there, and if they had omitted making the smaller driveway, just southeast of the main drive, which permits east-bound motorists from City avenue to cross the River Drive to enter Ridge avenue, their object would have been attained.

However the small exit from the Park—in the words of

the present day—"ruins the works." Very often, after the "Go" sign has been given city-bound vehicles on Ridge avenue to cross Wissahickon Drive, the long string of cars and trucks are stopped by the traffic which emanates from the new roadway, and the long line backs up to and past the very efficient Silent Policeman which has been doing duty for several years.

In order to correct the evil, it appears as though another light, controlled synchronously with the present signal and placed at Ridge avenue and the small road, is needed.

Another Bridge

We understand that Seeds & Derham, contractors, will complete the new Leverington avenue bridge over the Manayunk Canal, about May 15th.

Several shop-keepers, along Main street, have suggested that Memorial Day, May 30th, would be a good time to stage a public dedication service.

The day, being a holdiday, would be propitious to draw a good crowd, for a street parade and other signs of jubilation by the owners and employees of mills on Venice Island, who will benefit most by the completion of the new bridge.

Cherry Blossoms

Pictorial sections of our daily papers have recently been filled with scenes of the beautiful Japanese cherry trees which adorn the Tidal Basin, in the rear of the Washington Monument, at the Nation's Capitol.

They were the gift of the Japanese Imperial Government to the United States and have been blooming since 1924.

There is no gainsaying the fact that they are beautiful, but we who reside in this section don't have to travel the one hundred and thirty-six miles to Washington to see a row of blossoming trees, which are equally as elegant.

Cherry lane, which runs down to the Schuylkill river, from Ridge avenue, just above the Barren Hill Monument, is a worthy rival of the Capitol's flowery way, and as one descends it, these Spring days, he or she is apt to pause to gaze in rapture at the wondrous beauty of our own American cherry blossoms.

Help Yourself

People should not mark time waiting for someone to invite them to help the home town. They should get busy; they will soon make a place for themselves; they are welcome.

If somebody overlooked them it wasn't intentional. They

should get in the game of building a busier town and doing it quickly.

* * * * *

This is the natal day of Richard Harding Davis, the noted novelist, whose remains rest in Leverington Cemetery.

* * * * *

Dementia Americana is once more prevalent—for on Tuesday the Big League umpires stepped forth to shout "Batteries for toodaze game!"

* * * * *

Ridge avenue—Wooden blocks—rain—motor car—crash—Memorial Hospital. You can't beat the combination.

* * * * *

One hundred and fifty-four years ago today, Paul Revere rode along the North River, and it is five since Scaff started his hikes along the Schuylkill.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1929.

Our Minister At Court.

Secretaries of business and civic associations in Philadelphia recently received letters on the official stationery of Mayor Harry A. Mackey, which contained but one question, "What can I do for your Association and for your neighborhood?" with a postscript at the bottom which said, "Please call or write."

We feel that our Mayor was absolutely sincere when he sent out these communications, and believe that he will be deluged with all kinds of requests from various sections of the municipality. However, we have no confidence in the efficacy of a letter to obtain anything we may believe we want—and very little in the good that a personal call that we, as strangers, might make on His Honor.

Citizens of the 21st Ward have a much better method of laying their problems before the city fathers. All that is necessary is to show logical reasons for improvement to Frank L. Kenworthy, the most conscientious private citizen a ward ever had laboring for its interests, and if the thing is at all humanly possible, it is done.

Here is a man, who in the ten years of his political leadership, has wrought more for the good of Manayunk, Wissahickon and Roxborough than was ever done in all their history before. Let us briefly enumerate a few of the civic assets the district has obtained through the unselfish efforts of "the man who lives on 'the Ridge'": Elimination of Wissahickon and Manayunk grade crossings of 94 years stand-

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Commendation From Mayor Mackey

City of Philadelphia

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

May 10, 1929.

Mr. Joseph H. Ewing,
The Suburban Press,
#474 Conarroe Street,

My dear Mr. Ewing:

It was with great pleasure that I recently came across a copy of the Suburban Press. It is one of the brightest and cleanest sectional newspapers that I have seen in Philadelphia. You have a great opportunity for public service.

I also desire to commend you for the very complimentary remarks you made of Frank L. Kenworthy, the Republican City Committeeman from the 21st Ward. Mr. Kenworthy embodies the highest type of citizenship and he has been and is one of the most indefatigable workers in the interests of the development of Philadelphia. Many of the improvements in the 21st Ward are due to his devotion to the welfare of his neighbors. There is no one who works harder for the advancement of his section of the city than does Mr. Kenworthy.

Yours very truly,

H. A. MACKEY,
Mayor.

ing; the Green Lane Bridge over the Schuylkill and the Leverington Avenue Bridge over the Canal; the W. Freeland Kendrick Recreation Centre, improvements to and several new public schools; hundreds of streets paved or repaired; the proposed Henry Avenue project; a multitude of additional lights—and doubtless thousands of other things of which we never heard.

As an active Commissioner of Fairmount Park, the Roxborough leader has also served the public of this and other sections of the city in a most commendable manner.

Despite their political leanings, none of the Ward's residents can controvert these facts, association meeting reports in our or any other news columns, which might infer otherwise, to the contrary.

Most political leaders are bombastical in their demeanor and if they make the slightest move for the public good, immediately raise a hullabaloo so that the whole world will acknowledge their greatness.

Not so—Frank Kenworthy—who circles about in modest silence, "his wonders to perform."

The citizens of the 21st Ward, while thanking Mayor Mackey for his kind invitation to tell him of their needs, should unhesitatingly tell His Honor, "We'll let Frank Kenworthy talk for us. Past history seems to whisper that we'll get more."

And we feel that the Mayor is broad-minded enough to remember the human frailty of never being satisfied, and will greet our minister at court in the same cordial manner as ever, when he calls for more improvements to this section.

A DANGER SPOT

Regularly enacted laws make it compulsory for us to send our children to school, and the moment they leave our doorsteps the little ones' safety depends upon the watchfulness of some public official or another.

We fail to see the sense of subjecting the pupils of the Levering School, on Ridge avenue, to the danger of death or serious injury, by the builders of the new structure being erected at the corner of Gerhard street. There doesn't seem to be any reason why they are permitted to obstruct the sidewalk with all sorts of building material, which force the children to the street, where they are peril.

Don't think for a moment that it isn't a possibility! For one child has already been struck there by a passing motor car, in trying to avoid the sand and mud of the former sidewalk. True, the contractor has left a space open to pass,

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but on wet days it is nothing but a slough of mud. And in dry weather it is not the easiest place to walk. Pedestrians of all ages, naturally seek a better path.

In other sections, a wooden canopy is erected over the sidewalk, or a portion of the street is fenced off for a temporary passage.

Are Foxborough lives and limbs less valuable than those elsewhere?

Good for the Movies

We have just completed the reading of Milton Propper's fascinating mystery story, "The Strange Disappearance of Mary Young," and our derm is once more free of goose-pimples. In the slang of the shiek and his sheba, "It is one continuous thrill!"

We admit being a movie-drunkard—that is a regular dyed-in-the-wool can't-help-it attendant at the palaces of the silver screen—and so we are anxiously awaiting its appearance at the Roxy, as a Vitaphone feature.

The story is jammed full of action, and sustains one's interest to the very end, two facts which make it an ideal tale for portrayal on the curtain.

C'mon Father Time, Step on it!

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1929.

About Walnut Lane

Among the "Real Estate Sales" listed in last week's issue of The Suburban Press, appeared one pertaining to a two-story house at 523 East Walnut lane.

Our reason for calling attention to the fact is that the property was not in Roxborough as we first supposed, for the source of our information did not disclose that the dwelling was in Germantown.

While frankly admitting our laxity in not investigating closer, we feel there is not much judgment displayed on the part of those responsible for naming the city streets and numbering the homes, when two houses in the same city bear identical addresses.

East Walnut lane, in Roxborough at least, should be called West Walnut lane, and the numbers according to all

logical reasoning should run in the opposite direction from the one in vogue at present. That is unless someone is enjoying the discomfiture of slow-witted folk like ourselves.

Hazardous Procedure

A fire hydrant, located at Baker and Conarroe streets, Manayunk, was broken last Saturday morning, when the driver of a street sprinkling wagon attempted to fill his tank.

Corrosion caused the screw thread to turn off and a repair gang from the Bureau of Water removed the broken hydrant last Sunday.

Word comes to us that the fireplug cannot be repaired in less than two months and inasmuch as these necessities for the use of fire companies are scarce in the neighborhood, which is made up principally of old buildings that are fire hazards at all times, it seems a dangerous practice to have the section deprived the use of this plug for so long a time.

The Future Lies Before Us

Every once in a while, and it happened again, quite recently, we run into some wise-cracking chap who hyperbolically says, "Cheer up! The worst is yet to come!" And in the words of the present jazz age, we feel like saying "How do you get that way?"

There are many proverbs which contain much truth; yet some of them are subject to limitation of meaning; among these is this: "The future is sealed to the mortal eye."

This is not true, in our philosophy at least, to the extent which many persons believe. It is true that no one can tell for certain all that will happen tomorrow—even George Bliss is occasionally wrong—next week, in a month, or a year, or when or in what manner shall be the close of his life.

And even the most clear headed men are often disappointed, not only in their hopes, but also in their fears, and are at last compelled to say, "THAT, I never thought of."

But, nevertheless, we may often be quite confident concerning future events. Indeed, the fact that the future inspires man with hope and fear, that some attempt is made to lift its veil by fortune telling and spirit rapping proves this at least: That there is cause for this hope and fear. Even Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle believe this.

Besides man possesses certain powers which enable him to look in the future. He can apply to the future the experiences of the past. There are also certainties which come to us human beings. We shall grow old and feeble and shall finally leave this terrestrial sphere; summer shall follow the

spring; the sun shall rise in the morning.

We look forward to Henry avenue being completed; that some time Roxborough will have better transportation; that Umbria street will be cut through to Shawmont and that the East Falls' resident will see a new and better Breck School, upper Calumet street paved and the long-promised traffic semaphore at Ridge and Midvale avenues. Just when, we cannot tell.

The knowledge, then, which we have of the future should be sufficient for our happiness. To know more would probably act to our harm, rather than our good.

We, ourselves, have a lot of faith in the things which lie before us.

Things are not always what they seem. For instance, rice paper is not made from rice; catgut is from sheep; Irish stew is an American dish, and most linen collars are cotton.

An airplane, like the successful human machine, is nothing but a mechanism that makes its own cyclone and then rides on it.

It is better to be a mistake-maker with a purpose, than a genius without.

We are learning that the only dry part of most prohibition Congressmen is their speeches.

The hardest job a kid faces now-a-days is that of learning good manners without seeing any.

Man wants but little here below, but he usually raises a fuss if its below the average.

For a time April seemed to be making wets of us all.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1929.

Mothers' Day

All good mothers, throughout the length and breadth of the land will be glorified, or should be, on Sunday, which has been set aside since 1907 as Mothers' Day.

The custom originated with Miss Anna Jarvis, of this good old city of Brotherly Love, twenty-two years ago, but it was not observed generally until 1914, when Congress adopted a resolution, by which the President was to annually pro-

claim the second Sunday in May as Mothers' Day, and therefore President Woodrow Wilson issued the first proclamation.

At first the white carnation was regarded as the official flower to be worn on the occasion, but now any bloom is considered proper.

Those Wooden Blocks

Everything comes to him who waits, seems a trite way of expressing ourselves over the removal of the wood blocks, on Ridge avenue at the Memorial Hospital, and while the powers that be, which look after these things, have long been cognizant of the danger which lurked there when the paving was wet, the "wheels of the gods grind slowly," and at last they are seeing the result of their efforts, for the subject of many a business and civic association discussion is being removed.

To further minimize the risks of motorists and pedestrians, all that remains to be done is to eliminate the southbound street car stop at Jamestown avenue. When a trolley has halted traffic to load or unload passengers, at Pennsdale street, automobilists, who are strangers in the vicinity do not expect the motorman to again bring his car to a halt in so short a distance. The driver, impatient, at the first delay, usually puts on full speed to pass the car, and in surprise at the second stop of the trolley, jams on his brakes, only to slither and slide all over the highway, very often mounting the curb.

Walnut lane is not too far away from Pennsdale street to eliminate the Jamestown avenue stop on southbound trips, while on northbound runs the trolley could make the stop at Jamestown avenue, and pass by Pennsdale street, and accommodate the trolley riders at Rector street.

This procedure, of course, is something that the transit company should look into.

Discouragement.

In the street of Life, walking in the darkness of the shadow, hungry old Satan was out hunting with his dogs, the little imps of human weakness.

A man came walking down Life's street. Satan said to a little imp with a bitter face, "Go get him for me."

Quickly the imp crossed the street, silently and lightly hopped to the man's shoulder. In his ear he whispered: "You are discouraged."

"No," said the man, "I am not discouraged."

"Your are discouraged."

The man replied this time, "I do not think I am."

Louder and more decidedly the little imp said: "I tell you, you are discouraged."

The man dropped his head and replied, "Well, I suppose I am."

The imp, hopping back to Satan, said proudly: "I've got him, he is discouraged."

Another man passed. Again Old Satan said, "Get him for me."

The proud little demon of discouragement repeated his tactics. The first time he said, "You are discouraged," the man replied emphatically: "No!"

The second time the man replied. "I tell you I am not discouraged."

The third time he said, "I am not discouraged. You lie!"

The man walked down the street, his head up, going toward the light.

The imp of discouragement returned to his master crest-fallen. "I couldn't get him. Three times I told him he was discouraged. The third time he called me a liar and that discouraged me."

The Baldi Bill

We've always held a good opinion of Governor John S. Fisher, but we sort of feel peeved over his action of vetoing our local representative's bill, concerning the hiring of outside help for the running of Philadelphia, which came up last week.

Local brains don't have to take a back seat for those of other communities.

Some people are so constituted that they would rather lose a friend than an argument.

Even Presidents are human and sometimes they wish they had Congress off their hands and on the toe of their boot.

Eyes were made to look forward. That's why they are placed in the front of the head.

Now that the students of a certain university have voted for brunettes, the blondes feel that they have "dyed" in vain.

Street Car Service

We have, as yet, heard little comment from residents of East Falls concerning the proposed trolley car route changes, which President Ralph T. Senter, of the P. R. T. Company revealed last Thursday, would be put into effect on June 15th.

Among the changes "It is proposed to terminate Route 75, Olney avenue line, at Rittenhouse and Pulaski avenues, and to extend Route 52, Cheltenham avenue line, out Midvale avenue to Ridge avenue to replace Route 75.

"Route 52 now has its western terminal at Rittenhouse and Pulaski avenues. Route 75 terminates at Midvale and Ridge avenues. The proposed exchange of terminals of these routes has the advantage of shortening Route 75, which will have some beneficial effect on regularity of service on this long route and of providing one-man operation with Route 52 cars on Midvale avenue where traffic is light."

"The changes in Routes 52 and 75 are estimated to affect a net annual economy of \$110,000."

Probably 70 per cent of the car riders who board Route 75 cars at Ridge and Midvale avenues disembark in Germantown, west of York road, and if the changes which are planned will prevent the long "waits" which now prevail, the alteration will no doubt prove satisfactory, but the patrons who travel east of York road, are going to find it necessary to make a physical change to reach their destinations, which will certainly inconvenience them, without any hope of improved service.

Originally Route 75 was intended to run from river to river, but during the first few months of its operation it traversed the identical route which is to be resorted to.

Is this retrogression or progress?

Motherhood

Our minds continue to revert to thoughts which were impelled by the words of men and women last Sunday—Mothers' Day.

Gases may swirl out in the seething immensities of space, then cool and form a planet, and tomorrow that planet may be rolling cold and dead in the infinite nothings of ether.

Continents may be discovered and civilizations established, but the cycles of eternal time speed onward and seas

blot out the one and evolution rides down the other. Communities may continue to be improved, but peoples rise against peoples, and they shall continue to go down in dust.

Fortunes may be made or lost by men, and men may lose their souls for ambition or the love of a woman. But how pale and insignificant do all these things which we term great sink down beside the onward march of hordes of children, watching as they come for mothers' faces.

And as the poet has sung, and the author has written from the days when Pandora's box was opened and all the troubles of the world were loosened—some one must be tender, faithful, hopeful, ever-patient, never discouraged, always confident, through all the years and times of sorrow, tragedy and disappointment which come to men and women from the days of infancy to maturity—the same Some One who reached for the little reddened creature, laid it upon her heart and soothed its hunger with her breast.

This is the grandeur and infinity of God focused in the instincts of a woman. This is our genesis and our decalog. This is our Vision of the Most High, life's fourth experience—which should come first.

* * * * *

Want.

We, the ordinary folk, are always wanting something. And we seldom know the whole extent of our powers: opportunity is often needed to develop them. History would have furnished us with the names of a great many more individuals if their natural talents had been developed.

Continued good fortune generally weakens and enervates, it hinders the growth of power. Want and calamity are sometimes the means which awake our slumbering faculties. Affliction and dire necessity are therefore very often blessings in disguise.

Want forces the mind to reflection and sharpens the judgment; it is the cause of many new and sometimes delightful discoveries. From sudden calamities we learn circumspection, presence of mind and courage. Adversity checks arrogance and pride, the usual concomitants of sustained prosperity. It teaches us to bear our misfortunes which cannot be avoided.

Need makes us practice virtues, such as temperance, frugality and industry, and removes from us sensuality and

idleness, which are generally associated with abundance.

Was it Dryden who said?—

“Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.”

Roxborough is now in the position that West Philadelphia occupied twenty years ago—just a'rarin' to go. Watch us trave!

We hope the rainy season has ended, but at the same time know that while an eclipse is news—sunshine isn't.

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1929.

THE DEBT WE OWE

Let us go back to the time of war, the days of the tent, the barracks and the trench, the mechanical inaction and spasmodic carnage, and view the oppressive monotony of days and weeks in camps, when men went to the daily routine like machines wound up for life, carelessly indifferent to the dangers of the morrow—finding pleasure only in change, and news from home.

Those were weary days—having only for their goal home and its enjoyments; the hand and heart greeting of father, mother, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives and children.

Let us remember the blanched cheek, yet the firm step of the soldier, as he went forth to battle, with his life in hand, to fight for the principles of his country.

Our hearts swelled up with pride, and tears coursed down our cheeks, while we attempted to smile, and uttered our thanks for the spirit of our sons.

The battles are over—the soldiers of the wars—most of those of the Civil conflict having traveled on to Eternal rest—while thousands of the doughboys who followed Pershing to France, singly or in squads seek their fallen comrades' graves in our cemeteries, and the spirit which was once so rigid becomes that of a sentimentalist.

And so it should! No man ever gave his life for a nobler cause than for that of his country. Let us gather together, next Thursday, to give expression to our allegiance to the principles for which our soldiers fell. By outward tokens to renew our pledges to sacred remembrance of their patriotism.

While we strew the graves of those who are near, let us

not forget the unknown resting places of the larger number, but let the outward act of one be emblematical of the remembrance we bear them. Earth holds their clay, and the ground where they lie is hallowed ground; they are past the turmoil and mistakes of life, whether they sleep at home or in some distant place.

"Dulce est pro patria mori."

The Small Dealer

The psychologists give us much learned talk, on the effect produced on a person's achievement, by the faith that he has in his own power to do things. If he expects large results, he stands a far better chance of getting them than if he is content with small ones and does not look for anything different.

That principle applies to the man or firm that is conducting business in a small way. Some of these people seem to be pretty well satisfied with small results, and they do not plan and think constantly how they can get bigger ones. Others are constantly studying how they can go on to greater gains.

If the small dealer in any line wants to become a big dealer, if he has ambition to enlarge his trade, he ought to think carefully about advertising. The great fortunes that have been built up by good advertising should appeal to him. He should reflect that most of these big fellows started in as little fellows. Also there are innumerable people who, while they have not developed great businesses, yet by advertising have reached much bigger success than if they had been content with small results.

The small dealer need not think that he must make some big splurge and spend a lot of money. This would usually be quite foolish for him.

What he needs at first is to take a small space, proportioned to the size of his business. He will do well to set apart a certain porportion of his receipts for advertising. He will find, if he advertises regularly, even in a very small space, that people will look with interest to see what he is doing. The chances are strong that the results will be so marked that before very long he will be applying for more space.

The Increase of Automobiles

The fact that the number of automobiles in this country has increased over two and a half million in a single year is a wonderful testimony to the progress of the United States.

It facilitates business, it saves valuable time, it reduces

costs of production. It brings renewed health to millions of families. It takes dull and discouraged people and brightens them up, and gives them greater courage, confidence and cheerfulness.

It promotes the spread of ideas. People see what is being done by other communities and states, and what is being accomplished in their own occupations elsewhere. The use of automobiles has caused a tragic record of accidents, and some people spend money for them extravagantly, but on the whole it represents a marvelous social advance.

The poorest people in the world sometimes have nothing but money.

You never can tell. The fool, losing his reason, is thankful it wasn't his voice.

Even the reformers should remember that the school of experience isn't a Sunday School.

The man who is placed upon a pedestal must take a certain amount of pride from his very loneliness.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1929.

Hetty A. Jones Post.

But four of the members of Hetty A. Jones Post No. 12, G. A. R., survive, but its commander, George Gillette and his aide William McKane, will today continue their work of years, in visiting the graves of their fallen comrades, who fought with them when the fate of the Union hung in the balance.

We recently came across a record of the ceremonies of the Grand Army of the Republic, which took place May 29th, 1869, Decoration Day, that year having fell on Sunday. The events of that day were entered in a volume entitled "The National Memorial Day," and was published by the National Headquarters of the G. A. R. at Washington.

The item concerning the local Post reads as follows: "Post No. 12 assembled at their hall, on Main street, about 3 o'clock, preceded by a band of music, and, accompanied by one of the companies of Colonel Thomas's regiment, marched out to the Roxborough Cemetery, where they found a large assemblage of ladies and children, who were placing the graves in the proper shape to be decorated. The procession marched up to the monument erected by the Pennsylvania troops to the

Virginia cavalry, who fell at Wood's barn in the Revolutionary war, where the band played a solemn dirge for the departed braves.

"A large quantity of flowers had been contributed by the ladies of the ward, and these were taken possession of by Post No. 12, whose members were now divided into sections, under command of different officers. The band struck up the dead march, while the members of the Post proceeded to strew the graves with offerings of the relations and friends of the gallant dead.

"The young ladies of the different Sunday Schools rendered efficient service in the decoration, and the sight was a most beautiful one.

"A beautiful mounment, erected to Miss Hetty A. Jones, who perished from sickness contracted in hospitals, was also liberally strewn with flowers and a guard of honor placed around it. At the close of these ceremonies the Post and spectators assembled around a stand erected in the cemetery. A prayer was delivered by Rev. David Spencer, after which Captain William Runkel delivered an oration. He was followed by Horatio G. Jones, Messrs. Pancoast, Johnson, O'Given, and the benediction was delivered by Chaplain Pancoast."

— We know of no finer editorial to write on this day, than the report which appears above, for on every Memorial Day, for the past sixty years practically the same scenes have been enacted, and while it is with a touch of sadness that we mark the going of the veterans of the Civil War, the boys of 1898 and of 1918 will continue to "Carry On" as the Boys of Blue did until the younger men took up the duty of remembering those who fell in the wars of their country.

A Symbol of Courage

No other flower could be more symbolic of America's honored dead than the poppy. It is the color of the blood they shed for the Great Principle, and the manner of its growth, despite tramplings and uprootings, is comparable to the spirit of the American Fighting Man, who will not acknowledge defeat.

Just as the poppy blooms today on the weed-grown battleways as a living testimonial of the sacrifices of our soldiers, so are the small Buddy Poppy replicas "carrying on" in an endeavor to keep ever fresh the memory and achievements

of those men who

".....Where the flashing rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the
Front files hold the line."

The national observance of Poppy Day symbolizes the union of all parts of our country, North, South, East and West, as they pay common tribute to those who fell in defense of the aims and ideals for which America, as a nation, stands.

Oxygen Tents.

Cleveland's recent hospital disaster made it necessary to send out hurry-calls for "oxygen tents," and we learn, with some surprise, that this modern equipment for the alleviation and cure of certain hospital cases is available in but few places throughout the country.

Cleveland's physicians were able to obtain seven of the devices, but at least eight more were needed to take care of the patients. And it was impossible to procure that many.

Residents of this locality are indeed fortunate that the Memorial Hospital, of Roxborough, is one of the few medical centres which is provided with the oxygen apparatus, so that when emergencies arise, which require its use, the patient can be immediately placed beneath the life-saving "tent".

So long as the unsuccessful marriage is news, it is safe to say that on the whole the institution of marriage is a success.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but the roving bee gathers the honey.

Distinguished writing and elegant writing are not even first cousins.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1929.

Mail Boxes

As one views a complicated piece of machinery, a beautiful work of the cabinet maker's art, or a well-planned building, he is apt to wonder how the human mind was ever able to conceive such a complete thing.

But the philosopher will point out that these things, in their first stages, were but crude examples of the perfection they now present.

All of which leads up to the mail storage boxes, which have

recently been placed in service by the Post Office Department, for the convenience of the mail collectors.

When the postal worker makes his rounds he very often finds it impossible to carry the large volume of mail which he has collected; and these metal receptacles which have been placed at convenient locations, permit him to "park" the accumulated batch of letters and other matters in a safe place under lock and key until it can be transferred to a motor truck, or picked up by the carrier when he is making a direct return to the office. No one but an authorized post office employee can place anything in, or take anything out of the boxes.

But why a paternal Government failed to have the boxes utilized to their fullest extent, by having a mail drop placed at the top of them so that the public could deposit small packages, is hard to conjecture.

Probably, this too, will come about through evolution. Who Knows? But in the meantime, the boxes are not doing their complete duty.

Cultural Changes.

With the breaking of ground for the new buildings of the Women's Medical College, in East Falls, next Tuesday, we are intrigued with thoughts of just what impress the coming of the educational centre will make upon the community.

Undoubtedly, there will be a difference in the social temperament of the locality, for with the advent of hundreds of girl students, a totally different environment, than that which has heretofore prevailed, will come into existence.

East Falls, or the Falls of Schuylkill, to give its full name, has acquired such attention as has been given it, through its contributions to the textile and chemical industries, but within a few years the section will more than likely take its place among the college towns of the nation. The Women's Medical College not only has a State and National reputation for its meritorious accomplishments among feminine physicians, but its name is known and respected in many far corners of the world.

With the social changes will come differences in the educational, business and spiritual life of the neighborhood,

all of which augurs well for East Falls and the surrounding territory.

Vacations

Everyone needs a vacation. Without a short period of rest and freedom from daily routine, we may endanger our health and lay the foundations for serious trouble later on. A real vacation is a complete change of climate, scenery, exercise, and thinking. The city dweller should go to the country. One living in the lowlands should vacation in the mountains. An office worker should go where he can exercise those muscles which have been idle all winter.

A real vacation should be in the sunshine and fresh air. These are nature's re-creators and can do much to build up our health and give us a reserve supply of vitality.

But, be careful! Don't try to get a complete coat of tan the first day. This may be dangerous. Get your sunburn slowly, for you must remember that your body has been shielded from the sun all winter and any exposure to its direct rays must be gradual.

Congratulations

When any business reaches the century mark of its existence it is entitled to the laudation of its contemporaries and other well wishers.

The Suburban Press, being one of the City's youngest entrants into the newspaper field, therefore, unhesitatingly and sincerely, tenders its congratulations to The Philadelphia Inquirer, who on Saturday last, proudly marched past its hundredth milestone.

It is anticipated that President Hoover will veto the tariff bill to be enacted by Congress if the bill is not a satisfactory one in benefitting the whole people rather than special groups. The President knows his economics and can be depended upon to find the injustices in a tariff bill.

There is a rule in life which is a bar to all education and progress and that rule is: Condemnation prior to investigation.

The intensity of conviction in most people is directly proportional to their narrowness of vision.

Consider the postage stamp, my son, it's always getting stuck.

The National Flag

Tomorrow—June 14th—will be observed throughout the length and breadth of the United States, as the birthday of the glorious combination of Red, White and Blue, that we call Our Flag.

On June 14th, 1777, the United States Congress passed a resolution declaring that "the flag of the thirteen United States should be stripes alternate red and white; that the union be of thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing the new constellation."

In 1794, Congress decreed that after May 1st, 1795, "the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This change was made to mark the admission of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union. The stars and stripes were then equal, and a star and stripe were to be added with the admission of each new State. It was realized, however, that the addition of a new stripe for each State would soon render the flag too large, and a resolution was accordingly passed by Congress, on April 4th, 1818, reducing the number of stripes to thirteen—representing the original Union—and making the stars twenty in number. It was furthermore enacted that a new star should be added for each new State admitted to the Union. The flag now contains forty-eight stars, corresponding to the forty-eight States.

Traditions tells us that the first flag, known as the "Stars and Stripes," was made by Betsy Ross, in this city, and ever since that time events have thrown a glamour of patriotic romance about the banner.

* * * * *

Fathers' Day

Next Sunday is Fathers' Day. When Anna Jarvis conceived the idea of celebrating the second Sunday in May as Mothers' Day, she started an annual observance which has grown to far-reaching proportions.

Which is as it should be. And then someone stopped long enough in the mad race of life to give a thought to the paternal side of the house. So we mark the third Sunday in June for Dad.

But we are of the opinion that the celebration should extend over a period of seven days. After Boys' Weeks, Mothers' Days, Health Weeks and Clean-up Weeks, let us pause for a moment—for father's weak.

So in addition to wearing a flower for father, drag out his

frayed old carpet slippers, give him a day off from taking the family out in the car, and for once let him have the whole newspaper at one time.

The Old Fellow will appreciate it.

About Our Children

Last week we were fortunate enough to peep inside the covers of a book, written by a local author, which has not yet been placed on the market. The writer, who is the father of several beautiful and healthy children, stated that his responsibility as a husband and father inspired him to write the volume; a task which covered a period of ten years.

How few of us consider the future of our children to the extent of giving up all of our spare time in a decade, to penning thoughts of our own experiences as a strengthening guide for their future!

On Sunday we attended Children's Day services in two of the churches of this vicinity. At both places was stressed the importance of parents instilling proper thoughts in the fertile minds of their offspring. Of teaching them a philosophy which in the weak moments of their lives will serve as a bridge over the chasms of Temptation and Despondency.

And considering the recent reports in the daily papers of our city, which inform us of desperate young people taking their own, and other lives, when times seemed dark; these things—books and sermons—are timely, and we fathers and mothers will do well to heed the warnings and try to inculcate a fearless and patient view of life into the minds and hearts of the children which God gave us.

Spring Flowers

Perhaps it's because spring is the Resurrection of plant life, and we are eager to enjoy and admire flowers—but, anyway, the spring flowers always seem most beautiful. One feels that the early blooms have the most delicate hues, the most exquisite fashioning. Pale pinks, blues and lavenders, with a great array of chaste white flowers, are the colors of spring. Here and there a yellow note to emphasize the brightening of the sun; and a piquant flicker of red just now and then.

Carpets of wild flowers in woodlands. Beds and borders of tulips, crocus, narcissi and hyacinths, golden bell, Japanese quince, with honeysuckles and lilacs close behind. Various spring phlox, columbines and the fairy-wrought iris.

We could wish that a generous number of the spring

flowers might be saved for the other seasons when flowers are not known in such abundance. But then Spring would be different. It is the time when Dame Nature exercises her feminine prerogative of progidality in clothes, and dons a complete new outfit for the summer.

It is what goes on in a person's mind, not what he has been taught, that determines his intelligence.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1929.

Just Tribute

It is only just and proper that the voters of the 21st Ward and the friends of Frank L. Kenworthy should get together, on occasions like yesterday, to sing the praises of a man who has accomplished so much for the advancement of the section in which he resides.

The practice gives encouragement to one who certainly deserves all the encouragement he can receive.

We have previously enumerated some of the betterments which have come to this locality through the efforts of this leader of leaders. To them we may add the recent additions to Fairmount Park and the two new postal stations; work upon which will start within a few days.

So like the well-wishers at Santa Marie, we word our laudations of Mr. Kenworthy, and hope that we will live to be honored at many more such "birthday" parties.

He

The Regatta

Five years ago "Jack" Kelly and members of the East Falls Business Men's Association conceived the idea of holding an up-river regatta.

The Falls has always boasted of a host of expert oarsmen, many of whom received their early training in the sport at the old Montrose and Caamonious Boat Clubs.

Cham m. oux

There are still alive those who rowed in many races, under the colors of these two famous rowing associations, who are enthusiastic attendants at the yearly races held on the Schuylkill river, between the Queen lane Pumping Station and the Reading Railroad's Stone Bridge.

World's and National champions have been among those who have competed in the events staged by the Business Men's Association and each year the affair gains in prominence. It has become an occurrence which is looked forward

to, by the oarsmen, canoeists and swimmers of the near and distant places of the country.

Next Saturday will see another galaxy of stars assemble along the Schuylkill in East Falls, and it is our fervent wish that clear skies will entice a great crowd out to see the Fifth Annual East Falls Regatta.

* * * * *

Graduates

With June another large force of graduates face the world and its problems of life, industry and the professions. The future looks good to them now—but will it always continue to appear that way?

Man seldom understands how to live in the present. Future and past, which represents hope and remembrance, are the favorite subjects of his contemplation. To live in the future is more peculiar to the time of youth; to live in the past, more to that of advanced years.

Experience, that element which the graduates still have to acquire, teaches that gray hairs keep in remembrance the pleasant rather than the gloomy hours. Children sometimes recall their sorrows, but as we grow older, we remember the joys more and the sorrows less, and dwell with delight upon them.

The years of childhood are the years of hopes. Frequent changes, varieties, promotions, even the constant growth of mind and body, keeps life continually new.

On account of such observations as these it is that we are inclined to dwell on thoughts of the future of our new graduates.

* * * * *

Save the Wissahickon

The Wissahickon Valley section of Fairmount Park has recently been the subject of suggestions for the elimination, or at least the minimizing, of the fire hazard which exists there, through the carelessness of riders and pedestrians.

Attention of the Park Commission is drawn to the danger, by The Friends of the Wissahickon—an organization formed for the protection and perpetuation of the vale's natural beauties.

Increased fire patrols and warning signs forbidding smoking in perilous zones are among the ideas brought forward.

Another important point is the need of better telephone communication. It appears that there is none between Andorra and Ridge avenues, except at Valley Green. It is sub-

gested that the guard houses along the drive be equipped with phones so that alarms can be sent to fire and police headquarters in case of conflagrations or accidents.

It seems that the idea is feasible and those who are interested feel that it should be adopted.

Ice On Sunday

We hold no brief for the antiquated Blue Laws, which governed the sale of foodstuffs and other of life's necessities on Sunday, but do believe that householders can, and should, obtain sufficient ice on Saturday to fill their needs over Sunday.

The ice man, too, has his church duties to attend to, and likes to spend at least one day out of each seven with his family, without even considering the regular relaxation which is necessary for one's well being.

Get enough ice on Saturday—and the ice men will rise to call you blessed.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1929.

Blah-Blah Patriotism

Any person of twenty, or more, years can remember the Glorious Fourth as it used to be when fireworks were the fashion. Some of them may lament the going of those good old days when the ambulance from the Memorial Hospital and the local police patrol wagons were rushing hither and yon, picking up the wounded and dying on the Nation's Birthday, but the majority of them will point with pride to the low mortality records which have since been in vogue.

Hardly anything remains of those bang-bang days. For which we are deeply grateful. The patriot who displays his love of country by going around raising a great hullabaloo is usually as patriotic when the need of real patriots come, as the "ham and egg" stage performer, whose act is so poor that he has to wave the national emblem as the finale of his act, to secure any applause at all.

Last year it was possible for the inexperienced youth of this vicinity to obtain contraband fireworks in neighboring counties, but with the report that Montgomery is going to enforce its own laws on the subject, we hope that little or none of the dangerous combustibles will be seen or heard in this section.

The Fire Prevention Squad will be praised by citizens if

it makes full use of its powers to follow the trail from the little shops where the goods are retailed to the wholesalers who supply the trade.

Prevention, to be effective, must begin at the source, whether it be a wholesale house or the little back room of a local shop.

Let us celebrate the Fourth sanely.

Thursdays

Thursdays are always great days with us. We have added another number to the file, which in years to come, someone may look back upon, perhaps in amusement, perhaps in sorrow. Once more we have completed telling our little world the fleeting joys, the momentary successes, the simple and awful little tragedies that make up the weekly life of these northwest communities and their people.

When we come to this reflectory time, being ordinary citizens, we find ourselves unconsciously asking questions. We wonder why in some of the homes the new babies have arrived; why it is in our section that there are young folks whose love affairs have not had a happy ending; why so many of the young and strong, whose futures seemed so promising, have been removed from their activities among us; while the crippled, the suffering, the morally deficient, live wearily on?

Thinking of our own small role, we wonder if we have done right in printing certain items in our paper. We recall incidents which have occurred within the week. Some of them make us wish we had given more publicity to one good work, and less to some other thing of minor value. We regret we have hurt someone's feelings, although all unintentionally, and we are sorry we were so lenient with another who deserves far more censure than we meted out to him.

Then when we are deepest in our spell of blues, and when we have gone out for a good dinner, to adjust our philosophy, it comes to us that there is a townful, a stateful, a nationful of men and women around us who are perpetually asking these same questions. All over this continent and this hemisphere are millions upon millions of ordinary folk who have these periods of mental depression and introspection.

But there is a strange thing about these ordinary folks. The fact that as yet there appears no answer; does not shake their faith in the belief that they should do their best while the opportunity is theirs.

It may be raising a family of freckled-faced youngsters to become ordinarily good men and women. It may be pay-

ing for a home. It may be building a business, which adds to the community's industries. It may be only in the hundred-and-one little tasks of the eight-hour, five-dollar day. But underneath this conscious endeavor is the effort to do the best possible.

So we, of our newspaper office, looking at ourselves and the people of this section, have grown to take these Thursdays more and more philosophically as we have gone onward week by week.

When we finally leave the office and go home for the brief respite of a day, we are forced to recognize that there is more of good in life than bad, more of success than failure, more of reward than unrequited struggle. We might say that our position and occupation in the territory covered by The Suburban Press has made us optimists in spite of ourselves.

For after all, ordinary, struggling, curious, hopeful, discontented, American folks are not half so much helped on their earthly way by preachment or precept as by the exposition of what others of their kind have done; those who have been strong, where they have been weak, who have succeeded where they failed.

It is with these thoughts in mind, that we sit here and pen the mental processes which go on in our minds, on Thursdays.

Coonskins coats and speedy motor cars may give a semblance of real he-manhood, but the substance isn't there.

Beautiful Buildings

Every once in a while our attention is drawn to something beautiful which is, or has been, created by one of our local citizens; an outstanding book of thoughts; a picture; a monument in stone; or some other thing which will endure through years to add to the pleasure of the average wayfarer through the rock-strewn paths of life.

Such an occurrence is happening, at this time, as the buildings at the corner of Rochelle avenue and Sumac street are being completed by a 21st Ward builder—William D. Ralston.

The brickwork, particularly, which is going into the remodeling of these structures, which were partly demolished in order that the plans for the long-needed grade crossing improvements might be carried to their culmination, stands out as a genuine work of art.

The selection of a most attractive color and texture of the face brick has much to do with the effect which has been obtained. These features give an individuality of surface

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which is appealing, and send forth a soft color tone which pleases the eye.

Study and experience, too, were needed for the mortar used to bind the bricks together. Since mortar usually makes up one-seventh of the wall area, the color chosen for it plays an important part in the appearance of the finished wall.

It will prove profitable for anyone, who has an artistic sense—without considering the all-important factor of sturdy durability which is hidden beneath the exterior—to pause for a moment to observe the beauty which William Ralston has inlaid in the walls of the structures near Wissahickon Station.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1929.

Husband and Wife

June, the month of roses and weddings, has once more sped past us and now belongs to history. The particularly large list of marriage licenses which we have printed in the thirty days which have rolled on, prompts us to write a little story for the newlyweds; not pessimistically, but, if possible, to help set a standard of married life, which will assist them over the rough places which they are certain to cross.

The fact, that financial conditions may not be as dire as those pictured, makes no difference, as the moral of the tale is that contented minds are the greatest assets of any married couple.

But here's our tale: "The smile died from her face as he ignored her. There was a sudden pain in her heart. She had not minded—much—when he had left off meeting her after the day's work with a caress. But to be ignored—after a lonely day with the thoughtless youngsters—it brought fear into her soul.

"She burned her hand on the hot griddle but she did not cry out. She put the stinging patch of flesh to her lips for a moment and then shoved the griddle to the rear of the stove. The last baby cried suddenly from the inner room, a wail of anguish that sent the mother flying to his side. In a moment she was back. But the husband had been watching her as he glanced over the top of the evening paper, and he suddenly came over.

"'You have it pretty hard, Mother, don't you?' he said thickly. 'First one thing and then another—all day long. It wasn't a life like this we were thinking of living together at thirty-five, was it, dear?'

"He made her relinquish the griddle and the dish into

which the contents were being emptied. He turned her about and took her in his arms.

"'Dear,' he said, lifting her face up toward his, 'you never say anything; you never complain; day after day you stay here at home and keep plugging away—the wife of a man who can't seem to get ahead. I'm sorry.'

"'I'm looking for my pleasure in life in other ways,' she replied softly. 'I guess I've changed my standards, else I'd given out long ago.'

"The husband turned to her and whispered: 'I may not say a whole lot about it, dear, but I haven't forgotten and I—I—appreciate——'".

This is just a scene which is happening in thousands of homes throughout the nation, and one in which many of these recently married people will be playing the leading roles, within a few years.

But there is a sweet reward in being one of the actors in Life's great play, and we urge our young friends to set a standard for their futures, which will endure through the years which they now smilingly and hopefully face.

Reliability

The town pump of bygone days was chosen not so much for its beauty as for its utility. It produced rain or shine, and stood well in the community. In fact, it was the center of activity. Everyone thought well of the old pump, because it was reliable. Ungrudgingly, uncomplainingly, it gave of its time and effort, and there is no case on record where the pump questioned any of the townspeople as to what they thought of it.

Its reward came in the knowledge of a good work well done, and for that reason, too, its name has gone down in history. It will be held in loving memory by those who knew it for long years to come, and eulogized in song and story.

The pump knew it was good, but it didn't tell anyone. It didn't have to.

If we would stop worrying about what someone else thinks of us, and conduct ourselves more like the old pump, it wouldn't be very long before we would rise so far beyond the other fellow, that we wouldn't have to worry about him.

If each of us would say to ourselves. "I will be upright, sincere, a square shooter, dependable," and follow out the thought, the opinion of the world would take care of itself.

The Port

For the past several years Samuel T. Banham, president of the City Business Club, has been entreating shippers everywhere to use the Port of Philadelphia. This, despite the anti-Prohibition jests of his good friend Royd Morrison, editor of The Labor World.

A health cure, once prevalent, is said to have been based on the power of the affected persons to keep repeating "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better."

Sam must have received a "kick" when he cast his eyes on yesterday's report of the \$45,674,000 gain in the value of foreign trade, at the local port, for the first six months of 1929.

Keep telling 'em about, it, Sam, it's beginning to penetrate. And let us know if there's any way we can help the good work along.

The Federal Reserve lives up to its name by being non-committal.

In the Bronze of the Bell

In the Old Testament book of Leviticus—the third of those in the Bible—is a verse which we Americans shall forever remember, for it is connected with the story of our freedom.

The tenth verse of the 25th Chapter, contains the following quotation: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and is the one that is inscribed on the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall.

And on this newest Fourth of July—one hundred and fifty-three years after the old bell's tongue sent out its message of independence—we could do worse than consult the source of our Nation's founders' quotation, which is forever cast into the bronze of the bell.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1929.

Why Not Lafayette?

Historians claim that Lafayette joined the American forces, as a sympathetic combatant, at the time that General Washington had his Continental Army stationed on the site of the Queen Lane Filtration plant. Search into the records discloses that the dates of Lafayette's arrival in America, the time of the encampment at the Falls, and the occurrence of the gallant Frenchmen's first wound, which happened in his first battle—that of Brandywine which was the one

fought immediately following the camp "near Germantown" were in favorable juxtaposition, and so, more than likely, the historians are correct.

All of which leads us up to the publication last Saturday of a notice that the plot of ground bounded by Henry avenue, Coulter street, McMichael street and Midvale avenue has been turned over to the care of the Fairmount Park Commission.

The space will have need of a name to identify it in the future. Why not call it Lafayette Park—or Lafayette Recreation Centre? Inasmuch as the Marquis offered his all to our country, close to the ground in that section, we feel that the appellation would be an appropriate one.

Home.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," seems like trite way to launch out on an editorial, but nevertheless that was the thought which came to us as we pondered on the line, "They will be at home to their friends," which we just finished typing at the end of a wedding story.

What does it matter that the furnishing of their home is merely the fitting up of three rooms in one of the community's "modern apartments, near stores, trains and trolleys"—that the furnishings are mostly indescribable little odds and ends that the girl salvaged from her parents' attic, or the bride and groom have bought on the installment plan?

The hands of a woman with a song in her heart have been accomplishing miracles in making a human habitation out of nothing since the days when the cave man returned at nightfall and found a curtain of skins hung before his door in the first faint privacies of the race.

On all the long journey through life, from the furnished room to the mansion, there is never again a home just like the first. Isn't it a fact?

Traffic Troubles

Left hand turns, which according to the recent poli rules, are made from the centre of the street, seem to be working out to the satisfaction of everyone.

And while we are on the subject, our thoughts turn to the idiocy that someone displayed by placing the taxi-cab call box placed on the trolley pole at Ridge avenue and Walnut lane—in a place where the cab drivers park their cars waiting for phone calls.

The taxicabs stand on Ridge avenue so close to the corner of Walnut lane that the huge PRT busses of Route "E" are compelled to make an unusually wide arc in turning into

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Ridge avenue on their return trip to Germantown, which, when it is done, affects traffic in both directions.

The situation, as it exists, is highly dangerous and the phone box should be placed at some nearby location, where the hazard to motorists will be removed.

Neglect of The Dailies

Daily papers, of the issues of July 5th, contained comparatively few items concerning Fourth of July fatalities in Philadelphia and its suburbs, but whole pages were devoted to the safe and sane celebrations which were held in various other parts of the city.

In Roxborough, Manayunk, East Falls and Wissahickon it has apparently always been the custom of the different church schools to hold their annual picnics in the woods on the Nation's birthday.

Anyone who does not attend his or her Sunday School outing and remains in the residential or business' section of the community, feels like a lost soul. For everyone appears to be in the woods.

Churches in other parts of Philadelphia have their annual congregational or Sunday School picnics, it is true; but in no other area is it so universal to pick out the same day for the outing.

Safe and Sane Fourths have—it appears—always been the custom in our section, even in the times of our grandfathers and grandmothers, who with a wisdom learned far earlier than their fellow Philadelphians instituted a sane way of observing the Fourth of July.

All of which made us feel sort of neglected by the daily papers which were dated July Fifth.

The great central forces of our mental life are attention, habit, reason and will. Everything else spreads out from them as the spokes spread out from the hub of a wheel. If we use them as they should be used, we cannot fail in life.

When all is said and done there are but thirteen truly great things in Life. They are: Dreams, Religion, Tradition, Temptation, Occupation, Birth, Death, Failure, Success, Knowledge, Love, Memories and Ignorance.

Better and Cheaper Taxis

Philadelphia needs more and cheaper taxi service. Compare our city with the other big cities of this country. Where do we stand?

Philadelphia, the third largest city in point of popula-

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tion, is in area probably the largest city in our country and as such is entitled to and must have every available means of transportation. No city can grow greater than its transit facilities permit.

Traffic congestion in the centre of our city is rapidly getting beyond control. We must look to a greater and more economical taxi service to remedy this condition. When the owner of an automobile finds that it is to his advantage to park his car outside of the congested area and to take a taxi to his final destination, then, and then only, can we hope to improve the crowded condition of the business district. No set of traffic regulations, no matter how well enforced, can possibly control the situation. We must eliminate the machine from the crowded streets and to do so we must substitute a better and more economical means of transportation. Other cities, notably New York, are working in this direction and there is no reason why Philadelphia should not do the same, especially as there seems no other solution in view.

A representative group of men well known to most all of us have formed an organization and are applying to the Public Service Commission for permission to supply this much needed additional taxi service.

This is not putting more competition in an already overcrowded field. They are offering a safe, up-to-date, more economical addition to the present service. There is no question that this additional service is needed and its present lack is painfully evident when weather conditions are bad.

Possibly the Public Service Commission's attitude for the past several years, of declining to grant additional certificates of public convenience has been justified. In this case we see a company formed by experienced men, amply supplied with capital, offering to give us just our city needs. We frankly can see no possible reason for the P. S. C. refusing such an offer.

Let us hope that the commission acts promptly and soon we may see in operation this greatly needed service.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1929.

The New Money

How do you like the new paper currency? It isn't so bulky as the old style and we're told that it will wear much better and keep fairly clean for a longer period. In any event, its smaller size will save the Treasury Department a vast sum annually, and that at least, is something worth while.

This, as our banker friends will remember, if the gen-

eral public doesn't, is not the first time that the paper money has been reduced in size.

We have a newspaper clipping, dated April 24th, 1913, before us, which tells of the arrival of the bill measuring 6 x 2 1-2 inches, which replaced the 7 x 3 inch certificate which had formerly been in use.

Taken as a whole, the new notes are an improvement and, we believe, will be so recognized by everyone. Anyhow, it is certain there will be but comparatively few persons who will reject them, for when all is said and done, money is money.

What Do They Mean—Work?

A metropolitan editorial writer boasts of writing a full column of editorial every day for five years. Horse feathers! Those of us who earn our existence by laboring on "local weeklies" have written several times that for years, and also read and corrected galley proofs, set type, helped with the mail, wrote heads, solicited subscriptions and helped around the press.

We've had our exciting times, too. There was one day when we were waiting for a cut to decorate the two center columns of our front page. The dead-line arrived and the messenger boy hadn't shown up. What to do? We were forced to sit down and write a historical article from memory, in order to fill the gap.

And we were out on time! What do they mean—work?

As We See It.

It looks as though the transportation wizard of the century, Mr. Mitten, has "snapped out of it," as the doughboys used to say, since hearing of the application made by a group of Ford dealers, for additional taxicab service.

From our standpoint, it appears as if the creator of Mitten Men and Management, or maybe it is the Management itself would fain play the part of "the dog in the manger." The public cannot obtain better taxicab service whether it finds the means to do so, or not.

We're hoping that the Public Service Commission will find no legal bars to granting permission for the proposed transportation facilities, and are firm believers in the rule that competition is the life of trade.

Six cents per square, is the prevalent rate of taxicab hire in this section. If you don't believe it, take a cab from the bottom of Robeson's Hill, to Conarroe street, which is but ten city blocks, and see what the charge is.

At any rate, the steps being taken by the Ford dealers

have apparently caused the PRT officials to utter a sort of a weak squeak.

Let's see what happens!

Outings

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.

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

We, of this district, are keeping step with other live sections of the city, state and nation. Next Wednesday the East Falls Business Men's Association will hold their annual outdoor carnival at Lindencourt Inn, in Ambler. The following Wednesday, July 31st, the Wissahickon merchants will conduct a group of the residents of that section to Fisher's Mills, in Montgomery County for a day's fun.

And on August 14th, the largest outing of them all will be held by the Roxborough Business Men's Association, when they will take between 1500 and 2000 pleasure seekers with them to the sandy shores of the ocean at Wildwood.

We're 'a going to get lots of outdoor action. Let's Go!

Who Pays for Advertising

A solicitor for the Suburban Press asked a Ridge ave. merchant to advertise, one day last week. The merchant replied that he would not advertise, but that he would take the money he spent in advertising and give his goods to his customers at a little less. This is an error that is refuted by such outstanding merchants as Sears, Roebuck, John Wanamaker, and a host of others.

Whose advertising bills do you pay?

The merchant who does not advertise pays the advertising bills for the one who does.

Every merchant in business pays for advertising, whether he uses it or not. If a competitor's advertising takes any business away from him the profit he would have made on the lost sale is what his competitor's advertising costs him.

You have perhaps wondered how some stores can afford

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to spend such enormous sums for advertising. That is easy to fathom. Their competitors, who don't advertise, and whose business they take, pay for their advertising.

Say the Jones family is a customer of yours. They have \$60 they intend to spend with you. They read the advertising of your competitor and are induced to spend their \$60 with him instead of spending it with you. The store makes 20 per cent or \$12 on the sale. It deducts, we will say, the \$1 advertising cost and has \$11 profit left. The advertising has cost nothing. It got back its cost and had \$11 profit it would not have had except for the advertising.

Who paid for this advertising?

Did the advertiser pay? No. He got back the cost and profit besides.

Did the purchaser pay? No. He paid only the regular price.

Then who did pay?

The merchant that did not advertise paid for his competitor's advertising. He not only paid for the other fellow's advertising but he paid out of his cash drawer the profit his competitor made on the sale. The merchant that doesn't advertise pays the advertising bill for the one that does. He pays in loss of sales and loss of profits.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1929.

The New Inspector

Favorable comments have been heard from all sections of the territory covered by The Suburban Press, concerning Director of Public Safety Lemuel B. Schofield's recent appointment of John F. Barthold, as Inspector of Police.

This local officer, who first served under Lieutenant Lush when he was in charge of the 13th District Sub-Station, at Roxborough, is known and respected by thousands of the residents of this locality, and his record as a policeman is one in which courage, persistence, thoroughness and fair-mindedness stand out with unusual prominence.

We, therefore, pause to congratulate the Director upon the selection he made in picking John Barthold for the Inspectorship, and are confident that the people of Philadelphia, as a whole, will soon acknowledge the abilities of the Roxborough man, as do we, his neighbors and friends.

Transportation

From time to time the staff of The Suburban Press re-

ceives communications, or hears comments, upon the lack of adequate transportation in the 21st Ward, and particularly of the Roxborough section.

While we are cognizant of the condition which exists and are in favor of securing this long-needed improvement to the "Hilltop," and will labor to the fullest extent in aiding those who are making genuine efforts to obtain the transit facilities, we do not feel that at this time we should "throw a wrench in the machinery," which would interfere with the plans which are already under way, by publishing letters or verbal remarks. Too many cooks spoil the broth. We believe that we should withhold any opinion we might have regarding the situation, until such time as definite information is at hand.

Our readers can rest assured that as soon as reliable news reaches us on the subject, it will be printed in the columns of this paper.

Danger Spots

Careful motor car owners and drivers in this section, who are familiar with the dangers which exist at certain intersections, know of the hazards which prevail at the corner of Walnut lane and Mitchell street, and at Pechin street and Green lane, and take precautions as they approach these perilous places.

However, there are dozens of other drivers, who apparently have no respect for the lives and limbs of their fellow beings, and never slow down or sound their horns, at these crossings.

Traffic lights might help to eliminate some of the speeding at these points, but unless the motorist himself, gives thought to the situation, even these silent policemen would be of little avail.

The Same Old Complaint

After hearing several recent complaints from car-riders at Ridge and Midvale Avenues, who after leaving the cars of Route 61, attempted to hurry over the street to catch an eastbound Route 52 car, we were a little bit amused when we came across the following newspaper clipping, from the files of the Weekly Forecast, dated April 10th, 1913:

"Many complaints have been made in reference to the service on the Allegheny avenue trolley line. Many passengers on alighting at Ridge and Allegheny avenues hurry across the street to board the waiting (?) car only to be disappointed, for when within a few feet of the car the

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conductor will close the door and the car speed on its way, and no attention is paid to the irate passenger who shouts in vain for the conductor to wait. This is a very common occurrence at the Ridge and Allegheny avenue junction, and also exists to some degree at Midvale avenue. Why not have the conductors look around when about to start the car and thus oblige the patrons of the company, instead of jumping on the car and running away without looking about to see if any riders are approaching."

The service at Allegheny and Ridge avenues, is even worse than it was in the old days, for with but two shuttle cars, working between Ridge avenue and 22nd street, the car-rider has a longer wait than at the Midvale avenue junction.

The old saying that the world changes, but the habits of men and women have been the same since the time of Adam and Eve, is brought back with great force, by the actions of the operators of the trolley cars on these two local lines.

There are times when we can obtain wisdom from the animals. A horse, for instance, prefers oats to rye—wise horse!

Helvetius, the noted French philosopher once said, "Genius is only prolonged attention."

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength; if also, in certain circumstances, our most miserable weakness.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1929

Young People and Churches

Rev. Dr. James G. Gilkey, noted radio operator, is not disturbed by the complaint that the young people are drifting away from the churches. He thinks they are as much interested in religion as ever, only the churches have to meet more competition than formerly.

But the churches need to make their services specially attractive to young folks. A lugubrious and gloomy note of the sorrows of life, it is not attractive to young folks full of confidence, energy and hope. Make Christianity seem a re-

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ligion of youth and action, and they will flock in.

Farmer's Biggest Burden

According to Gov. Cooper, of Ohio, the high cost of government is the biggest single burden on the farmer now.

The farmer's tax is a heavy one, because his property is all in sight and can't be concealed, and the tax assessor gets it all down on his books. But his direct tax is only a part of what he pays. The prices of many articles and services are increased by federal or state taxation, so that he pays indirectly to the government when he buys his merchandise. Before piling new burdens on the taxpayers, we must ask whether the farmers, who take such a large share of them can stand the added load.

Churches' Opportunity

There are 29,000,000 young people in this country under 25 years of age, who are untouched by any religious organization. Here is a tremendous field for the churches to work in.

The majority of these young folks have no special prejudice against churches, only they have never found them interesting. Something has to be done to make the churches attractive to them. The majority can not be won at first by preaching to them. Organizations like the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts that give them pleasant boy and girl life, can help them. The modern church has to use modern methods to touch this great mass of young folks outside of its reach.

Increased School Appropriation

Appropriations for education by the State of Pennsylvania involve the expenditure of \$94,000,000 during the next two years, an increase of \$19,500,000 over the State-aid appropriation for 1927-1929, according to an item in School and Society. State teachers' colleges will receive \$6,000,000 as compared to their appropriation for the last biennium of \$3,000,000. Nearly \$3,000,000 has been added to the appropriations for universities and colleges, the bulk of which will benefit the Pennsylvania State College. School districts will be reimbursed to the amount of \$52,000,000 for common school expenditures, an increase of \$4,500,000. A State education building also is being constructed at Harrisburg at a cost of \$4,500,000.

The Dangers in Speed

Major George A. Parker, state registrar of motor vehicles for Massachusetts, points out that the average speed of automobiles on Massachusetts highways has increased ten miles an hour in the last two years, and believe this is an important factor in the steady increase in traffic accidents.

"Probably the vast majority of motorists have not the slightest idea of the potential striking force of their cars, and they go blissfully on their way until they bring up against a bridge-head, a tree or a telegraph pole," he says.

Major Parker remarks that most drivers who come to grief while traveling fast try to alibi themselves. They will blame a bump in the pavement, a slippery road or a too-sharp curve—never realizing that their own speed was the primary factor in the accident.

Fast driving is all right, provided that you remember that high speed calls for increased care and forethought. Mishaps that are unimportant at 20 miles an hour become extremely dangerous when the speed rises to 40.

Preventable

The one sure remedy for grade crossing and highway automobile accidents is safe driving. Accidents generally result from carelessness or incompetence. Instead of burdening the people with compulsory insurance legislation and tax issues to eliminate all grade crossings, educate the public and enforce practical traffic codes.

Reckless and drunken drivers should not be allowed on highways. They are a constant menace to life and property. Those who dash across grade crossings and give no heed to traffic regulations should, after warning, be deprived of licenses.

The railroads of the country, in their great work to reduce accidents, have succeeded in every phase of the problem but grade crossings collision. It takes an average of seven seconds for a train to pass any given spot. Yet every year thousands of people, unwilling to wait the seven seconds, lose their lives.

Accident reduction is mainly a matter of teaching drivers when to step on the brake instead of the accelerator.

The Trust Company Tells Us.

Atop of the roof of the Wissahickon Plush Mills, at the Key worthy Bridge, the Roxborough Trust Company has erected a huge sign which calls the attention of the pedestrian and the motorist to the great need of better transportation to the central part of Philadelphia.

Anyone, who has given thought to the subject, can readily understand that the lack of direct and speedy transit to the great office buildings and industrial plants of downtown, is all that stands in the way of attracting more home-owners and buy-at-home shoppers, to this section, which is one of the highest and healthiest spots in the municipality.

The trust company should be congratulated and encouraged for telling the world—by means of its new sign—the greatest need of the Roxborough section of the 21st Ward.

The Third Dimension

An audience of three hundred people on Thursday afternoon of last week, in New York, beheld the moving picture industry take another step forward in its annihilating march on the "living theatre."

The third dimension—depth—has become a part of the screen play. The new departure is to be known as the Magnafilm and showmen have, without bias, admitted that the development is as revolutionary as the advent of the sound picture.

One shot—for instance—revealed an expanse of ocean, miles of rolling water, fading away beyond the horizon, fully five miles distant. No false background crowded the vision. One looked as far as the eyes could see and still distance seemed to stretch beyond the vision.

Another new era is before us.

Veterans' Frolic

Once again, comes the welcome announcement that Hattal-Taylor Post No. 333, Veterans of Foreign Wars, will hold its Frolic on the spacious and beautiful lawn at Langhurst, in Roxborough.

This affair, which is an annual fete held by the ex-service men to raise funds for charitable purposes, is worthy of everyone's patronage, and it is hoped that a great crowd will turn out on September 5, 6th and 7th, to visit the various

booths and as they used to say during the hectic days of the war was in which the majority of these boys participated—"Invest till it hurts."

The money will be well spent, and the satisfaction of knowing that it is for a good cause will be more than a just return.

Is Greatest Waste

The greatest waste of which the American people are guilty is the waste of their time, according to Harrison E. Howe, editor of "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry." This gentleman in a recent address reviewed the wastes of politics, of industry, and business, but finally concluded that the waste of time counts up most.

People not merely waste the time which they spend in idle amusements and aimless loafing, but they waste much of their working time. Every dawdler and idler wastes a part of the national capital. If people would all work enthusiastically and energetically, the national production and welfare could easily be doubled in a few years.

To Be Or Not To Be?

Within a few days Philadelphia will know whether it will have increased taxicab service at reduced rates. The proposition the Public Service Commissioners will have to consider on August 13th, at the hearing of the petition of the Universal Cab Company, is one of the most clear-cut ever presented for their approval.

Stripped of all beclouding issues that may be raised, the proposition boils down to whether the Commissioners will allow this company to give Philadelphia what is claimed will be cheaper, safer, more comfortable, more satisfactory and more reliable taxi service.

The petitioners appear equipped to more than fulfill their promises, if they are based on the experiences of other taxicab operators who have used Ford cabs, and who have not the unmatched facilities available to the Universal Cab Company.

If that be true, then it is a foregone conclusion that once in operation the Universal Cab Company may effect economies barred to other operators. All the officials, directors and stockholders are Ford dealers of this city. They have been in business handling Ford cars many years. Their thirty-four agencies represent millions of dollars in investments, in property, in equipment, in service facilities. They

know the product they handle. Their mechanics have been trained in the servicing of that particular car.

Therefore, the moment the privilege to operate is given, the Universal Cab Company will have immediately available the thirty-four agencies as garages, service stations and something Philadelphia never has had before, thirty-four waiting rooms for patrons at taxi stands, waiting rooms that cover every section of the city.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1929.

To Honor Polish Patriot

Organization of the Pulaski Commission with Senator Harvey of Wilkes-Barre as chairman, is a reminder that Pennsylvania fittingly takes a prominent part in the tribute to be paid the Polish patriot. For it was here Pulaski volunteered his services in the Revolutionary cause. It was at Brandywine he displayed the gallantry which won him promotion to the rank of major general, and it was at Valley Forge he received permission to recruit an independent cavalry corps known as Pulaski's Legion.

He succumbed October 11, 1779, to wounds sustained in fighting for American freedom. The Pennsylvania Legislature at its last session designed the sesqui-centennial anniversary of his death as General Pulaski Memorial Day. It will be appropriately celebrated next October, plans for which the commission is now perfecting.

Reciprocal Advertising

The successful advertiser makes his advertisements newsy. He tells people something they want to know. Some years ago, through a political disagreement between a publisher in Philadelphia and a big advertiser, the big advertiser's page advertisement was withdrawn from one daily paper. That paper's circulation dropped off tremendously within a week. The women want a paper that would give them the news of bargains, the news that would save money.

The methods that are successful in a big way will be successful when modified to suit the conditions in a small way. Has your store made a price reduction to get rid of odds and ends? It would interest possible customers.

Tell the news of your store to your public. If you have some particularly choice apples or potatoes, a new pattern in gingham, calico or silk, a kind of candy that is especially toothsome, a style of shoe that will suit the college boy or the elderly man who cares for comfort rather than style, tell the public. Be specific and give as many details as your

space will permit. You can soon make your advertisements sought out and read as closely as anything in the paper.

Community Cleanliness

It is natural to put the best foot forward when stepping out of doors. Mr. and Mrs. Grouch become all smiles and politeness when they leave the protection of their home behind. Our clothes, our speech, our manners must be at our best for strangers.

But how about our streets and public buildings? They are on parade every day, they are standards by which our private manners are judged. They speak to the visitor in louder tones than the town brass band, and what do they say? "Be careless, this is the land of the free, do as you please," they say only too often. And so the parks are littered with paper and banana peels. Halls of public buildings are often dark and odorous.

Annual attempts to improve matters in the name of clean-up weeks are doing some good. Better yet is the year-round emphasis on cleanliness and order.

If the citizens of any community refuse to tolerate filth and disorder they need not have it. Children trained at home and school to habits of neatness and order, to a cleanly home and fresh linen, are unlikely to forget this training when they are out on the streets. Cleanliness is a matter not only of personal comfort and convenience but of consideration for others as well. Whether indoors or out, it is one trait of the good citizen. That carelessness which figures our public places is a definite sign that private standards are low. For cleanliness like charity, begins at home.

About Tourists

The possession of an inexpensive automobile has been the means by which a great multitude of people today have become familiar with a wide range of country, and it is astounding how much more territory many of these folks will cover in a short trip.

Their jaunts are often criticized, because people spend more time looking at the speedometer than at the scenery, and they are going too fast to learn much about the sections through which they pass. They would do better to moderate their speed a bit. If what they most enjoy is traveling 40 miles an hour, they do not have to travel long distances to do that.

With a tent hitched on their running board and cooking apparatus carried inside, a family can see a lot of country nowadays at small expense. They get a terrific jolting over

the detours and rough roads, but they always report a glorious time.

A few comments might be made on their doings. Before camping on anyone's property, they should get permission. They will find plenty of farmers glad to welcome them for nothing or a trifling fee, and free camp sites are generously offered in many communities. To camp down without knowing whether they are wanted or not, is about like walking into some stranger's parlor, and making themselves at home.

Every bit of spark from their camp fires and tobacco should be extinguished, every bit of litter picked up. Some motorists leave a trail of forest fires and dirty litter behind, and they do no credit to the town from which they come. Let it be hoped that all the motorists of this vicinity behave most courteously when on these jaunts, and give the impression that our people are brought up to have good manners.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1929.

Boosting The Community

Boosting your community is more than merely thinking or saying good thing about the town. Real, honest-to-goodness Boosting means that every resident of the section must carry out the following principles every day he or she lives here:

Assume their share of civic responsibilities and contribute their moral and material support to any movement toward good government. An efficient yet human civic administration is the backbone of a prosperous town.

Do their part in getting and keeping good churches and schools, for these institutions are the builders of progress for the coming generation.

Patronize home merchants and professional men, for they are mainly responsible for the comforts, pleasures and opportunities that the community affords to its citizens.

Contribute their every effort toward keeping the streets and yards clean and attractive. An attractive town is good business, for an healthy atmosphere is one of the first requisites for drawing new citizens of the right sort.

Be generous in thought, word and deed to their neighbors and fellow citizens. Most of the happiness in Life is obtained by doing for others and entering into the spirit of co-operation.

These are the principles that, when every person does his best toward actually carrying them out, will bring us all prosperity and happiness. We prosper only as those about

us prosper, so:—

Every loyal resident of this section is urged to become an active working partner for doing some real boosting for the neighborhood by making it better in every way.

* * * * *

Reflects on The Town

The town tavern used to be the sole place of abode for men and women who found it impossible to maintain a home of their own, but since economic conditions have forced the end of the tavern in the small community, the lodging house has taken its place.

While most women who hang out the "boarding house" shingle, consider it an easy way to earn some extra money, those who are really successful consider the comfort of their transient guests. The hostess has a responsibility toward them which is not discharged by the mere renting of a room, and the providing of meals.

She owes it to her guests, for their health's sake, as well as their comfort, to surround them with an atmosphere of genuine cleanliness.

"Cleanliness and comfort should be the keynote of the entrance and porch, as well as of the whole house," says Mrs. Nancy Masterman, of the New York State College of Home Economics. "Good beds, clean sheets and bedding, as well as an immaculate bathroom, and abundance of hot water, fresh towels, and a good supply of soap, are necessities."

If she does not give the guests a room as spotless as elbow grease and soap and water can make it, she is failing in hospitality, and what is even more important, she is failing to provide the safeguards of health. The hostess, is moreover, the official representative of the community for the time being, and the guest's impression of it will be based to a large extent upon her cleanliness and hospitality.

If you want to boost your town, treat every guest as if he or she were the Governor of the State. Give him every courtesy—and remember that the one that will make him most appreciative is cleanliness.

* * * * *

How Clean is the Air?

Recent measurements of the amount of dust in the air indicate that while we may not "eat a peck of dirt" in a lifetime, we do swallow two or three tablespoons of it in a year. That is the estimate for large and sooty cities. It may serve as an index of the amount of dust not swallowed, but deposited on the surface of the human frame, in the hair, on the hands, on collars and other clothing.

It is so hard to measure dust accurately, and to establish

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the size of the dust particle used as a unit of measurement, that figures given for the dirt in the air above a large city at any time by various estimators vary from four or five tons to 2,000 tons. There are said to be about 500,000 dust and soot particles per cubic foot.

Sundays are less dusty than week-days, at least in the cities, a fact which may be connected with the national tradition of the Saturday night bath. If wind conditions are the same, air dustiness varies with the time elapsed after rain. Even a heavy rain never reduces the dust content of the air to zero. A thin, long-continued drizzle is a far better dust-remover than a heavy downpour. City dust is mingled with soot and cinders, but country dust is stirred up by motorists.

While weather bureaus and industrial experts are measuring the dust, and heating engineers are trying to reduce the amount of soot, the work of cleaning up has to go on. Tub and shower baths for people, scrubbing and sand-blasting for buildings, frequent laundering for curtains and clothes, and daily flushing of the city streets must continue unweariedly. One point especially needs to be emphasized in view of the vast amount of dust in the air. Food that can not be washed should not be exposed, but should be well covered in the course of its progress from manufacturer to consumer.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1929.

Modern Courtship

When mother was a girl the swains seldom called empty-handed. There was always a box of candy to sweeten the evening's conversation and to win the lady's favor. The modern youth, however, figures that candy is part of his sweetie's daily diet—and why carry coals to Newcastle? It is probably this sort of reasoning which accounts for figures recently revealed by a survey of candy buying habits among 5,948 families in fifteen cities located in eleven States. Only 16.1 per cent. of all the 1,600,000,000 pounds of candy purchased in the United States last year was given to somebody outside the family as a gift. All the rest was bought for family or personal use.

Changes in dietary habits are the cause, according to Max Kelly, President of the National Confectioners' Association. "Candy," he states, "which was formerly considered a luxury, is becoming more and more a staple article which is consumed along with the other items of the daily menu.

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Housewives have learned that candy can be embodied as an ingredient in many desserts and other dishes besides being served as an after-dinner sweet. They are putting confectionery on their marketing lists for family use. Statistics indicate that three-fifths of the candy manufactured in the United States is bought for family consumption."

The modern Miss may get her sweets from the family sideboard, there may be plenty there all the time, but we wonder if the chocolates that dad used to bring mother in the courtship days didn't taste sweeter? Somehow or other it seems to us that today's young man is missing a good trick.

Out of the Test Tube Comes New Beauty

Beauty that was undreamed of a few years ago has been brought to the home by the American chemist whose test tube rivals the powers of Aladin's magic lamp. Various of the latest developments are shown in the sun parlor which forms a part of Du Pont Products Exhibit on Atlantic City's world-famed Boardwalk. The architecture, furniture, interior decorations and the accessories show the influence of new and approved trends in decorative art without being in any sense extreme.

The pearl gray exterior of the sun parlor is set off with dark gray on the trim, while the garden trellis is in white enamel. The roof shingles are stained brown, maroon and bronze green. Interior woodwork is duccooed as is also the suite of reed furniture and the occasional pieces. Rayon upholstery is used on the reed furniture. A large chair has an aluminum frame with lacquered fabric upholstery. Touches of chromium plating show on the lacquered metal ash receivers.

Neumoursa lacquered fabric is used on the walls, while the draperies are of rayon nicnon, with airbrushed designs. The new fire-resisting cellulose acetate sheeting is used for lamp shades. A score or more of other recently developed chemical products are included to show the progress made in diversified chemical manufacturing.

Mr. Ford on Prohibition

Henry Ford declares that should this nation permit the return of liquor, he will quit the manufacturing business, saying that gasoline and booze will not mix. Mr. Ford contends that it is the sobriety of this nation that has given it front rank among the nations of the world for prosperity and a high standard of living. He claims that a sober nation can go on a five days work week and increase prosperity; the people can have more luxuries and more time to enjoy them

and a return to permitting the sale of liquor would mean long working hours, a long working week and inefficiency in the workshop.

Mr. Ford places the drinkers of today as one per cent. and that ninety-nine per cent. of the population are abiding by the law. This statement will be a surprise to the Anti-Prohibition Society and to the public as of an estimated population of 115,000,000 would give 1,150,000 drinkers. The estimate of the imports of liquors, the thousands of stills and home brewers and the great amount of money spent to ineffectually enforce prohibition make Mr. Ford's estimate seem very low.

Plate Glass Windows

It is estimated that no less than \$100,000,000 is annually expended in the dressing of windows. The best stores and shops place a lot of dependence upon their window displays to attract customers whom they want to know their goods. New things are sought out in windows.

And so it is our believe that with the approach of the Fall buying season it will prove more than profitable to the local merchant to have his window looking as good as he can make it.

The windows are insured against damage, so why not utilize them to their fullest extent.

Let us live as if the moment, the time, the day, were so important that it would not last forever.

It seems as though every vegetable has a special kind of bug to destroy it—man ditto.

Just about the time that the fish bite best, it seems as if the work was never so far behind.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1929.

Will They Eat It For Us?

Much of the bread that goes on American tables comes from bakeries, as is well known. Now a number of baking concerns even slice "the staff of life." Sliced bread has appeared in many localities. It comes wrapped and ready to serve. So far no baker has offered to do the eating of his product, which seems to be about the only thing left.

The Graf Zeppelin

The Graf Zeppelin is making its fifth crossing of the

Atlantic after making a trip around the world. The successful voyages of the big airship, encountering all kinds of weather, has greatly increased confidence in the safety of travel by air. Over the holidays many made journeys to and from resorts by air, all the regular air lines reported having to send out additional planes to handle the traffic. No serious accidents were reported by the regular lines operating in the East.

Cost of Children

Insurance companies have recently been gathering statistics in every State in the Union in order to learn how much it costs to rear children. In the average for the whole United States it was found that it costs parents about \$10,047 to rear a girl from birth to the age of 18; boys cost slightly less. The averages also show that parents spend \$531 to maintain a baby through the first year of its life. By the time the youngsters is 10 years of age the average parents have spent \$4253, and this expenditure is increased to \$7551 by the time the boy or girl is ready for high school at the age of 15 years.

Be Tolerant

To be tolerant of views and visions unlike our own, even of those which we may think absurd or ridiculous or even offensive—is not that true hospitality? The hospitable person, the dictionary tells us, is "one who receives and entertains strangers and guests with kindness and without reward." It is a good definition, on the points of which we might well linger. But it is better to pass on, remembering that as the things of the spirit are so much higher and more important than material things, so is the welcome given to another's thoughts and feelings and the sharing of our own experience with them, finer than the mere offering of material shelter and food.

Snappy Looking Window Shades

The world is waking up to everything that is new and the latest stage of this intellectual development is shown in window shades. Just why every part of the house, even to the brick work, the trimmings and cornices, the steps, porches, and all the exterior finish should be dolled up and put into a high state of loveliness, with no thought to the improvement of window shades, through all these years, is something of a mystery.

But there is a cure for unsightly shades, and now one

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can plan beautiful and interesting windows with colorful, figures, washable tontine window shades that harmonize with the walls, floors and ceilings, so that all constitute a charming, tasteful finished appearance. This used to be attempted only with curtains and draperies, but now there are shades being produced in all kinds of beautiful effects.

Shall We Change the Calendar?

George Eastman is one of the men in America in a class by himself. He is an example of a poor boy becoming a rich man. Other poor boys have become rich in this millionaires' country. But Mr. Eastman gave away most of his millions—about sixty of them—in a few years and then started to hunt lions in Africa, and to come back to America to help reform the calendar. While he was engaged in telling America that there was "a picture ahead" he was trying out a thirteen month calendar in his own business. That experiment convinced him the world ought to do likewise. So he really has been the big backer of the new calendar plan which has just been presented to Secretary of State Stimson, and which urges that the United States participate at a conference under the auspices of the League of Nations to consider world action. Mr. Eastman is not a talker, but he has supplied the "sinews of war" for a committee composed of men like Doctor Marvin, Chief of the Weather Bureau; Doctor Burgess, Director of the Bureau of Standards; David Lawrence and others well-known. There was an eighty per cent. favorable answer to the questionnaire of the committee for a change in the calendar. But the committee does not recommend that the United States Government should enter an international conference committed to any special plan. It hopes, however, that some definite decision may be reached before 1933, so that any change may be inaugurated on January first of that year. The chief alleged reason for a change is to secure more accurate accounting and divisions of business life—a four-week-month.

We're in favor of moving it back to April again at least.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1929

THE CHURCH

Now that vacations are almost over, the various churches in this section have resumed their regular services.

It is our opinion that all of us should attend some church or another. We care not which it is, so that it is some place where we may build up a strong belief in the

existence of a Supreme Being.

There are those who may scoff, but nevertheless, the three great experiences of Life are connected with the church—birth, marriage, and death. And even the person who never visits a house of God at any other time, is among those who desire to have the family birth rites, weddings and funerals solemnized according to religious ceremony.

The spiritual side of our argument is temporarily laid aside in order to consider the practical value of being affiliated with a church.

Since the beginning of time, religious organizations have been the chief promoters of education, the creators and advocates of moral consciousness, the developers of family life, the dispensers of charity, the supporters of the brotherhood of man, champions of peacefulness and temperance and have provided sustaining hope for the crippled, the sick and the aged.

Churches also permit us to join a social organization where we may find others of our kind, with similar thoughts and feelings.

Let us attend our churches regularly. They have lived on through the ages to help men and women bear the heavy burdens of Life—and will still continue to do so, with or without a few of us who fail to take advantage of their benefits.

THE PENNSY STATION

We're wondering if when the great railroad changes are completed in Manayunk, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will replace the disgrace it calls a passenger station which stands at the foot of Krams avenue.

The dilapidated old structure was erected in 1883, and by this time has certainly paid for itself. And while the Company is about the job some provisions should be made for reaching Main street.

Here's something for the Manayunk Business Men's Association, the 21st Ward Board of Trade and the 21st Ward Civic Federation to work on.

MOTOR CAR DRIVERS

Should you yell, "Look out you boob!" at the next driver who by his recklessness endangers your own car the chances are almost even that you will be right. If you advise him to cut out his liquor, it is even more probable that you have

not erred.

These statements are based on the assumptions that humans measure up about the same, mentally and physically, all over the country. The tests on which the statistics are founded were made by an eminent psychiatrist who examined 100 violators in Detroit's Traffic Court.

He found that 42 of the drivers were of inferior intelligence and that 46 of them were intoxicated. The drivers were typical violators of the traffic code.

Among them were seven who had imperfect hearing, 14 who had defective vision; four were color blind and one was quite insane.

Despite the fact that during week-ends almost any driver will swear that these figures, if anything are too mild, we are inclined to doubt them. Were it a fact that 42 per cent. of those who are "handed a ticket" are feeble-minded and 46 per cent. are intoxicated while in charge of their cars, motoring would be impossible. to venture on the road would be to court death. Driving a car would be placed at once among the more hazardous occupations.

Undoubtedly there are many morons behind the wheels of the automobiles of this country. There are thousands of people who would be unable to qualify for a license if the examination included the simplest of mental problems. Many of them drive cars that are a perpetual danger to others because of imperfect brakes and other defects. But with our national carelessness we allow them to go careening merrily over the crowded roads.

And when we pick up the paper and see the headline "Week-end Auto Toll Totals 14," out of habit the thought runs through our brain that something should be done about it. Then we turn over to the sports page for the really important news.

Among the securities that fluctuate are the holy bonds of matrimony.

Most things can be overdone. Life would be mighty monotonous if it were all sunshine.

When the devil doesn't have anything else to do he makes a few more hypocrites.

A girl can't throw a stone, but that is no reason why she shouldn't have an aim in life.

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BY A. C. CHADWICK, Jr.

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