

Suburban Press  
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## The Forum

### HAIRPINS

Men say that women are beautiful but dumb. This, of course, is a one-sided argument. Goodness knows what the ladies may think of us!

But let's give a thought to this "beautiful but dumb" contention. Maybe the himinines are right. Or again, maybe they're wrong as usual.

But if they are right, the women have themselves to blame. Things were not always as they are now. And most of changed opinion is due, we think, to this fashion of bobbing the hair.

Take the days of the old-fashioned hair pin. How can these bobby pin times compare with those? For when pair pins were in style men had to take a back seat as far as mechanics were concerned.

The hair pin was a great institution. It held civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it was much mightier than the sword, or for that matter, the plough. What is the plough but a long time development of a forked stick, and what is a forked stick but a prototype of the old hairpin? If there was any necessity, a woman could have scratched the ground with it. In fact there was no work or play in which something could not have been accomplished by means of it.

Dullards today will tell you that women are not so inventive as men. But these are hemaless of the last ten years. Women, before 1922 didn't have to be patent-securers. With a hairpin all that was possible could be done. With a hairpin a woman could pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if the meat was cooked, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, probe for a splinter, fasten a door, hang up a plate, or a picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby

carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a paper-cutter, a clothespin, regulate the clock, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn flapjacks, caulk holes in trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the runaway habits in gas meters, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma in father's tobacco pipe, pry shirt studs into buttonholes, fix the horse's harness, restore wrecked toys, wrestle with beer stoppers, improvise suspenders and garters, shovel candies, cure gas burners, saw cake, jab fresh guys, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings and putter with the washing machine. In short, she could do what she wanted to; she required no other instrument.

In the old days a woman could have gone into the Robinson Crusoe or Swiss Family Robinson business, and would have built a hut, and made her coat of the skin of a goat, by means of a hairpin. And if things had continued, without this hair-bobbing craze, who knows but that they would have eventually mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

Girls, today, may be beautiful but dumb, but don't think for a minute their mothers were the same way. For those hair-pin era women knew their stuff. And we don't mean maybe! Ask Dad. He knows!

JOSE SMEE

### POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

The political convention season is with us once more. And it's all a lot of hooie!

The Republicrats know who their Presidential candidate will be, before the delegates gather at Chicago, but they must needs have a convention, anyhow, in order to erect a platform, and to let the boys have a good time.

The Demicans don't know for sure who "they all" must mount on the donkey, but anybody can make two guesses on who has the best chance of streaking home in front of the Gopafant, and be at least fifty per cent. right. But the Demi-



cans, too, have a lot of would be carpenters and some planks they must nail down.

Let's consider this "yere" platform business. A platform, as we understand it, is a place on which somebody, or something, can stand. And as a rule it just has to stand long enough to meet certain exigencies.

Each party is, or pretends to be wet; each party is, or pretends to be dry; each party says it is, or pretends to be, for a tariff which will benefit the greatest number of United States citizens; each party stands, or pretends to stand for States rights; each party will supply, or promise to supply a chicken for every pot; each party says, or pretends that all that is good and sane is confined to their particular party. All hooie!

A platform is nothing, more or less, than a sales argument created to get the most votes. It doesn't add anything to the real value. Two weeks after the election some unforeseen condition, or lobbyist arises to wreck the platform.

And as for the conventions. Why not abolish them and save a lot of money and hot air? Train fares, hotel hire, and a thousand and one other incidentals for delegates and alternates; the cost of clerical, reportorial, newsprint paper, decorations and Star Spangled Banner musicians could be dispensed with, and the money spent to provide work for some of the unemployed.

And the hot air from Delegates Pochbah, Windsack, Blowhard, Wheezer, Gasbag, etc, could be utilized to keep the Akron and her sister skyliners afloat.

As with the ballots of the Electoral College, after election, each state delegation could poll a vote at home, and mail the result to the national headquarters of their party, thus eliminating America's great quadrannual comedy, and rob the rest of the world of the biggest laugh it ever gets.

SILVER TONGUED BILLY.

6-23-1932

2

## The Forum

### PIE

At the end of last week we had an acquaintance, who met us on a street car, start raving about the incoming of the seasonable huckleberry pie.

All that fellow seemed to know was huckleberries. He appeared to have a huckleberry fin. We wondered if he'd ever had the opportunity to sink his teeth into Roxborough cheese pie? We doubt it! For if he had he would have forgotten the little blue mountain berries forever. There never was, there is not now, and we don't believe there ever will be, any kind of pie which can ever compare with Roxborough cheese. And this is said with all due respect for every other kind of pie that was ever fashioned. We have a weakness for 'em all.

The mighty youth of Jonathan Edwards, the deepest American intellect yet, was nursed and sustained on pie. Pie was the basis of the homely strength and shrewdness of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Abe Lincoln and Zipper Bovard. The electric light, the radio, moving pictures, and a lot of other inventions were fostered on pie. Skip stop bus drivers developed through a lack of it. Emerson loved pie for breakfast, for it is the food of poets and mystics as well as for "stern men with empires in their brains."

We know of great jurists who nourish law and wit on pie. We are in on the know concerning a certain State Senator whose physician said that pie disagreed with the solon's digestion. Ever since the doctor made that statement, the Senator has disagreed with his party, more or less.

Ask any good-natured, smiling-faced man who had been the companion of his youth, and the answer will be "Pie!" Talk of nights and suppers with the gods! Let any man who has kept faith with his stomach look back to the Sunday pie; a secular joy and the dream of an entire week. Hot or cold, pumpkin, mince, apple,



huckleberry, cheese or onion, it was sweeter than honey and they that tasted it lived like kings.

Even before the time of Haitch & Haitch, and Lentins, pie was revered and was a home-made article. But the home art of pie-making seems to be fading away. It lingers, however, in little far-off corners, and happy are they among whom it lingers. A sound and thorough pie is a consummate work, and as healthful as health. Even granting that pie is as dangerous as some dyspeptic cranks assume, it is a danger worth facing and putting down.

It is, sad to say, a fact that there are persons, born doubtless for some good purpose as yet too darkly veiled, who believe that it is a mark of superiority and cosmopolitanism to turn up the nose at pie. Let him who scorns the cakes of his country be anathema! If he be a Wet, let him shiver for aeons in thrilling regions of rock-ribbed ice, without a single finger of hooch to comfort his throat. If he be a Dry, let him sit down forever to the Plutonian messes that lurk in modern cook books.

Does anybody believe that if these men who are now unemployed had been sent to institutions where they could have been placed on a diet of pure pie, that their conditions would not have been better? Now they are allowed to roam at will among chickens and milk, shrimp salad, and Hungarian goulash, and they see ghosts, apparitions, sprites and goblins. Some people would have the world live on oysters. A noble enthusiasm, and we venerate it, but don't ever be unjust to pie.

Its discovery was a miracle.

CHEESE CAKE CHARLIE

### WOMEN

A news article in a Philadelphia daily told of a foreign professor who is evidently a gentleman of that bewildering bad taste which presents the sorriest symptom of the disease which makes man blind to the beautiful. In a pamphlet which he has just published in Europe, he utters the following frightful blasphemy:

"Esthetically woman is not so well made as man, and the term 'feminine beauty' is simply a paradox. There are no beautiful wo-

men; there cannot possibly be any beautiful women."

The rascal! And the foolhardiness of him! Even that pessimist of pessimists, "Sour" Schopenhauer, in whose eyes everything was horrible, did not have the courage to go so far. In one of "Sour's" outbursts, he spoke of the fair sex as "low in stature, with narrow shoulders, big hips and short legs. And we call that beautiful! Pshaw!"

Alfred de Musset, in all his male swell-headedness, stopped with the opinion that "the beauty of women is all in our love for them."

Certainly there are men in this world who can give points to the ladies in personal conceit, and the funniest of them are the chaps who think they are more beautiful than women. As a matter of fact, there is a certain natural grace and dignity in the movements of a well-formed woman that can be imitated but very poorly by the most splendidly developed man.

But it is a simple matter to knock the thought of that foreign writer into a row of libraries. Take the best-looking young man you know and dress him in skirts, bob his mane, or give him a permanent wave, and powder him all over, and he totals up an old maid of fifty or sixty. An older man would look like the grandmother of a crocodile.

And, on the other talon, when a woman dons a man's clothing, she is too beautiful for a man.

No war upon feminine beauty can ever be popular. And they shine in The Press.

FRANK LEE SENSORD



6/30/32

# The Forum

## CONJUNCTIVITIS

Somewhere on the shores of in the Grand Grounds of the Grammarians, some wretched pedantic person, mumbling declensions and suffering from conjunctivitis still emits muddled convolutions on the dogma that "a sentence must not begin with a conjunction."

The poor fish will someday learn differently and may possibly admit that he had no call to make such a law, or try to hinder the tides of speech, with such doddering conclusions.

Man was not made for conjunctions, but conjunctions were made for man. If that stick-to-the-rule fellow would read his Bible more and his grammar less, he would be happier. For example, look at these passages:

"But I will come shortly if the Lord will."

"But the Heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire, against the day of judgement and perdition of ungodly men."

"But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer."

"But, and if ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye."

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."

"But the Word of God endureth forever."

But us no buts! We've had precedent enough. The theory that it is not good style to make a sentence parade leader out of a conjunction is of hooie, all compact. Still we have no wish or right to command other men's conjunctions. Let freedom reign. Put the conjunction where it will do the most good, and be blessed to it.

GRAM MA.

## KITCHEN MECHANICS

Every once in a while we run into a young mother of a boy—usually one whose girlhood was lived in a home where a group of brothers apparently had an easy life of it, while the only girl was a drudge—who thinks that it is right to train her son in domestic science. Her theory is that if a

boy learns the elements of cooking, he will appreciate how difficult the art is and what obstacles environ the successful compounding of culinary recipes, and will thereby learn a great lesson in patience which will stand him in good stead when he comes to be married.

"It will be a great advantage to his wife," she says, "when he can understand something of the trials of the kitchen, and to train a husband you have to begin early."

No doubt th eearly training of husbands is desirable, and we dare say men and women of money could be found who would finance a school which will give out a degree of B. H. H. (Bachelor of Housekeeping and Husbandry), but will it be wise to give men who are said to be not without conceit at present, the impression that they know something about cooking?

Most fellows are bad enough now and with this new acquisition they might be unendurable. So long as they only know the rough cooking of the tent, cabin or boat, all is well; but once breed them to the housekeeping business, so to speak, once familiarize them with the mysteries of the kitchen and ruin is inevitable.

In nothing is a little knowledge more dangerous than in cooking. The pretence of it, on the part of some men in these days, hurts nobody and deceives nobody, although it must be a great strain on the gravity of good women cooks. But once tag a boy as a good cook; once give him a smattering of "domestic science;" then bid farewell to peace and welcome discord.

"Sally, dear, that chicken should have been taken out a minute and a half ago;" "Pshaw, Penelope, how that sauer krout smells! Why did you not remove the cover?" "Why, Dimple Dumplings, when my mother trained me I was never allowed to cook broccoli more than—" One can imagine the steady patter of masculine wisdom, and hope that many platters may be at its satisfied coco.

No! No! Home with a trained husband could not be home. 'Twould be a lunatic asylum! And we don't mean maybe!

IMA CHEFF



# The Forum

## GRATITUDE

We've never laid any claim to being a masculine Beatrice Fairfax, or specialist in answering ethical questions, but we respond to the following request for information with the satisfaction of knowing that our answer may doubtless be the means of preventing more than one serious and lamentable calamity:

"In returning thanks for any favor should anything besides an exclamation of 'Thank you' be employed?"

The note is signed by—well, let's say Jimmy Joe John, because that isn't his name.

In answering the question, as in answering all others, the particular times and circumstances must be considered. Generally "Thank you" is sufficient. If a person passes you the butter it is proper to say "Thank you." But there are occasions when this, or perhaps any other verbal expression, would be unnecessary, if not absolutely inexcusable.

If, in response to a passionate and earnest appeal to a young woman that she should illuminate your dismal loneliness, enlighten your bachelor inexperience and assist your solitary helplessness by bestowing her confiding self upon you, and placing her future happiness in your guardianship, she should say "Uh-huh," and you should then say "Thank you," the chances are that she would throw the whole thing up. Such a reply would knock the bottom out of an almost unfathomable sentiment.

A man who could receive a young woman's hand with the same expression with which he would acknowledge a butter dish, or the return of a blown-off hat, could not appreciate the real value of a woman's love.

The proper response to such a priceless gift is made with the eyes, the arms, perchance the lips; but words are out of place.

THE EDITOR.

## SOME INVENTION

It seems that a 21st Ward man with an inventive turn of mind has been bothered by cats rousing him and his family from the slumbers. He is quoted as saying that his back yard "is the arcadia for all the love-making Toms and Tabbies in the immediate neighborhood."

It is said that on his back fence, and on the back fences of all his

neighbors, it has been the nightly custom, rain or shine, for dozens of nocturnal prowlers to congregate, and there hold discordant revel.

The cruel methods of poisoned meat and spring traps were tried without effect. The molly-gwinders laughed at them. Broken glass, barbed wire, and other amulets against the fence, duetists were equally useless. The cats continued their vociferous proceedings, and the disturbed sleepers swore and suffered.

And then, in the sleepless nights, Mother Necessity, grand dame of invention, came to the rescue. A scheme came to the mind of this clever 21st Warder.

From his rubbish can he dug a pile of empty tin cans, and out of these, supplemented by a portion of a roll of condemned roofing tin, he manufactured a contrivance that, if universally adopted, will rob the jokesters of one of their most prolific sources of supply.

The completed device for a cat-compeller consists of a continuous strip of pyramidal-shaped tin, the apex of the pyramid being placed on top of the fence. The base of the triangle is left open, and its sloping sides hang over the fence, and stand out from its face. At the apex of this tin roof comes to a sharp point, and its sides are too smooth, even for the claws of a cat, the result when Tom or Tabitha attempts to cross it, is obvious. As soon as their feet strike the tin, they are sure to slip,

and a fall on one or the other side of the fence is inevitable. And as the tin sides project over the face of the fence, it is impossible for the fallen feline to climb back to its perch again.

After fastening the new device to the fence, here is what happened the first night.

The first cat to strike the invention, a gigantic Thomas, sprang upon the tin coping, from a nearby porch roof, with a meow of disdain. Like a flash Tom's maltese anatomy described a semi-circle, and much to his amazement, he landed in the yard. Recovering himself, and with his dander up, Tom gripped the fence and scrambled upward. His head struck the projecting tin, and after one or two futile attempts to get a claw hold, confidence weakening, Tom apparently realized that he was a prisoner, and lay low, uttering from time to time a subdued and mournful meow.

Tabitha, Tom's girl friend, was the next victim, and although Tom recognized her as his sweetheart, and she identified him as her beau, neither had any heart for love-making, but crouched in opposite corners of the yard, disgustedly blinking at each



other. From that time, until dawn, cats came and but few escaped. Those that were fortunate enough to fall on the alley side of the fence scampered away, with distended tails aloft. Seventeen cats were the night's catch. Old fighters and young were huddled together. Misery had made them forget their animosities, and they greeted the inventor with frightened stares and mournful whines. And then he opened the gate and they scrambled, as they had never scrambled before.

The 21st Ward man's tin pyramid may work all right in his immediate neighborhood, but the night prowlers who haunt the wide open spaces of our high hills are lots harder to subdue.

A delegation of Belmont Heights cats, suddenly falling into a yard would wake the welkin with their yells; and so the remedy might be worse than the disease. Apparently 21st Ward cats are political convention delegates. They make an unholy row when they are on the fence. When they are off the fence their courage and their loquacity desert them.

WEST MANAYUNKER.

7/14/32

## The Forum

### MODERN BABIES

The chief experts in child study and infant psychology are most likely to be men. The valuable advice and directions given to mothers by good motherly males is surprising.

Whenever there is a Congress of Mothers, you may be sure that there will be a lot of masculine college professors present to unload stores of mother lore upon their listeners. Such is the unflinching wisdom of the sons of Adam. The infants of today must be old before their time. Much is expected of babes to whose welfare so many great masculine minds are contributing.

Not long since, one of the lecturers, from a Quaker City university, talked to a group of Philadelphia mothers. He told them "How to take Care of the Baby," and he showed that usually the baby is far from well taken care of. Mothers are not serious enough:

Said he, "Don't play with the baby! Nothing could be more injurious to the infant's nervous system than to excite it with the

6  
customary entertainments with which fond mothers and admiring friends bore the helpless victim. It is a common error to imagine that because the child responds with a wonder-look, a laugh, or even a shriek of apparent delight, that it is being amused. Quite the contrary—it is not only being plagued, but is sustaining, in nine cases out of ten, an irreparable injury."

Why are there not more Shakespeares, Washingtons, Lincolns, Hoovers or Roosevelts? Because most babies are irreparably injured. Baby's intellectuals are not properly and systematically developed. He may seem to be enjoying himself when he coos and crows and shrieks with apparent delight, but he is not. He is pained. In isolation and aloofness he is trying to study his surroundings and the psychology of his relations. They will not let him think. They interfere with the growth of his mental processes. They turn him away from his lofty cogitations by their impertinent and trivial endearments. They warp his nature and its solemn bent. They kill his mind. Let him grow and meditate. He has the floor. Give him the opportunity to develop himself.

Goes on the lecturer: "Don't talk baby talk." Certainly not. Why should a baby understand broken, any better than whole, English? Why will mothers use that strange nursery Chinook, "Did um wantum lunch" and so on? The man's vocabulary is shrunken on account of this habit. His bump of language is flattened. Long words for little ones, that's the talk. "John Bartholomew, my valued progeny, I shall discourse to you for a few moments on the subject of conservation of energy." "Florence Eglantine, let me dissuade you from your fruitless conation to ingurgitate your rattle. The impenetrability of matter is one of the earliest subjects which should engage your attention."

Saith the he-male baby-trainer: "One should avoid telling young children such exciting stories as 'Jack the Giant Killer.'" Explain, rather, that it is absurd to suppose that Jack, or anybody else would kill giants. Giants (baseballically at least) get large salaries. They are too valuable to kill. Don't tell stories of any kind. Read the Literary Digest to the baby. It will calm his nervous system and give him much statistical and geograph-



ical information.

Old Fashioned Mom

### BALD HEADS

The fad of the modern youth for going without a hat, morning, noon and night, will more than likely be the preventative of a lot of bald heads in the future. Not that bared domes are a disgrace. That could hardly be.

The singular sensitiveness of the prophet Elisha to the remark of the little children, who said to him as he was going to Beth-el: "Go up, thou bald head; go up thou bald head" must have struck every thoughtful reader of II Kings 2:23-24. That forty-two children should be eaten up by two she bears for this reproach must be regarded as a parable, as a warning to children to be respectful to their elders. Living in the open air in a world

as yet uncursed by the high hat and the brown derby, the pastoral patriarchs and the prophets must have kept their locks well. The almost universal custom of shaving the head as a sign of mourning may have given baldness an unpleasant connotation in early days. If such a prejudice there was against the naked poll, more humane or scientific conceptions now prevail. Sages have demonstrated, or asserted, that baldness is a mark of high intelligence, a badge of knowledge, or rapid transit living, and that the hairless age of man was on its way, until this new hatless fad came into existence.

A bald head of the right order of architecture is a sublime spectacle and has been the good fortune of many. It imposes upon the eye and mind of lots of persons. It is invaluable to a young professional man. There are men perspiring with prosperity, the cause of which is nothing less than the earliness or the grandeur of their bald heads.

There are few more majestic objects in nature or art than an artistic bald head. Seeing such a splendor, you feel that there was less jest than truth in the statement of an old sailor that the high dome of a tar friend of his might be taken for a lighthouse and cause ship captains to go astray from their course of safety.

Beautiful and useful as this decoration of genius is, we have not been prepared for its new and brilliant application in railroading which recently came to our attention. Consider the following case:

"An hour after Joseph laid him down to sleep on the railroad

bridge which spans the river, a Reading train, speeding to make up lost time between Pottstown and Philadelphia, came bowling around the curve leading to the bridge. The engineer had a vision of his train going over the bridge like a hunted cat along the fence, when the glare of his headlight suddenly picked up something white and glistening on the track dead ahead. It glistened and shone and menaced, and the engineer, fascinated, reversed his engine and brought the train to a standstill ten yards from the shining patch of white, which as the train engineer became nearer had become brighter still. Then he went out to investigate and found the bald head of Joseph Higginson looming up like a beacon. Joe was still asleep. He was awakened and brought to Philadelphia, glad that he is alive and bald."

There is absolutely no reason to believe that this hero, this life-saver, had been dallying with the cup that cheers. He had the right to be sleeping and to go to sleep, and he forgot to consult the time table before he went to bed. His innocent error has been the means of discovering a new system of signalling. The red flag must be hauled down. It is useless in the fog or darkness, whereas a bright bald head is a perpetual searchlight and a pillar of fire.

R. R.

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### Back Scratching

The region comprising Philadelphia and its suburbs is noted for its textile mills, its outlandish names, and by some sarcastic outsiders for its supposed sleepiness. To the peculiarity last mentioned it probably owes its widest notoriety. It has been understood that there is no limit to its indulgence of the propensity to sleep at all times, and in all places; but a recent event indicates that there is another indulgence at which a line should be drawn. We prefer to an all-too-prevalent habit of back scratching in public places.

Two women were seated in a moving picture theatre, all wrapped up in the week end romance of the daughter of a victim of the crashing stock-market, who by the way, looked charming in all the gowns she wore, but was a nightmare in pajamas. Mark down an error for the director of the film.

But to return to the pair of wide-eyed, open-mouthed, tense



pastimers. Every once in a while the saucier - or sassiest - one would turn her back broadside to her partner, and with her right arm swinging around like that of an insane contortionist, motion madly for her back to be scratched.

We have no idea as to the cause of the action, unless another call on a pallid physician is necessary to ascertain the richness of her blood, but the effect on our sensitive nature was such as to launch us off into a new sea of philisophy.

We've seen piggly-wiggles under

fence rails, enjoying all the delights of spine scraping; kittens which loved to have their vertebral fur rubbed eastward; puppies which found joys under chair rungs; and tenors of barber shop quartets who rubbed their backbones against the tonsorialist's striped pole, with keen ecstasy, and fully realize what pleasure is obtained from the whole-souled practice of having five finger nails drawn across an itchy spot which is located beyond our reach; but have always felt that this was a sacred rite for husbands to perform for their wives or vice versa, in private. And we know the extent of the satisfaction which is thus obtained.

Somehow, or other, despite the all-to-apparent transport which were experienced by the feminine scratcher from her sister scratchee, the whole thing seemed profane. An invasion of the rights of some long-nailed male. Or maybe it was because envy entered our breast, against one - or the other.

Tom Meek Atze

7/21/32

## The Forum

### HASH

Women have done many things for the benefit of the many sciences and for the world; and now we are grateful to them for the new uses that have been found for the cellophane which serves as a wet-and-dry kimona around our cigarettes and what not.

Domestic economy is an inexhaustible subject, and even the smallest contribution to it should

be accepted with thanks. Some have told us that old neckties should be made into sofa pillows. That discarded silk stockings may be converted into fine rugs for the bedroom floor. That cancelled postage stamps can be utilized to make beautiful corner screens. It may be that all these things are true, but we cannot live by sofa pillows, rag rugs and privacy-makers alone. But perhaps there is an esoteric relationship between pillows, rugs, screens and hash, as everything can be and has been made into hash.

Hash is as general as the air around us, and almost as vital. It is the cheapest thing for human nature's daily diet, sound, hygienic, strengthening; in short, infinite riches in a little room. And this is true!

But not altogether true. Who can give hash the multifarious praise or justice its myriad-sided virtues merit? Hash is the fifth element. Hash is the quintessence of all the aliments. It is the true democratic, liberal, all-containing composite, miscellaneous dish. Not even sociology can compare with it in extent of table contents. Hash is the masterpiece of creative art. It is capable of all fragrances, melodies and symphonies. Let Scotchman sing its brother, haggis. We stick to hash and shall stick until our hash is settled. Hash is the one and only all-prevading, self-governing, independent, free and equal American dish. There is strength in the very name of it, that comes down like a chopping knife on the chopping block. We once owned a maltese cat which came rushing madly into the kitchen at the mere mention of "Hash!" and was sometimes deceived by the similar sound, the assonance of a sneeze. Even mince-meat, sublimated and decorated is hash. Chicken croquettes, too, are but left-overs.

What is the real American name for a waitress? "Hash-slinger," a word of power, guiltless of servile connotation, having something of whirlwind and passion. The "hash-slinger" has her sleeves rolled up. She walks defiantly, with the mien of a sovereign. She slings hash at you scornfully. For "hash" has assumed all of its right. It takes all other foods in its all-embracing arms. It is the generic name of food. All food is "hash." The



restaurant, the dining car, the lordliest lobster palace, are but "hash-houses." Democracy drips from that chunky and admirable word, "hash." Hash! A million people eat it, joyfully, happily, suspiciously, according to the thermometer of their lives and their confidence in the cook. Somebody should have written a poem about hash. Hash cheered our ancestors, hash, marched across the Western prairies, hash made the bone and muscle of thousands of Americans. Hash, composed of everything, en-

tered into the composition of all our men of energy. Mad Anthony Wayne, Abraham Lincoln, "Hell and Maria" Dawes, Montrose Boat Clubmen, all ate hash. Good hash makes a good man. Difficult, perverse, dangerous hash can be digested and survived only by men predestinate to distinction and of dauntless stomachs. Hash kills off the weaklings and fits the fittest for their careers. Hash is a duty when it is not a pleasure. Never forget that, with the highest respect to Epicurus, hash is the food of heroes.

There is a creation, corn-beef hash with poached eggs, which is the highest hash-mark of the age; the perihelion, the apotheosis of hash. All hash is profitable either to the maker, or to consumer, or to both. Snobs who turn up their noses at honest friend Hash should be suitably cut up and browned for their sin in a region where "frying on the grid" is a specialty.

IRON-MAN

#### MODERN LOVERS

In one of the old time stage comedies, a terrible lover appeared on the platform. He was all bespangled with daggers and pistols. Coming into the presence of the beautiful object of his affections he advanced to ward her with measured strides, folded arms, and a frowning countenance. Then he suddenly came to a halt, and in a voice of thunder, roared out: "I love you! Just let me cut your throat!"

Old time audiences used to laugh heartily at this burlesque, because in the innocence of the good old past, nobody ever imagined that a time would come when any lover would do anything like that fellow did. But alas We have plenty of

9  
them today. The newspapers are full of them. It is getting to be rather a common thing for a young gentleman to ask a young lady to commit suicide with him. And as for shooting a girl-friend, or boy-friend in the street or in the park, that is becoming almost an everyday occurrence.

What can the matter be? In the old times lovers used to visit their sweethearts armed with bouquets and bonbons. Now when they go to see them they carry razors and revolvers. This is certainly a reform movement that can hardly be commended. But what do the girls think of it?

They must be deeply interested in things, naturally enough, and some of them should be able to give us light upon the subject. If the paraphrase may be condoned, one might ask, "Is it true that whom the ladies love they first make mad?"

GUN-MAN

7/28/32

## The Forum

### JOHNNY'S CHOICE

An anxious parent, one night last week, did the honor of consulting me in regard to an important topic of household economy. He related the following: "My eldest son (20) is infatuated with baseball. I have told him time and again that he is foolish and throwing away a career. It is my wish that he enter the service of some great corporation and work up to a large salary. Can you suggest any way of influencing his choice?"

No man begins to know his business as a father until he acquires a little diplomacy. What's the use of telling a boy that he is foolish? He won't believe you. You only stiffen his resolve into pigheadedness and convince him that you're a fool yourself. Fathers need to be meek. Since the world began they have been brow-beating their progeny. It is generally admitted that civilization is increasing. Consequently a son knows, or ought to know, more than his father.

The boy may be right. Boys are numerous and their number is somewhat in excess of that of the



Big salaries, especially in what Senator Woodward says, is "this year of disgrace, 1932." A Socialistic laborer once told me that "everybody orter have \$50,000 and not a cent more." I am willing to admit that every salary ought to be not less than \$50,000 a year; but there are difficulties in the way of immediate realization of the theory. Johnny, the youthful baseball aspirant, might fail to "work up to a large salary." Besides, how do I know that corporations are to be permitted to continue their wicked and soulless existence? Consider what a wealth of wind is now blowing against them; and then consider the remarkable financial possibilities of the baseball profession. Somehow or other I remember one of Pennsylvania's Governors, who after leaving the diamond, became a big league president. Then there was one Billy Sunday, who earned his reputation, at least, on the greensward. Wild Bill Donovan, Lefty Grove, Christy Mathewson, Eddie Collins, the college lad who has been cashing in these many years, and a score of others, who regularly clip their coupons.

And don't forget the fabulous salaries which have been paid to the Big Bambino.

There is money in baseball, Papa, and your Johnny is no fool.

Peaches.

\* \* \*

#### NOT TODAY

"Could a really wise man, such as Solomon, for example, be elected President of the United States?" asked a Jewish co-worker of ours in a local textile mill office.

Our argument was at once, that Solomon could not be elected because in truth he was not a wise man, but sinful and foolish. He would hardly be an available candidate for any party. Even our Hebrew friend would hate to vote for him.

If Solomon were alive today, and if he pursued the career with which his name is associated, he would have no standing in respectable society. All virtuous Israelites, honest Christians, and fair infidels, would wish to vote against him in November if he were running for high office. He was a man of vicious life, grossly vicious; he oppressed people, squandered the public funds, governed his country badly, levied taxes in the most reckless way, corrupted society, and violated

10  
the commandments openly, even the one against murder, while yet he was a boy. All the facts of his history are contained in the Bible.

If he were up for President in our times we should struggle to defeat him; and though our confidence in our defeating power is not now rampant, we believe that we could start propaganda that would do it. It is true that he built a temple, a palace, and other wonderful structures in Jerusalem, but he erected them with the blood of his subjects. It is true that he talked very wisely, but he acted most foolishly and wickedly. We would not oppose him because he encouraged the worship of Moloch and other false gods, for in this country a candidate's religion views are not brought up in a Presidential campaign; but we should stand out in relentless opposition to him on account on his bad politics and his profigacy. No Solomon for us! The brave, yet patient Jews suffered terribly under his yoke, and he left his country in a shocking condition.

So we hastened to tell our Jewish friend who wanted to know if Solomon would have any chance of election to the Presidency, that he would not.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY

8-4-1932

## The Forum

### The Fiddle and the Bow

Every human being who has enough music in his or her soul to whistle a song out of tune, should feel strings trembling and pipes a-sighing, when the information is broadcast this week that the 21st Ward is to have a symphony orchestra all of its own. We know not what the organization will be called, as this is written, but are reliably informed that the best musicians of Roxborough, Wissa-hicken and Manayunk have been working for several weeks past to create a great group that will add to the cultural advancement of the community. Plenty of wood wind and brass instruments have joined the orchestra, and while there are many violinists and cellists, more are needed.

Somehow, or other, we've always



delighted in the sound of a good "fiddle" as it were. Already we can hear the tuning and the scraping, the prelude of melodious outbursts, of future concerts which will be given in this vicinity. Let the great imported foreign violinists gather dollars while they may, this local orchestra is out to help humanity and give a push to the esthetic tastes of 21st Ward residents. The good old fiddler, the merry-making fiddler, the proud perspiring diddle-to-you-drop fiddler, is putting a handkerchief around his neck and getting ready. Go to my hearties! Care must be chased!

For the mighty youth of this country has been cheered by a fiddle. The pioneers, the hunters, the trappers, the canal boatmen, enlivened the long lonely nights with its strains. It sang from the dark insides of prairie schooners. It brightened fever-stricken despairing men on exploring expeditions, and in mining camps. It was the life of merrymaking in the youth of Jefferson, Lincoln, and other great men, long before the Ted Lewis type of musician was heard of. Everybody loved to hear it in the old days, except perhaps a few wealthy owners of spinets and harpsichords.

In all out-of-way places and therefore fortunate and original places, it is still the best loved instrument; and the skilled and enthusiastic fiddler is always sure of applause, of an honorarium as bountiful and liberal as the entertained can afford and, at the worst, of a double portion of moonshine, or other wine in the country.

We would have liked to have been present in the outlying country places when "The Arkansas Traveler" and other fine old American classics were in their glory. In the word of the Honorable Bob Taylor, who fiddled himself into the Governorship of Tennessee:

"All-conquering fiddles, sing and squeak!

Lift higher, O Eagle, that proud beak!

Where now is Janny Kubelik?"

D. D.

#### EFFEMINATE SONS

Against the curious discovery, or invention, made by a national educational commission, of the feminization of American schoolboys under the tuition of "schoolmarms,"

may be set the words of a male university teacher:

"There are many advantages to the child resulting from his quarreling and his fighting with other children to a limited extent. It gives him self-reliance and other essential characteristics of much benefit to him in the battle of life."

Many friends of peace and arbitration protest against the stimulation of juvenile fighting blood. No doubt, as the world wags toward the millennium, youthful Tolstoists will spring up in the little red schoolhouse and the big brick ones (including old Breck, the obsolete).

There will be courts of inquiry, of arbitration; and this savage exercise of "punching" Johnny Doe's head and "smashing" Ruddy Valley Vanderecked, Jr., in the face will be given up. Perhaps the reform will have to come from the top down, like the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Till the "Old Man" ceases to glory in his physical prowess, Junior may be excused for sharing the same passion.

Indeed, what chance would a non-resistant boy have? "Nature," at least the habit of unnumbered ages, is unconquerable in him. He must assert his ego, guard himself, and lick the other fellow. He is playing unconsciously his necessary part in the unending drama of the survival of the fittest. The healthy brutality of growth is fermenting in him, and fighting is an exercise interesting in itself. On the whole the rules of the game must have been improved considerably since the world was weaned. Probably a cave-boy had no scruples in sneaking up behind his little cave-mate and knocking his brains out with a hunk of flint. Gentler habits have come in. Boys seldom bear malice long; and, in one sense, at least, their battles are truly Homeric. None of those Greeks and Trojan bullies could boast more. The proportion of fight to talk is ridiculously or salutarily small. Great cry and small confusion. Barking dogs never bite.

Mothers and women teachers may not agree with this logic, but most fathers know that, with whatever stern threats they may warn their sons against fighting, they have a secret joy in these battles. Nor ought a lad be flogged at home for trying his hand at school on a problem of heredity.

To keep a boy from fighting is no



more difficult than to keep water from running down hill. Juvenile pugilism hardly needs any encouragement, nor will it unclench its fists for any amount of discouragement. In fact, without it, what is a Boy? The judicious Papa will seek to guide it into scientific methods.

In all our wanderings in the maze of sociology and the studies of children, we have not found any guide-board to two great truths which every observer of boy-battle has noticed again and again: First, Why does the other boy always "begin it?"; and Second, If a boy gets a black eye, why is the boy who "gave" it to him invariably bigger than he and apparently a giant?

Thus we ask, but knowledge lingers.

OLD MATT AH-GEE.

8-11-1932

# The Forum

## BEANS

'Tis Saturday afternoon in August when this is being Remingtoned. Salamanders are being sun-struck and fire-eaters are dropping one by one, and the guid housewife is boiling fresh lima beans for dinner. We love beans, despite what army men say about them. Soup, kidney, string, stringless, and limas. Especially limas.

They tell us that the person who studies the science of beans is known as a "cyamologist." A cymamologist we are informed is a species of the genus homo, male or female, who is versed in cyamology. The word is derived from the Greek bean "kyamos" and the Greek word "logia," meaning "a speaking," so that cyamology is "a speaking on beans." The "ist" or "er" which is sometimes tacked on expresses the agent. "Logy" always denotes a venerated branch of some science or other.

That there is authority for this word is found in the following stanza from Hiram Cobbs "The New Aladdin," which reads:

"Then close up all your kitchens,  
Let all your cooks be whist;

And shut up tight the mouth of might  
Of the proud cyamologist!"  
Also, in Oxenbridge Byle's "Thunder in Tooley Street" appears this clarifying passage:

"For all it overweens  
It doesn't amount to beans;  
This egotistical, cyamomystical  
Anti-Imperialistic League."

In the Latinized form of "The Paradise of Posies" (1599) it is written:

"The Cyamophagi, and such as have  
No heads upon their shoulders."

And as the pot boils merrily on, we concentrate our thoughts on beans, with the certainty that a few hours after we have finished our orgy on the succulent kyamos, we'll be a'needing a half a pound of bi-carbonate of soda.

B. B.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

We hear a lot of fun poked at some of the words which are used by our Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors, up in Montgomery and nearby counties, and every time this sort of humor comes to our ears we feel like rising up in defense of our neighbors.

In the Tennessee mountains, streams flowing from the east are known as sun-rise waters, a mule that you can trust is a confidential mule, a railroad train is a smoke wagon, a kiss is a smouch, cheese is plural with a singular chee, sugar is sweetening, but molasses is long sweetening; a man subject to epilepsy is fitified, and very much is a heap sight, or a good few, or some several, or way yander.

A man points to a hillside and tells you that he "lives on yon coast" and has a "good scope of land;" he greets you with "How do you come on?" and asks you to "come in and rest your hat." A tooth brush to him means a snuff stick, ill means cross, juberous

fimid, fisty mean, popular stylish, his past tenses are fetch and help and seed and squoz and swole; he tells you that "sickness is mighty interruptin'" and that it is a "gosh wet spell;" "hit's too-my-goodness cold;" that he has "the beaterest boy and the talkenest old woman you ever see;" and that a young flirt is "tryin' to get a chaw on a feller."

The sty-bake, or stay-at-home New Jersey matron coosters or



potters around the house, calls her preserves "do-ups," her husband, if needs be, a Lobsouse or loper, meaning a worthless fellow. She "sides up" instead of "cleans up;" goes "strulling" instead of strolling, wasting time about the village but she cares not a Dutch cuss about going "down country," when she means going to New York.

From the shores of Newfoundland come some cooling words; lolly is the ice and snow in the water near the shore, slob is soft snow, swatch a hole in the ice; a person thoroughly chilled says he is "just scrambled." To the fisherman a sleet storm is a silver thaw, and the sound of the waves breaking on the shore is "a rote," improperly baked bread is dunch, the material for fish cakes is huggerum buff, cheating is "bunkersliding" and a chew of tobacco is "old sojer."

A stupid Vermonter is a dodunk, a goober grubber digs peanuts in Tennessee; and when a Kentuckian is confused he is "mommixed" although in parts of New York State he is "muxed up" and in Indiana he is "stodged."

"I don't hurt for it" in Mississippi means "I don't care." In Virginia sunset is "day down." In Ohio a man has "large money," while in Missouri he has "scads" and in Georgia "a session of it," all meaning the same thing.

A sick person in Terre Haute who is too weak to rise, is oh "the lift" while a "pawky" Ohioan is a person in poor health. Mentally weak individuals in Kentucky are "slack twisted." "Hogo" is a strong smell in New Hampshire, where a severe storm is a "tan toaster." Missouri slush is "sposh." Green corn in Florida is "a roastin' ear," even when it is canned, and there a cow may give birth to a yearling.

And the New Yorker when he is violent does things kabang, kachunk, kaffop, and kaslam.

It would be a cause of regret if these picturesque reflections of life were lost to the world, but why pick on the Pennsylvania Dutch in particular?

BERNING GUPP

# The Forum

## RED HEADS

This saying about "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," in our opinion, is quite a quantity of applesauce. It is no more true than that brunettes or redheads are the most popular. Or that any one of the three is apt to be less favored by anyone. But redheads seem to be the least concited, while blondes get the most of the adulation. However, we stand in defense of the girls with the blushing tresses.

In our reflections she is all right. She reminds one of the sunshine. She may be a little fiery, but she is generous. She stands up for her rights, while respecting the rights of others.

Undoubtedly the red-haired girl, not to say red-headed girl, is, has been, and ever will be all right. Much more than the English girl sung by an English poet, "She brings the summer and the sun." Technically, and as a matter of convention, there are no red-headed girls. They have to be "Titian-haired," "auburn-haired," with hair "of the hue that poets love," and so on with familiar idiocy. So cowardly, so foolish, and so much dupe of superstition is the world. Is it because Judas, the Bible character, was once popularly supposed to have had a red poll that red-headedness has had to blush for its own color, so to speak? "Two left legs" would be a blemish, to be sure, but "Judas-colored hair" should be judged by its merits as a piece of color and not condemned on account of literary or legendary associations.

A similar trick of association and habit leads some pyrrhous detractors to infer that a red-headed girl is fiery. It would be just as sensible to assume that a yellow-haired girl is bilious. What is the origin of this lingering belief that the red-headed are sudden and quick in a quarrel? A savage or barbarous, at least a pagan, belief we'll go bail. Red signifies fire, lightning. On such preposterous grounds is an even temper denied to the red-headed girl by the thoughtless.

True enough, the red-headed girl is spirited. There can be no dull albinism in her nature and temper-



ament. But that is no better reason for calling her fiery than for holding that blue-eyed girl must always be deep in the heebie-geebies.

PI ROW

\* \* \* \* \*

### PROGRAMME

In a recently-screened moving picture, "The Tenderfoot," in which Joe E. Brown, the fellow whose mouth needs a zipper attachment, was starred, Joe pronounces the word programme as "Pro-Gram-Me," accompanied by much shaking of the risibles by the audience. Such is comedy.

Why is it that some orthographers write the word programme while continuing to write diagram, anagram, epigram and monogram?

A gradual, natural movement for the simplification of spelling has been in progress for many years, and is yet going on. It is very slow, but it also appears to be very sure; and we have observed that impatient reformers who want to get ahead of it, or crowd it along faster, usually made themselves ridiculous.

It is quite possible that the destiny of programme is to become program by universal usage. Many

good writers, and not a few influential newspapers write and print this word program; and it does not shock the eye so much as it did formerly. This indicates that a change is coming. Indeed, in later dictionaries, already there is a preference to the shorter form. Nevertheless the preponderance of good usage still favors programme; when the balance has come to be for program, we shall adopt that spelling if we think best.

Some men take up one freak of reform, some take up another; but if all men were to take up at once all the freaks, the result would be confusing.

Analogy is of no special consequence, for if you once begin to reform English spelling by analogy, you cannot consistently stop until your written thoughts looks as grotesque as a Futuristic painting.

For the present, therefore, we shall write programme while continuing to write epigram, diagram, and monogram; just as we shall write damn, (on such rare occasions when it becomes necessary to write it) while still permitting the Remington to write ram, sham, and clam.

Another case in point is that the Evening Bulletin calls the plural of

P. H. T. conveyances buses, while the Public Ledger writes about them as busses. We like the latter. It sounds like busses.

NOMEN CLATURE

8-25-1932

## The Forum

### "THE MOCKING BIRD"

Men and women we love; for some characteristic, or another (for there is good in everyone if we can be reasonable enough to see it); pass on and their names are forgotten. Even the most prominent are so treated. For fame is a fickle jade and seems to delight in hiding from view the world's greatest benefactors. We recently heard one of the members of the Roxborough High School faculty tell a tale of the recollections of a woman who had attained the ripe old age of one hundred and six years. When asked what she thought was the greatest boon invented for the welfare of mankind within the past century she replied "Fly screens!" Now who in the world first conceived the thought of barring flies from our households?

The thought of the quick forgetfulness of the public came to our mind as we attempted to remember the name of the writer of "The Mocking Bird" as it was being whistled by a colored man on one of the 21st Ward's hillside streets. And we were so interested that we went into research to satisfy our curiosity. And who do you think it was?

Septimus Winner. And he died in Philadelphia at the age of 75 years. We will lay a bet that not one reader of THE PRESS, among its thousands till now had ever heard of Septimus Winner; yet he composed musical works that were more famous, more universally sung, and doubtless more generally enjoyed, than anything the great masters have done, or the composers of modern popular tunes have turned out. In addition to "Listen to The Mocking Bird," he wrote "What is Home Without a Mother" and a lot of other tunes that had their day, and a pretty long day, in the times of the Civil



War. But look for Septimus Winner in the biographical lexicons and the directories of musicians and you won't find the name.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird"—what a part that song has played in American civilization! Who is there that has not sung, or tried to sing it? A melodious tune with apparent difficulties that made a goodly show, but were easily overcome and did not bring down disaster at the high notes like those in "The Star Spangled Banner." Hear Brudder Bones warble it at his end of the minstrel circle in the solemn hush brought on by sentimental song in the audience and on the stage. Listen to the chorus:

"Listen to the mocking bird  
(Whistle obligato)

Listen to the mocking bird.  
(Ditto)

The mocking bird is singing o'er  
her grave." (Bones and tambo  
pianissimo)

Give Bones what name you  
please, and the old days will come  
back again.

But this was no mocking bird of the stage alone. At church societies, in the schoolhouses, with the college glee clubs, it was the show piece. The musical "boy friend," when he called on his "sweetie" sighed for "Sweet Hallie" and took comfort in the mocking bird's singing o'er her grave. Every one sang the song, every one liked it; it was, and we fancy still is, as much of a "folksong" as the United States has turned out.

It does not often appear on programmes now. The choruses seem to have dropped it, more's the pity, though they occasionally give us "The Suwanee River," and the "Quilting Party." The jazz and "blue" crooners perhaps think that the comparison might be odious. We imagine, though, that "The Mocking Bird" still gladdens the hearts of school children, and still is a home song.

All honor, therefore, even if it be posthumous, to Septimus Winner, and his "Mocking Bird."

#### WHISTLER

#### WORDS

Has it ever struck you that there was something queer about the capacity of written words to absorb and convey feelings? Taken separately they are mere symbols with no more feeling to them than so many bricks, but string them along

15  
in a row under certain mysterious conditions and you find yourself laughing, or crying, as your eye runs over them. That words should convey mere ideas is not so remarkable. "The editor is fat," "Shultz is dead!" are statements that seem obviously enough within the power of written language. But it is different with feelings. They are no more visible in the symbols that hold them than electricity is visible on the wire; and yet there they are, always ready to respond when the right test is applied by the right person. That spoken words, charged with human tones and lighted by human eyes, should carry feelings, is not so astonishing. The magnetic sympathy of the orator one understands; he might affect his audience, possibly, if he spoke a language they did not know. But written words; How can they do it? Suppose, for instance, that you possess remarkable facility in grouping language, and that you have strong feelings upon some subject, which you finally determine to commit on paper. Your type-writer runs along, the words present themselves, or are dragged out, and fall into their places. You are a great deal moved; here you chuckle to yourself, and half a dozen lines further down a lump comes to your throat, and perhaps you have to wipe your eyes. You finish, and the copy goes to the linotyper. When it gets into print a reader sees it. His eye runs along the lines and down the column until it comes to the place where you chuckled as you wrote; then he smiles; and six lines below he has to swallow several times and snuffle and wink to restrain an exhibition of weakness. And then some one else comes along who is not so good a word juggler as you are, or who has no feelings, and swaps the words about a little, and twists the sentences; and behold the spell is gone, and you have left a parcel of written language dully charged with facts, but without a single feeling.

No one can juggle with words with any degree of success without getting a vast respect for their independent ability. They will catch the best idea a man ever had as it flashes through his brain, and hold on to it, to surprise him with it long after, and make him wonder that he was ever man enough to have such an idea. And often they will catch an idea on its way from



9-1-1932

16

the brain to the typewriter keyboard, turn, twist, and improve on it as the eye winks, and in an instant there they are, strung hand in hand across the page and grinning back at the writer: "This is our idea, old man; not yours!"

As for poetry, every word that expects to earn its salt in poetry should have a head and a pair of legs of its own, to go and find its place, carrying another word if necessary on its back. The most that should be expected of any competent poet in regular practice is to serve a general summons and notice of action on the language. If the words won't do the rest for him it indicates that he is out of

sympathy with his tools.

But you don't find feelings in written words unless there were feelings in the man who used them. With all their apparent independence they seem to be little vessels that hold in some puzzling fashion exactly what is put into them. You can put tears into them, as though they were so many little buckets; and you can hang smiles along them, like Monday's clothes on the line, or you can starch them with facts and stand them up like a picket fence; but you won't get the tears out unless you put them in. Art won't put them there. It is like the faculty of getting the quality of interest into pictures. If the quality exists in the artist's mind he is likely to find means to get it into his pictures, but if it isn't in the man no technical skill will supply it.

So, if the feelings are in the writer and he knows his business, they will get into the words; but they must be in him first. It isn't how the words are strung together that makes Lincoln's Gettysburg address immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little, plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle!

A RIGHTER

## The Forum

### YES, AND THEN AGAIN, NO!

The enduring interest which attaches to the problem here propounded demands that it should be discussed with all seriousness. A young woman, of this great and modern age when girls have more freedom than their mothers and grandmothers ever dreamed of, asks this question:

"Is it proper for a young lady to sit in the lap of a young man to whom she is engaged?"

Of course we will assume that no one else is present. Public exhibitions of admiration on the part of young persons whose hearts are known to have been interchanged should be restricted within very narrow limits. The eyes may meet, the hands may touch, but the lips—never. Opinions are divided on the question whether, within the hearing of but partially sympathetic ears, they should ever frame audibly the Christian name of the other party to the interesting combination; but that is not the theme of the moment, and there is no need of discussing it now. We are fully aware also that one school of romantic thinkers will maintain that what is not in good taste before the eyes of the world should be forbidden under all circumstances. But we say simply that such is not our opinion. If this budding state of matrimony were to be oppressed by the same law of decorum which cold etiquette prescribes for the colorless relations of commonplace friendship, we fear that the mature conjugal blossoms would appear with comparative rarity. Were no more serious proofs of reconciliation and forgiveness permitted to engaged lovers than are employed by mere friends, the first clash of discordant ideas would often cause the tender flower of love to droop beyond the power of ordinary protestations of devotion to revivify.

Our remarks are, therefore, directed toward those who agree with us upon this subject, and we address them with confidence that theirs is the popular view.

Turning then to the main ques-



tion, we say frankly, and to all the fair constituents of the endless and happy procession which will follow the example of the miss who interrogated us in the days to come, that as a rule the practice she refers to should be frowned upon as inadmissible. Treat the impulsive and forgetful suppliant with mercy and forgiveness; but rather than wander so far from the principles of reserved and faultless spinsterhood, we should advise our questioner, and all others like her, even to reject the enticing prospect of altering her state, and to continue, like the imperial votaress of the unbending Diana, "In maiden meditation fancy free."

#### HARD HEART

#### MONEY IN THE BANK

It is an interesting exhibit of the business of our savings banks for the years before the "Repression" to con a list such as fell into our hands the other day. It was the registry of the depositors of a bank, which made a record of the occupation of each of its patrons.

We noticed, for example, that among the new depositors for the year referred to, there was only one actor, while there were 1392 tailors; there was but a single editor, while there were 725 laborers; there was one boarding-house keeper, and as many as 337 pedlers. There were lots of shoemakers, bakers, barbers, waiters, and cigar-makers, but very few musicians, liquor dealers, instrument makers, lawyers, policemen, or soldiers; only five policemen, five lawyers, and one soldier.

The printed list was most instructive. What occupation shall a young man take up? We gazed at the poor showing made by lawyers, actors, soldiers, editors, musicians, and the bluecoats, as against the splendid exhibit of the tailors, shoemakers, bakers, barbers, laborers and pedlers! The young man who wants to get along in life would be assisted in making a choice of his occupation if more banks would publish similar lists.

Judging from the report in hand, the next best thing to the tailor's trade is the handiwork of the plain laborer. He has a better chance of

finding employment as a tailor or as a laborer. Repression or no repression.

OBSERVER

## The Forum

### HUSBANDS

A Wissahickon woman, one day last week, inquired of the writer, about the prevalence of so many divorces. Why are there so many of them. We rise to express the opinion that it is because wives do not understand their husbands.

A young woman is married before she has had an opportunity to study many specimens of this queer animal, Man. His ways of thought, his mental idiosyncrasies, the kinks of his convolutions, are essentially unknown to her. Friction and incompatibility are developed; and divorce follows.

The remedy or preventative is psychology. All parlor debaters are certain of that.

We once heard one discussion where women gave their opinion concerning what should be done. The conclusion was that there should be some kind of a school, where the "sweet young things" could learn more about the animals they are eventually going to live with. The girls were not to be made intellectual giants. For husbands don't like to be drawfs. They maidens were not to be business women. Stenography and typewriting teach habits of accuracy, and may tend to breed impatience with the irregularities and eccentricities of the "aggravating" creatures. Besides women might not be able to resist the impulse to "call" their husbands "to time." Even art was to be discouraged. Only "Art in nature," not that turned out by painters and sculptors, was to be taught. This of course, would be a rude blow to Fra Larados, but aesthetic training of women must be dangerous to domestic peace. Unless cleverly concealed it fills some men with an uneasy consciousness of their own inferiority. No man can be truly happy, of himself, if there is even a penumbra on the halo of his self-esteem. He must bask in himself. It is a sort of Lese-majesty for his wife to interfere with his sublime belief in his own greatness and infallibility.

We humbly confess our inability to understand just what "art in nature" is. Perhaps it is an appreciation of the facts and figures of the



the landscapes, the ability to look at a cow, for instance, or a mouse, without blenching. If this guess hits, a profound revolution is beginning in feminine psychology, the most mysterious, elusive baffling and fascinating branch of psychology, that grand and glorious science, if it be a science in good and regular standing.

"The science of the phenomena of the mind." For full particulars see the dictionaries and the textbooks. Is there any such entity or conception as the impenetrability of science? For sociology includes everything and psychology the rest so there must be an excess of matter, mind, or science. We don't speak irrevelantly but inquiringly. Women are natural psychologists. They have subtlety, the divining eyes and mind. Psychology has been applied to children, idiots, victims of hysteria, crowds and so on. Experimental psychology should now be applied to husbands, and applied by persons of delicate and sensitive perceptions, not by lumbering old professors. With our own eyes we have seen a professor of psychology hen-pecked. What use was psychology to him?

Who are to be the subjects of this wonderful school. Young men will be nervous if they know they are being scrutinized by those clear eyes of all-judging psychology. And is the psychology of love science or poetry? Whichever it be, the "psyche" is likely to get the better of the "logy"; the love to drown the psychology.

It is expected that marital psychology will produce noble results. Meanwhile, less important but still useful branches will not be neglected. There will be a thorough course in "housewifery," a study which was once regarded as even more necessary to wives than psychology. Some men are easily satisfied. The morning coffee is more to them than all the intellectual stores of all the women's clubs. While these base material needs exist, while there are husbands existing in a low plane of "Culture," it is right that young women with a view to matrimony should practice the lowly arts of the kitchen. As civilization strides onward, that life below stairs can be eliminated, perhaps, and the house be all library, conservatory, art gallery, music room and boudoir.

We walked away from that feminine debate congratulating the

participants, on their determination to turn girls away from the study of mathematics. Mathematics and marriage are natural enemies. Marriage says one and one is one. Mathematics says one and one makes two. Mathematics is an ass.

Bachelor

### SILENT JUGS

The delicate sensibility, not to say the hyperaesthesia, of this age must be held to account for the invention of the noiseless jug and pocket flask. Either the large model, or the portable style, brings in air to heal the blows of sound. Through the outer shell there is an air passage. The air comes as the liquid goes. Thus "all gurgling sounds incident to the discharge of the liquid are prevented and a rapid and uninterrupted flow is assured."

Rapid and uninterrupted flow may be assumed to be an advantage in a jug, as an orator, but weak must be the nervous that are jarred by the pleasant, cordial music of the escaping liquid. This cheery chirp and song, this melodious glou-glou has been celebrated by poets of a mild vinous flavor, and even in these days, when the old fashioned, much-enduring insides have gone out of fashion, and the watercart has taken the place of Bacchus and his vat, the carol of wet goods in transitu from the demijohn or flask may be remembered with an innocent and teteoal pleasure, by nose painters. The joy on the face of a pretended fisherman, as with his head tilted backwards at the supposed scientific angle, he comforts himself with sundry swallows that sing as they fly, may be forgiven by all but the most austere. Abominate the flagon as we may, there is a sympathetic sound in that gurgle, and homeopathy is not always practicable.

Who wants the gurgle drowned in air? Who pines for secret, black and midnight tipling? We'd like to shout - - - the hypocrites!

John B.



9/15/32

19

# The Forum

## THE BANJO

One of the music-lovers who was among the listeners at one of the recent rehearsals of the Roxborough Symphony Orchestra was an old fellow who had many a good time in his youth strumming on a banjo, the day of which, he says, is almost gone. The automobile, golf and radio, he said has proved too strong a combination for the instrument whose plunkety-plunks have endured since the Pyramids and which flourished wherever man has lived.

When it was first introduced into America, by a minstrel in New York, it aroused but languid interest. It was a "colored man's plaything," and the Abolitionists were not in the majority at that time. The next serious attempt to bring it before the public was in 1858, when the Dobson family gave a series of concerts at Barnum's Museum.

Then at Wallack's Theatre, the elder Charles E. Dobson, filled the time between acts, a thumping the strings of a banjo. The fashionable were interested and somewhat amused. The Civil War added to its vogue with the Northern sympathizers and no soldiers' festival or hospital fair was complete without banjo accompaniments.

After the war it languished until 1878, when more frets were added, and its musical capabilities were given a wider range. Violinists and pianists saw its possibilities and its danger to them professionally, and as a concession to it, interspersed their own performances with imitations of the banjo.

In 1883 the banjo craze was at its height. Tournaments were held throughout the country, and the people seemed to go banjo crazy. A contest was held in Steinway Hall, and the place was packed to the doors. Dobson defeated eight other candidates for a prize of six hundred dollars, and the next day the newspapers filled columns with tales about the banjoists.

With the original Spanish students who came to America, came the mandolin, and its tremulous tinkle marked the first jangle of the banjo's death knell. A troupe

of Spaniards made a tour of the country and the first wedge to knock out the banjo had been driven in. And alas! Where is the banjo now?

The careers of that old-timer, George Dobson, as a banjo player, is as full of pathos, for it is the general history of the rise and fall of a very picturesque instrument, if not delightful in itself, delightful in its association or its suggestion. Yet we should expect to see golf and the automobile, and even the radio itself, die out utterly before the banjo.

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—

You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—

You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,

And play it in an equatorial swamp.

I travel with the cooking pots and pails—

I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the port—

And when the dusty column checks and tails

You should hear me sound the regiment to a walk!

With my 'Pilly-willy-winkle-popp'!

Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!

So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;

So I play 'em up to water and to to bed."

Thus the banjo speaks through kipling.

—E. String.

## MORE ABOUT PIE

A metropolitan daily paper emits his sentence, which, with all just uses of respect, we unhesitatingly all superfluous:

"A whole century has failed to improve mince pie."

A thousand years will flap their loudy wings and crow delightfully, and think no small beer of themselves; and yet mince pie will not be improved. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily! And not the Puritan and Pilgrim, the Congregationalist and Presbyterian mince pie alone. The Catholics of Maryland, the Church of England, men of Virginia, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, all could make the wondrous product. Perhaps it was richer along the James and the York than in the Schuylkill Valley, or along the Connecticut. But there is no telling now. Perhaps the



sary part of their baggage.

As Dr. David Rittenhouse Whosis sings in his "Wissahickon and Its Foibles":

"O flower of all the flavors, O  
queen of all the savors  
That ere to happy nostrils delici-  
ously have rolled!  
My soul with rapture shivers when  
I see the perfect slivers  
Of kidney blent with livers, the  
scrapple hot or cold!"

One Upper Roxborough descendant of a Blue Danubian burgomeister recounts joyously the details of the process by which the pig is transmuted and translated. It shows us in a corner of the sausage and scrapple atelier the pen where the victims await their doom. We see them walking up the steep plank to the fatal platform. One brief flash of steel and squeal; then kerplunk! the kettle of boiling water is below. The future tidbit is kept in the hot bath for hours. Then the scraping is done. It is useless to try and hide these details. They have their value as the raw material for Dr. Whosis' ode. After the bath and the strigil, Lord Bacon is hanged, drawn and quartered, weighed, cut up until he resembles mince-meat, by sharp blades, that whirl around in a huge chopping bowl, with incredible swiftness. After being cut up the meat is placed in a mixing machine. Another machine then receives it and passes it through a narrow opening into the casing. They are then linked by hand, and are ready for the market. The chain of sausages is complete. Now or the pan of scrapple:

After the sausages are made, all the meat, and fat, that is left over in the process, is mixed together with savors, cut up fine, mixed with buckwheat flour, beaten into a sort of paste or mush, is set aside for a short time, and then forced into the pans and sold as scrapple.

The "Dutch" have many solid and useful qualities and one of the most engaging languages known to man; as the inventors of scrapple they have conferred upon mankind a boon beyond any reckoning in dollars and cents.

—WEENY WORST.

#### PLAYING CARDS

All through the summer, especially in the park, but also on doorsteps, on porches, and out under the trees, men and children have

been playing cards. Probably these days of "rugged individualism" which provides the men with plenty of time; and the infantile paralysis epidemic, which has lengthened the school vacations, has provided an opportunity for the play-

ing of pasteboard games which never before existed.

And through the practice there has arisen a question of great domestic interest, which has doubtless agitated the minds of many people since the Mayflower ferried her way across the Atlantic:

"Dear Friend," writes an old friend, "is it wrong to play euchre and similar games with cards, not playing for wager, merely for pleasure? If so, please explain why."

We have no explanation to give, for the reason that we do not consider card playing wrong. The only objection to it, so far as we know, is that cards furnish a favorite method of gambling; but that argument won't hold water. There are professional gamblers with cards, of course, but there are also professional jockeys with horses, and professional ball players, and billiard players, and dancers, and singers, even professionals who devote their whole career to the singing of hymns and to the performance of religious music, all for money; and yet the fact that these people practice their vocations for gain and make their living thereby presents no reasonable ground for preventing anyone from engaging in each or all of them for amusement's sake. Only a fool would abandon the use of horses because they were used to gamble with, or refrain from dancing and singing for the reason that these performances are used in ways they do not approve.

Of the element of chance which makes the attractiveness of cards is what repels some people from them, it should be remembered that the earliest form of lottery that children engage in consists of some scheme of counting out in games, by which they determine in a perfectly fortuitous manner who shall be "it". No one can say that this is wrong, but what radical difference is there between thus leaving it to chance who shall be first "following the leader", and, by distributing and manipulating a certain number of colored papers, deciding who shall be Old Maid, or who shall count one instead of



South had more gift for plum pudding and the North a more serious call to mince pies. It is enough to know that great pies were made, compositions of genius, dramas in mince-meat; and they were eaten by great people. No paltry race could have survived those stalwart dishes.

Do you like them cold or hot? Substitute "and for "or" and you have the proper answer. Ah, the theology and the politics, pre-destination and free will. World Wars. Treaties of Ghent, Calvin Coolidge, the radio observations of The Globe Trotter, the rappings of cake-eaters, trans-Atlantic flights, and all things under the heavens that have been talked about over mince pie. It thinned out the weaklings. We salute the undiminished prime of mince pie. Malice domestic, foreign envy, nothing could touch him or her who was worthy to eat that potent and opulent cate.

In old deserted parts of the country you will sometimes find abandoned churches and meetin' houses. Vestiges of sheds, perhaps, where the rude forefathers of nearby hamlets baited their horses and ate mince pies and considered the good doctrinal discourse of the old preachers of strong faith. The old preachers with their Greek and Hebrew, with their firm belief in infant damnation, with their scholarship and their farming—the old preachers and ministers that the children used to leg to as they passed along the streets. We as you, would a Jonathan Edwards ever been possible without mince pie? We vote nay. There is a fine strong fruity flavor about the old clergymen as about the old mince pies. They were solid and yet they were crisp. And under their crust, too, was a fine strength and sweetness of old brandy and old cider and fruits of strange richness. And in times not yet remote flourished the old 'squires and the great race of deacons, most of the former and some of the latter in blue dress coats and brass buttons, and buff vests like the God-like Daniel. The only trouble with people nowadays is that they are too much alike. They wear clothes of no distinction. Mince pie was not made every day. It was often kept a long time. It was like a rare vintage. Thanksgiving and Christmas it had a new dignity. Happy year

that ran from Election Cake to Mince Pie.

The chopping knife used to ring clearly on the white trays. There were pristine plates of pewter, and strange-legged salt-cellar, and cloves were pounded in the mortar with a pestle. There were parings of apples and the pickings of raisins, then flaky, delicate, poetical ethereal crust.

Probably the pie is just as good now. The secret of preparation of the mystical juices and spices, the rolling of the crust, the baking in a fortunate hour and over, have not been lost. The coddler of his own dyspepsia says that mince pies don't taste the same nowadays. Naturally, the memory has more resources than the stomach; and in memory, mince pie tastes, and always will taste, of youth and health and hope spoiled.

—MIN SPY.

7-22-1932

## The Forum

### SAUSAGE AND SCRAPPLE

And now the scrapple making days have come, the gladdest of the year. From now until the ideo of March, the makers of real home dishes will be devoted to turning raw pig into pan scrapple and sausage strings. The catfish and waffles of the Wissahickon and Schuylkill valleys were but playthings and a toy to the fancy of a city-bred Philadelphian. That look his mind in the old days, but his heart was given to sausage and scrapple. And so it is today.

There are said to be families on these Ridge avenue elevations, who eat scrapple four times a day, instead of three, not counting nibbles in between meals. And we suppose there are plenty who would figure the country was well off, if they could get it for one meal a day, this coming winter.

To like and love sausage and scrapple, especially scrapple, is as natural to the people of this vicinity, as swimming to a duck. A scrapple compartment should be installed in the suit cases of traveling Philadelphians, as a neces-



the other, as in euchre?

Only to the game of cards is attached the additional advantage that it provides an agreeable and lively exercise for the mind, besides the occasion for pleasant social meeting. Finally, euchre, bridge, five hundred and their like are fine games, and if our correspondent doesn't know them, we advise him to learn them, and to make use of his knowledge as often as time and the circumstances may justify.

—A. SIGH.

9-29-1932

## The Forum

### Prunella's Jawbone

A tale comes to our ears which surely must have had salt on it before it was caught. But for the moment the writer is a collector and not a critic.

Pause, oh, pause, and hold your jaws; taut must be your "slack" and tighter; while I present the accident to Miss Prunella Righter.

It appears that Miss Righter, of somewhere, sometime, somehow, was publicly discussing politics at a women's club meeting, when something snapped, dropped and stopped. She was maintaining the affirmative with great eloquence when her jaw gave out. It was discovered that "the bone had jumped out of place." A doctor was sent for, and then "some of the other club women got a chance to talk," said the teller of the tale.

Comparative mythologists will not be likely to accept this story. It has all the earmarks, the long ears of a myth. It is not even a saga, an account of an event believed by the relator to be actual and historical. When an anecdote it too pat, distrust it. When a story is too "well found" laugh at it, if you choose, and it deserves to be rewarded with laughter. In the case of a story about a member of a woman's club, cherchez l'homme—look for the fellow that made it up.

The motive is clear. You hear more than enough about the loquacity of women. Is there any more garrulous animal than man? Study the parrots, the sparrows,

22  
the magpies, and the monkeys. Then study their cognates in the clubs, or in the poolrooms, or barber shops. You cannot deny that man is garrulous or that he wants to do all the talking himself. The sound of his own voice is the sweetest music to him, whether he be the school janitor, a political division leader, or whether he is a spoiled and incurable after-dinner speaker from the 22nd Ward. We are all chronic monologists, instinctive monopolists of chatter. Few, among men, are the martyrs who can bring themselves to listen; yet how common are such martyrs among women. You hear Floyd Gibbons, or the Globe Trotter, prosing, droning, driveling away illimitably. You can escape them, yes, just by the turn of a knob. And at the worst you could slay either one of 'em and be acquitted by a jury of your peers.

But think of Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Trotter. By Harpocrates and all the other gods of silence, think of that! Thing of laughing year in and year out, at the same marrowless and stale jokes; of hearing the same tedious and pointless stories; erroneous reminiscences, cheap wisdom, melancholy reflections. Think of living for years and years with a human megaphone, that relentless victrola in trousers, and a bald head. Some day we'd like to write a Book of Martyrs. There'll be no men in it.

It will record a few among the innumerable wives, the patient Susans who listen and smile patiently and pretend not to notice—may their amiable deceit have due recompense in Heaven!—that their husbands are leaky, sloppy, drooling, everlasting talkers and yawpers.

After long ages of silence and suppression, the women folks are beginning to find their tongues. They've started to do a little conversationing on their own account. Some of them have clubs. Some of them speak from platforms and pulpits, much as the imperial intellect in trousers and mustachios does it. Mark, however, the more merciful nature feminine. Women are always dragged out to hear men spout. Most of the woman talk is made in feminine centers where men are excluded. The women don't force us to go and hear 'em. Their powers of speech don't injure us. Their eloquence doesn't interfere with our own.

Sherwood Forest, in its greenest



days, never held so many stags as there will be "stag" dinners this coming winter; and Robin Hood and all the rest of his merry men never blew so many hours as men will blow every night in celebration of themselves.

Yet a political-minded girl dares to make an election speech at a woman's club, and at once the myth-makers plunge her into maxillary wreck and hold her up as a warning and horrible example to her sisters.

We have seen one or two cases of dislocation of the jaw in our time, and every one was caused by the yawning caused by eight-days-a-week, never-run-down, perpetual-motion male bull shooters.

TATTLER.

The article concerning card playing, which appeared in last week's Press, reminded me of the

number of checker boards which have put in their appearance lately.

The game seems to be played publicly with more enthusiasm in this section of Philadelphia than elsewhere, but it is still played in numerous other places where, although the skill of the professional is not reached, there is great fun. The extreme severity and silence of the players are not always imitated by the participants who yell, "Jump, him, Sam," or ask Jim why he didn't "take that man." In checkers, as in all other games, the klbitzers impart freely of their wisdom.

Was it Charlemagne who smashed his rival at chess over the head with the ivory chessboard so that he never played again? With the good old-fashioned plain wooden checkerboard, heads have been cracked after what is now technically called a "heated argument" between the players, or between the player and a too-critical spectator. To such turbulence may even this mild science give cause. The gaudy backgammon board makes the old checker player regret the simple devices of his youth. A boy could make a good board himself, marking the blocks with chalk, white or colored, or with a pencil. Checkers was, and still is, a democratic game.

On the back of many of the antique boards you played "fox and geese," or "nine men's morris". If memory holds her seat, it was nine men's morris. Where are the

23  
games of yesterday? Do people play fox and geese and nine men's morris now?

On many an old-time cigar and grocery counters, in many a small town parlor, tonight, the checker board will be brought out and there will be an hour or two of puckered brows and concentrated thought. Shall I make this move or that? In the hands of men entirely great, as much time can be spent at a checker game without doing anything as at any other game in the world. We regret to say that many checker players chew tobacco. They found the practice conducive to long thought.

The masters of the lordlier chess look down upon checkers, but it has been developed into a game of extraordinary skill. It was popular in Homer's Troy, if the old romances tell true, and it is popular in many better places now. For the lazy it is much easier than cards, which is a great recommendation.

But it's nine o'clock. Time to go to bed. Good night. I'll beat you all to pieces tomorrow.

ABE ATTLER.

10-6-22

## The Forum

### An Old Time Hero

We are of a forgetful nation. We cannot keep in our memory the name of one in a hundred, or even one in a thousand, of the marked characters of our own age.

The two foregoing sentences were written after an interview with a Roxborough man who has been battling life for a century, who was questioned regarding the happenings of the past, and also after reading a little news item telling of the transfer, to a new owner, of a saddle which once belonged to the famous warrior, Santa Anna, and which was taken as a souvenir by his proud American foe man after the latter had captured him in carpet slippers in battle.

The aged Roxborough man mentioned Santa Anna, and then when we read about the lion-headed saddle in the newspaper, we had this thought: How many of the boys of today could tell us about Santa Anna, that fierce Mexican revolutionist, dictator, generalissimo,



castle-stormer, serene highness, conspirator, abdicator, and exile, of whose hoity-toity career our grandsires used to tell stories in the years of the war for the liberation of Texas. How many of the boys can tell us about his feats of arms against the Emperor Inturbide, and afterward against the Spanish invaders, and subsequently against Bussamenta and Guerrero and next against Col. Davy Crockett and Col. Bowie—of the knife—and Col. Travis, and finally against General Taylor and General Winfield Scott, and onward to the time of the second Mexican empire? How many can tell even about his wooden leg, not to speak of his ups and downs?

Santa Anna was one of the extraordinary men of the century, about whom Americans had occasion to know a lot during the twenty years after 1836; but we guess that Americans of this generation have pretty near forgotten him. The boys ought to ask their grandfathers about him, if their grandfathers were born in the United States.

As for his war saddle, which has been transferred to a new owner, it is heavily mounted in gold; it is gorgeously embroidered; it has a high horn, bearing a lion with silver eyes; its trappings are rich and heavy; it was captured by Sam Houston in a horseback combat, while bullets flew thick and fast around.

The Mexican War was the most romantic of all the wars in which our country has been involved. What we especially desire to say here upon this occasion is, that American boys should study history.

A. O. C.

### "BEEF AND"

This correspondent has read with a great deal of interest, the articles which have appeared in "The Forum" concerning hash sausage, scrapple and pie, and would hasten forth to sing the praises of "beef and" in tones both loud and strong.

The proprietors of certain bean palaces and buckwheat divans in this great city of Brotherly Love (Bah!) have been mighty slow to realize that there is depression on in these areas and are still trying to get war time prices for the food served in those magazines of quick lunch.

But now they are on the job. Only last week, I learned, they held

24  
a convention and summoned the masters of such establishments to meet and consult. Critics of all kinds have fallen in price. The fashionable restaurant have revised their tariff schedule, and decreased duties. Shall not the quick lunchers be made to charge smaller scot?

This question thrills millions. Day and night cheap and fillin' tuff is eaten by the ton by the thousand tons. The cows upon the hills can't yield milk enough, the pigs in a million styes can't furnish ham enough, the Wheat Belt can't turn out flour enough for this constant trade; and the sound hissing steam from the overworked coffeeurn is like the derision of scores of political opponents. Crullers enough to make a flour-doughnutine around the world are swallowed every day. The daily pie belt of Roxborough alone would reach from Dayy Roger's County Line station to Bill Jones' marble chiseling showroom. If the beans that are tucked away in Manayunk every day were built into a pyramid the base of the pile would stretch from the Locks to the Blocks, and the apex would cause a detour for the mail planes. If the oatmeal eaten at Falls of Schuylkill

breakfasts were poured in a continuous stream it would be wider than the Wissahickon creek, longer than the Schuylkill, and deeper than the interior of the Roxborough reservoir. If the bread that is consumed solely in the Wissahickon section were piled loaf on loaf it would make an observation tower equally as high as Washington street in West Manayunk. If the eggs were made into egg nogg there

would be enough, with suitable spirituous addition, to keep the wet element in both political parties, as full as Christmas for three months, three weeks and two days. If the dabs of butter were stood on end we might learn whether the women of Mars are red-headed, or not, for there would be a greased pole for them to slide down on.

So much for statistics. For the victuals and drink in these places nothing need be said. They are known to all, or nearly all. They are stored in a million insides. They are sold now in glittering halls where onyx marries marble and everybody wants to marry the sweet cashier. The lords of these lordly hasheries are able to ask what prices within reason they choose. People must eat and theirs are now most of the places there



are to eat in. But there are still earlier homes of food which are dearer far. Not magnificent or audy, but full of homely comfort and served by stalwart and humorous waiters who don't give a rap who's who, but are as true democrats as can be found. The keepers are rich and democratic. The clients are not to be seduced by splendor. The genial ghost of Epicurus haunts the subterranean spaces where more than one generation has fed fat. The cry for "sinkers"; "beef and"; "ham and"; "draw one in the dark"; "Adam and Eve on a raft, wreck 'em; and so on, still rings day and night. Nothing changes, but prices should go down, down until the world has ot down to earth.

Jack o'Harts, friend of f man and sport, imperturable dealer of beans, exact divider of eef and ham, we sing thee and thy successors. Not until thy alters have donned evening othes; not until Handsome Sarge arneke turns homely, will thy ate for "beef and" and its relatives screwed up. And there are hers many others, piles of others, umber but healthy. The friends "beef and" have no fear.

Yum-Yum.

10-13-32

# The Forum

## BETTER MEN

We were interested in learning of Jacob Wright's 100th birthday anniversary which occurred yesterday. Every healthy man ought to live to be a hundred years old, like this Roxborough man. Unfortunately, the majority do not live so long, but we are told that it is their own fault. However, it is at least consoling to find according to carefully prepared statistics, the live chaps of today are six years better than their fathers and grandfathers who lived at the close of the last century. In other words the average of human life is six years longer than it use to be in the good old days.

Seventy-three is given as the average age for those who have rounded the rough and dangerous

points of certain periods in life. After passing these points men have comparatively easy sailing in the Indian summer of their existence. At the end of the last century the savant Duvillard, and others, who figured in somewhat similar fashion to the medical sharps of today, fixed life's average at sixty-seven. And middle aged people who might have agreed with Dr. Osler are now changing their opinion.

We must not misinterpret the present figures; they cannot be taken as the general average, which is extremely low, on account of the death rate of children and young persons approaching the dangerous period of twenty. But, all things considered, it is fair to presume that the men who at the present time have reached the age of thirty, without contracting any serious malady, have chances of reaching the age of 73 years; that is to say, they have added to their possible score six more years than their grandfathers had; and all this in spite of automobiles, airplanes, movies and Greta Garbos. The reason for this is simple enough. It is to be found in the wonderful advance of medical science, which is rolling back the epidemics which ravaged the world one hundred years ago.

In this country just now, according to the testimony of those who remember, men of fifty and sixty years are far more vigorous and better preserved than their predecessors of the same ages who lived forty or fifty years ago. Here in Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, East Falls, and West Manayunk, we can boast of young fellows who have turned the half century, and many of them do not appear to be over thirty. And our women, bless them in their bobbed hair and wrinkleless faces, are far taller and slenderer than the portly old bells of 1890.

Our athletes, too, have smashed the old records all to pieces. We can run faster, fight harder, march longer, row better, dance and listen better—on account of the radio—than our grandfathers ever could; and we are still improving.

Perhaps the most surprising fact of all is that the average height and weight of the soldiers in the great armies of the world today are equal if not superior, to the standards that was required in the smaller armies of the last century, for which the recruits were picked from among the most able-



bodied men in the population of each country.

Surely we are great fellows!  
BIG BOY.

### WOMAN

"What is woman for?" asks a parlor social scientist, with far less brains than the average six year old.

She is for soul, for thought, for love, for bewitchment, for romance, for beauty and for man. She is for this world and for other worlds. She is for all time and after time. She is for memory and for hope. She is for dreams beauteous. She is for poetry and art. She is for the fulfillment of the human imagination. She is for the household and her mate. She is for everything that is worth anything. She is for life. She is for faith. She is for earth and heaven. She is for summer and for winter. She is for the glory of the world, which would be intolerable without her. She is for delicacy and daintiness. She is for youth, for middle age, and for old age. She is for the merry-hearted and for the weary-footed. She is for light. She is the crown of creation, the consummate masterpiece of nature. It was Robert Burns who, in an hour of ecstasy sang:

"Auld nature swears, the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes, O:  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O!"

"What is woman for?" cries the male egotist, while eating cake on a plush divan. She is not for analysis by the shallow-thinking crew made up of such as he. She is not for the monoculous inspection of a lot of brainless delegates assembled in mouthy convention. She is not for discussion alone. Oh, no, no, no! She is for those only who surrender their souls wholly an her magic and throw themselves unreservedly at her feet.

WALTER RAW LEE.

# The Forum

## THE CURRICULUM

When we were mere boys, boys had to do a little work in school. They were not coaxed; they were hammered. Spelling, writing, and arithmetic were not electives; and you had to learn. In these more fortunate times, elementary education has become in many places a sort of vaudeville show. The child must be kept amused and learns what he pleases. Many sage teachers scorn the old-fashioned rudiments; and it seems to be regarded as between a misfortune and a crime for a child to learn to read and spell by the old methods. Vast and fruitful intellects have devoted themselves to child study and child psychology. "Visualized" reading and other great inventions have come in. Sociology, the widest-armed of sciences, is sociolizing tremendously; and as a result of all the improvements, there is a race of gifted pupils more or less ignorant of the once-prized elements of ordinary education; and new factors are turned out by the sociology factories every day.

We approach these "factors" in humility and ignorance. They seem to be magnificent and unknown gods, not lightly to be scorned by believers in the creed outworn. Sociology is a shrine where we love to prostrate ourselves. The proudest he in Christendom ought to be glad to grovel before so mysterious a divinity. We "spring" an examination on Junior when he comes home from school and find that he can't spell "cat" without a picture of pussy before him or that he spells it "mew." We pat him on the head and give him a nickel and tell him he will grow up to be President, or even better, a member of the Germantown Poor Board. Then we gird up our loins and furbish our spectacles and consult that oracle of occult science and oracular pedagogy, Sociology. Here is a recent news item on "A New Factor in the Elementary School Curriculum." We are collecting "New Factors." The catalogue will not be more than three times as large of next year's list of delinquent tax payers. As we think of our misspent youth, which



knew not the joy of New Factors, twice a day, the salt tears fall.

But the Newest Factor is waiting. Bring it in. We thought we had jogged along, but we never know what the curriculum was. It "represents the social factor in the education process;" and it is a correspondent as well as a representative. List, list, oh, list!

"It corresponds to the stimulus, the individual factor being represented by the response."

To put this concretely: The apple which Junior prigged and ate last night was the stimulus. The colicky howl which he emitted at 2:15 this morning was the response and we were the individual factor which had to create and apply a remedy.

Now for another draught of the sincere milk of sociology: "Since Stimulus and response are but two phases of one activity it is evident that the complexity of the stimulus bears a direct relation to the complexity of the response. That which constitutes the stimulus in a given case is not the external object itself, but the object functioning with reference to an individual. Whether an object functions as a stimulus in a given situation depends upon its relation to the attitudes of a child."

Any parent who has use for an electric spanker will agree that its function as a stimulus depends upon the attitudes of the child; but it is not generally known that "these attitudes, which are largely a product of remote social activities, determine, within fairly definite limits, the nature and complexity of social stimuli."

How many parents know their business? How many of them could get even 10 per cent in an examination in simple and complex stimuli, response, attitude and functioning?

PADDY GOGUE

#### TEN MEN AND TEN WOMEN

We recently read a newspaper article in which a reader of one of the Nation's great editors was asked to name the ten greatest men and ten greatest women in American history, and below are printed his choice. Of course, everyone is entitled to their own opinion and can change the lists around to suit themselves.

The names of the ten greatest men, as listed by the newspaperman are as follows: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Monroe, Cooper, Lincoln, Fulton, Morse, Edison and Wilson.

The selection of the ten Ameri-

can women, whose names have reached fame, was not easy to make, says the journalist, but here they are: Martha Washington, Rebecca Rolfe (Pocohontas), Molly Pitcher, Elizabeth Blackwell, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Priscilla Alden, Eliza Goose (Mother Goose) Maria Mitchell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Lucretia Mott.

HUGH TRYOM

10 - 27 - 32

## The Forum

### "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

The above doesn't refer to the young woman who went into a restaurant for some food, but was brought to mind by the mention of the name Mother Goose, in last week's "Forum."

The most familiar poems, those of the reading-book and the school speaker, the verses that are learned in childhood and linger in the memory of old age, are essentially anonymous. Many of them are the productions of men and women otherwise obscure or known to fame only as the authors of those pieces. Poetry of a high artistic sort, with the ethereal and indefinite charm of much of Shelley's and Keat's and some of the choruses in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," for example, is treasured in comparatively few minds.

Verses of a much humbler sort are known to millions of people and belong substantially, both by their popular nature and by the extent of their diffusion, to folk-poetry. Many of them are everybody's and nobody's. It is no wonder that disputes as to their authorship arise, even in the case of poems of modern date. Inventions and discoveries seem to be made almost simultaneously by a number of persons. Why shouldn't the same thing be true of our poetical finders, our troubadors and trouveres? Besides it is said to be common for a poet to have a feeling that the verse he has just composed is old, centuries old; that he had read or heard it somewhere. So a poet who reads verses that he likes and would like to have written may come to believe that he did write them. We suggest to Vivian Shirley, that this is a satisfactory explanation of the idiosyncrasies of



Col. John A. Joyce, who once had an argument with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Now, if we all had to stand up, as many of us used to have to stand up in school, or Sunday School, and "say" a verse, what verse or poem would drop from the lips of most of us? Hard to say. Some of Mother Goose's melodies, perhaps, or "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." But we are by no means sure that "Mary Had a Little Lamb" wouldn't stand at the head of the poll. It would surely be near the head. The poetry is pretty well banged out of most of us as we grow up, or down, but this idyll of Mary and the diminutive sheeping is hard to forget.

In the huge stores and offices of the city, and also in the stockyards, where the little lambs are welcome, the poem must be remembered. Testly old fellows have it filed away somewhere on the bottom shelf of their consciousness. We are much mistaken if it is not the favorite poem in Chicago, and other slaughtering cities. It has been translated into nobody knows how many languages. It may be a universal poem.

Naturally its authorship is claimed for this person or that. In other words, Mary and her little prancing companion bound in lambskin have reached the dignity of anonymity and universality. Like the purse, the poem: 'twas his, and has been slaves to thousands. In these early days of the new school terms, all through the country are the little chaps and lassies singing in rings:

"On the carpet here we stand  
(thrice)

On the carpet here we stand:  
Take your true love by the  
hand,

Give her a kiss and send her  
away,

And tell her to come some  
other day."

Who wrote it? Who wrote "Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, barley grow?" and a hundred and one other little ditties?

To such honor "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is come. Everybody wrote it. Tale after tale unfolds, recounting with admirable particularity the circumstances under which the work was written. But we see no reason to doubt the assertion of a competent authority, Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, who in the Public Ledger once wrote an article in which she described the career of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a New Hampshire woman who was for

forty years an editor of a once famous publication, Godey's Lady Book, and is vaguely remembered by women who are in the twilight days of life.

Here is the story: "In 1827, Dr. Lowell Mason was induced to lend his musical talents to Boston, and while there gave especial attention to the training of children in vocal music, this being the first attempt to introduce singing lessons into the public schools. In order to make his singing lessons attractive, Dr. Mason requested Mrs. Hale and other writers to furnish him with verses suited to the capacity of children, and of a kind to interest them. In response to this request, Mrs. Hale, every ready to lend a hand in any good work, composed a series of little poems for children, which were set to music by Dr. Mason, and sung in the schools of Boston, and afterward throughout the country. Among these were the well known

"If ever I see, on a bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty  
nest"

and the world-famous 'Mary's Lamb.' Even if this latter and best known poem were not founded upon an incident in the writer's own childish experience, it was unquestionably inspired by her familiarity with and her affection for domestic animals."

Mrs. Hale was a novelist, a philanthropist, the friend and advocate of a national Thanksgiving, the enemy of "lady" and partisan of "woman." She did much in her long and useful life, which extended from 1788 to 1879; but "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is her best remembered achievement. So fantastic is fate. And Mary's "Lamb" is not

allowed to rest quietly in its owner's flock. Thieves break into that fold and steal. Such is the penalty for writing a popular poem.

Little Boy Blue



## The Forum

### SUCCESS

On the desk, before me, lies a letter from an old friend, which reads as follows:

"As you know, I am a man past the age of 45. I have always possessed ordinarily good health; am married and have a small family, a wife and child. My wife is a sensible woman, and my boy is a healthy, brainy, good-dispositioned youth. I occupy a modest position in the ordinary walks and pursuits of business; have never attained what is called high social position; have never been in politics; am not prominent in church, although I am a member. In fact, I am, I begin to think, a very ordinary individual indeed. I have no debts, and have always kept out of it; paying as I go, and have probably accumulated by years of frugality, possibly \$4500. I see men about me occupying positions of great honor, and profit; some with lucrative jobs in City Hall; some are lawyers and doctors, famed as such; others gain wealth with apparent ease, and fill high positions known as honorable ones. With all these things before me, the thought forces upon me that their lives have been successful and mine has not. Now the great question with me is: 'What constitutes success in life?' Give me your opinion."

This I do, in this column, so that others may have an opportunity of comparing their own thoughts with mine.

If the case of my correspondent, as described by him, were referred to a vote of all the readers of THE SUBURBAN PRESS, I have no doubt that a vast majority of them would pronounce his life successful and his situation enviable. They would be glad to exchange places with him, so far as his present material prosperity and his prospects for the future are concerned. His monetary fortune may be insignificant, as compared to that of Ford, Rockefeller, and men of their standing, but it is greater than that possessed by nine men out of ten in this particular section of Philadelphia. In the locality where he resides he ranks, and rightly so, among the well-to-do men. And if he has saved \$4500 clear and above

beard he is probably richer actually than some of his neighbors whose fortunes are estimated at much more than his. A man may be, and often is, set down as "well-fixed," whose real possessions would not bring in so much cash as those of my complaining friend, if they were put up for immediate cash sale. The wealth may be vastly greater in prospect, and yet in the present it may be less, or not exist at all. The scale of living of Mr. Well-Fixed being far more costly, he may be more harassed than my friend of small fortune, of frugal habits, and no debts.

In that respect my friend has been a remarkable success. He is fortunate in his frugal disposition, in his methodical habits, and on the strength of will and wisdom of judgment which have kept him out of debt. He has been saved from the cares and anxieties which most tend to age a man, the wear and tear which debt and vaulting social ambition produce, and his \$4500 ahead—in these times—gives him an assurance for the future which enables him to look out calmly for the coming time which increasing years may diminish or destroy his earning capacity. He has laid some money by to permit his family to survive the first shock of his death—if it should come unexpectedly—and he has set before his son an example of thrift and sedateness of life which will be his most valuable inheritance.

His wife is a sensible woman and his boy of sturdy quality. Therein he has been enviably successful. His health is good, and there, too, success has attended him. He is attentive to his religious duties, and that suggests that he has the comfortable hope of a life of happiness hereafter. He lives within his means, and existence with him moves along peacefully, undisturbed by envy or rivalry.

Hence this man who has doubts as to his success has two of the three great blessings for which mankind has ever prayed—health, wealth and contentment. He is healthy, and to all intents is comfortable financially. Yet he is not content. But nobody is content. There is no such thing as contentment in this world; and happy it is for the progress of society that it is so. If men were content with their lot there would be social stagnation. They would be good for nothing. They would make no effort to get ahead. The spur to



activity, enterprise, investigation and public zeal would be gone. They would be torpid, and the race would die out. For it is the discontentment of mankind which leads to the increase and progress of the world.

Of course, I do not blame my friend for meditating whether after all he has been successful in life.

For, of course, he has not been successful; he has not done all he could wish to have done. Nobody can be successful except relatively and within narrow limitations. The man who is most envied and applauded for his achievements is more likely than such as my correspondent to fall into moods in which he questions himself. Is it worth while? What does it all amount to? But if he is not of a morbid temperament, or if not the victim of a physical disease, he rebounds from the depression and comes to the sound and healthy conclusion that at least one employment is not profitable, and that is self-inspection. He goes to work, and in his work, forgets himself.

The truth is that the man who is most successful, is he who best and most fully puts to useful service all his powers and faculties, who finds and utilizes the opportunity for their employment or, in other words, gets into the place where he is best fitted to fill. Whether it is in what my friend calls the ordinary walks of life, or in the larger and higher sphere towards which he looks with so much and so creditable admiration, he is equally successful, provided he is putting forth all the energy and making use of all the capacity for work within him.

As the world goes, my letter-writer can be called successful, in both his inheritance of qualities and the use to which he has put them.

Phil Oss Iffer.

11-10-32

# The Forum

## NICKNAMES

Now that the presidential campaign is over and we can look the whole thing over in retrospect, one fact that rises up before the writer is that nobody seemed to be able to

pin a good, solid, mouthfilling, soul-satisfying nickname on any of the candidates.

Some men have the happy faculty of expressing themselves so pleasingly that everyone apparently wants to be a "pal" and consequently hang some name of familiarity upon their favorite whenever he is mentioned.

But not so, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Thomas. No one ever heard any one of the three called "Husky Herb," "Fearless Frank," or "Nifty Norm." All three of these gentlemen were too dignified for that. But mention "Al, the Happy Warrior," and everyone knows who is referred to. "Teddy," the prototype of all Roosevelts, was called by that appellation more than he was called Theodore.

The dignity of some leaders, is notoriously ticklish, but in their association with their constituents they usually condescend to human weakness and not only permit but encourage democratic familiarity. To know the nickname, that is to say, the Ekename, the additional and characteristic name, of every nicknamable man or boy in his district is an important part of a political leader's education. Many of these cognomens are rich and lovely. What reader of your SUB-URBAN PRESS can hear without pleasure such honey-dripping appellations as "Fiddle" Flynn, "Pete, the Barber" and the Mayor of Sunnycliffe.

Parents and guardians and sponsors do their serious best in the way of providing children with names, but the school and the street do better. And sometimes in the case of famous men a feeling of affection on the part of large masses of men toward a general or a statesman finds expression in a nickname. "Uncle Billy" Sherman, "Abe" Lincoln, "Black Jack" Per-

shing, are but a few examples.

There has been "Uncle Joe" Cannon and "Ham" Lewis, in Congress; "the Old Dutch Cleanser" will be remembered as a Philadelphia mayor; as will also be "Hampy;" "Bill" Roper will be recalled a long time after one named Clarence has gone to make speeches in another world; "Joe" and "Frank" are enough to say to identify two 21st Ward Republican leaders, and when "Eddie" is said to a Democrat in Manayunk, Willsahickon or Roxborough; the man who bears that name will be readily recognized. We'll have to go see



Ham' about it' is a phrase which the people of East Falls can still remember, as well as "Sig is the man to call on." "Link" is another good old 38th Ward nickname which requires no explanations.

We venerate the politicians of this section of the city. It is a small place, but they are great men worthy to gobble turtle in the banquet halls of the city. We should like to see every one of them wear a furred robe and a gold chain! Yes, and a tippet, "furred with foins."

If we had the naming of them they should bear no meaner names than Lancelot and Galahad. May they flourish long, eat of the fat and drink of the sweet. Meanwhile they should learn by heart those lines written by a Boston doctor of the name of Holmes:

"When fades at length our  
lingering day,

Who cares what pompous  
tombstones say?

Read on, the hearts that love  
us still,

Hic jacet Joe; hic jacet Bill."  
Whilom Will

\* \* \* \* \*

#### DYNAMITE

Yesterday we saw a four year old youngster toddling down a street in Wissahickon, accompanied by a bull dog. Finally the little chap sat down near a pile of sand and started to play, the dog lying nearby dozing in the sun.

An older boy, a lad about fifteen remonstrated with the toddler for seeking pastime in the street, where danger lurked, and attempted to carry him back to the sidewalk. And then something happened.

The dog went into action. And anyone who knows anything about bull dogs know that the larger boy was soon in full flight.

A bull dog is a highly dangerous element in society if he is antagonized. We have known men who knew dogs who would have preferred to have a powder flask next to a blazing fire rather than displease a bull dog. And knowing a little of some of their experiences we don't wonder. A bull dog is like a rusty old flintlock gun. It probably won't go off, but again it may, and no one knows when.

The quiet, peaceful, polite canine that dozes in a sand pile is apt to become a jungle jaguar if the youngster he is watching chances to get into trouble. An hysterical woman is a fit member for a Quaker meeting compared to the insane devil into which a bull dog turns

31  
when he loses his head. We seen, in childhood, a startled horse set a bull dog bughouse; and then like the true fighter he is, the dog jumped into the scrimmage and went for the horse, and the rumpus which ensued will be remembered until the end of life by those who witnessed it.

The bull dog is a noble animal, and first-rate for children, but there are times when he is a dynamical terror to those who offend him.

H. A. Tawg

11-17-32

## The Forum

### THANKSGIVING

Every man and woman today knows his or her own reasons for thankfulness, or for lamentation over his or her lot, but the vast majority of the people of this country, despite last week's election amazement, taken all in all, should now be in a happier frame of mind than the people of most countries.

The republic is at peace with the world, and is almost through the natural slump which follows a war—which incidentally was delayed for a long time. The happenings of the past month are convincing that the gleam of the silver lining to the dark clouds which have been hovering about is beginning to shine through. Suppose we lived in China, or Russia!

Undertakers have a right to complain that the death rate is lower than it ever has been—but the same situation makes the remainder of us rejoice. Because of advances in medicine and surgery and sanitary protection and precaution the average of life is increasing. Science is steadily extending to all society blessings and privileges once obtainable only by a few, or not even possible to them. The rich are not growing richer and the poor are not having so many children, as demagogues and charlatans sometimes assert, but throughout our social structure there is a levelling upward. Luxuries once confined to princes are now within the easy reach of the average man. Rags and tatters are not as prevalent as they once were. Bootleggers are crying the blues.



If, therefore, a man dismisses from consideration ills which may be peculiar to himself and looks abroad over society, he will find abundant opportunity for rejoicing and hope for the American people as a whole.

It is preparing to enter upon a new cycle of national existence, more united, with a hopefulness which never prevailed during all of its life. Thus, we can look ahead with far greater assurance of progress and improvement in all the arts and blessings of civilization than mankind has had at any previous time since man first began to contend with the forces of nature and the obstacles to the highest possible development.

T. Hank Gudness.

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**FOOTBALL YELLS**

The rib-cracking, leg-breaking, chin-smacking, thrill-making football days are with us again, and with them comes the college yells which always add atmosphere to the contests of the gridiron.

Some newspaper writers believe that the average Eastern college yell is conventional, monotonous and solemn, while those of the

West are filled with variety and ginger. One of the universities out in Kansas has a yell which goes as follows:

"Rock Chalk!  
Jayhawk!  
K. U."

And an alumnus of that seat of learning insists that this is a model, historically, geologically, and euphoniously. Well, it is a short and explosive cry, and may be supposed to answer the great and wise purposes of a college yell, to set off the superiority of the lungs of the yellers and to strike terror and amazement into the ears of the hearers. As Indians become rarer, the undergraduate warhoop grows more interesting as a sort of survival; and properly trained parents will take their children to hear it. They are queer bits of patter and howl, many of the college yells, and a visitor from the heart of Africa, for instance, would probably wonder among what wild tribes he had fallen if he went to a football game. "Savages fighting on the ground; mad men yelling unintelligently from the benches," might be his comment.

The college yell, fired in volleys, may seem monotonous and solemn to those who are not firing. At games, it is intended to have an

encouraging effect on the friend and a depressing effect on the foe, and also to bring victory. In part, therefore, it belongs to magical rhymes, and its potency must not be judged by mere volume or well-delivered fire of sound. Yelled promiscuously as an expression of the majesty and might of a college and the prowess and wisdom of the undergraduates of that college, it is the song of a war chief who also has magical powers.

Now, as a charm or incantation, the Kansans, or even the concise Cornell chant, too often profanely parodied, of "Corneli, I yell, yell, yell!" cannot be compared to the cry of a thought factory up in Ottawa:

"Rola! Bola-O!  
Rola! Bola-U!  
O. U! O. U!  
Rola! Bola-O. U!"

There you have charming or compelling magic, be it white or black. And a new college out in Missouri has a yell which seems to be a combination of the magical and explosive forms:

"Mineral, vegetable, animal,  
man!

Stop! No.  
Kingdom corporate, on we go!  
Fire!"

Professor Hugo Sitonatack, of Gesundheit-on-the-Main is now in this country collecting material for a monumental work on American yells. Valuable and exhaustive as the Professor's book will be, there ought to be a Society for the Study of American Football Yells.

Reddy Aimfyre.

11-23-32

**The Forum**

**POETRY**

A year or so ago, your correspondent was a member of a class of grown-ups in a poetry appreciation class, at the William Levering School, which was conducted as a part of the program arranged by the Parents' Public School Association.

The "Teacher" was a clever chap who earns his livelihood as an instructor at the Roxborough High School, and made the "lesson" an interesting one for those who were the "students" as well as those who made up the audience.

The "scholars" were requested to



do some "home-work," and one of the class, in order to carry the experiment to its fullest extent, sent his answers in, and was highly interested in the reply he received from the "Teacher" a few days later.

Recently the whole thing came back to mind, through the reading of a magazine article, in which a prominent poet discussed poetry.

The writer may have been seriously concerned about verse, or he may have been merely writing a magazine article. There must be a certain amount of magazine articles published each month, and it is a fact which any intelligent person can verify in a few moments, that of the entire number a certain percentage are written because the writers had something on their minds, and the rest because the editors had space to fill. There is plenty of "know-how," though, about writing magazine articles, and clever people who keep themselves employed at it get so skilful that it is often hard to tell from their articles whether they have really felt the opinions they ex-

press or not. The particular writer referred to has a screed about poetry which is one of that sort. If his article is really an article, it's not worth while to worry over it. If he really has fears about the continuance of verse, let him abate them. Verse will go on, not necessarily because there is a demand for it, but because of the relief it affords the producer. Circumstances that cannot be put into any other imaginable use can often be made fruitful of a poem of a meritorious and marketable quality. To be jilted by a girl is a sore trial, but the soreness is lessened, and even in some cases transmuted into chastened elation, when the experience has been cut up into proper lengths, duly rhymed, and possibly sold for publication.

Confession is good for the soul, and there is something about poetry which especially fits it to be the vehicle of confession. When the sufferer writes down in plain prose, "I did so and so, with such and such results, and felt thus and this about it afterward," he is too frank (or Clark) and his candor is likely to bring him more ridicule than sympathy. But when he puts his feelings into verse they become impersonal, and if the verses have merit enough, any man who has the same set of emotions is ready to adopt them as the fit expression

of his own feelings.

This magazine writer argues that one obstacle to the production of fresh poetry of a high order is the competition of the old poets, whose writings continue to be kept in stock by booksellers and crowded upon the public. There is something in his argument, but not very much. Those who like variety are as ready to take new poetry as to venture on new fashions in frocks or trousers. That the old poets should survive is an advantage to the new since poetry is in a large measure an acquired taste, and whoever has browsed among the ancients is more likely to keep nibbling at the moderns.

The danger to our mind is less that the older poets will catch all the trade than that they may presently fall into such neglect that it may be thought necessary to modernize them. That has been done already for Chaucer, and Spenser, and why not Goldsmith and Gray? Think, for example, how vastly the contemporary popularity of the Elegy might be increased if it were done over, according to the present taste into stanzas something like these:

There's lots of jewels find sea room

At depths too great to sound;  
An' any 'mount of posies bloom  
When no one's peekin' round.

There's lots of men wears cowhide boots,

Pulled over blue jean pants,  
Who oughter gone to Congress,  
but

They didn't get no chance.

So 'taint for you high fellers  
To scoff at them as lack  
High Monuments or funerals,  
with

A proper line of hacks.  
Such fixins' don't much matter  
to

The feller as they plants,  
And want of them may only  
mean

He never got no chance.

Some reader may prefer the original lines, beginning with "Full many a gem," in all their tame simplicity; but their taste will be a good deal at variance with contemporary fashion.

A. P. Reclator.

STOMACHS

There's a person of my acquaintance who claims the title of "Shell-cracker," who not long ago made a



# The Forum

## SHORT SPELLING

Every time we see the plural of bus written, or printed, "buses," we feel like raising our hands to our head to tear out a few clumps of hair. Bus is the shortened term for omnibus and buse, in our mind at least, rhymes with abuse. How in the world can anyone make it buses?

The incident recalls the time when Funk & Wagnalls, the indefatigable reformers of spelling, sent out invitations for people to join a band of noble experimenters who pledged their honor to try and put some sense—or nonsense—into the English language.

Rule 1, of their code was very simply stated as follows: "Change the final ed to t when so pronounced; and, if a double consonant precedes, drop one of the consonants."

Under this rule, words like wished, dismissed, fixed, inked, and hopped, become, respectively, wisht, dismist, fixt, inkt, and hopt. There were a few exceptions to be observed, and they were much harder to remember than the rule itself. A printed list provided some five hundred words that were affected by Rule 1. We were never able to see that any considerable saving of time would result from the observance of this rule, and happily realize now, that it was only a starter, by means of which it was hoped (not hopt) to intrigue subscribers.

After ten months of effort the promoters were able to secure 209 persons who had a desire to adopt the new spelling.

Here's how the system would work: "He pressed her to his bosom and asked her to be his bride. Without a word she suddenly bussed him on the mouth."

We would never consent to a reform which would make the above sentence read: "He prest her to his bosom and askt her to be his bride. Without a word she suddenly bust him on the mouth."

Buses, indeed!

A. Bewse Ryder

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## WHAT A SUBJECT!

The following letter introduces us to a subject altogether enchanting, but which we approach with

correction in the phrase "I am sick to my stomach." Now, it's a question in my mind which is truly right, the words as mentioned above, or "I am sick of my stomach," or possibly "I am sick at my stomach." The latter I believe to be correct.

We cannot, I know, criticize a phrase as if it were criminal, nor can we regard a disagreement with the commonly accepted customs of the English language as a hanging matter. The fellows who write the grammars are usually such pragmatical cads that nobody can be blamed for breaking their precepts and leaping over their rules. But let us be tolerant and not severe, even to the grammarians.

Now for the ailing stomach. "I am sick to my stomach" does very well in the mouth of diminutive and highly cynical philosopher who wishes to say that sickness extends as far as the stomach, but if such a person meant to say that there is qualms in the stomach, it is preferred that the phrase "I am sick at my stomach" be used. And then the topographical description of the trouble is complete.

If the person be whimsical and has an inveterate quarrel with the stomach, it may well be said, "I am sick of my stomach." Many a man is sick of his stomach, and we dare say that the stomach is equally sick of the man, and would say so if stomachs had not, unfortunately, lost the power of articulate speech. It is remembered in the fable of the stomach and the members, which, as told by Menenius Agrippa, if that was the old sage's name, produced a great deal more effect upon the producing classes of Rome than it does on boys who have to grind it out in the Latin reader, the members were sick of the stomach on the ground that it was an idle holder of idle wealth. Presumably they were sick at the Stomach, too, for when anything in this goodly frame of man goes wrong, the poor old stomach usually has to bear the blame. In short, it is the physical "Crime of Creation," and in it, at it, with it, of it, by it, for it, the race of man must suffer, or think it suffers, especially in these days of hives, when some people eat too much.

Our diminutive philosopher should have a happier fate. Said one is not sick of the stomach, but at the stomach, and should leave off reading the anti-expansion twaddle and take some less laborious form of exercise.

Justa Jey.



no little embarrassment, remembering the sad fate of Teiresias when he was called upon to decide between Aphrodite and the three graces as to their comparative beauty:

"Kindly inform a regular reader of your paper which of the three communities has the handsomest girls—Roxborough, Wissahickon, or East Falls?"

November 27th S. C."

In each of these three unhappy sections, Miss Ess See, the eyes of a man of taste and the heart of a man of susceptibility are dazzled, bewildered, and made captive by the lavish display of feminine beauty upon which he gazes. In East Falls he swears that nowhere else in the world is it to be equalled, but when he stands amid the graces of Wissahickon, they too, seem to him beyond compare, and when he reaches Roxborough he feels as if he were walking in the garden of beauty.

Nor is it fair, Miss Ess See, to accuse him of fickleness and lack of discrimination, for in each his rapture is complete, his satisfaction entire, and he abandons himself to the glory of the sight with no thought and no power of criticism and comparison. Thank Heaven! there is no land and no community in the world in which feminine loveliness is concentrated and where there is a monopoly of feminine charms, though in this locality they are in prodigal profusion in all corners of the Roxborough, Manayunk, East Falls, Wissahickon and West Manayunk, and also far out into the environs, as in no other place on which the sun shines. The waters of the Schuylkill and those of the Wissahickon, which flow through fertile valleys, reflect beauty that none except a rash observation would dare to compare with any other.

But perhaps we might venture to decide between the three com-

munities in a statistical way. It is a cold, hard, unfeeling, unpoetic way, but we do not dare to adopt any other. The population of Roxborough and East Falls exceeds that of Wissahickon, and therefore on the sound principle as to applied to any village, town or city, the more women the more beauty, Roxborough would have to be put first, East Falls second and Wissahickon third in answer to Miss Ess See's question.

But the Wissahickon women are inexpressibly lovely! and the charge

35  
that Roxborough or East Falls are deficient in feminine beauty is a vile slander! No! taking back our hateful statistics, we politely but firmly refuse to render any decision. It is impossible!

I. Solomon.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A SILLY QUESTION

We were surprised when we read of a clergyman, who preached to a group of business men recently, and undertook to answer the silly question: "Is Life Worth Living?"

The fact that the auditorium where he spoke was filled with living men and women, all anxious to keep off death as long as possible, was evidence enough that his hearers needed no argument to awaken in them a desire for life, and were not seriously concerned about the question he discussed with so much solemnity. He might as well have asked them, "Is it worth while to eat when you are hungry?" or "Is breathing worth while?"

Such a question as that to which Mr. Broadcloth devoted his sermon might with some fitness be debated by a club of morbid sentimentalists, or in a ward of a lunatic asylum in which patients with a suicidal mania were confined, but it was a waste of time to give it a moment's serious thought or treatment in the presence of the practical and hard-headed business men who he had invited to his meeting. However skeptical he might be as to other matters, there is not a sane man in the audience who had any doubts about his desire to live, and who would not fight to the uttermost to save and prolong his life.

It is true that there is a set of modern philosophers who take a professionally gloomy view of the value of life, but these pessimists, when they are not stark mad, are just as anxious as other people to preserve their own lives, and just as zealous in the pursuit of the activities which have their origin in love of life. They simply amuse themselves with their hobby, and gratify their pride of intellect or eccentricity by cultivating uncommon skill in riding it. Meantime they are all anxious to keep on living, so that they can continue to enjoy their diversion.

Logically, they ought, every man of them, to proceed at once to commit suicide, for their melancholy creed can only make the world more miserable, and they should put themselves where they



could not help to increase the human species. If life is not worth living, what is the use of pursuing pessimistic philosophy? What is the use of anything except the

means of self-destruction?

Oh, no! These philosophers of gloom are not in real earnest, even when they think they are most serious—that is, provided that they are sane. They are simply diverting themselves with what they have no thought of reducing to practice, and the fun they get out of their hobby effectually disproves their theory that life is joyless and miserable beyond cure.

It would have been better for our reverend friend to have told his listeners how to live. That they want, to live they know already.

F. Ulla Pepper.

12-15-32

## The Forum

### DIME NOVELS

We see where it has become a fad to collect the dime novels which were read by boys everywhere a quarter of a century ago, that have now become rarities.

They were a part of the youth of many of us. The dimpled chins that bent over them have felt the barber's shear for almost three decades; and the books that composed them have become as rare as the most treasured incunabula. There may be some of them hidden away in attics, but in the corner cigar store they are seen no more. Their bright faces would be soiled and dusty enough by now. It is better to remember them in their prime.

We can see 'em now, with their fresh-painted look, staring from strings across the window like a clothesline, at the boy who gazes at them hopelessly. In his pockets is an old curiosity shop of unconsidered trifles, but in coppers only three cents. The youthful world is full of ginger cakes and licorice roots and brilliant mysterious marbles. Even if you had a nickle, too much of your income must not be devoted to literature. There are practical interests to be considered. At least you look, gaze your fill at

36  
Old King Brady, The Liberty Boys, Frank and Dick Merriwell, and others of your heroes in their brilliant raiment. Some were bright blue, some were red and others yellow. Attractive clothes they wore, with cheeks fresh and ruddy.

They had to be used clandestinely in school, and in the spinning and creel rooms of the local mills. The wise lad turned the covers in, because their splendor would betray them. What a sense of superiority and innocent crime you got by having a batch of them in your desk, or hidden behind some bales of wool. Why even the fellow of unapproachable genius and vast age who was just beginning to go to manual training school, and who spent, in examining his chin with the aid of a mirror and prospecting for down, much of the time he should have passed in studying geometry and arithmetical problems—even he read The James Boys or Fred Farnot and was good enough to speak of them with condescending praise. As for the small boys they would be so deep in The Liberty Boys, or some similar production, that they would forget to keep an eye on the "boss". That tyrant would descend like lightning, and confiscate your whole stock of dime novels. Then the old humbug would sit on a packing case in back of some gigantic piece of machinery and with one of your treasures in his hands, placidly read it, probably for the purpose of making those spirited remarks about vic-

ious and sensational literature that were so appreciated by the audiences to your discomfiture when he stole your library.

If the dime novels are now rare it is because so many of them were seized by envious elders. Every card room and spinning room boss must have had a complete collection.

There was much prejudice against those highly colored dime novels, chiefly, we imagine, on account of the brilliancy of the covers. The books were good, not bad. Some of the brain-storms of present-day movie scenario writers prove that. In their way, the dime novels were of the school of

"Kingston and Ballantyne the  
brave,  
And Cooper of the wood and  
wave."

They could not have had less literary merit than the "actual experience" magazines of today. They



were written by decent and clever people. One of the old writers, Edward S. Ellis, who was a favorite of the readers of "Beadle", was a teacher gratefully remembered by many persons. He published not so many, many years ago, a "History of the United States," which is still considered an excellent piece of work. If we are not mistaken, Orville J. Victor, who resided in New York, was the editor of Beadle's Dime Novels. He, too, was a historian. He penned a history of the Civil War which, while necessarily incomplete and inaccurate in many things, because written contemporaneously with the events described, is of much interest because it shows what a fair and intelligent Northerner believed to be the facts. His "Incidents and Anecdotes of the War" is also a good book to read.

We dimly remember a verse which once appeared in Hiram Cobb's "Recollections from the Library."

"The Grolier Club, the Klemcott Press,  
 With all their stately sumptuousness,  
 Full crushed levant and Roger Paynes,  
 I leave to men of greater gains.  
 But when I get my pipe alight,  
 My fancy sees the shelves grow bright;

I see—and I will have it yet!—  
 Of Beadle's Novels one full set."

The wish expressed in the verse is now almost beyond realization. For where is Beadle, Brave and Bold, Diamond Dick, Buffalo Bill, the Flag of our Union, and Ballou's Dining Room Companion? Trampled out of memory by the fugacious years or harvested by the junkman.

OLD SLEUTH.

SLED LORE

While waiting for a bus at Main and Levering street, a week or so ago, a graybeard broached a conversation anent sledding on the Schuylkill valley hills in the old days.

In referring to the method of sliding, or coasting, by throwing himself flat upon his stomach on his sled with the hands and steering more or less clumsily accomplished with a copper-toed boot, he'd forgotten the name of the procedure. So we informed him that we called it "Belly-bumpers."

A beautiful and expressive term. But "No!" says the philologist as the crust crackles under him and

wild-yelling youngsters are shooting down the middle of the road, or butting frantically into a wall or an old maple, a menace to the heads of two or three generations. "You didn't go 'belly-bumpers' on that sled; you went 'belly-bunts', you know you did."

No, we bring no affidavits, but sure we are that we went "belly-bumpers." The time-experienced philologist may have rushed down madly "belly-bunt", churning the path with delirious loe or revolving helplessly on the glaze ice and bumped or bunted ignominiously by the heavier sled or combination of sleds behind him. Neither "Belly-bunt" nor "Belly-bumps" is in the dictionary, that old snob that always hates the words of real sap and flavor. Other expression for the same graceful art of snow travel were "bellywhopper" and "belly-flopper". Doubtless there are other terms in use in other sections of the country. The study of sled lore and Belly-bumpsology has not got its first teeth yet.

The great artists of the great days of sliding down hill did not resort to the prone system. That was rather for beginners, for small boys full of feet. The great artists were experts at side saddle. They would take up their sleds in their hands, run with them with incredible velocity and often for a considerable distance, slam them down, mount fiercely, and with the impulse of the run and many scientific niceties of propulsion, strange bowings and bendings and writhings and mysterious punchings of the air with the leg, give the impression and often the reality of prodigious swiftness. A side-saddle artist of genius had capabilities far beyond the reach of the humbler worker in belly-bumps or belly-buntistics. Yet doubtless the latter had its secrets and its triumphs.

Let us here pause to recall the rash youth who was always trying to stand bolt upright on his sled, holding on by the ropes or strings, and so to go down the hill in glory. Did he ever get down in safety? What must his skull have been made of? He was always testing it. And where are the old pungs, with their "fills" or shafts, their loads of adventurous spirits and their constant spillings and mishaps?

HILL BILLY.



# The Forum

## ADDRESS CHANGES

"Who's Who," the great blue book of the blue bloods and selected prominent people, which is published in England, made a grave error in its current edition by having Colonel Lindbergh's home being located at Hopewell, Missouri, instead of Hopewell, N. J. due, more than likely, to the unfamiliarity of the British publishers with American habits of having scores of towns with the same name. Missouri, it appears, has at least three Hopewells within its borders, and as the Lone Eagle's former address had been St. Louis, the compilers of the "hooie hooie" book took it for granted his new home was in the old neighborhood. And distance, as far as expanse of country is concerned, differs greatly in English and American eyes.

It wasn't so many years ago that the railroad station, now known as Miquon, was called Lafayette, and because mail which was intended for Barren Hill, where Lafayette Post Office is located, went astray, the Indian name supplanted the French one for the village along the Schuylkill.

When the Reading Company built lines on both sides of the Schuylkill through the Falls of Schuylkill, it used the short appellation of "Falls" for the station on the east side of the river, and "West Falls" for a stop, on the farther bank of the stream. A failure of passenger trade finally eliminated the latter. At the same time there were two other towns named Falls in Pennsylvania. With a consequent confusion in mail and deliveries, so East Falls came to be substituted for the town's old name of Falls of Schuylkill.

When Mt. Vernon is placed on 21st Ward mail, instead of Manayunk; Dearnley Park, instead of Upper Roxborough; and Hollywood for the East Jamestown avenue-Rector street section, what may we expect? It's a cinch that the old names would not long survive the tendency to transmogrify that which is old-fashioned and savors of the soil into that which is sup-

posed to be more English and genteel.

Save the old names!

Jon Smythe

## UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES

"Sick to the stomach"; "Sick at the stomach"; "Sick of the stomach." We liked that line of argument, which appeared in this column recently. But tell us more.

Everybody has a right to take four lumps of sugar in his coffee, or not to take it, and there is nothing to prevent any person from disliking any word or phrase which he chooses to dislike. Still, when anybody takes the trouble to attack a respectable, harmless, and well-intentioned phrase, as you did, we'd like to hear something about the phrase "under the circumstances." It seems to be vicious and utterly indefensible.

D. T.

Editorial Note: Why is "under the circumstances" vicious and utterly indefensible? It must be presumed to be innocent until its guilt is established. The accuser offers no evidence whatever.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;

The reason why I cannot tell."

"Under the circumstances" is a useful and correct phrase, meaning "in the existing condition of things," etc. "Circumstances" is used in its ordinary meaning. "Under" for "in" is a good old and present usage and authority. The fact that "under" is used, instead of the more obvious "in," seems to show that not only is "under the circumstances" sound, but that it has a certain idiomatic strength. It is a rule among the editors of old manuscripts that of two readings the less obvious one is more likely to be right. So, perhaps, "under the circumstances" may be deemed even better than "in the circumstances."

The latter form may be cherished as the other form is abominated, by our esteemed correspondent. Perhaps he has reasons which he will yet disclose for his animosity against "under the circumstances." Or is he the victim of an irresistible antipathy? Some persons cannot abide the smell of cheese, others the smell of roses, or gasoline; others can stand the strong stench of a pipe. Others again don't like low seats in the movies.



# The Forum

## EGG TESTERS

With the Wets and Drys alike stirred up by the action which is going on, and probably will go on until some change is made, we learn with great concern that the Egg Testers' Union has decided that "lips that touch liquor shall never belong to him who has eyes to see the thumbs down sign."

Sobriety is desirable in every walk of life, but it would be difficult to mention any vocation in which it is more imperatively demanded than in that of the professional egg-tester. There have been statesmen who have been supposed to have made their ablest public deliverances while half seas over; hod carriers who could carry their heaviest loads superimposed upon a jag; clergymen who could deliver their most powerful exhortations when in the condition of the how-came-you-so; prize fighters who could strike their most telling blows while standing up on a skate; and temperance lecturers who could score their greatest number of pledge takers when their trolley was off. But neither history nor mythology mentions an egg tester who ever accomplished a noteworthy feat of egg testing when he was loaded.

The many reasons why an egg tester should keep sober are as patent to the layman as to the professional manipulator of the ovarious bounty of man's sedentary provider. Perhaps the best of these reasons has to do with the matter in hand. If an egg be dropped by a nerveless egg tester, the damage is total and beyond repair, except through a miracle; for has not the poet truly said:

"All the king's horses and all  
the king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty  
together, again?"

Not only should the hand of the egg tester be as steady as though controlled by nerves of steel, but his vision should be clear and direct. The expert can tell at a glance whether

"Within a wall as white as  
milk,  
Behind a curtain soft as silk,  
Bathed in a bath of crystal  
clear."

A yolk or a chicken doth appear."

But what value would there be in the professional opinion of an inebriated egg tester, who bifurcated vision should see maybe two chickens in an egg justly entitled to be classed as a "strictly?" Again, the egg tester should be firm on his legs. Some of the most complete (this form of speech is used advisedly) wrecks on record have been the result of a tipsy man inadvertently sitting or kneeling in a basket of eggs.

From the view point of his obligation to society it is imperative that the egg tester shall always be at his best. Not only does it depend upon him whether the matutinal boiled egg of the bon vivant shall open fit to satisfy his epicurean taste, or shall prove to have been suitable only for the sea-going omelette; but he must not err in the more delicate classifications which separate the family egg from the fashionable boarding house egg, the fashionable boarding house egg from the plain boarding house egg, and these from the "cooking" egg, the egg utilized for raw material in various arts and industries not culinary, and the egg that is bestowed as a token of displeasure by audiences whom the entertainments have failed to please.

The more this subject is considered, the more important does it appear that the professional egg tester shall be a man of uncompromising sobriety. Let the Egg Testers' Union adhere to its position, say we, and it shall receive the moral support not only of all total abstainers and all those who are temperate in their temperance, but even of those whose conduct falls far short of the temperance standard of the Testers' Union.

J. B.

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## SLEEPINESS

The region comprising Philadelphia and its suburbs is noted among outside barbarians, for its scrapple, plum pudding and cheese cake; its outlandish family names, and its sleepiness. To the peculiarity last named it is supposed to owe its widest notoriety. It has been understood that there was no limit to its indulgence of the propensity to sleep at all times and in all places; but a recent event indicates that there is a degree of indulgences at which the line is drawn:

"The woman was attired in an



old fashioned nightie and her hair was hanging loosely down her back. She was walking slowly and when an officer approached her side he was astonished to hear her snoring, although her eyes were open. He addressed her in low tones, but received no answer. He then grabbed her by the arm. This aroused her. When she was found by the officer she was nearly two miles from her home."

The foregoing is from a Camden newspaper, as the happening took place "over on the Jersey side." This New Jersey suburb, as everyone knows is where Philadelphians who have grown tired of being taxed to death reside, in order to reap the best benefits which the big city offers. Employment (when there is any), up-to-the-minute shops, metropolitan conveniences—but not so many, or such rapacious political leeches to take the joy out of life. Camden used to do a rattling business in marriages, until it realized that it was getting blamed for a lot of mistakes that other people were making. It is now the home of other industries less noisy. But since the erection of the Big Bridge, a stranger could be in Camden and still think he was in Philadelphia.

Thus it was that the Camden woman was enabled to walk two

miles in the street sound asleep and snoring, and attired in garments appropriate only for the seclusion of the sanctum sanctorum, before she attracted notice.

Camden, and probably as some heathens think, Philadelphia are more than likely the only places in the world in which residents can go snoring on the streets, on business or for recreation, without attracting general attention, or being awakened by the ordinary noises of the locality. But for the Skeeter policeman there is no telling how long this woman might have continued her peripatetic sleep and snoring; she had kept it up for hours without being disturbed by any civilian, and it is likely that she would have continued until surfeited and of her own accord she awakened. But she chanced to come across a copper who was awake, and to this circumstance the rest of the world is indebted for information as to where this part of the country draws the line with reference to sleeping on foot in public places.

The limit, it seems, is not fixed with any degree of soundness of the sleeper's sleep, nor at any

40  
magnitude of the somnambular throng, but at loud snoring and night clothes. This line is sufficiently distinct to enable all policemen to avoid "waking up the wrong customers" and thus getting themselves into trouble.

S. Leapy Haid.

1-5-1933

## The Forum

### ORGAN GRINDERS

In a moving picture theatre we were recently amused by seeing a Betty Boop cartoon, with the Street Singer and everything, in which there appeared one of those little old German bands with the shining brass cornet, the big oompah horn and all the instruments in between, which used to give us such a headache in the days B. P. whenever the itinerant musicians blared forth their beery tunes.

We remember that many good people encouraged their playing by giving money to these poor interpreters of what is supposed "to sooth the savage breast." Of course we realized, at the time, that it is difficult to lay down a rule of human conduct that is applicable in all cases. And the picture of that little German band, in the animated cartoon, also brought back other memories of an Italian organ-grinder.

In one of the southern parts of the city, there was an aged short, lean, bearded battle-scarred Italian organ-grinder with a wooden leg, whose chest was decorated with Callabrian rags, which was always accompanied by a withered, glittering-eyed old crone that may have been his wife for half a century, while she, wearing a face of solicitation, carried the tin cup, looked up at the windows, and rewarded with the sweetest smiles anyone who gave her a penny. The hand organ, which must have been in the family for generations, was cracked in half its joints; it had a sternutatory habit, and was worked by one who very evidently had little knowledge of the art. The music was cacophonous. Yet, when the couple appeared and he took the little red and yellow cover from his hurdy-gurdy and struck up a festive tune; when she, with anx-



ious and solicitous expression, gazed around and aloft, all the people seemed to become happy. The householders threw open their windows to catch the sound and see the spectacle; the boys and girls rushed out into the street, playing around the aged pair, danced to the music and were apparently filled with glee. Happiness was in the air; kindness seemed to blossom in the soul.

Some people wouldn't give the old couple a cent, because they didn't appreciate what the pair were doing, and because the tight-wads didn't believe the hurdy-gurdy was as good as they thought a hurdy-gurdy should have been. The boys and girls didn't agree with these unappreciative folk; the white-aproned cooks didn't; the folks looking out of the windows didn't. When the organist turned up one block, in one instance, the boys and girls caught sight of him, ran to meet him, and caracoled around him as merrily he stood still to play. At the end of the second tune one boy took a cent out of his trousers pocket to put it in the tin cup of the old woman, who smiled at him as though she were his fond grandmother; three other lads followed the example, and two girls ran into nearby houses to get a cent for the musician. Money was thrown from several windows and there must have been twelve or fifteen cents in the treasury, when, after ten minutes of crank turning, the aged organist hitched up his wooden leg and, accompanied by his devoted helpmate, hobbled off to try for luck elsewhere. The music may have been inartistic, and even wild, but the crowd liked it.

Perhaps there are philosophers who would have been vexed if they had been there. Maybe they would have raised a fist to shake at the boys, told the cooks at their kitchen doors that they ought to be peeling potatoes and talked severely to the people looking out of the windows. Everybody would have been miserable before the philosopher got through with the organist, even if he had not smashed the hurdy-gurdy.

We stand up for philosophers at all times, but we also stand up for the boys and girls, for the white-aproned cooks, for the people at the windows, and for human nature.

BAY THOVEN

### THIRTY-FOUR

A young lady of our acquaintance

41  
did us the honor to ask us the following question, which is not without its pathos: "I am 34 years old; not deformed. I live alone and have to work for my living. I should like to get married, not for the sake of being supported, for I should expect to work after marriage, but for the sake of loving and being loved. Do you think I am too old?"

Why you poor kid, of course you are not too old. What do you call "old?" To a youth of nineteen you may seem old, just as he is looked upon as a monument of antiquity by a little chap who is just spinning his first top. Age is a thoroughly relative term, but we have the pleasure of assuring you that save in the eyes of the law you are a good deal of an infant yet, with your best years before you, please God!

You have passed the days of giggling and gushing. Without being a bit of a prig, or stiff or dried up or vinegary, you have accumulated tact and knowledge. Your sympathies and affections are infinitely deeper than they were at eighteen. Do you remember what a shallow little chit you were then compared with what you are?

We see in your question, industry, patience, cheerfulness, affection. We see wistful eyes, as the years scurry by and bring no Fairy Prince. Good eyes, they are, too, soft with kindness that need to be lighted up with happiness.

No, Agnes, you are at the age of sense, which by no means precludes charm. A woman in the thirties is at her loveliest. Pity so few of them know it.

You would be just the wife for a sensible man, who has got over the brilliant follies of youth and knows enough to pick out a companion for himself. Somewhere there must be such an one waiting for you. If he doesn't come to you he is an idiot. Don't you mind him!

P. D. Q.



# The Forum

## POLITICAL TITLES.

An esteemed contemporary writes to inquire: "We would like to know what entitles a man to the prefix 'Honorable'. What political office, or other preferment carries with it this title, which is fast falling into disrepute by its indiscriminate bestowal?"

The title "Honorable" has not fallen into disrepute. Owing to the sound precept and example of good newspapers, that title flourishes without disrepute and without envy. As someone said a long while ago, the true principle to follow is that of every man in the United States has a right to be called "the Hon." Equal rights to all, special privilege to none. Whatever irritation has been produced by this harmless phrase has been caused by attempts to resurict its use. As far as this newspaper is concerned it would only use the prefix before the names of Presidents, Governors, the Judiciary, and members of Congress and the Legislatures.

Irregularity of usage has sprung up. A lawyer, a councilman, an overseer of the poor, may be "the Hon" in his "home paper", and be clipped of the distinction by the newspapers of other places. The Hon Tom Higginbottom may lose part of his glory when he leaves Podunk Hollow. Nay, he may be simply "Higgy" when he reaches City Hall, and plain "Hig" when he's in his own home.

These deviations are to be deplored. The safe rule is that from the President of the United States to the Secretary of the Local Union for the Comfort of the Comfortless, from Ambassador to Great Britain to the Minister of International affairs of Murder Hollow, the title "the Honorable" belongs to everybody. Any narrower plan would be unjust to democratic-republican equality and to the kindness of the public. The bauble may be bestowed freely and freely worn. There are tender consciences that reject it, and nobody has to use it against his will. If, however, it is bestowed to him against his will, he has no remedy, for he has received no injury. He might as well complain of being called a "Mis-

ter". The title is as general as the casing air and sits as lightly. Its value is not diminished by its commonness, for it has no value. It is not a thing of beauty or even a high hat. It is simply a habit, a formula. There are persons to whom it gives satisfaction. For their sake it should be retained. But it must be put in the reach of all.

In defining "the Honorable" we mean to put no slight on "Professor". Although Prof. Joe, the shoe shine expert, and Prof. Toostep and some others have lowered the dignity of the appellation, we know of no one who have thrown their professorships away in consequence. "Professor" is still about as valuable as it was before. It implies, however, a special skill or knowledge, or want of them, and cannot be open to all comers as it's more catholic brother is.

A. C. C.

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## THE CATFISH.

We are sorry to send this letter soon after the holidays, but the sacredness of the truth must be maintained. No time is so hallowed and so gracious as to cover the work that has been done at the Free Library in the Falls of Schuylkill, where the reading public of that section goes for its books.

The Library is a proud and beautiful building. Carnegie and the Free Library people are responsible. It is a parthenon surrounded at first by lovely woodland, and now by handsome homes, and to those who love it it is the supreme architectural achievement of the community. Even the limited or prejudiced persons who deny its charm cannot forget the joy of its associations. To go up, or down, Midvale avenue, to view that structure with an eager eye and peraspire with the pulchritude of it and the deeper thought that one doesn't have to live anywhere near to enjoy it, is not the least of the pleasures in a world that persons of fair digestion regard with a certain amount of attachment. As a matter of fact the dome is a hollow fraud. But it has its merits. There is, or was, a Sacred Catfish, a paladium that fell from heaven splash into the Schuylkill in the days when Fort St. David's was an eminent fishing village. This Catfish was almost human and quite superhuman. It could wink. It learned about the American Revolution from the patriots at the Fishing Club. There was a huge



silver and gold punch bowl in which it used to tipple when the Governors assembled around the festive board. It used to leap into the air when high dignitaries put their thinking caps on. It was sprinkled with champagne whenever the Ancient and Honorable Anglers had a gorge fest. All the legislators in the Assembly revered it. It would wag its tail at a good thing and drop dead whenever a bore was up.

And so, when they erected the Library, some thoughtful architect was on the job. The Sacred Catfish was placed as the figure on the weathervane atop of its dome.

The Law and Order element of the community say it is significant of too much drinking. The girls think it greatly resembles a lot of their boy friends.

All the same it was the best thing to use as a symbol of the locality. It was the most venerable institution in that section of the municipality. It has gone. It will probably never come back, as long as the Schuylkill remains polluted. It is therefore a reminder of the past. Let it remain in its catfish aristocracy. And its glory will not fade with the passing of time.

P. I. SCATORY.



(B)

(C)

varieties of terrestrial swine was too large for consideration off-hand, but it is found permissible to mention some of the interesting possibilities that suggest themselves in the line of study which the Bostonian pursued. After he produced his lean and fat pig, he should have seen what could be done with the Antipodian importation.

What could the world say if it could see a man raising pork and beans on the same bean pole? Yet this is not an extravagant suggestion. The beanstalk is a climber; so is the Australian pig. Why not let them climb the same pole, and, clinging thereto, the one with its tendrils and the other with his prehensile tail, ripen to maturity together?

Right here somebody may interpose that the pig would eat the beans; but the object of these remarks is to put forth suggestions, and not to monkey with petty conundrums.

And then there is the marsupial touch with which this Australian pig, like a diminutive kangaroo, is equipped. When the time comes for the farmer to gather his ripened pork and beans, all he will have to do will be to pick the beans into the pouches and drive his composite crop home, or to the market, the pigs carrying their tails neatly done up in Flemish coils, which, as every Navy man knows, is the sort of a coil affected by yachtsmen when they want to see the main sheet lie flat and beautiful on the quarter deck.

But we mustn't get nautical. However, it is impossible even to outline ideas that arise in connection with the opportune discovery on pork and beans, and so without further attempt we will leave it up to the technocrats, who apparently are trying to figure out ways and means that men and omen can exist without working at all.

B. N. Shoat.

(A)

# The Forum

1926/33

## GREAT MEN'S WIVES

For the past twenty years or so the newspapers have been giving great space to the doings, wearings, thinkings, and sayings of the First Ladies of the Land. Hundreds of photographs of the second Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Hoover have appeared in the papers of the world and now Mrs. Roosevelt is coming in for her share.

It seems strange sometimes, that these women don't want to desert their husbands and return to the quietness of their own private homes, away from the glamour of the public. And we suppose there are times that they do.

Being women of ordinary flesh and blood, with all the regular woman's desire and ambition, they must be filled with ambition of entering into their husband's labors and assisting them in their intellectual work.

It wouldn't be surprising if some of them were not fully qualified for such efforts, and with failure wounding their prides, lead them to abandonment of white House, moving pictures, men and

But it wouldn't be right. No man and woman when they become man and wife can be exactly equal. Some men are better fitted for duties of their calling, and some women are better fitted for theirs, the cares of social, esthetic, and other problems which are peculiarly womens. Happiness depends on the harmonious performance of their respective tasks, and then can only be achieved by each observing the natural limits of the allotted obligations. If women will consider those beautiful lines of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," they see the course that will keep them, or lead them back, to happiness; and perhaps their perusal may be the means of soothing many troubled households:

For him she plays, to him she sings  
Of early faith and plighted vows;  
She knows but matters of the house;  
And he, he knows a thousand things.  
"Her faith is fixed and cannot move;  
She darkly dwells on him with faithful eyes  
"I cannot understand--- I love."  
C. L. Arque.

## PORK AND BEANS

Not long since a friend made our mouths water by telling of having just finished a palate-delighting meal of good, old fashioned, home-made pork and beans. Which brought to mind a story which was told to us by an acquaintance whose early youth had been spent in Boston.

He said that one time in the Massachusetts city there was a man who made experiments in the hope of producing a quality of pork worthy to be associated with true Boston baked beans. His method involved the crossing of the choicest and fattest obtainable specimens of American swine with a certain lean and shadowy bristle-producer of European origin, so that the resulting pig should be composed of alternate layers of lean and fat.

While in the midst of his experiments, word was received from Australia, to the effect that a man there had succeeded in capturing a tree-climbing pig. Away with all the Boston theories. The thing to do was to import some of the Australian porkers, for material to conduct a test that would startle the entire world.

The question of substituting the tree-climbing pigs for the various



# The Forum

2/9/33

## THE OFFICE CAT

We do not know whether you as a newspaper establishment have ever possessed an office cat, or not, but can distinctly see one Thomas Ebenezer Maltanesus, who paraded up and down a one-time editorial sanctum sanctorum with all the dignity of a banker of 1922.

The universal interest which this accomplished animal is regarded throughout the country is a striking refutation that genius is not honored in its day and generation. Perhaps no living critic has attained the popularity and the vogue now enjoyed by the cat.

Thomas M. Maltanesus worked in silence, unknown perhaps, beyond the limits of our office. He was a sort of Rosicrucian cat, and his motto seemed to be "to know and keep himself unknown."

It is true that he could not escape the glory and honors deserved, and one fine day he woke up, like Byron, to find himself famous.

It is stated here that he puffed up about the incident. He remained the same industrious, conscientious, sharp-edged and sharp-shooter censor of copy that he always had been, and we should not have been aware of the admiration he excited among his esteemed contemporaries of the press, had we not observed him in the act of dilacerating a copy of "The News" containing an alleged portrait of him, and chewing his picture away from the southwest corner of the Lindbergh stamp issued by Spain. Although the latter pictured him with his back turned, the former portrait did foul injustice to his majestic and intellectual features. Besides, it represented him as having a bandage over one eye, as if he had been involved in a controversy and had had his eye mashed. Now, aside from the fact that he needed both eyes to discharge his literary duties properly, he was able to whip his weight in office cats, and his fine large optics never were shrouded in black, and we don't believe they ever have been yet, if any of his supposed nine lives are still in the process of their course. In addition to being a fine scholar he was a fine soldier.

We, many a time, thought of writing a history, giving a detailed account of the personal habits and peculiarities of this feline Aristarchus. Indeed, we have been requested to prepare a full biographical sketch to appear in a future edition of "Animals We Love to Touch". At some time we may satisfy public curiosity with the details of this particular cat's literary methods. But genius such as his defies analysis, and the privacy of a celebrity ought not to be rudely invaded.

It is not out of place, however, to indicate a few traits which illustrate his extraordinary faculty of literary composition, so to speak. His favorite food was a high tariff discussion. When a big speech, full of wind and statistics came within his reach, he pounced upon it immediately and devoured it

45

a while we would let him have a real old number, or two. He came uneasy without this periodical feast of literary catnip. The exception of this one parable excess he was a sort of blest beast. He moused out all stupid stuff and nonsense which found its way into the office, went for it, tooth and claw. It was the biggest copy holder in the world. And he never got tired. His health, at last reports, was good, and we never deemed



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When a piece of stale news, or a long-winded "Hi, Ho, Hum, here we are again article" came into the office his remarkable sense of smell instantly detected it, and it was impossible to keep him from it. He always assisted, with great interest, at the opening of the editorial mail, and he filed several hundred letters per day in his interior department. The favorite diversion of the printer's devil was to make him jump for three-column articles on the restoration of prosperity.

He took a keen delight in hunting essays on "How pupils manage to get through school, with such a lack of interest by their parents," and played with them for hours. They were so true to the mark, that he always hated to kill them, but duty was duty. Clumsy and awkward English he leaped at with indescribable celerity and ferocity; but he wouldn't eat it. He simply tore it up. He couldn't stand everything!

We have no idea that this remarkable Thomas was perfect. We admit he had an uncontrollable appetite for old almanacs, which we always had to keep out of his reach. He would sit for hours and watch with burning eyes the iron safe in which we were obliged to shut up these old and valuable records for safe-keeping. Once in

a while we would let him have a real old number, or two. He came uneasy without this periodical feast of literary catnip. The exception of this one particular article he was a sort of blasphemous beast. He moused out all stupid stuff and nonsense which found its way into the office, went for it, tooth and claw. He was the biggest copy holder in the world. And he never got tired. His health, at last reports, was good, and we never deemed



We assume that our correspondent yearns for the return of a decorated emblem of his wounded heart, not as a diamond of great price. His view of the proprieties is in the abstract sound. A woman disengaged is morally bound to return presents received from her former fiance. This rule would apply with particular force to the gift which is in itself a pledge of his promise to marry. The gem must shine with a pale and false lustre, which is the pledge of a dead affection. A girl's retention of this supreme gift after the vital spark had passed from it would show at the first blush that she had from the beginning valued it more for its beauty and worth than for its significance. A man should regard himself lucky if his escape from so mercenary a character was purchased at the price of a ring, even if it shone with the light of the great Koh-i-noor.

Turning to the legal side of the question, possibly the ring might be recovered by suing the young woman for obtaining goods under false pretense, while if he had been the jilt the ring might be held by the maiden as a forfeit for non-fulfillment of contract. But the law had better be left alone for the present. The sentiment of courtship is too sacred to be crushed impulsively under an effort for crude justice.

Is there not another aspect to

D

**THURSD**

"Before the choice is attempted, we must agree what poem is short. Compared to the great epics, Comus and Schrab, and Rustom are short. Compared with the latter, Lycidas and the Pied Piper are short. If these four were eligible they would have to be among the ten. Allegro and Blenheim are shorter still. But interpreting your wishes by your words we will choose from the

E

truly short one... will be well to say that, to present the list from being swamped by Shakespeare or Milton, we will take but one poem from each. Again, that one will be chosen somewhat arbitrarily, without prejudice to its rivals. With these preliminary explanations we venture upon selections.

"When in Disgrace," by Shakespeare; "When I Consider," by Milton; "Bannockburn," by Burns; "Hohenlinden," by Campbell; "The Tiger," by Blake; "Brahma," by Emerson; "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," by Scott; "At the Church Gate," by Thackeray; "Bugle Song," by Tennyson; and "Gunga Din," by Rudyard Kipling.

"The list of others running from unalloyed sentiment to more intense and purely distilled poetry, is by no means brief. But looking among the short poems bearing the divine stamp of poetic genius, for the vivid, the picturesque, the lyrically complete, the intellectually impressive, and the passionately inspiring, the ten given are certainly very powerful claimants for their places. And what a marvelous lot they are!"

**RITE-WAY ELECTRIC**  
 "We Are Shoemakers  
 WE CALL AND DELIVER —  
 5927 RIDGE AVE.  
 PHOENIX, ARIZONA"

C

the case than the one discerned by our correspondent in his worry and vexation? The idea that any girl, out of a spirit of avarice or extortion, would keep a ring which marked a broken promise of her hand is too shocking to be entertained without absolutely certain justification. Rather let our friend think of the impounding of the ring as a sign that, in spite of quarrel or even dismissal, the old feeling inflames the heart which he had hoped one day would beat as one with his, and that, while the ring still shines upon the finger of his fiancee, it is a beacon lighting his way back to the longed-for haven of happiness which a sudden storm swept from his sight.

Try again, friend, for the girl, not the ring!

went to the movies or card parties because they didn't interest her" and that she wouldn't "have gone to the school tonight, except that Johnny wanted me to." And going on she said, "I'm certainly glad I was there!"

The elderly woman waited until her friend had ceased speaking then said, "Oh, you must get out once in a while, especially to things like this, or else you won't know nothin'."

"Won't know nothin'" is right in one sense, even if not in English.

Dr. Nichols' discourse had turned our thoughts to poetry. And it wasn't many hours until we'd sought an elderly advisor, who seems to know all about these subjects, to ask what he believed was the ten best short poems in the English language. Here is his reply:

The Editor.

**POEMS**

It was our good fortune to be one of the great crowd who sat spell-bound in the Joel Cook School, last Thursday night and heard Dr. Nichols, of the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal church, sing the songs and praises of Eugene Field, the poet of the children.

In going home, we scurried out on Marree street, for 'twas cold—cold. Ahead of us were two men, one elderly and the other the youthful mother of the pupils at Cook School. The latter was saying—we couldn't but overhear—that she "never

A

**The Forum**  
 2/12/33

**KEEPING THE RING**

It is very evidently one of these modern "hot-cha" boy friends who make fun of their granddaddies and think they don't know anything, who finally break down in woe and comes for information and advice to "the experienced" who sends us the following letter:

February 14th, 1933

"Dear Editor:

Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your newspaper, what disposition a woman should make of an engagement ring after her engagement to marry has been broken?

It seems to me an honorable woman would return it to the man who gave it to her with a view of matrimony.

Sighing

Ch



# The Forum

3/2/33

## THREE-LEGGED CLAIMS

THE FORUM

With the clam-chowder days of Lent having recently broken in upon us, I hasten to relate a tale of a freak of nature for this column, which recently came to my attention.

Everybody in this section of the country has been propagandized for years concerning the marvels of nature under the influence of the bland (?) climate and fertile soil of the Pacific Coast. We have learned that between seed-time and harvest in California crooked-necked squashes grow into the size of swans, cucumbers are as large as saw logs, and walnuts by persons mistaken for walnuts by persons from this rough-neck side of the country. But it appears that the residents of that favored region out West, have been so absorbed in contemplation of prospective movie scenarios, that they have failed until recently to notice a more outstanding evidence of fertility. They have just discovered that the processes of evolution—a sort of a growth in which countless generations takes the place of the individual and ages are seasons—are comparatively as celeritous as are the processes by which the ordinary products of California soil and climate are matured.

Occasional mention has appeared of late in Eastern papers of the recession of Lake Tulare, leaving a broad margin of arable land that for many years had been submerged. Dwelling near the shore of this lake is a Mr. Whoandwhatisthis, an observant ranchman. When the water receded, he sowed with wheat his land that was left dry. The crop came up beautifully, but after awhile he noticed many of the spears were eaten off as if by cut-worms. He investigated, and the result was startling, even to a resident of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Whoandwhatisthis discovered that the countless clams left high and dry by the recession of the water and exposed to the benign influences of soil and climate had developed legs—three legs to each clam—and were hopping around among the wheat spears. Further observation showed him that the part of the clams' anatomy known in Rhode Island as the snout had become a fairly well developed mouth, and that the clams were nibbling off the blades of wheat, chewing the fibrous residue. He captured some of these predatory tripeds and stands ready to exhibit them to all doubters of his

word.

Mammals were only foreshadowed by occasional creatures of the early reptilian age. Herbert Spencer has said that "there is in living organisms a margin of functional oscillations on all sides of a mean state, and a consequent margin of structural variation." But here we have in America—California to be exact—living evidences of a speeding up of evolution which sets aside the results of previous observation. Not ages, but only a few months were required for the evolution of these stranded mollusks into a condition which enables them to cope with their environment. There is a development which can be accounted for upon no hypothesis of a margin of functional oscillations. The soil and the climate of the Pacific slope did it and nothing else.

It is interesting to speculate as to the further results of evolution in the three-legged clams of Tulare under the gracious influence of their surroundings. At the rate at which they have started off, they should be wearing sombreros and chewing tobacco, with the third leg reduced to a rudimentary form, by the advent of the next rainy season. And long before the water floods the scene of this development, the former humble mollusks of the shore should become movie actors with tiny mustaches and foreign accents. All this, provided of course, that the Japanese warm current is not deflected and the isothermal lines remain as at present.

JOHN JAY BYOLOGEE

## ANOTHER POET

We have a deep sympathy for those who like to sit down and place their thoughts in "sentences which rhyme" but we certainly get a pain in the neck at some of the subjects on many an occasion.

But these are merely personal reflections. Come Romeo, come Juliet. Listen to what one bird sings to us:

"I love a girl nice and sweet;  
She's a pudding I could eat;  
She's the apple of my eye;  
I could kiss her on the sly.

"She is like the rosebud gay;  
She is but a flower in May;  
She has stole' my aching heart—  
I felt it throbbing to depart.

"She, sweet darling, young and true,  
Soon returned and claimed me, too.  
She so queen-like and sublime,  
Soothes a loving heart like mine."

The proudest she is in Christen-

48  
dom might deem it an honor and a pleasure to soothe such a heart. We wait impatiently for the pudding and apples. If our health continues to behave itself, we mean to gather rosebuds while we may, and we'll also make a collection of examples of "gush" as shown above.

THE EDDIE TORR



# A The Forum

## BOOTS AND JACKS

Listening in, all the radio, to the inauguration ceremonies last Saturday, we recalled some experiences we once had in Washington, D. C., in the days when we peered there. They related to a conversation with the secretary of one of the Texas Congressmen who came from the great "backwoods" district, who it was said, had never worn a pair of shoes in his life, until he arrived in the Nation's capital. Boots had always been his footwear.

"The state of Virginia," said the audite secretary, "may be famous for its crop of great men, its shipyards, its hospitality and other things, but down in the Panhandle country, where my boss comes from, they are just getting used to shoes. Boots are the only kind of foot coverings which can stand the pace.

"The bootjack was a piece of household furniture to him and his forefathers ahead of him. You, who have never seen one of those instruments may well ask, "How many persons, born within the last quarter of a century ever saw a bootjack?" "You young'uns evidently regard that homely implement as a curiosity and piece of antiquity like a cuiverin or a manabey. Let me correct you, Rash youth, and inform you that there isn't a farmhouse in our section of the land but still has its bootjack, and most of the time it is a piece of furniture which is still in use.

"For a number of years shoes have seemed to displace boots and the reign of the latter has seemed to be over. Even boyhood has lost some of its little vanities and happiness. The red-topped boots, the upper toed boots, the first boots, the handsome, highly-greased boots into which the lad tucked his trousers and on which he creaked and squeaked along the roads-

necessary and common as a shoe-string. In the cities now its appearance in rural drama makes the young fellows snicker. The world is growing a little monotonous; all its shoes are made on the same last. Let the shoe wearer remember that as fine men as ever stepped in leather have worn boots and used bootjacks, and sworn and grunted until it did its work and restored them to slipper ease. And home, right now, I'll bet there were a good many "husky" American citizens who greased their boots this morning. What do you mean, "what is a bootjack?"

THE EDITOR.

### THE HOBBY OF KINGS

With the inauguration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as President of the United States every boy, man or woman who has acquired the habit of collecting postage stamps, is sort a sticking his chest out and is boasting about the kindred tastes of the nation's leader and the common people.

Postage stamp collecting is known as "the hobby of kings and the king of hobbies," and with Roosevelt up on a pedestal among his fellow philatelists, there is bound to be a great revival of this fad.

Every person who is interested in the things which are going on around him in his own land, and others; those who are observant of little things in the art of coloring, printing, history, industry and a thousand and one other things is going to be induced to become a stamp collector; to know stamp values, issues, cancellations, perforation gauges, water-marks, intaglio printing, horizontal and vertical coils, inverts, varieties, Washingtonia, the life and deeds of Benjamin Franklin; the Presidents of the United States; events which are being commemorated; Siam, England, France, the German War Stamps and the Fiji Islands.

In fact those who take up stamp collecting will take a most interesting and fascinating hobby, that will be educational and valuable all

D

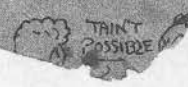
through their lives, and will also have a source of great satisfaction in the ownership of these little bits of gummed paper, which mean so little to the ordinary person, but so much to the collector.

On with the fad? It's a good one!  
Col. Lect Tore.

## Will Rogers Picks A Story For This Spot

By WILL ROGERS

A SCOTCH soldier was in bad luck, not saluting an officer or something serious like that, and a martial ordered him to be right out and shot. The Scot asked for time out to



Service

money before personal effect parents.

Well, they low that Scotchman Scotchman up and tale!"

So t offends the S the stor we ha

B

the first call-coat toga was a great event, but the first pair of boots, of boots with good stout, manly legs was a glory and a dream. To go barefoot in summer, in spite of parental prohibition, to sport a pair of top boots in winter and the winds of spring such was the simple ambition of many youths more primitive than those of these days. Shoes are more comfortable; there seems no good reason why a man who is so farming or roughing it should encase his tibias in leather. The bootlegs, the modern representatives of greaves, which horsemen and the ladies who imitate 'em wear, must be hot in summer; they get wrinkled early and they don't conduce to the happiness of arcusers; but they have done and are still doing great things.

"Leaving out of consideration the buckled shoes and silk stockings, which have been effective in statesmanship and war, and may be said to have given us the Constitution, most of the real rough hard work of the country, the pioneering the settling, the farming has fallen to boots. And how many gold-en-mouthed clergymen, how many candidates for President, how many solid men and merchants with blue dress coats, buff waistcoats and jobs, how many bristling Commodores and Generals have walked across the stage in boots. Mr Webster wore 'em; and Mr. Lincoln; Old Hickory, Fuss and Featherers, Rough and Ready; and we can imagine how angrily Edwin Forrest must have squeaked as he walked home after cursing his daughters or smothering Desdemona.

"The bootjack used to be as



if by laughing they can promote a cure for their ailments.

Another learned man told of an historical incident in which laughter had figured as a cure. When the Duke of Angowan was in service in the army of Henry the Fifth he was stricken with illness in the camp and his life was despaired of. The surgeon of the army corps, to whom appeal was made, recommended—the medicine chest was probably empty—laughter. He secured the co-operation of the Duke's bailiff, his secretary and the Captain of the Royal Guards. These came to the bedside of the Duke dressed in white, each of them wearing red hats with rooster's feathers. All three were men of demure aspect; all three were between 60 and 70 years of age. Each one endeavored, in the Duke's presence, to knock the hat off of one of the others, and the patient was so convulsed with laughter at the antics of his visitors that the fever which had beset him for more than three weeks diminished. He recovered his health; he was restored, and he resumed command of a portion of the King's army.

In case of intermittent fever, too, according to some of the medicos, unrestrained and unrestrainable mirth produced by the perusal of modern movie scenario will restore where medicine has failed. A case is cited of a patient who was cured by attending a local moving picture theatre and seeing a western thriller. The film story was so ridiculous that the man's recovery was sort of magical. The makers of western movie stories are humorists at heart.

"Laugh and grow fat" has long been a homely adage, the merit of which has not been disputed seriously even by scientific minds or by the uninitiated in the mysteries of hygiene. "But 'laugh and grow well' is a new version of the admonition, and it will probably, much more than the assurance of any leading light of science, however accomplished professionally, and however desirous of promoting hilarity and good cheer, to establish a principle that any serious bodily ailment may be cured

by the simple prescription of laughter. For such a simple matter as toothache, the policy of "laughing it off" has been frequently tried without success; it is believed in by everyone but the person with the toothache. But there is novelty on the side of the scientists—novelty and originality, too. Good cheer aideth medicine. Might it replace and abolish it?

Payne Inthanek.

### SITTERS

3/16/33  
With Spring coming on, we suppose we'll be in for another spell of tree and flag pole sitting. Which makes us think of "Shipwreck Kelly."

Kelly, be it known, is the converse of McGinty. He jumped into national fame suddenly, but the jump was in the opposite direction. McGinty, we have been told, went down, down, down to the bottom of the sea, and Kelly went aloft to the top of a flag pole.

For days, at Atlantic City, and elsewhere, this individual was perched on high, seemingly like a cat which climbed a tree and didn't know how to get down. No man ever performed a great and inspiring feat in the presence of a larger audience. Probably one million eyes watched his daily emulation of Rodin's "Thinker;" his exercises, his table manners. The spectacle was novel. Poised in full sight of the standing and transient population of America's open air bath-house, and with the moral support and full approval of every "nut" in the land, "Shipwreck," nevertheless worked alone. McGinty, at the bottom of the sea, was not more isolated when he put his foot down on the ocean's floor than was Kelly, as he patiently and coolly retained his perch after reaching the end of his anabasis.

He appeared like a fly as he stood on top of the high mast, and looked down upon 3,000,000 or more people, most of them hearty admirers of his extraordinary courage, endurance, and cephalic equipoise, regardless of how senseless the feat seemed to be.

Hi Jinks.



(B)

yet no hawk ever described many circles over her brood before she hustled her chicks out of sight and ruffled the feathers on her neck as if she had heard a swish of pinions far above as the threatening speckacked wings to his flight.

This phenomenal ability of the hen to distinguish sounds is being utilized in an interesting way by a community of hens in a Western State, "out where the tall corn grows!"

The facts are presented herewith upon the authority of several reputable and esteemed contemporaries of the Central West. It seems that there's a little town out there which reposes at the junction of the railroad's main line and a little branch division. Two through trains meet daily at this place, and upon running to the sidings, in order to let one train through, the dining car cooks of the other string of cars clean up their kitchens and throw out the culinary odds and ends. These trains are met with clock-like regularity by the hens of the vicinity and the scraps thrown overboard furnish them with more than acceptable picking. This is in no way out of the ordinary, but the interesting part is yet to be told.

It is asserted and vouched for, that these Western hens, so acute is their sense of hearing, can distinguish the whistles of the dining car trains from those of the local passenger and the freight trains, or even from that of the locomotive running wild, and that they sit placidly on their nests, or scratch gravel, in a nonchalant way upon the approach of all locomotives save those pulling the dining cars. And this is not all.

These same hens can distinguish the whistles of the engines on the dining car trains at incredible distances that if one of the

(C)

instance, intending passengers do not look at the blackboard bulletin, but merely note the distance of the hens picking their way toward the crossing. It is said, moreover, that the people of that locality, with a mathematical turn of mind, have an easy system of setting their clocks and watches to railroad time by the movements of these sharp-hearing hens.

Then hens of this part of the United States have been justly celebrated for their ability to provide life-sustaining fruit for the table, and this has been a good year for eggs. But the Western sister of our feathered friends has revealed herself in a wholly different, but not less interesting, aspect.

H. A. Chandcha.

#### TITLES

It appears that 14000 people have wired or written President Roosevelt, commending him upon his rapid-fire action since assuming office 19 days ago, and even yet there are thousands of letters pouring in on this busy individual. One person, who lives nearby, wants to know if he should address the President as "Your Excellency."

This man, evidently, is a naturalized citizen, or perhaps is not far from being one.

Certainly, he cannot be a dyed-in-the-wool American. A real nephew of your Uncle Samuel shuns such terms. And especially the democrats with a small "D." It certainly would be incorrect to write, "Your Excellency, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States." If this curious writer wants to write to King George, Queen Marie, or the Emperor of Japan, he can put as many "Your Excellencies" as he wants to, but he ought not to dress the President of the United States in borrowed robes.

The President, as far as importance is concerned is entitled to be called "His Serene Highness," "Rapid Fire Frank," "The Man With An Open Smile," "Hustler," "Groom of the Posset," "First Parasol Bearer to the King of Siam, or "Most Worthy Pipe Lighter to His Majesty King Cole," as to be called "Your Excellency," yet the impression of some people is that he should be given that title; and when we find the men and women of a compulsory-educated State yielding to the error, it seems worthwhile to protest against it. Of honorary Colonels and Judges there are no end, but the post of President of the United States is too great to need tricking out withinsel.

A. C. Ommoner.

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## The Forum

### HENS

Now that St. Patrick's Day has come and gone, the signs of spring are to be seen everywhere, and men who are still forced into idleness, are observing some ordinarily little things. Take the chickens in the back-yard pen for instance. And the hens in particular.

Anybody can see that the hen is a natural hearer. Even a super-auricular observer would take the jack-rabbit with all his ears to be the hen's equal in detecting sounds. The hen's characteristic attitude is that of listening. When the adult hen shifts her pose it is to take on the appearance of listening with the other ear. She is semi-auricular.

Nobody has seen a mother-hen scanning the sky for birds of prey.



# The Forum

3/30/33

## OLD PEOPLE

The editor of a contemporary newspaper has that wicked belief that long life is not desirable. So he pooh-poohs longevity, denies it as far as he can, seeks to show that centenarians are myths, lies or liars. In behalf of the 100-Year Old Club, we resent these attacks upon a deserving industry. When a man or woman takes enough trouble to live to be a century old, it is mighty small business to find flaws in the dates of their birth. Probably only one centenarian in a thousand is given the publicity, which he or she deserves. They are quiet people, living in out-of-the-way places, most of them; and they die as unostentatiously as they have lived. So most of them escape notice.

Some day there may be a paper called "Length of Life" which could well make a complete record of secular lives. Surely human life ought to be as well treated as real estate, the stock market, or rotten politics. Meanwhile, we shall throw out the life-line once in a while to encourage the youth of today.

In a newspaper despatch from Mexico, the other day, there was information concerning the death of one, Refugio Pedro Pantalune, said to have been the oldest Mexican. "The records," said the article, "of the parish of the State of Guanajuato show that he was born in 1820. He lived for one hundred and thirteen years in one house. There is no reason to believe that he was the oldest inhabitant of Mexico, which is a very healthful country, in regions not affected by the bugs of revolution, but we give the gentleman honorable mention.

In the present rudimentary condition of the science of viability, one hundred and thirteen years is a respectable middle age. We hope to live to see the time when it will be regarded as a disgrace to die before reaching one hundred and fifty.

A lady, who once lived beside us as a neighbor, claiming Ireland as her birthplace, had a proper understanding of the elastic nature of youth. She was ninety-seven, and had that little juvenile recreation, the whooping cough. She said that she wouldn't have paid any attention to it at all, at all, if it hadn't kept her awake at nights. Ultimately, a century will be considered the natural season for the whooping cough. As civilization advances, the period of infancy will be extended.

Mrs. Mary Konn Trairy, of Tioga, was one hundred and three last week. Her children are infants of seventy-seven, seventy-five, and sixty-five, and sixty-three. Peevish boys they are, who think that an affectation of pessimism is a mark of intellect, and still need to hear the verdict of the mother who has lived a long life and finds it good: "I can truly say that I am extremely happy and have no fault

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ture reaching one hundred and fifty.

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Mrs. Mary Konn Trairy, of Tioga was one hundred and three last week. Her children are infants of seventy-seven, seventy-five, and sixty-five, and sixty-three. Pevish boys they are, who think that an affectation of pessimism is a mark of intellect, and still need to hear the verdict of the mother who has lived a long life and finds it good: "I can truly say that I am extremely happy and have no fault to find with anything."

That is the wisest and sanest philosophy we have ever read; and no bilious and bookish theorick has any right to dispute it. Our novices ask, "how do you live to be one hundred and three." Have no fault to find, is the important part of the recipe. Mrs. Trairy adds these details: "I eat everything that is put before me. I never have any choice, and if other persons did the same thing they would live to be as old as I am."

There is your diet and health food for you, you unfortunates who exist according to weight and measure, take your temperature every hour, and worry yourselves into your graves by trying to live on schedule time, an eye on your watch and a finger on your pulse. Hear the boast of Mrs. Mary Konn Trairy, fortunate among women:

"I never had an unnatural pain or ache in my life that I can remember."

Before the class in longevity is dismissed we must wave a friendly salutation to an old friend who is just starting out on life, at the age of eighty-four. This man is acknowledged as the patriarch of a neighborhood in which sixty-year-olds abound. He has been a little under the weather, but we have just received the good news that he "has so far recovered that he can chew his regular allowance of tobacco regularly." Ordinarily we are no friends of tobacco eating, but we can't help wishing well to that fine old fellow, and his kind, whose first sign of convalescence is a loud call for a "plug" or "chaw" of "terbaccor."

Anne Oldan.

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**SPRING POETS**

"In the Spring a young man's fancy, lightly turns to thoughts" etc, etc, are the lines which many people are thinking as April admonishes us to keep the old mackintosh handy. But poets will continue to rave over "Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring," despite any signs of rain.

But there are some sensible writers, who pen their thoughts in metrical phrases, who always elicit our admiration. We like the fellow who writes an "Ode to Sassafras," and the theme of his story. Read



# The Forum

## Pie and Ice Cream

Dear old editor: We take a firm clutch on our pen as we attempt to write down a few thoughts concerning your complaint or recent date, in which you said you have been taking "a terrible beating lately, on account of your praise of pie."

We recall, very vividly a debate which we once witnessed in a mid-western town, which might be some solace to you. It was a good debate, too, with great moral, economic, philosophical and poetic interest. The high argument was: "Resolved, That pie is of greater service to mankind than ice cream." The young men who spoke for pie and the young women who spoke for ice cream showed great stores of science, fancy and humor. One lad lauded pie as "the American national dish, the symbol of thanksgiving, the embodiment of American patriotism." He did not fail to mention that pie tried in the oven, is innocent of bacteria. A clever damsel asserted that pie is a death dealer, and read accounts of sudden death from pie eating. She quoted Mrs. Rohrer, the cooking expert, who calls pie "fatal."

Another of the male debaters read accounts of poisoning caused by ice cream, and had no difficulty in showing that there are more deaths in the ice cream season than in the Thanksgiving season. He attacked Mrs. Rohrer on the ground that she sought to lead young housekeepers away from the good old dishes into trying strange, new, and highly mixed dishes. Then another maiden arose to celebrate ice cream because of its superior elegance." She called ice cream, "quaint, refined and aesthetic, while pie is commonplace and unromantic." Entirely forgetting that men can buy good ice cream practically anywhere, but when he wants good pie he seeks a good cook. Finally the man who "panned" Mrs. Rohrer held aloft a peach pie and chanted its praises. Pie, he said, was the emblem of home and mother." Then he cut the pie into three pieces and offered each one of the judges a piece—which unfair tactics were sternly rebuked by the defenders of ice cream. But, sad to say, the judges gave an unanimous opinion in favor of the frozen delicacy.

efforts must have been made. For in no other way could be learned the etymology, the provenience and the geographical distribution of those strong words of weak mankind.

Who now can tell the origin of "the great horned spoon?" The "great horned" is clearly descriptive; and he who eats with that gentleman must have "a long spoon." "Judas-priest", a more strange-seeming oath, is an instance of the combination or conglomerate oath. If the swearer can't bend the gods, he will move Acheron. The moderns "raise" it. But "Judas-priest" is an oath of the powers above and the powers below, the false apostle and the true religion.

Some more of the ancient examples of profanity include, "The Devil and Tom Walker"; "Oh, Poppycock!" "Gosh all hemlock"; "Hell and Beeswax!" "By Gum!" and "By Cripes!" Whence comes the "creation of all cats?" and who originated "Doggone!?"

Some times we hear people say, "It's too hot to swear!" To the really profane vulgar person there is little variety. Coarse and narrow swearers by rote, the poverty of their vocabulary is only equalled by the foolish profusion with which they use it. Nothing can be learned from them who wish to know all about quaint, robust, venerable, piquant and mysterious oaths, and use none, whatever the provocation, to all who like to stroll along the cowpaths and among the bushes of dialect; to all who love the unfettered and ungalloosed tongue—there ought to be a dictionary of these things.

Such a volume of information would be useful. From Dan to Beersheba, from Hell to Breakfast, if we may use a Southern formula, pens would be scratching and collaborators arranging cards in alphabetical order. Most of the material could be sent to the wastebasket, retaining only such as seems particularly illuminating as to the branches which are germane to our lines of investigation, viz: Picturesque, Strange, Euphemistic, and Deacon's Oaths.

Think of running across "Thunder and Blue Mud!" and "Hades and Red Niggers!" The vitality of these visitors must excuse their appearance here. They belong to the original, homely world, not to the polite. "Cripes and the cow's loose!" "Jesophat!" Judas, Jehosophat, and Josh!"; and "Goodness, Gracious, Agnes!" are rare and filling expressions. "Holy Mos-

We have no disposition to question the opinion, but it seems a little strange. Ice cream delights the throats of millions. It might be called the poetry of food. When well made it is as healthful as health. It steals into the insides with a melting austerity, a soft hardness. It appeals to all, and it is by no means certain that men don't eat as much of it in a year as girls and women do. Its various phases of chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, peaches, and so on are studies in the felicity of flavor and color. It invites to slow eating and deliberate enjoyment. It is a quiet and an honest guest. No wonder that the rattling of ice cream spoons is like the sound of many waters.

Yet has ice cream done as much, or nearly as much for civilization as its ruder neighbor pie, albeit there are handsome and distinguished pies? Take the United States, for example. Did the pioneers and hunters and trappers, the men with rifle and axe, the blazers of clearings, the founders of settlements, the Indian fighters, the skipper of prairie schooners, the Forty-Niners, the builders of colony and State, trifle with ice cream?

Pie was the nurse of freedom. The cheerer of the youth of the Nation, the strengthener of the rude forefathers of the Republic, the fountain of statesmanship and the inspirer of victory. Ice cream may be more exquisite, but it never had the force and fertility of pie. The judges at that debate must have been intimidated by the young women!

DOUG ONNE.

## Profanity

Every once in a while we run into some perfectly nice people who have been partly isolated from the world of average people who have an idea that a fervent "Damn!" gives them satisfaction, and that it is the language of the work-a-day world. And we, who circulate like a bad penny, have found out that profanity, at any time, can be nothing more than vulgarity on the part of ill-bred persons, and a misconception of what "gentle" people are supposed to do occasionally to give vent to their feelings. Real men and women always have control of their sentiment.

In days of old when balky horses were driven along the streets in greater numbers than they are now the drivers of these animals were supposed to be masters of more than a petty art of the great circle of imprecations. Associated

es is frequently  
mantown friend. "Drive like Ned"  
is another phrase occasionally  
heard. "I'll be jiggered," sounds  
like the outdoors; "Consarn" is  
farmerish; "Blue blazes", has a fire  
alarm tone; as does "Hot as the  
hinges of Hades."

All these are modest and inoffensive, but how weak by the side of that favorite oath of William the Conqueror—if it was he—"by the splendor of God!" If kings must swear, this should be the sort of an oath for them.

BI GUMM