

# EDITORIALS AND COMMENT

## WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE—

(Copyright, 1921, by The Chicago Tribune.)



Old fashioned shirt with the funny little doo-fisher on it?



Old fashioned girl who used to be, O, so mortified if her ankles showed?



Old fashioned folks who could be scandalized by anything they saw on the stage?



Old fashioned man who used to work on Saturday afternoons in the summer time?



Old fashioned lover who used to serenade her with "Juanita" from the deep shade of the morning-glory vine?



Old fashioned minister who used to be shocked if he saw people dancing?

### Not Made by Rewards.

WITH unquestionably the best of intentions and the very highest motives, Edward Bok has wished upon Philadelphia what he and the city, may come to regret. It is another "foundation." It rests upon human nature. It is a trust fund of \$200,000 from which each year \$10,000 is to be given to that resident who in the year past shall have done "an act or rendered a service best calculated to advance the largest interests of Philadelphia."

Philadelphia is not distinguished over other cities in needing such residents as Mr. Bok defines. But they are never made, and they never come, through the incentive of either monetary or official reward. Rather they shrink from either and avoid too great personal prominence. Modesty and service are handmaidens. The public service which aims at a personal reward lacks that spirit which makes it service.

What Mr. Bok aims to promote implies selfishness. The word service, as he uses it, is the antonym of self-seeking, self-exploiting or self-gain. What he is in danger of promoting, however, is more or less a scramble for the reward. His foundation may become a stalking horse behind which will be marshalled even more than the present multitude of movements, uplifts, plans, schemes and fads for blessing the dear people. It is apt to lead to an increase of a sort of activity which has almost passed the stage of nuisance to enter the field of the deadly incubus. The public is being served by so many in so many ways, that there soon will be no one left to support them and their efforts, to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and pay the taxes.

Those who serve best and most, are usually

the least conspicuous. One of the finest educators we ever knew, quit active work in his profession to avoid becoming eligible for a Carnegie pension.

The German court probably acquitted the young Armenian who assassinated Talaat Pasha, on the ground that he obeyed the orders of his mother's ghost.

### An Undesirable.

A MOVING picture company has offered Mrs. James A. Stillman \$100,000 to pose for a series of films. The New York World says she is considering the offer. If so, the sympathy of many will be transferred from her to her husband in their rather unmentionable divorce case. But any such film should be forbidden by the National Association of Moving Picture companies, or censored.

They could have no other purpose than to gratify a decidedly undesirable curiosity. They would teach but the unwholesome, would gratify only the unworthy and would cater to the baser part of human nature. They would be the sort which bring moving pictures into disrepute. No one who has a right view of life cares to see Mrs. Stillman on the screen.

Neither would any woman who has the right degree of self-respect consent to such, necessarily, unsavory exploitation. Those who have been inclined to sympathize with Mrs. Stillman, will refuse to believe she will do this, while the great mass who have had no judgment, who have refused to read even the headlines and who are wholly indifferent, save as regarding the case and its overexploitation as in a sense a national disgrace, will hope the country may be spared its perpetuation.

### The Decadents.

By PHILIP A. ORME.

LOOK on our hands, the last of lineage old—  
Lax, sentient, white, the upheaped ages' dower;

Gaze on our features centuries moved to mold  
And say were we not born in evil hour.

'Twas mate and mate, a youth; and mates, a maid;  
Maid to youth mated; youth and maid again—  
Out from time's twilight, two and two arrayed,  
They stretch forever toward us, ever twain.

—Hunter and man-at-arms and corsair grim—  
Deep chest, forked beard, hard eye and harder hand;

Women of dauntless heart and stout of limb  
In love and peril theirs by sea and land.

—Courtier and sage and ballad-thrumming bard  
(The man declines, the spirit proudly rears);  
Milady minces modest o'er the sword,  
And love's still sovereign down the lengthening years.

Our backs are laden with their dead delight;  
Our souls are choked with their desires' chaff;  
Their wars have spent us and we cannot fight;  
Their jests have hushed us and we may not laugh.

Old, old are we. Although our dreams are young,  
And clear our eye, and broadly marked our brow,  
We're but the echoes of a ballad sung—  
Our tale is told, our line is weary now.

Once glowed life's palate as a sunset cloud  
Wherey they, the elders, plied a potent brush;  
Our lives are duller than the frozen shroud  
That wraps a winter lake at even hush.

Let us depart! The vermeil, gold and white  
The ones before us squandered long ago.  
Paint we no more upon the walls of night—  
Our tale is told, our line is weary now.

### The Enamel Girl.

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Fearful of beauty, I always went  
Timidly indifferent,  
Dainty, hesitant, taking in  
Just what was tiniest and thin,  
Careful not to care  
For burning beauty in blue air;  
Wanting what my hand could touch,  
That not too much;  
Looking not to left nor right  
On a honey-silent night;  
Fond of arts and trinkets, if  
Imperishable and stiff  
They never played me false, or fell  
Into fine dust—they lasted well.  
They lasted till you came, and then  
When you went, sufficed again.  
But for you, they had been quite  
All I needed for my sight.  
You faded. I never knew  
How to unfold as flowers do,  
Or how to nourish anything  
To make it grow. I wound a wing  
With one caress. With my kiss  
Broke most fragile ecstasies—  
Now terror touches me when I  
Dream I am touching a butterfly.

—The Literary Review.

### "The Case for the Miners."

Something goes wrong with my synthetic brain  
When I defend the Strikers and explain  
My reasons for not blackguarding the Miners,  
"What do you know?" exclaim my fellow diners  
(Peeling their plovers' eggs or lifting glasses  
Of mellowed Chateau Rentier from the table),  
"What do you know about the working classes?"

I strive to hold my own; but I'm unable  
To state the case succinctly. Indistinctly  
I mumble about World-Emancipation,  
Standards of Living, Nationalization  
Of Industry; until they get me tangled  
In superficial details; goad me on  
To unconvincing vagueness. When we've wrangled  
From soup to savory, my temper's gone.

"Why should a miner earn six pounds a week?"  
"Leisure! They'd only spend it in a bar!"  
"Standard of life! You'll never teach them Greek!"  
"Or make them more contented than they are!"  
That's how my port-flushed friends discuss the  
Strike.

And that's the reason why I shout and splutter.  
And that's the reason why I'd almost like  
To see them hawking matches in the gutter.

—Siegfried Sasson, in The Nation.