

HELPING THE DOOR TO KEEP WARM



PHILADELPHIA.—The saying that the poor are always with us was just as true in the revolutionary days as it is now. Even then funds were laid aside that few might suffer from the wintry blasts. The foundation laid by the originators of the plan has been added to by numerous legacies and donations until now the numerous coal funds amount to a half million dollars. So far as is known, the last of these funds was established a quarter of a century ago. The principal will never be touched, and the interest will insure the distribution of hundreds of tons of coal annually for all time to come.

By these funds people of all sections, classes and creeds are benefited. Some of the trust funds have restrictions, but those limitations are overbalanced by the liberality of others. The coal distributed from this fund amounts to 73½ tons.

Another large fund, known as the Paul Beck fund, which gives away \$2½ tons of a winter, is confined to the old city limits, and specifies that it shall be given to the "outdoor" poor. This fund was established in 1844.

Three years later the Spring Garden Fuel fund was established, providing for warm homes for the needy residing in the Spring Garden district east of Broad street. This has an invested capital of \$3,200, and permits the distribution of some 16½ tons of coal.

Frederick A. Sheaff was the first to create an additional fund after the war. This was in 1874. It permits of an annual distribution of about 24 tons of coal.

A fund of \$10,000 was left to the poor of the city "without respect to color or creed" in the will of Mary Shields, probated in 1880. For the last twenty-three years some 43½ tons have been distributed annually from the Shields legacy. The Seybert fund, of like value, created in 1883, allowed the distribution of 61½ tons during 1912. The incomes from the two legacies are not equal.

Many Distribution Methods. The board of city trusts has many methods for the distribution of coal under its care. All of the families benefited are carefully investigated. The funds are managed in such a way that there is always a large cash balance for a stormy day, or for any other emergency that warrants its use.

The year 1912, for which the last official report is made, was not especially severe, nor were the times bad, so that the cash balance that was set aside from the numerous incomes amounted to about \$15,000.

In addition to these free funds, there are a great number of others that permit the selling of coal at half rate to deserving persons in humble circumstances. The best known of these is the Hartie Grandom Coal fund, commonly known as the "Widows' Coal." This fund, which amounts to more than \$100,000, provides for the distribution of coal to widows at half price. The fund has been incorporated since 1840, and a specific clause among its provisions states that the intemperate are not to benefit. About 5,000 tons of coal are supplied to poor women annually. The fund is managed by a board of directors, composed of prominent men. Each one has a district, and he has charge of the distribution in that particular section.

Edwin G. Dixon, who is the chairman of the board, said that all of the cases are thoroughly examined and efforts are made to help the worthy, and particularly those who, struggling for a living, are trying to help themselves. Frequently the directors receive complaints from charitable associations because they have furnished

coal to certain women, with the report that these women go out scrubbing every day and by their careful thrift are able to make ends meet. Mr. Dixon says it is this very type of woman the Grandom fund tries to help. The fund is overrun with applicants every year, and has all it can do to handle the cases under its care at present.

Besides the free and half-rate coal systems, many methods have been devised to assist the poor to get their winter's supply. Savings fund and other plans which permit them to pay for it on installments have been in existence for nearly a century. Probably the oldest and most important of these is the Fuel Savings Society of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, established in 1821. Its object is to teach the industrious poor the benefit they may derive from saving small amounts from their earnings during the spring, summer and autumn, and so provide themselves with fuel for the winter. Deposits not exceeding one dollar at a time are received, and coal is delivered to the depositors during the winter for the amount of their credit. The income of the society is applied to a reduction of the price of coal, and in that way assists the poor.

Mothers Get Supply of Coal. This method of encouraging the poor to prepare for the stormy weather is practiced in many of the charitable societies and neighborhood houses, especially those managed by friends. The Bedford Street mission, where Comly B. Shoemaker is president of the managers, not only helps the people of the neighborhood, mostly foreigners, to save, but also distributes the coal. It is not an unusual sight to see a long line of women leaving the Neighborhood house, on Kater street above Sixth, with buckets and bags of coal.

Many carry the coal, in their old-country style, on their heads. Twenty-three pounds are given to a bucket. In cases of destitution the coal is given free. During the course of a season about 25,000 buckets are sold at the mission and more than 1,000 buckets are given free, in addition to the coal supplied in half-ton lots.

The mission sells coal in ton and half-ton lots at cost to the depositors in its savings fund. Miss Mary Boyd, who for years has acted as missionary for the society, visits the homes and receives the money for the coal during the warmer seasons. Not more than a dollar is received at a time, or less than a nickel. Miss Boyd investigates every case.

Another worthy coal saving plan is that of the Whittier Center, which has for its object the assisting of poor negro families. It was formerly managed by the Starr Center, 725 Lombard street, but last year was turned over to the Whittier Center. Many prominent women during the winter days in summer can be found going from door to door in the side streets of the negro section encouraging the inhabitants to save for the next winter's coal and be prepared for the blizzards and frosts. Coal clubs have been formed, and the members meet at the center, bring their savings and have entertainments and sociables.

Besides supplying coal at half rates, the Union Benevolent association of 716 Spruce street loans stoves to those in need of them. A few years ago, when stoves were more generally used, about 500 stoves were distributed every season, but now there is a demand for only about seventy stoves.

Many other organizations, including the Home Missionary society and the Matzo and Fuel association, a Jewish society, have means of assisting those in distress to get coal.

Where Ceilings Count. The landlord was very seriously disturbed by the final clause which the prospective tenant insisted upon writing into his lease.

"Decorate the ceiling every six months," he exclaimed. "Ridiculous, I never had such a request from any other tenant, and many of them have been unreasonable enough, heaven knows."

"May be none of them was a barber," said the tenant. "I am. The ceilings of ordinary trades people don't count for much, because nobody is going to spend much time staring at them. With a barber it is different."

"The average man spends a good deal of time every year looking up at some barber's ceiling, and the least the barber can do to make it tolerable for him is to give him something interesting to look at."

NO PLACE FOR THE LOAFER

Banished From Every Branch of Industry to Make Way for the Man Who is Willing.

The Boston Globe has this heading over a long editorial: "Farm No Place for the Loafer."

The editorial goes on to prove the statement made in this heading.

But it needs no proof. It is axiomatic. The farm is a place where industry and intelligence and persistent application yield big dividends, and where laziness and ignorance fail.

Not in the law, or in medicine, or in the ministry, or in the school faculty, or on the newspaper—for there, as elsewhere, the loafer soon finds his level, which is the nearest exit.

Then there is there a place for the loafer?

The grave, perhaps; there isn't much going on there but resting—maybe that's the loafer's place. No other occurs to us at this moment.—From the Duluth Herald.

Not in the shop—for there the steady, faithful, thinking worker gets the best wages and the foremanships and superintendencies.

Not in the store—for there those who study the goods and the business and strive to please patrons win the honors and the rewards.

Not in the law, or in medicine, or in the ministry, or in the school faculty, or on the newspaper—for there, as elsewhere, the loafer soon finds his level, which is the nearest exit.

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MOVING 186 MILES A SECOND

That is the Speed of the Greatest Nebula, if Figures Lately Compiled Are Correct.

A great deal of controversy has been waged about the structure and composition of the great spiral nebula in Andromeda, the most beautiful and striking apparition which celestial photography has revealed.

It was suggested some two years ago that the nebula was not gaseous, but was a universe of stars external to our own galaxy. This inference, made by V. M. Slipher, was based on the appearance of certain lines in its light spectrum which were inconsistent with the idea that it was a gaseous nebula.

The same observer by examining the shift of the lines in its spectrum—from four good plates obtained some months ago—has calculated the speed at which the nebula is moving. He obtains the startling result that the nebula is approaching us at the rate of 186 miles a second.

More over, no movement sideways of the nebula has ever been detected, and therefore, since it does not seem probable that it can be coming toward our telescopes directly "head on," it must either be at a very great distance or else there is something wrong in the observations.

Longevity Due to Onions. "Onions are the cause of the good health and long life of the French people," remarked Oliver Holmes of New York, an American who has lived in Paris for many years, at the Shoreham. "I have tried to study the French people in the years I have lived among them, and I have come to the conclusion that the strong-smelling onion is the cause of their good health. The French live out of doors as much as they can. They take their meals on verandas and in the gardens whenever the weather is favorable, and always seek the fresh air in the daytime. At night they retire to their rooms, close their windows, and sleep in apartments where there is no air. It is contrary, of course, to the English and American idea, but no one can deny that the Frenchman ordinarily is a healthy person."

Lost Benefactress. Many years ago every Christmas eve, there came to the workhouse in Tanner street, Bermondsey, a rich woman. She drove up in her carriage to the workhouse, and the carriage was filled with Christmas gifts for the paupers. The woman came for five years; then a Christmas eve arrived and the inmates waited for her in vain.

The years passed, and then, when Christmas eve came around, the matron, who was distributing some small presents to the old women in one of the wards said: "Today some kind friend has sent these. But we still remember the good fairy who came for so many years on Christmas eve and was so generous to us. I wonder why she has given up coming. Perhaps she is dead."—The Referee.

Human Purchase in Africa. Lecturing on his African experiences, a traveler says he once saw a native sold as a slave for seven goats, which in open market fetched \$1.44 apiece. As values go in some parts of Africa, the price was high, for within a few hundred miles of the equator wives are transferred for less. Marriage, of course, is by barter, and the indemnity demanded by a father for the loss of a daughter used to be \$2.40 from the bridegroom. Today it has risen to about \$5, but the scale of values is shown by the fact that a native will gladly give his labor for a week in return for an empty medicine bottle with a metal screw stopper.



Some Inside Facts About the "Great White Way"

NEW YORK.—Broadway is one of the longest and most remarkable streets in the world. It starts at Bowling Green, amidst towering office buildings and meanders off into the wilderness somewhere near Yonkers. Besides being noted for its night life, Broadway has more skyscrapers, cafes, restaurants, actors, get-rich-quick-men, paunchers and automobiles to the mile than any other thoroughfare in America. It also is the headquarters of the Forty-Second Street Country club, which meets every mild and sunny afternoon at Forty-second street and Broadway.

Broadway's principal industry is raising coin. In this art it has become quite proficient. Two classes of people frequent Broadway. They are New Yorkers without money and out-of-towners with money and anxious to separate from it.

At Bowling Green, Broadway is the very spirit of innocence. It runs past Wall street as if it were afraid of becoming contaminated. To add to its respectability at this point Broadway nestles in its arms Trinity church, a religious institution which owns tenement houses on the side. Past office buildings that shoot high into the air, Broadway runs to St. Paul's, where there is another church and graveyard. "How fortunate," sigh the night-lifers, frequenters of another part of Broadway, "that all of the churches and dead ones are at the lower end."

Ignoring the remarks of the gay Tenderloiners, Broadway dashes on uptown, past more office buildings, now not quite so tall, until Astor place is reached, just above which Grace church is met. From a thoroughfare of office buildings, Broadway has now changed into a street of plain commercial atmosphere. To tell the truth, however, Broadway has a commercial atmosphere for its entire length, although in the vicinity of Forty-second street it is skillfully disguised as "gayety."

When you begin to see the names of theatrical booking agents, when the cafes become more and more to the block, and the loiters on the corners greater and greater in number, you know you are then getting into the famous "White Light" district.

Being gay along Broadway is a business. Some New Yorkers know just how to be gay, and thereby infect others with the brand of gayety that induces them to spend their money.

Who is it! and where is it! was in everyone's mind and on every tongue. The sounds now came from the space between the board of trade building and Christ church, and the crowd moved in that direction. From the popular melody from "Il Trovatore" the singer took up the aria "Quando rapita in estasi," from "Lucia," and a florid ad showy execution of that air followed.

By this time a policeman appeared and made inquiry as to the cause of the blockade. Apparently he was deaf to the music which every one enjoyed. His attention being called to the singing he walked to where a little hunchbacked street sweeper, stooping over his work, busily engaged in sweeping the alley, and utterly oblivious to the crowd, was giving vent to his enthusiasm by song.

"Shut up or I'll run you in for disturbing the peace!" The singing was hushed, the spell was broken, and the crowd hurried on.

When the Singing Hushed, the Crowd Hurried On

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Coming down Meridian street one morning, shortly after 8 o'clock, just after crossing Ohio street, one heard a rich, sweet tenor voice. Pedestrians, hurrying to their work, listened to the sweet melody. Persons in the street looked up at the windows in the board of trade building and again over toward Christ church, as the melody seemed to come from that direction. However, no window was open and no one was to be seen. The strains grew louder and the words, "Ach che la Morte" from "Il

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Cat Drives Off Burglars, and Puts Out a Fire

SPOKANE, WASH.—Sergt. Fred Pearson of the Spokane police department has a remarkable kangaroo cat, and the cat has a unique record of accomplishments for a feline. A year ago this cat began its career of notoriety by awakening Sergeant Pearson in time to drive three burglars away from his home. A few weeks later the cat put out a fire behind the kitchen stove by rolling in the flames, while Mrs. Pearson was in another room. Still another exploit was added to the cat's list of adventures when it woke Pearson up at midnight and led him to where a cow was doing damage to the garden. These are just a few of this animal's strange experiences.

Sergeant Pearson says his cat demonstrated its abnormal powers along a different line the other day, when it qualified as a milk inspector. Arising early the other morning, Sergeant Pearson discovered the cat sitting beside the milk crock left out all night for the milkman. Sergeant Pearson called the cat to give it its breakfast of meat, but the cat would not budge from its position beside the crock.

Soon the milkman arrived and poured out the supply for the Pearson home, the cat all the time watching him closely. The milkman returned the cover to the crock and left. For a number of minutes the cat watched the crock and then gradually crawled up to its side. With a paw the cat struck the cover from the top of the crock and made a dive with its head into the depths of the milk. Pearson ran up to interfere, and, to his surprise, saw the cat holding a small minnow in its mouth.

Goats Eat House 'Til Owner Robert Brady Balks

CHICAGO.—The prisoner was given the usual opportunity, before hearing his doom pronounced, to say anything that might seem to him pertinent. He was Robert Brady, 7806 Langley avenue. The charge was "disorderly conduct" in kidnaping three goats.

"A year ago I wanted my shirt," Brady said.

"A goat had eaten it."

"Well, well," the court said sharply. "It ate all my underwear—and my wife's and—"

"Passing the anecdotes," interrupted the judge, "what have you to say in your defense?"

"And the children's gingham aprons—"

The judge drummed impatiently on his desk. And then the back fence disappeared, and the back porch, and one morning there was a goat nibbling at my front porch—and I live in a very small house and—"

"Did you kidnap those goats?"

"Yes."

"You had no excuse. You complain of what they eat. Don't you know that goats must live? Five dollars and costs for you, young man—and return the goats to their owner."

Mrs. John O'Neill owns the goats. She lives across the street.

