



## BROTHERLY LOVE

Philadelphia is the City of Brotherly Love. But brotherly as the love is, it is thought by many that it is a "trifle too commonplace" to demonstrate a condition of "peaceable feelings" between blood-relatives. And there are those that feel the city's affection cannot be classed as deeper or warmer than the love of two brothers resting under a truce, or laboring under an unwelcome armistice—a "dishonorable" lull in hostilities.

Then, again, there are those who prove in detail the brotherly love of the Philadelphians by pointing out that the citizens throw nothing heavier than a hatchet at one another.

(Most reasonable creatures on the forehead of the globe!)

Whenever public opinion (self-criticism) gets too specific against them for shooting each other, they, like true brotherly lovers, hock their guns and proceed to whittle-up each other in the most affectionate and brotherly way.

Even as I am writing this, one of the younger lovers lies in the hospital with seven bullets in him—half a dozen doctors working over him with grappling hooks trying to fish out the sinkers.

(He refuses to divulge whose brother he is).

Clearly Philadelphia's tenderest passions are purely brotherly love—nothing stronger—and, it has been thus a long time. Down in the tederloin, tough-steak district, interested parties belittle the brotherly love of their neighbors and rate that sublime feeling at 5 cents—just as if it could be measured by five pennies, or one nickel.

I won't believe it.

Another warrior, of the Army of the Lord, says that brotherly love is an alternating current and does not flow steadily in an uninterrupted stream—offering in proof that yesterday morning, before the dinner hour, he was obliged to eat eight times before he got his fill, so inconstant was the various love affairs of the morning.

"It simply will not extend itself and surpass the limits of brotherly love," he says; and fears that, "Philadelphia always will remain a Municipality of Amorous Brothers on a peace footing."

(Peace and love are, as you know, somewhat synonymous, and Religion, too, lays certain claims to said synonymic-knot, family-tie and relationship.)

The other day we took a trip down to the south-end (League Island) navy yard and "reviewed" the ships moored to the docks in peace conference array, nestling together in the basin, innocent looking—may I say simple looking—in the most brotherly way—quite "threatening" enough to exemplify brotherly love—and, I note, in sincere dismay, that with a few minor changes the ships could be changed to Maytag washing machines.

(I saw two Able-Bodied Machinists with one Stilson's wrench and a pot of "white lead" going aboard—so I figured that the American Admiralty is about to embark upon an emergency suds corporation project and shake down the laurels of the fleet corporation—so dumb I am!)

Needlessly too, since they could lay down the red tape and toss us the after-end of a piece of heaving-yarn and let us anchor our washable-fabrics in the gentle swell between the vessels—thus saving soap and gas and electricity and profanity.

(We'll need that profanity some day).

Now, insofar, as it would take about five columns of type to rate (proper) brotherly love—and I haven't five columns of time—hence, I will leave out about three columns right here and trust the reader to determine the true horse-power of brotherly love as understood apart from the two extremes, love and hate—wet and dry—even as I point out in the latter case the favorite conditions preferred by a great majority of the people—moist, damp, dewey, frosty, foamy and foggy.

(I mention those few because I note no excursion trains headed towards the Sahara.)

Between extremes, a habitable position must be found else we must concede our inability to satisfy the many.

Brotherly love is one of those positions on the shifting sands of time, as variable as the brothers themselves, and open to praise or blame—depending on the susceptibility of the brothers. At times, of course, even in Philadelphia, brotherly love has been severely criticized—as for instance, when the "cossacks" charged upon the waterfront with a great clatter of trappings—during the longshoremen's strike—breathing fire of affection and sounding like a loose load of tin-ware—trappings in comic opera.

And when the longshoremen rushed out to embrace their beloved Constables, the Cossacks went down the waterfront scattering sunshine and cheer in their wake, like a wounded "tanker" hobbling over the rocks—and seeping crude oil.

That night a great peace came over the longshoremen and they went home to read "the good book" and—as luck would have it—one of them came across the story about the Philistines and as to how the Lord hated that tribe. Like a flash it came to him that these scabs, working the boats, were Philistines of the deepest dye and could not be reconciled with their theory of brotherly love.

The upshot of that story was that a bunch of Christian brothers moved in on the Pagan scabs and proceeded to wash them, in the Delaware Bay, as a tribute to clean morals.

(This brotherly action was severely criticized by the New York stevedoring company.)

Then again, on occasions beyond number, determined seamen would arrive in Phila-

delphia "logged so heavily" that the skip-pers would "fear" openly they never would be able to collect the BACK-talk—rent—such a glorious sum. Word could be carried slyly to the longshoremen, yo-ow! The men would quit work to help the Captain, in a brotherly way, to look over the figures. And 10 times out of ten they were able to point out "mistakes" in the "log"—and the seaman would be surprised to find out that he wasn't logged at all.

Really he almost hated to take the money—and would not have taken it, if it hadn't been preyen to him that it was a brotherly thing to do.

Now, by reciting these few occurrences I do not aim to infer that Philadelphia won her name, "The City of Brotherly Love," as a result of these exhibitions of sympathetic interestedness.

No.

But I do claim that without these recurring evidences of Solidarity she would have lost her name—and might be now called "The City of Brotherly Squabbles." Lucky Philadelphia!

If I said that the people of Philadelphia are stubborn, such a statement would require six columns of defense.

But they are strict and insist that the letter and spirit of brotherly love be observed and practiced. They are so strict about said "ethics of consideration" that even officers of the law carry revolvers in ready reach, in plain sight, for protection against the day when (as they fear) their feet shall slip from the path laid out for them—when they wander into "ratings" other than brotherly love.

Some say "Philadelphians are hard-boiled."

Others argue that,

"They're not soft, anyhow."

Single \$2 per year.