

W. E. Harmon's Death Reveals His Secret Of Being Jedediah Tingle, Philanthropist

William E. Harmon of 120 East Seventy-fifth Street, a retired real estate operator noted for his philanthropies, who died on Sunday at his Summer home in Southport, Conn., was Jedediah Tingle, the mysterious philanthropist who made generous financial gifts to great writers, obscure poets, unsung heroes and good children without ever revealing his identity, it was disclosed yesterday.

Members of his family, who were reached at the Summer home in Southport last night were reluctant to discuss Mr. Harmon's unique method of disposing of his money, and all inquiries were referred to his son, W. Burke Harmon, who is identified with the Harmon Foundation of 140 Nassau Street, which Mr. Harmon established and endowed for philanthropic purposes. The son was said to be in New York but was not found.

Many have heard of Jedediah

Tingle, many have been benefited by his unexpected gifts, and all have wondered vainly who he could be. Once he announced publicly, under the assumed name, that he was carrying on the "eternal mission" of his own great-grandfather, whose name he had taken, "to bring smiles and tender thoughts to the great in heart, in high and low places, to comfort and cheer those who do exceptional things or suffer."

He was an unknown contributor to the Children's Aid Society for years, the organization conducting its correspondence with him through a banking address in Brooklyn, and, at his request, making no effort to learn who he was. Only two days ago it made known his latest gift of \$500 to be distributed as prizes in the form of savings accounts for children of good character among the hundreds who will spend vacations this Summer at the society's eight fresh-air camps.

The Late "Jedediah Tingle."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Among those who, in learning of the identity of William E. Harmon in THE TIMES this morning, realize that in his death we are losing our own Jedediah Tingle, are hundreds of children of the tenement districts of the upper and lower east side whom the Henry Street Settlement has taken to their three country camps for a two and three week vacation.

Just a few weeks ago these children were given one of their greatest thrills by a letter which came to their Camp Director, Karl D. Hesley, from Jedediah Tingle. It read in part:

"When the train spills its squirming load, when east side voices rise to greet the country, when Izzy loses his bundle and Rodolpho pulls Katie's hair, when the counselors waiver between exhilaration and despair—in short when camp begins—not all the people who would like to join in the fun are there. Some of us are just sitting at home or in our offices thinking about the good times the kids are having. And I, for one, have a plan for sharing them—a little game I can play from my desk with those of your campers 12 years old and above, if you're willing to let me try it.

"The game might be called Self Control, and to those who reach the goal I will give \$500 in prizes; \$250 will be distributed among those who have made the most progress in curing themselves of their worst faults, and \$250 among those who have done the most to keep up or help the spirit of the camp. The counselors' share in the game will be to direct it and keep a very simple score card. I don't want to burden any one and it is my sincere belief that the operation of the game will result in lightening the counselors' labors rather than in increasing them."

In behalf of the children who each year have been given their recreation through the generosity of an unknown friend, and in the name of the directors of the Henry Street Settlement, who offer their most sincere sympathy to the family of William E. Harmon, I write this note as a tribute to the memory of a real friend whose spirit of kindness and humanity will never be forgotten.

STELLA AKULIN KOENIG, Secretary.
New York, July 19, 1928.