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 philanthropic, 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, N.Y. 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 who and how he could be. He was an unknown contributor to the Children's Aid Society for years, the organization conducting its correspondence with him through an unknown address in Brooklyn, and at his request, making no effort to learn who he was. Only two days ago he 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 of children for whom S. S. Harmon has paid and for whom they are not yet spent. The children's association at the Society's summer camp 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, who died last week, were losing as 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. Healy, from Jedediah Tingle. It read in part:

"When the train spills its squirming load,
When east side voices rise to greet the crowd,
When the wonderful camp begins—no! 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 these people—a game! I can play a game I can play from my desk with those of you around me and feel fairly sure that the operation of the game will result in lightening the New Year's work load rather than in increasing it."

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 appreciation, to the family of William E. Harmon, his sympathy & kindness and humanity will never be forgotten.

STELLA ARKULIN KOENIG, Secretary.

New York, July 19, 1928.