THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor

CHAPTER VII (Continued)

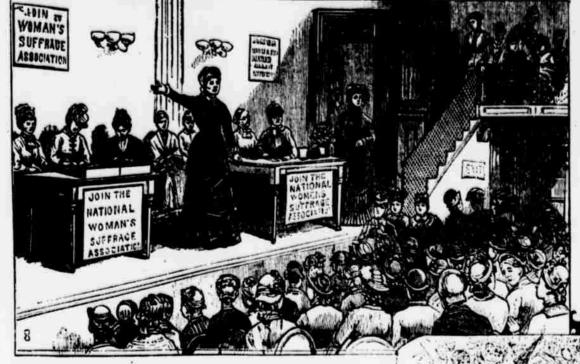
WHETHER or not it can be claimed for any man that he brought about the nomination of the President of the United States, that result always being the outcome of the play of forces in existence at the time, certain it is that while three hundred and six stalwarts stood by Grant to the end, Grier began to vote fo. Garfield on the second ballot and continued until over a hundred had been cast and until the convention accepted that candidate. In a published interview a day or two later, he said that Barker "had as much to do as any other individual in bringing about the nomination of Gar-The league thereupon issued a circular, written by me, calling upon the independent voters to support the nominee of the party. After the election Barker looked forward to being appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and I have seen a letter of James G. Blaine, who became Secretary of State, giving his assent to the proposition. For several years Barker had been the agent of the Government in Russia in securing the construction of vessels of war, and in 1880 after the convention he went over to that country for the purpose of making arrangements to build railroads there, and while there the Czar decorated him with the insignia of some order of distinction. He took MacVeagh with him as his counsel, and while on route confided his ambitions and was pleased to learn that in the opinion of MacVeagh no other course was open to Garfield. Before they started MacVeagh suggested that they take their wives with them, to which Barker assented. After their return, MacVeagh sent a bill for counsel fees and expenses, including those of his wife, and said Barker to me: "I did not want to raise a question with him at that juncture, and like a fool I paid them all." Then MacVeagh became Attorney General and a member of the Cabinet. The reason, of course, was quite plain, and it ought to have been obvious to Barker. MacVeagh was identified with the independents, participating in all of their councils, and was at the same time the son-in-law of Simon Cameron, and, therefore, fitted both ways. I stood by Barker and sent a letter to the President in which, answering the objection to Barker's youth, I said, "Though one of our younger men he is the senior by several years of the ablest of the Treasurers when appointed by the greatest of our Presidents." The letter failed, but the phrase struck and was repeated to several persons by Garfield.

Civil Service Reform

In 1881 a Civil Service Reform Association was organized in Philadelphia, with MacVeagh as president and myself as secretary. For a long time the records were kept and the meetings were held in my office at 209 South Sixth street, and their first conflict with the outside and wicked world I maintained in a series of letters with Howard M. Jenkins, afterward editor of "The Friend" and author of a "History of Gwynedd." He was a combative and able fellow, a friend of Burker, anxious for the improvement of public life, but he had no faith in civil service reform. He perished by falling from a foot log over Buck Hill Falls. I was not altogether in sympathy with my associates in this work. The difference was partly fundamental. I felt that pretty much the whole merit of the system consisted in the advocacy of permanence of tenure; that is, that no one of the ministerial officeholders should be removed except for incompetence or failure in the performance of their duties. A reversal of the doctrine introduced by Andrew Jackson that to the victor belongs the spoils. They had more faith in the benefit of preliminary examinations, which never seemed to me to be effective means of securing competent officials and which hamper those charged with responsibility. The difference was also partly political. I wanted the Republicans to make our public life better and their idea was to have these tasks accomplished by the Democrats. When, therefore, George William Curtis, who was president of the National Civil Service Reform Association, endeavored to throw its weight in favor of Cleveland, and against Blaine, he was followed by most of the active members in Philadelphia. I protested and wrote a letter to him, which appeared in the New York Tribune, was issued as a campaign document by the Republican National Committee and sent all over the United States. While I have always continued my membership in the association, I have taken no active part in the conduct of its affairs since that time. As we ck with the light shown by subsequent development. compelled to recognize that Blaine was the most astute and sagacious statesman of his period, that his method of dealing with other countries on the two confinents was based on correct principles and are now generally accepted, and that the American people displayed little wisdom in their treatment of him, and by it lost important opportunities to advance their own welfare. By getting out of sympathy with its surroundings, the Philadelphia association lost much in strength and has never recovered its vitality. When as Governor I had the opportunity to put my principles into practice. could point to the fact that no official during my incumbency had been removed for political reasons, and had recommended the adoption of civil service reform by the State, the association was too timid to commend, and when Woodrow Wilson, who as a citizen had loudly advocated the system, and as a President at once removed an expert official in the Philadelphia Custom House to make way for a Democrat, overriding the request of the association, it was too timid to condemn.

Into the platform of the National Republican League, I had

That the worst of the existing evils of our national life being the results of former Democratic rule should be remedied by the restoration in our local, State and national Governments of the



tenure of routine offices for life or during good behavior, with the establishment of pensions for superannuated officials and merited promotion within each department of the public service."

The members of the executive committee were now Wharton Barker, chairman; Samuel S. Hollingsworth, Samuel W. Pennypacker, Edward R. Wood, Henry Reed, Mayer Sulzberger and Silas W. Pettit. The fact that of these seven, one went to City Councils, three to the bench and one to the Governor's chair has a lesson for ambitious young men. The surest road to success in public life is to ascertain some principle, right in itself and beneficial to the State, and cling to it until the world understands, as in time it

The importance of money is very much exaggerated. I have known the most successful merchant in America to seek the United States Senate; and a coal miner, said to be worth thirty millions of dollars, to seek the governorship; and both of them failed. The effort to build up popularity by promising to give the people not what they ought to have, but what they are crying for at the moment, to spread the sail for all the winds that may happen to blow, is likewise to follow the path which ends at Sahara.

In order to make a test of our hold upon Garfield, we determined upon a candidate for one of the important offices in Philadelphia, not one of ourselves, and Barker, Hollingsworth, Pettit Wood and myself made a pilgrimage to Washington. One of the party suggested that before seeing the President we make a call upon the Attorney General. MacVeagh soon discovered our errand and without invitation said: "I will go over with you," and at once proceeded to take charge of the party. He is nothing onless adroit and with an assumption that we were unknown, introduced us to the President as very good friends of his from Philadelphia engaged in dilettante politics and seeking to better a wicked world. Garfield, robust, alert and cordial, took the cue at once, and as one speech after another was made wore a half-concealed smile which boded ill. Provoked at what I regarded as an attempt to lead us into a cul-de-sac I arose from the sofa en which MacVeagh and Hollingsworth had been sitting almost lovingly together, and confronting the President, I said:

"Mr. President, these gentlemen are your friends who have proved that friendship not only since but before you were nominated. You are in the midst of a struggle, you dared to appoint a collector in New York who did not suit Mr. Conkling and he is in arms against you. Mr. Cameron is in alliance with him and the war will soon be waged in Philadelphia as well. You will need real friends. We are here to ask this appointment not so much to advance the fortunes of the appointee, but as an indication that you have given us recognition."

The reference to Collector Robertson sobered him and the smile disappeared. He endeavored to parry:

"But I have given you recognition in the appointment of Mac-

Here was the opportunity. I pointed my finger at Wayne, who too had recovered from vis smile:

"He does not answer. It is true that he is well known as an independent and a reformer, and has taken part in all of our councils. It is just as true that he is a son-in-law of Simon Cameron. a brother-in-law of Don Cameron, and that enables men to say that his appointment was as much due to his family associations as to his political predilections."

A situation had been laid bare in the presence of both of them. All of the participants in the interview, including Wayne, had become as serious as owls. We had come down from lunar heights to bed pan. As the President dismissed us he shook hands, and said: "I see you know how to take care of yourselves."

Said Pettit: "Pennypacker, you slid over some very thin ice. Said Hollingsworth: "I don't believe a scene like that ever before occurred in the White House,"

A few days later Garfield was shot, MacVeagh disappeared from Cabinet, and what would have been the outcome of our effort we never knew. The figures in the kaleidoscope took on other com-

The National Republican League extended its operations over the State. Senator James W. Lee, of Venango County; became chairman of a committee, consisting of John Stewart, now a Justice

She turned, for a figure had darkened the door, it was one of her English-speaking convalencents who was noting as a sert of orderly.

"Senorita," the man said, with a flash of white teeth, 'we have another sick man, and you'd never guess who. It is that American, El Demonio—""Mr. Reproblem."

"Si! The very same. He has just come from the front."
"Is he sick or wounded?" Esteban in-

"Shot, by a Spanish bullet. He asked at once for our senorita."

Branch Leslie's "Wound"

Branch Leslie's "Wound"
"Of course. I'll come in an instant."
When the messenger had gone Norine bent
and pressed her lips to Esteban's. "Remember, you're mine to do with as I
please." she said; then she fied down the
grassy street.

Branch was waiting at Norine's quarters,
a solied figure of delection. His left arm
lay in a sling across his breast. He locked
up at her approach, but she scarcely
recognized him, so greatly changed was he.
Leslie had filled out. There was a
healthy color beneath his deep tan, his
fiesh was firm, his eyes clear and bright.

"Hello, Norine" he cried. "Well, they got
me."

"Hello, Norine" he cried. "Well, they got me."
Norine paused in astonishment. "Why, Leslie! I was so frightened! But—you can't be badly hurt."
"Bad enough so that Lopez sent me in. A fellow gets flyblown if he stays in the field. so I beat it."
"No. I wouldn't let these rough-and-tumble doctors touch it. They'd amputate at the shoulder for a hang-nail. I don't trust 'em."
"Then I'll look at it."
"But Leslie shrugged. "Oh, it's feeling fine, right now! I'd rather leave it alone. I just wanted to see you—"
"You mustn't neglect it; there's danger of—"
"See! You're looking great." he inter-

"Gee! You're looking great," he inter-rupted. "It's better than a banquet just to look at you." Norine scanned the in-ralld appraisingly. "Why, you're another

"Mr. Branch?"



These four sidelights of the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1880, the first ever attended by Governor Pennypacker, are reprinted from Frank Leslie's Magazine of that time. At the right above is a general view of the convention, while at the left is the interesting spectacle of the meeting held at the same time by the National Woman's Suffrage Association in Farwell Hall. Now, thirty-seven and one-half years later, the question of woman suffrage is scheduled to come up in the United States Congress. Below, at the left, is a sketch of the midnight rally in the convention hall for Senator Blaine, June 4-5. At the right is General John A. Logan, Congressman from Illinois, entertaining the negro delegates from the South.

of the Supreme Court; Hugh S. Flemming, of Allegheny; William T. Davies, of Bradford, afterward Lieutenant Governor; J. W. M. Geist, an editor in Lancaster; Thomas W. Phillips, a wealthy oil operator of Lawrence; Colonel William McMichael and myself. McMichael was the oldest son of Mayor Morton McMichael, a handsome fellow, who had been out in the war in one of the western armies and, like all of the family, had just a little air of stiffness and solidity. He at one time was United States District Attorney in Philadelphia and later went to New York with the thought of making a fortune in the practice of his profession, but met with no great success there. He took with him John R. Dos Passos, a curly-haired youth, who began his career by sweeping out the offices of William T. Price and is closing it with wealth and a fame which has extended over the country. 'McMichael was presidept of the Republican Invincibles a club of men premized mental shape, wearing capes and carrying torches of coal oil lamps, which in its heyday was regarded as the best disciplined marching club in the land. I belonged to and later was captain of Company II. In the political campaigns toward the close of and following the war the Invincibles marched the streets of the city and made excursions to the neighboring towns of Norristown, Pettstown, Phoenixville, Reading, Trenton and other places. "Invincible in peace, invisible in war," was the description of The Age, but they marked a phase of the military spirit of the time and they always made an impression wherever they appeared. Sometimes there was an approach to actual warfare. On one occasion, under the leadership of Henry Todd, a brother of M. Hampton Todd, later Attorney General, and of a young fellow named Williams, the Invincibles stormed and gutted the headquarters of the Democratic Keystone Club on Walnut street. Attacks were frequently made upon the club when in line. On one occasion arrangements had been made to attend a meeting in the lower part of the city. For days beforehand it had been rumored that we were to be assaulted on the way. Only about two hundred men turned out. and they were accompanied by a delegation from the Harmony Engine Company, which occupied the sidewalks. The anticipated attack did not occur, and late at night the club returned to headquarters on Fifth street below Chestnut. At this time the Key stone Club was parading down Chestnut street, and some of ou men, with their capes on, ran up to the corner to watch them. an instant there was a collision, and right under the windows the office of the Mayor seven men were shot, including a young member of the Paul family. This emeute led to the passage of an ordinance by Councils preventing the parading of political clubs within ten days preceding an election. We were once attacked in Norristown at a place where a stone wall ran along one side of the road. The assailants were repulsed and/in retreat had to get over this wall. As they clambered up they were assisted by the application of torches in the rear. Among the most active men in the club were George Truman, an erect and athletic scion of a well-known Quaker family, who was later killed; Alexander P. Colesberry, afterward United States Marshal, and William B who became Mayor of the city.

The selection of the State committee to which I have referred marked a divergence in the councils of the independents. The centrifugal forces increased and tended to throw the movement outside of the orb, and there were some men who were ready to leave their party. There were others, including myself, who feeling was to do missionary work among the heathen at home. The committee represented the more conservative thought.

November 12, 1880, Edward R. Wood gave an elaborate dinner with a public purpose. Those present as guests were: Rudolph Blankenburg, an importation from Germany, who had succeeded in business, never able to think with any clearness, but impelled by worthy and philanthropic impulses; Charles Wheeler, Franklin A. Dick, Wayne MacVeagh, W. Rotch Wister, Samuel W. Pennypacker, Joseph G. Rosengarten, Hampton L. Carson, Henry Reed, Wharton Barker, Edward T. Steel, E. Dunbar Lockwood, T. Morris Person and Joseph L. Wilson. The affairs of the city were consider and as a result of the discussion there was organized a committee of one hundred, which for the next few years sat in judgm upon the merits of candidates. Into it four of those present declined to go-Barker, MacVeagh, Carson and myself.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mys-

RAINBOW'S

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CHAPTER XXVIII (Continued) NORINE possessed a dominant personality; she had a knack of tactfully controlling and directing situations, but of a sudden she experienced a panic-stricken flutter and she lost her air of easy confidence.

"Not now," she exclaimed, with a visfble lessening of color. "Don't bother to tell me now." "I've waited too long; I must speak."

Norine was amazed at her own con-fusion, which was nothing less than giri-ish; she had actually gone to pieces at threat of something she had long expected to lear. "I know how tired of this work you have become," the man was saying. "I know you're eager to get back to your own work and your own life."

Well?"
You have stayed on here just to nurse
is. Isn't that true?"
She nodded somewhat doubtfully.
"Now then, you must stop thinking about
as and—make your arrangements to go

norms."

Norino eyed the speaker queerly. "Is that what you have been trying so long to tell me?" she inquired. "Is that-all?"

The "Sick Man" Grows Sicker

her ung she nti-

There was a moment of silence. "Yes, Tou see, I know how tired you are of this misery, this poverty, this hopeless struggle. You're not a Cuban and our cause isn't you're. Expeditions come from the United States every now and then and the Government will see that you are put safely aboard the first ship that returns. I'll manage to get well somehow."

Norine's color had returned. She stood over the hammeck, looking down mistily. "Don't you need me, want me any more?" he inquired. "Don't you have an an analysis away, fearand to be brigged in the mehit utter wretcheding to betray in the mehit utter wretcheding. "You have done all there is to do,
and you to go back tate your own world

stopped and gathered the sick man into her young, strong arms. "Don't be silly," she cried. "My world is your world, Este-ban dear. I'll never, never leave you."

"Miss Evans! Norine!" Varona tried feebly to free himself. "You mustn't..." Northe was laughing through her tears.
"If you won't speak, suppose I must, but
it is very embarrassing. Don't you suppose I know exactly how much you love
me? Why, you've told me a thousand
times—"

"Please! Please!" he cried in a shaking voice. "This is wrong. I won't let you— you, a girl with everything—"

"Please! Please!" he cried in a shaking voice. "This is wronk. I won't let you—you, a girl with everything—"
"Hush!" She drew him closer. "You're going to tell me that you have nothing, can offer me nothing. You're going to do the generous noble thing. Well! I hate generous people. I'm selfish, utterly selfish and spoiled, and I don't propose to be robbed of anything I want, least of all my happiness. You do love me, don't you?"

Esteban's cry was elequent; he clasped his arms about her and she held him flerce ly to her breast.

"Well, then, why don't you tell me so? I—I can't keep on proposing. It isn't lady-like."

"We're quite mad, quite insane," he told her after a while. "This only makes it harder to give you up."

"You're not going to give me up and you're not going to give me up.

"You're not going to give me up and you're not going to give me."

"Esteban gasped; he looked deeply into Norine's eyes, then he closed his own. Ho shook his head. "Not that," he whispered. "Oh, not that!"

"What happiness" he murmured. "If I were well—" But I won't let you marry a dying man."

Norine rose, her face aglow with new strength, new determination. She dried her eyes and readjusted her har with deft, un

dying man."

Norine rose, her face aglow with new strength, new determination. She dried her eyes and readjusted her hair with deft, un conscious teach, smiling down, meanwhite, at the man. "I brought you back when you were all but gons. I sayed you after the others had given you up, and now the other had given you up.

By REX BEACH

"Sure! Listen to this." He thumped his chest, "Best pair of bellows in Cuba, The open air did it."

terious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

The open air did it."

"What a pity you were burt just at such a time. But you would take insane risks. Now then, let's have a book at your would."

She pushed him, protesting, into her cabin, "Of course you'd say so. Sit down."

"Please don't bother. If you don't "But I do mind. If you won't trust me. I'll run for a doctor."

I'll run for a doctor."
"I tell you I can't stand 'em. They'll probe around and give a fellow gangrene."
"Then behave yourself." Norine forced the patient into a châir and withdrew his arm from the sling. Then, despite his weak resistance, she deftly removed the bandage. From his expression she felt sure that she must be hurting him, but when the injury was exposed she locked up in wonderment.

"Lesile!" she exclaimed. "What in the

world—"
"Well: You insisted on seeing it," he grumbled, "I told you it wasn't much." He tried to meet her eyes, but failed. There was a moment's pause, then Norine inquired, curiously: "What is the trouble? You'd better 'fess up,"
Branch struggled with himself, he swallowed hard, then said: "I'm—going to, You can see now why I didn't go to a doctor; I did it—shot myself. You won't give me away?"

I did it—shot myself. You won't give he away?"
"Why.—I don't understand."
"Oh, I'm in trouble. I simply had to get away, and this was all I could think of. I wanted to blow a real hole through myself, and I tried three times. But I missed myself."
"Missed yourself? How? Why?"
Branch wiped the sweat from his face. "I finched—shut my eyes and pulled the trigger."
Norine scated herself weakily; she stared in bewliderment at the unhappy speaker.

Northe deated herself wently, sale stared in bewilderment at the unhappy speaker. "Afraid? You, El Demonio! Why, you aren't afraid of anything!"

"Say! You don't believe all that stuff, do you? I'm afraid of my shadow and always been the not brave and

hever was. They told me I was going to die and it scared me so that I tried to end things quiskly. I couldn't bear to die slowly, to know that I was dying by inches. But Lord! It scared me even worse to go into battle. I was blind with fright all the time, and I never got over it. Way, the sight of a gun gives me a chill, and I jump every time one goes off. God! how I've suffered! I went crazy at our first engagement—crazy with fear. I didn't know where I was, or what happened, or anything.

The Confession

"Afterward, when they halled me as a hero, I thought they were kidding, that

"Afterward, when they halled me as a hero. I thought they were kidding, that everybody must know how frightened I was. After a time I saw that I'd fooled them, and that shamed me. Then I had to keep it up or become ridiculous. But it nearly killed ne."

"If you're' speaking the truth, I'm not sure you're such a coward as you make out." Norine said.

"On, yes I am. Wait! Before I I new it I had a reputation. Then I had to live up to it." The speaker groaned. "It wasn't so bad as long as I felt sure I was going to die anyhow, but when I discovered I was getting well—" Branch raised a pair of tragic eyes, his tone changed. "I'll tell you wast cured me. I scared myself w?!" Those bugs in my lungs died from suffication, for I never breathed as long as there was a Spaniard in the same pounty with me. One day I found that I cohilant cough if I tried. I got strong. I slept well. And eat? Huh! I gobbled my share of food and whined for more. I stole what belonged to the others. I began to enjoy myself—to have fun. Life opened up nice and rosy. I fell in love with my new self and the Joy of living. Then I didn't want to die—never had, you unde-stand, except to cheat the bugs; it gave me the horrors to think of the chances I'd taken. To be strong, to be leadily and free from pain, to tear my food like a wild animal, and to enjoy hard work was all new sud strange and wonderful. I was drunk will it. To think of the chances I'd taken. To be strong, to be leadily and free from pain, to tear my food like a wild animal, and to enjoy hard work was all new sud strange and wonderful. I was drunk will it. To think of the chances I'd taken. To be strong, to be leadily and free from pain, to tear my food like a wild animal, and to enjoy hard work was all new and strange and wonderful. I was drunk will it. To think of being cut down, crippied, reduced to the useless, miserable thing I had been, was iniolerable. I was twice as scared then as I'd ever been, for I had more to

when people were looking—natural pride, I suppore—but when they weren't looking, oh, how I dooged it! I crawied on my belly and hid in holes like a snake.

"How—funny!" Norine exclaimed.

"You've got a biamed queer idea of humor," Branch, fashed, with a show of his former pritability.

"And so you shot yourself?"

Tep! I tried to select a good spot where it wouldn't kurt or prove too inconvenient, but—there hart a place to spare on a fellow's whole body. He needs every linch of himself every minute. I was going to shoot myself in the foot, but my feet are full of bones and I saw myself ear or till or bones and I saw myself ear or till early our resign from the zervice? You didn't regularly enibe and you've surely earned your discharge."

Branch nodded. "I thought of that, but I've gained a reputation that I don't deserve and, strangely enough. I'm madly jealous of it. I thought if I were really shot by a regular bullet I'd be mourned as a hero and bave a chance to walk out with colors fying. I want to tell my children, if I ever have any, what a glorious man I was and how I helped to free Cuba. Oh, I'd lie like a thief t' my own children. Now you see why I don't want a dector. There's only one thing I want—and that's—home. Leslie he wed a deep sigh. "Lee' I'm homealck."

"So am I." Norine feelingly declared. "I think I understand how you feel and I can't b' me you for wanting to live, now that you've learned what a splendid thing life is."

"If O'Reilly had been with me I think I could have understood too. I—I'll never go back to the front alone—they can shoot me if they want to. Have you heard anything from him?"

"Not a word Cuba swallowed him up. Oh, Leelie it is a cruel country! It is taking the best and the youngest. —want to go away."

He smiled mirthlessly. "I'm fed up on it too. I want to be where I can shave when I need to and wear something besides canyas palamas. I'm cured of war: I want a policeman to stop the traffic and belp me acrose the street.

"I want to put my feet under a breakfast

and, taking a freesh bandage, wrapped up the self-infleted burt. Branch watching her anxiousity. Now and again he fluched like a child when she touched his wound. At last he inquired, apprehensively, "is it infected."

"No."
"Lord! I'm glad! Wouldn't it be just my luck to get blood poisoning?"
Norine surprised her patient my inquiring, irrelevantly, "Leelle, is there anybody here who can marry people?"
"Eh? Why, of course!" Then suddenly his somber face ightened and he cried!"Norine! Do you mean it?"
"Not you. I wouldn't marry you."
"Why not? I'm perfectly well—"Please answer me."
Leelle settled back in his chair, "dare say some of the Cuban Cabinet of floers could put up a good bluff at a marriage eeremony."
"A bluff wouldn't do."
"Who's going to be married?"
"I am."

"I am."
Branch started to his feet once more mouth fell open. "You? Nonsense!"
she nodded, his face darkened. "While?" Some Cuban, I'll bet—one of greasers."
"It is poor Esteban."

The Last Straw

The Last Straw

"Poor Esteban": Damn it, they is poor. That's the very reason he was the very reason he was the strain of the st