

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CAN'T A FAMILY MAN DREAM STRANGE THINGS ABOUT NOW?

Judge Pennypacker's Address When the Court of Common Pleas was Moved to City Hall Formed the Basis for the Reconstruction of Congress Hall

The installments of Governor Pennypacker's "Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian" temporarily will appear on the editorial page of the Evening Public Ledger.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED
ON THE evening of November 1, 1894, Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, one of the most famous journalists of the day, lectured in the Academy of Music. The Union League, of which I was then a member, gave him a dinner, and several of us made speeches at him. He was rather a fierce-looking little man, wearing a big mustache, but as we got nearer to him we found him genial and companionable.

On September 16, 1895, the Courts of Common Pleas formally abandoned their former place of meeting, at Sixth and Chestnut streets, and moved to their rooms in the City Hall, at Broad and Market streets. On invitation I made an address to the bench and bar after having thoroughly studied the associations connected with Congress Hall. This address was printed by a committee of the bar consisting of Edward Shippen, George Tucker Bishop and Samuel Dickson. Up to that time little attention had been given to the history of Congress Hall, but it then came into vogue. At one time the city offered it for sale, but the Colonial Dames took hold of the matter, and with effort persuaded the city authorities to undertake its restoration. They and the architects depended upon my paper for their information, and its effect was, therefore, helpful not only to the city, but to the nation.

When that point was passed I felt a sense of relief, though I was told my face was bloodless. The passengers who were about near to get life preservers. By skillful seamanship on both boats the officers and crews managed to keep them apart and the Maine swept by, almost grazing us. Then there was a mighty cheer on both boats. There was a timid lot of passengers for the rest of the trip. One man wore a life preserver the whole time and we all shall remember the Maine.

Death of Joseph R. Whitaker
In 1895 my Uncle Joseph R. Whitaker died. He was a bachelor, about seventy-one years of age, masterful but good-hearted, who had a great influence upon my fortunes. He left property of the value of perhaps a million dollars, which on his death he distributed among his nieces and nephews, and he made me one of his executors. Amid the vicissitudes of my later life among politicians which are so often ruthlessly and recklessly made concerning those holding public office.

The same year I became one of the vice-presidents of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the president of the Pennsylvania German Society and the lieutenant-governor of the Colonial Society.

One of the brightest retorts, in baseball language "right off the bat," I have ever known occurred in the trial of a case before me about this time. The question was the right of an alleged political party to have a place on the printed ballot. John C. Bell, afterward Attorney General under Governor John K. Tener, represented the applicants, and James Gay Gordon, later a Judge in No. 3 Court, represented the opponents. Bell's client, a noisy fellow, told how he and two or three others had met on a Broad street corner and concluded to organize a new party. Bell, when he came to the argument, explained this rather dubious beginning by saying that it often happened in nature that important matters had an insignificant origin, that the accorn might become a mighty oak and the Amazon River, 150 miles wide at its mouth, started in a little rill in the Andes Mountains. "Yes," said Gordon in reply, "but this party began in a big mouth and ends in a little rill."

In December, 1896, Judge Hare resigned from the bench after a service of forty-five years, and the effect of his withdrawal was to make me President Judge of the court. My commission was read and I assumed the duties December 13. One day Sulzberger and I sat in our room discussing the situation, and we concluded, when our advice should be asked, to suggest the appointment of J. Martin Rommel, a capable young lawyer, as the third member of the court. A tap came upon the outside of the door. When it was opened in stepped Colonel Lewis E. Bettler, a tall person with a military air, who said: "At the command of Governor Hastings I come to present his compliments and to inform you that I have concluded to appoint Mr. William W. Wittbank to the vacancy in this court." And he did. Judge Wittbank was a descendant of Bishop William White and of General William MacPherson, of the Revolutionary army. He had been an officer in the War of the Rebellion. He had a considerable practice and had had long experience at the bar, and he possessed a technical knowledge of the law as well as intelligence. His mental processes were a little prone to be stiff, prim and formal. He never would permit himself to precede me in going through a doorway. He was almost horrified when he found me sitting on a boot-black stand on the street having my boots blacked. He made an excellent Judge and distinctly strengthened his professional reputation by going on the bench.

In Holland and England
In 1897 I took my three daughters, Josephine Whitaker, Eliza Broomall and Anna Maria Whitaker, to Europe and we spent the most of the time in Holland and England. It is one of the comforts of my life that I have spent a month of it in Holland. The Englishman, with a capacity for organization and a force of character which has made itself felt in the world, is a surly sort of creature and retains many of the original brutal instincts. This fact is shown in all of his dealings with weaker peoples. The Dutchman, while inheriting from these same ancestors the strong traits of courage, tenacity and the willingness to surrender individual inclinations in order to combine with his fellows, has a leaven of



CONGRESS HUNTS A NEW KIND OF ENERGY

In Addition to Its Other Investigations, It Encourages Mr. Giragosian, Inventor of a New Species of Force

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21. IT MAY not be patriotic to say that Congress reigns in certain departments having to do with the war, but many observers are inclined to believe that statement is true. Uncertainty prevails even in Congress as to what the future may bring forth. Money for war was appropriated so lavishly at the last session of Congress as to invite the criticism of the public that it was being squandered. The difficulty about a bill of this kind is that while it looks like a deliberate draft upon public funds to aid certain sections of the country, it is by no means a partisan measure, since it commands support from Republican members as well as from Democrats who come from country districts.

The Senate passed this extraordinary measure reducing the amount to be taken out of the Treasury to \$100,000,000, but a filibuster in the House in the closing hours of the day on which the recess was taken, prevented final action thereon. It is decreed, however, that the bill shall have immediate consideration when Congress resumes after the holidays and that all opposition to it will be made in the recess. The bill of this kind is that while it looks like a deliberate draft upon public funds to aid certain sections of the country, it is by no means a partisan measure, since it commands support from Republican members as well as from Democrats who come from country districts.

It is not clear how the withdrawal out of the public treasury of \$200,000,000 or \$100,000,000 from war funds to negotiate farm mortgages is a vital war measure, but such it is held to be. To meet this objection the bill will probably be so amended as to provide in some way that "production" shall be encouraged on the farm where the loan is negotiated. That will bring it within the terms of war.

Congress does peculiar things at times. Some of its enthusiastic leaders indulged in patriotic paroxysms a few days ago over an unexplained discovery of a man named Giragosian, who seems to have completely memorized the membership of the Patents and Rules Committees of the House. It was said for Giragosian that "if he had what he said he had," which was all the evidence produced before Congress, then he would be indeed "the world's greatest benefactor." What Giragosian told his devoted supporters was that he had discovered a new force—a Keesley motor, so—but a new source of energy which, if he could go into partnership with the Government to develop it, would enable him to put our army and navy in position to end the war.

It was a weird sort of proposition and very unusual since inventors and discoverers are numerous in Washington; but the bill passed the House, notwithstanding the President himself had failed to sign a similar bill at the close of the last session. The advantage which this special law would give this unknown but apparently influential discoverer would be a direct certificate of character and authority which all other discoverers and inventors are obliged to obtain in the regular way from the Patent Office.

Tom Daly's Column

THE VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday an' all my work is through There's still a lot of patriotic work for me to do, An' so I grab my hammer an' a good stout nail or two An' saunter forth on Chestnut street to see what lies new.

I come upon a knot of men who gossip at a bar, An' one remarks: "You'd hardly guess how rotten some things are, But here's a bit of news I got from one that's in the know— A lot of soldiers in the camps go barefoot in the snow! "An' then they say there's other lads the winds of winter pierce Because they have no overcoats; the death rate's something fierce—" The stencil "Made in Germany" is plain upon such rot, An' so I take my hammer out an' nail it on the spot.

A little further on I hear that ancient sweater tale, That no one seems to hold in place with any kind of nail, The yarn about this sweater is the thinnest kind of stuff, (There's no need to repeat it, for you've heard it quite enough; An' how the girl who made it for her "Jim" or "George" or "Jack" Had recognized the garment on a Red Cross worker's back.) An' so, although I fear me all my work will go for naught, I take my little hammer out an' nail it on the spot.

I meet the tale of Tumulty arrested as a spy, The tale of wild extravagance that's making coal so high, The news that John D. Rockefeller paid the President for war To bolster up his millions an' to bring him many more, An' 'gosh! the silly things I hear have made me feel so vexed I've got a blame good notion just to nail the liars next, It's just a plain, black German mind that starts such tommyrot— An' oh! to draw my hammer out an' nail one on the spot!

So, now upon this Saturday, when all my work is through, I'm hopeful for that bit of patriotic work to do, An' flourishing my hammer an' a good stout nail or two I sally forth on Chestnut street to see what lies new.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Look pleasant and feel warm! Coal is \$250 the ton in Denmark.—Washington Herald.

A large income is the only really satisfactory labor-saving device.—Aitchison Globe.

General Allenby will at an early date tell Jerusalem kindly but firmly that it might as well make up its mind to be well severed.—Chicago Herald.

Poor overworked Cincinnati! The drys are going to precipitate another anti-liquor campaign next year in spite of her 57,000 wet majority.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The authorities seem to have interred about all the leaders of the symphony orchestra now and we hope they'll get down to the saxophone players in a few days.—Grand Rapids Press.

Cincinnati can boast as much as any other city that she has those of German ancestry and even those of German birthplaces who are making the fight, wholeheartedly against the intolerable system and spirit of our enemy.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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LABOR PAINS OF TIME
The gains for the arts of peace have been made in the midst of war. At the crisis of Holland's long struggle to throw off the yoke of Spain that the city of Leyden was founded. The wars of the fifties and sixties of the century did not hinder Bessemer from revolutionizing the manufacture of steel. Napoleon wrote his "Eroica" to the tune of the cannon, which for a time he was blasting freedom through the streets of Europe. Later he denounced the tyrant who had made the Code Napoleon, putting a tangled legal system on a sound basis for the first time in fifteen hundred years. Either was first used to kill pain or we were in the thick of our war with the world.

But in the meantime the tyrant was producing the Code Napoleon, putting a tangled legal system on a sound basis for the first time in fifteen hundred years. Either was first used to kill pain or we were in the thick of our war with the world.

Justice Miscarries in Mascia Verdict
Is there any justice in Philadelphia?—Mrs. Teresa Eppley.
WELL may this indignant question be asked by the mother of Policeman Eppley, foully slain in performance of his duty by a political plunger imported with his gunman gang, hired to win the "Bloody Fifth Ward" for a plunderband, as the price of a stolen victory at the polls.

FISH TO THE FORE
WE CAN expect to hear more and more of fish as time goes on. Time was when fish was considered the brain food and nerve food of the race par excellence. It may not be all of that, but it from time out of mind has served as the equivalent of meat in many communities where cattle are not easily obtainable. One would expect to find that England, depending on the outside world for food, would have increased her fish takings during the war. But this has not been the case. Before the war the British yearly supply was 1,200,000 tons. In 1914 it was only 882,000, in 1915 it fell to 427,000 and in 1916 to 408,000. Fishing boats had to be used in naval defense; U-boats had made many fishing grounds unavailable.

Increased postal rates are reaping a quick harvest of millions for the postoffice. That leaves little excuse for slow mails.

Germans seem to have the insane idea that all they have to do is to capture Paris to end the war. They might capture the continent of Europe and still be as far from success as when they started. Old Father Neptune is a factor in this Titanic struggle, and he just dotes on the Allies.

The additional gas tax, it appears, will actually go to the dependents of widows and children. It's a funny way of raising money, but seems to be a concession to the principle that the tax is not a justifiable one and is excusable on charitable grounds only. We may hope, therefore, that our boys for Christmas will be sent to which Uncle Sam has sent their mothers.

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