

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The New-Elected Governor Found in the Executive Mansion a Guest Chamber With Twenty-three Mirrors and a Grand Piano

(Copyright, 1917, by Public Ledger Company)

THIRTY-SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

I WROTE my inaugural address without consultation with anybody and sent a copy to Quay alone. He replied, saying that it was a statesmanlike document, suggesting no additions and only one omission...

Off to Harrisburg

January 19, 1903, Mrs. Pennypacker and I, with our three daughters, closed the house at 1549 North Fifteenth street, in Philadelphia, took a street car to the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where I bought tickets and checked the baggage for Harrisburg, and that night we spent in the executive mansion. That mansion was to me never anything more than a temporary abiding place. There was not a single feature about it which had the slightest attractiveness for me. All over it were the manifestations of great outlay, awkwardness and bad taste.

to be used for my own purposes and to make no money save what came from my salary. Many Governors had had their eyes fixed so intently upon the United States Senate and the presidency that they overlooked their opportunities as Governors. I determined to give my personal attention to the work as far as it was possible, and to have my future and repute rise or fall in accord with what was accomplished or left undone. I entertained the common and erroneous belief that the incumbents of public office were in the main idle and untrustworthy and I determined that I would improve conditions as far as it was within my power to do it.

To Consult Politicians

I determined also to consult as much as possible with the politicians. There was no probability of my knowing too much and their experience was of a kind which enabled them to give useful information. Besides, no man is strong enough to go it quite alone and his ability to do depends largely upon the forces behind him. While, then, my first duty was toward the State, I recognized a subsidiary duty to the party which elected me and an obligation to those who had trusted me and given me support. If I had turned upon Quay, as Wilson did upon Harvey and Smith in New Jersey, I should have given an exhibition of what I regard as doubtful ethics. Again, unlike Wilson, I did not regard the duties of the executive office and the success of the party as being upon the same plane.

Nor is the test of what ought to be done by outcry of the people. He who has the true spirit of a statesman will seek to ascertain not what the people want, but what it is that for their permanent good they should have. Often an imp of a demagogue leads a herd of swine into the sea and there they are drowned. The real truth of the matter is that the masses of the people are ill trained and uninformed. Their judgment upon any specific subject, and especially upon the involved questions of laws and statecraft, is an imperfect judgment. There are a few men who know how to run a railroad train and the rest of us only travel. There is one man who can perform an operation for appendicitis, and we let him cut us to pieces. Since the permanence of the institutions of this country depends ultimately upon the good sense and conscience of the people, the outcome is still problematical and uncertain. It may be conceded that, given sufficient time, the popular judgment is apt to settle upon the correct principles. Yet in the meantime Joan of Arc has been burned to death, Poland has been parted in fragments, the Boers have been robbed of their mines and the Capitol at Washington has lain in ashes.

The Oath of Office

The next day, January 20, a cold, raw, bleak day, with occasional falls of snow, the Chief Justice, the Honorable D. Newlin Fell, my old friend, administered to me the oath of office, and I stood, with uncovered head, in the presence of an immense crowd, and read my inaugural address.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

AMERICA'S GOLD SUPPLY

The annual report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce reports with pride and views with hope. It surveys the expansion of our business in a stirring story of American commercial enterprise, and the demand for gold in the United States. It is a story of a demand for gold which has increased in volume and with a shutting out of our chief competitors from neutral markets. The demand for gold is not a demand for gold for rehabilitation in Europe, and also as a part of the expanded trade in neutral countries we shall be able to retain. The future will depend on many things, including our own policies. Among other things, the bureau celebrates a net gain of \$1,600,000,000 in imports of gold, giving this country "one-third of the visible supply of the world."

The State of Pennsylvania is a great Commonwealth of more than seven millions of people, twice as many as those presided over by Queen Elizabeth, William of Orange and George Washington. I approached the duties of Governor with certain well-defined convictions to be regarded and certain lines of policy to be pursued. The Governorship was a climax of a career attained and not a stepping stone to something beyond. The efforts of men are always weakened when they have some other end in view apart from the object which they are called upon to accomplish. A trustee or director who builds with the trust funds upon his own lands is always more careful than one who builds upon the lands of others.

Therefore, I determined to make

"OH, S-S-SOMEWHERE TH' SUN IS SHI-NING"



WHEN COGLAN HOCHED DEI KAISER

The Indiscreet Herand the Song With Which He Stirred a World

A FEW days before Christmas a naval officer, in such a state of excitement as no good sea-fighter should permit himself to display, appeared in the New York postoffice and requested the return of a letter which he had dropped into a box only a few hours before. The letter was found and handed back to him, after he had convinced the postal authorities that he was the writer of it.

Back of this, of course, lies a story; a story proving, as some romance remarked, that a clever man's most satisfactory letters are those he refrains from writing.

This particular mischievous address to an official of the Navy Department by the excited visitor to the postoffice, was rather an officer of considerable prominence in the service. He wielded, besides caustic pen upon occasion, and what had been pleased to say to his inferior Washington Post in October, 1897, upon the occasion of Emperor William's speech upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission upon earth, by A. M. R. Gordon, and printed in the Montreal Herald, of whose editorial staff he was then a member. There were thirteen stanzas in it, as first printed, and were told they were dashed off in an hour. This is creditable enough for the quality isn't high, but the ballad took the popular fancy. Gordon called it "Kaiser & Co.," but the caption had been changed to "Hoched dei Kaiser" when Captain Coghlan took it up and stirred the world with it. Here it is:

Der Kaiser of die Paterland, Und dicit in die all dings der command, Ve two-ach, Don't you understand? Myself-und Gott.

THE FAMOUS SPEECH A dinner was given at the League Club, New York, in April, 1899, in honor of Coghlan and his fellow officers. The captain made a speech. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the German war hero, Von Diederichs, and gave in detail the story of how Admiral Dewey had made the excellent Teuton behave. An officer had been sent by Diederichs to complain of a restriction placed upon him by the American blockade in Manila Bay.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Secretary Daniels thinks the great danger to America is pessimism. This points to his effort to cheer us up on January 7 with that little false navy story. Springfield (Ill.) News-Record.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM We hear a good deal these days about academic freedom. It comes to the front more frequently now, perhaps, because of the war, than in ordinary times. It means, in general terms, the freedom of the college or university professor or instructor to express his views on any subject without being restrained by the regents or trustees of the institution.

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

Tom Daly's Column

SONGS OF WEDLOCK XXII ON NEW YEAR'S EVE Another year, my dear, is dying. But let it pass, unwept, unsung; However swift old Time's a-flying He finds our love forever young.

For changeless are their days and pleasant. And hitherto all the seasons run. In whose true wedded hearts the present And past and future are as one.

Those discords now that shake the chorus Of warring nations ever sea Shall never still the chant sonorous Our heaven holds for you and me.

For though in battle, stark but splendid, This year should take our little lad, How many fold, when all is ended, Shall God give back what once we had.

We two have lived and loved and sorrowed. And kept our hearts this many a year, And from gray skies or blue have borrowed Our destined dose of grief and cheer.

How then shall one short twelvemonth bound us Or make or mar a love like ours? We'll draw our golden youth around us When age has crumbled earth's tall towers.

Not ours, dear love, the blood that curdles At Time's brief puffs that try the soul; His sorrier seasons are but hurdles Between our entrance and our goal.

So here another year is dying. Oh, let it pass unwept, unsung; However swift old Time's a-flying He'll find our love forever young.

A WORD TO OFFICEHOLDERS Better have a tender conscience for the record of your house, And your own share in the work which they have done. Though your private conscience aches With your personal mistakes, And you don't amount to very much alone.

Than to be yourself as spotless as a baby one year old. Your domestic habits wholly free from blame, While the company you stand with, Is a thing to curse a land with, And your public life is undiluted shame.

For the deeds men do together are what saves the world together are what By our common public work we stand or fall— And your fraction of the sin Of the office you are in Is the sin that's going to damn you, after all! —Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

What Do You Know?

- 1. What is a plebeian? 2. Who is Count Cavour? 3. What is meant by "epitaph"? 4. Where is Alsace-Lorraine? 5. What is snow? 6. Who is president of the Pennsylvania Railroad? 7. Which American city is called "The City of Magnificent Distances"? 8. How many miles of railway track are in the United States? 9. Did the Federal Government ever before take possession of the nation's railroads? 10. Who is the Crown Prince of Russia and in what connection is he mentioned?

COMPANY... EDITOR... GENERAL BUSINESS MANAGER... PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1917

THE BATTLE OF PEACE

ON the white sheet of a fifth, successive calendar year the smudge of a finger will be stamped tomorrow, and who refuse to sniff any but the keen winter wind of hard facts tell us January 1, 1918, will find us still sliding away in the rut of war. However, the gutters for hard facts doubt that 1918 will find the world in arms. No contemporary prophet, to be sure, comes with authority to set a term to the unending plague, and yet there is a mighty change in the gesture of old General Cassin of Opinion. He says that we are about about eighteen months of combat, and we are inclined to believe him.

OLD-FASHIONED WINTER

WHEN the younger generation of this day graduates into the ranks of the old-timer and the "whining schoolboy" has progressed to the final age of the "lean and slippered pantaloon" there will be some fine reminiscence talk before the glowing hearth concerning the winter of 1917-18, particularly if, as some scientists forecast, the winters of the future are to be of a mildness undreamed of.

The savants' claim seems to have some basis of fact even if their intimations have not been scientifically standardized into meteorological laws. Young men who have just reached the draft age, for instance, have no such recollection of old-fashioned winters, which come readily to the memory of the generation ahead of them—the men and women who have reached that state of pensiveness best described as the gentle melancholy of early middle age. For the best part of two decades a sort of recession of the seasons has been noticeable. The red flannels and mittens, the sleigh rides and ice-skating in November of men young enough to be fathers of this year's crop of voters are out of the experience of their offspring. Thanksgiving snows have become a legend in recent years, and even a white Christmas has been unusual. Winter has commenced late and dragged into the spring calendar.

This year of all years, with coal at a premium and the nation at war, has been selected by nature for a demonstration of old-fashioned winter. The season set in with early and old-time severity, the October drop in temperature canceled Indian summer and snow has been on the ground almost continuously since November. Prospects are that blizzard will follow blizzard and that the minor storms will be no feat.

Well, welcome to old-fashioned winter if we must have it. The poet Shelley asks, "If winter come can spring be far behind?" Our poets can at least inspire hopefulness in our bosoms, even if they put no coal in our bins or dollars in our pockets. And we can cherish in our hearts an extension of Shelleyan optimism and ask, "If battle come can peace be far behind?"

As a Czar, Ferdinand of Bulgaria sizes up as a passable Imitation Kaiser. If the dealers are to get the extra fifty cents, why shouldn't the people get the information?

Thirteen miles of Turks driven a step nearer to Constantinople; "Jerusalem" sounds like the right tune to play on the Golden Horn. The Sahara desert is not ordinarily a very popular place, but it would have been worth a mint of money in Philadelphia yesterday.

We do not want to go in for predictions, but the world is not going to be content to rely on coal for heat very much longer. White coal is the answer. A second earthquake appears to have destroyed whatever survived the first in Guatemala City. The calamity is a stupendous one, but the world is so used to horrors that it has lost its appetite for tragedy.

The Lackawanna has just hauled 200 empty cars over its lines and turned them over to the Erie to help solve coal-transportation problems. Uncle Sam is finding new toys every day in that big Christmas stocking he handed himself.

A thousand dollars is offered by the International Security League for the best plan to get America's war aims "over, under, around or through the German censorship." Our best bet is that the winner will be the "over" plan. And the sooner the Germans will