

"I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I AIN'T NO FOOL!"

PENNYPACKER ATTACKS INFLUENCE OF PRESIDENT OVER CONGRESS

The Famous "Bear Message" of Governor Penny-packer Sparkles With the Incisiveness of His Distinct Brand of Humor

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With the growth of the work of the State there is a steadily increasing need for additional employees to attend to it. Each head of a department is loath to ask for such increase, for the reason that he is at once assailed in the newspapers for causing further outlay. I found a long list of such persons whose salaries were paid from the contingent funds, a timid way of meeting a difficulty, and I put an end to the practice by sending a message to the Legislature naming these employees and recommending that they be regularly employed. This treatment of the matter led to no criticisms, although it openly increased the force.

Considering Bills As the legislative session progressed, and the bills, as they had been passed, began to come to me, they were all analyzed and those which were faulty either in thought or construction were vetoed. Since this method of treatment had no reference to the sponsors of the bill or the interests which favored the enactment, it not infrequently happened that bills which had been rejected had been favored by the Republican party and its leaders. Such happenings had just that flavor of excitement which pleased the newspapers, and by the close of the session I had received very general encomiums. It was my endeavor always to do it good-naturedly. Often a State Senator, who heard that some pet measure, which he thought safe, had gone overboard, would come to the office in wrath, and after reading the veto message laugh and say that "the old man was right after all." A Quaker wrote to me March 21:

Dear Governor: Right now I want to tell thee that the Quaker forces I opposed thy election, but now I extend my hearty support. The stand thou hast taken against vicious and mercenary legislation is to be commended and encouraged. To which I replied: Dear Friend: I very much appreciate your letter and still more appreciate the spirit which induced you to write it. My chief purpose is to do as well as I know how. I feel quite sure if you were to observe closely the course of Senator Quay and could become better acquainted with him you would find much in him also to commend.

There was nothing, however, spectacular about this kind of service and nothing likely to attract wide or prolonged attention. It was only doing the work of the State as it ought to be done. The volume of laws was reduced in size from the twelve hundred pages of that of my predecessor to seven hundred pages. My two volumes stand among the printed Acts of Assembly like asses, since, with the advent of my successor, the volume immediately ran up to the old dimensions.

In the State of Missouri a law was passed relating to baking powders. It led to great scandal and was followed by many prosecutions, so that Governor Joseph W. Folk, who urged them, was praised all over the country for his vigilance, became a national character and almost reached the Presidency. A like act of Assembly was passed in Pennsylvania and I threw it into the waste basket, saying:

This bill makes it a misdemeanor, subject to a fine of \$100, for any person to manufacture or sell baking powder which contains alum in any form or shape, unless there be printed on a label, on the outside of the package, in black ink in legible type, not smaller than small picas, the full name and address of the manufacturer and the words "This Baking Powder contains alum." It is evident that the passage of this bill was secured by the manufacturer or vendor of some rival baking powder with intent to obtain an unfair advantage. It is evident from the fact that the conspicuous printing of these words would be likely to deter purchasers. It would be entirely proper to require that all baking powders should have upon the outside of the package a label describing the ingredients and their quantities, but it would be manifestly unjust to require one ingredient to be displayed without any reference to quantity.

Shooting Bears There was no commotion, no scandal, and the event entirely escaped attention.

HOOVERISM IN 1780 Post-Revolutionary Price-fixing and High Cost of Living

HOOVERISM is not new in American history. Under another name its essential principle of price fixing appeared in our first war for democracy. The high cost of living was not a novelty, either. In fact, in 1780, as a direct result of the Revolutionary War, beef, corn, leather and wool cost thirty-two and a half times what they had cost three years previous. In America's second war for democracy, now being waged, however, the people, afflicted though they be by extraordinary increases in living costs, have the advantage of a systematic and what is hoped will be a scientifically equitable adjustment of prices. This was not the case in the last years of the Revolution and the first years of peace enjoyed by the new nation.

Some indication of the fluctuations, or, rather, soaring trend, of commodity values is shown in the following illuminating note, issued by the State of Massachusetts Bay: No. 57111. 1208-10-16

State of Massachusetts Bay The First Day of January, A. D. 1780. In behalf of the State of Massachusetts Bay, I the Subscriber do hereby promise and oblige Myself and Successors in the Office of Treasurer of said State, to pay unto John Hitchcock alias Ich: Hitchcock or to his Order, the Sum of Two hundred and sixty pounds 10/10 on or before the First Day of March in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty One with Interest at Six per Cent. per Annum: Both Principal and Interest to be paid in the ten current money of said State, in a greater or less Sum, according as Five Bushels of CORN, Sixty-eight

Witness my Hand H. GARDNER, Treasurer. R. CRANCH, M. DAWES, Committee.

The pay of the soldier who was recipient of the obligation at its face value was more than thirty times the State-fixed market quotations of the year 1777. The critical situation led to several attempts to stabilize prices on a tenable basis. Committees met both in Rhode Island and New Hampshire, including representatives of other New England States, to formulate means for eradicating the spirit of "monopoly and competition" then prevalent, of which the people were the victims.

In 1778 attention of the Continental Congress was called to the situation, and after careful deliberation, the legislative body declared it could "find no practical remedy or preventive." It is a question with some members whether such a measure (of legislation against monopoly) would be politic.

The United States is in better case now with railroads, food, fuel and other commodities already under Federal control and the Administration ready to take public control of them, if it is necessary now to take such

The incident well illustrates two different methods of meeting the same problem and the temptations that beset men in public life to do the sensational in preference to the useful.

A message which was very widely circulated was one vetoing a bill for the protection of bears and cubs. The message ran:

A well-considered bill to prevent a ruthless and wanton destruction of bears and cubs would, no doubt, answer a public need, but the present bill is entirely too sweeping and too stringent in its provisions. "It is directed that it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, after the passage of this act, to catch, take or kill in this State, or, except as hereinafter provided, have in his or her possession or under his or her control, after the same shall have been caught, taken or killed, any bear or cub save during the month of November." The bear is an animal not always of a gentle disposition and especially if he be female he is with cubs. If a wanderer in the woods is attacked by such a bear in some other month than November, what is he or she to do?

For the twentieth of March I had an engagement to go with Dr. John H. Fager, a gentleman of Harrisburg, interested in the study of natural history, on an exploring tour through Wetzel Swamp. The newspapers announced that Senator Penrose and State Senator James P. McNichol were coming that afternoon to consult with me about some affairs of state; but there was no engagement with me and no message sent to me. I went with Fager to the swamp. The gentlemen came, did not find me, McNichol returned to Philadelphia and Penrose and I had a consultation when I returned in the evening. There was much talk about the incident, many editorials written and glaring headlines printed stating that "Penrose Waits and Frets While Governor in Boots Hunts for Bugs in the Bogs."

The Constitution provides that the incoming Governor shall take his seat during a session in the Legislature. It is the provision of dilettantes, who constructed an impracticable and in some ways unworkable Constitution. There is no reason why he could not have begun in the years between sessions and so have had time to prepare for his work. Governor Stone, just at the close of his term, sent in to the Senate the names of many officials appointed by him. I had no time to interfere and they were confirmed. I issued commissions to all of them, but later took the bull by the horns and removed some of them where I had other views. This, of course, led to some trouble.

Addressing the Assembly It is one of the unwritten laws, never infringed upon, that the Governor shall not appear before the Legislature and it is founded upon the correct theory that the legislative bodies shall be kept free from undue influence. On the twenty-fourth of March I was officially invited to be present at a session of the Legislature. No other Governor ever received such an invitation. Members of the Legislature welcomed me very graciously and I made an address in the course of which I said:

It would be a breach of courtesy, and it would ill become me to make reference to any legislation before you or which may come before you. The Constitution provides a method by which the Governor may give his recommendations. It is directed that that method should be pursued. I may, however, say a word about our mutual relations. We are both, in so far as we may, endeavoring together to work out for the good of the people and the Commonwealth. I may say that if the Governor should use his power for the purpose of enforcing legislation it would be an interference with our principles of government. On the other hand, if the Legislature in its legislation attempts to carry it out by other methods than those of the executive, to that extent it interferes with these principles.

Here is bronched a theory of government very different from, and much more nearly correct and safe than that acted upon by Roosevelt and Wilson in our national affairs. In the days of Thaddeus Stevens the Congress endeavored to impose upon the President. In more recent days the President is making rapid strides in the way of encroaching upon Congress. Both ventures are based upon impulse, rather than upon reason, and they are equally dangerous to our institutions.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



A DESERTED HOME OF MELODRAMA

The National Theatre, Its Plays and Players, Including John L., the Great

THE bills on the boards outside the Orpheum Theatre, in Germantown, this week announce "The White Slave," and on the old National Theatre, where those same bills were first shown a quarter of a century ago, there is a tattered "For Sale" sign. These two facts operating upon the memory of many past joys begot reminiscences. The title "The White Slave," in the light of intervening happenings, takes in the mind of the younger public a meaning entirely foreign to the proper one. The white slave of Bartley Campbell's play was no slum problem, but a lovely lady whose melodramatic lines were cast in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" land up and down the Mississippi River, and whose harrowing adventures ended happily, in the beneficent shadow of the final curtain. It was but one of the many high lights that made Thomas Francis Kelly's National Theatre for many years the local habitation of melodrama.

The Wide-Open Days. When the elder Kelly opened his playhouse at the junction of Ridge road and Tenth and Callowhill streets, about the time of the Centennial, that neighborhood was just getting ready to be called the Tenderloin. The people who lived thereabout and those who were drawn thither by the rather free gayeties that had rein there were no fanclars of problem plays. Elemental stuff was what they wanted, and Mr. Kelly saw that they got it.

For perhaps a dozen years, until the passage of the Brooks high license law, the National Theatre was a bird that laid golden eggs for its owner and eggs aplenty of ancient vintage for the villains who ranted upon its stage. For many years the happy and the audience to take their pleasures seriously and emphatically, and one came to be set down as a mighty poor villain who closed a week's engagement at the National without a few marks of popular disapproval upon one's costume. It is recorded that one William Ferguson, the bad man of "The Dance of Death," wept copiously because he could not win for himself such distinguished contempt. Villains, in the palmy days of the National, never drew more than \$35 a week; they were supposed to take most of their wage in excitement. The heroes sometimes drew as much as \$40 per week, but many of them were a paltry affair; and some of them weren't worth that.

Tom Kelly, from the start, was in close touch with Harry Miner, who ran the Bowery Theatre in New York, and all the high-powered and low-browed plays Miner put across came shortly thereafter to the National. The actors were no great shakes, but occasionally one of stellar caliber passed upon that stage momentarily. It is said Lawrence D'Orsay, down on his luck, once took a job there as villain; but he always protested he did it for fun—and got it. And Mrs. Pike once played there, quite seriously, but she was a paltry affair, and she, perhaps, we should include the appearance of Willie Collier's father, Thomas W. Keene, Frederick Ward, Oliver Dodd Byron and some others of the heavy type who took themselves a bit more seriously than any audience, there or elsewhere, could ever be induced to do. But at the National "the play was the thing" invariably and seldom the player.

There was a time, in the early nineties, when Theodore Kremer glitzed the place with melodrama, made over night, and mostly built upon some startling story of the day. These were the things that stirred to its depths the top gallery, and it was the deepest and the widest gallery in any local theatre. Also it seems to have been the most elastic, for it is upon record, at least among the traditions, that 2500 spectators were once crowded into it. If that was in the days when smoking was permitted to the gods, it must have been a fragrant heaven. And how the action next door must have reeked between the acts!

The Great John L. Astor But as the joys experienced under that roof there wasn't another comparable to the succession of thrills and chuckles that shook us when we were privileged to look upon John L. the night he made his awkward bow there. The leading man in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Tom Daly's Column

TO JOSEPH PENNELL, ARTIST, Who Denounced the Mummies' Parade as Waste:

Dear Joseph P.: Pray pardon me. This too familiar salutation—Such often is the Pennell-tee (Aha, another jeu d'esprit!)—One pays for public protestation—But when you wrote Your caustic note, If you had been, say, more reflective, You might have said, So clean forgot Your artist's passion for perspective, I liked those chaps, And yet, perhaps, The vulgar mummies' self-abasement The cultured few Inspected through The cozy Art Club's plate-glass case—ment Took on a twist We others missed Who viewed the pageant from the pavement; For eyes like ours May lack the powers For judgment sound, sedate and grave meant.

Yet, Joseph P., It seems to me, You may recall when you were etching In London town And bombs dropped down They didn't make you quit your sketching. And when the rage Had struck the stage For comic plays, the frothiest bubbles, You understood That they were good To make the town forget its troubles. What? You a scold? Oh, you who hold One Whistler's joyance in your keeping To still the toot Of any flute That makes a world put off its weeping!

BERLIN CITY OF DARK

The editor of a Dutch newspaper, lately returned to Holland from an extended sojourn in Berlin, has been writing of conditions in that city, according to Amsterdam dispatches. In telling of the many deprivations the people of the German capital have long been enduring he mentions "Berlin every night as one of these, but one which the German capitalists accept with all of the others. Berlin, before the war, was emulating Paris as a city of light. Shortage in coal supply and other causes due to the suspension of electric light and gas that the citizens of the gay metropolis have now for some time been on less than half rations of illumination. They have a moon yet, and are evidently taking such relief as it affords. Germany is now at war, and its people are not only willing to hitch up their belts to the last notch, but to go to bed with the fowls, if need be, as a means of winning—St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat.

OUR NEW PETITION

God save our splendid men! Send them safe home again—God save our men. Make them victorious, Faithful and chivalrous; They are so dear to us—God save our men. "This stanza," says Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, "has been sent to us from Canada, where it is sung at the close of every gathering of women and also at family prayers. It is sung by the Canadian women that like it so much, and make it our habit to

What Do You Know?

- 1. Who is conductor of the Chinese Synagogue Orchestra?
2. Where is Camp Meade?
3. Who is Captain Andre Tardieu?
4. Name the author of "Walden."
5. What is called?
6. What is the plural of Mousamant?
7. Which is the Golden Gate City?
8. Who said "Veni, vidi, vici," and what does it mean?
9. Where is asbestos?
10. What is the Ukraine?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The New Year's "Shooter" is a band of numbers who parade in Philadelphia on the 1st of January.
2. John Edgar Williams is Comptroller of the United States Currency.
3. The "Hammal" was a Roman holiday in which much license was permitted the slaves and great feasting took place.
4. The Hudson Railway and one of the railroad structures retained by General Sherman.
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THE BEAST IS CORRALLED AND WE ARE GOING TO BRAND IT

RETURNING from the conference at Brest-Litovsk, M. Pavlovitch, a non-Soviet delegate, declares that "Germany's fundamental aim in the negotiations is to establish an economic union between Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. In return for the evacuation of Belgium and France, Germany will demand the freeing of Mesopotamia, Arabia and Palestine."

That is the German dream, the one thing she had in mind when she began this war, the one thing she is determined to get out of it, the concession she hopes to extort from the Allies in return for so-called compensatory concessions which mean nothing to Pan-Germany and would not in the slightest degree imperil the economic and therefore her political dominance of the world. Militarists want Germany that stretches from Hamburg to Bagdad. That is what they have always wanted, and their conjurers and sleight-of-hand operators are working their brains overtime in a strenuous effort to perfect some trick that will fool the Allies into acceptance of the program.

ZERO PHILOSOPHY

APPARENTLY the Kaiser has made an offensive alliance with the weather on the United States front. That's one way of looking at the present distressing situation, a typical American way of extracting a smile to lighten grave concern, the while teeth are gritted in a determination to topple the War Lord and his minions, who have caused the distress, off their Prussian pins. Another way is to be as philosophical as we can, recognizing from experience that we cannot jar or adjust the fluctuating but inevitable laws of meteorology; to realize that through the medium of this abnormally early and severe winter we are having our first taste of the hardships which we assumed when we entered the world war.

There are two gains from this viewpoint. One is that very soon in the strife the American people are, by actual experience, becoming inured to the new and difficult conditions imposed upon them by active belligerency. The other is that the sudden crisis of suffering and deprivation of fuel will speed up, as no other means could have quickened it, the relief possible now through Government control. Centralized administration of fuel and railroads means a quick progress of coal to the bins.

Weather-wise sages aver that an early and hard winter is a sure indication of an early and agreeable spring. Underground, the crocuses and tulips have made an unusually strong growth for this time of year, and the leaf buds on the trees have waxed as large as is their wont for February.

London suspects German influence in Indian plots—Headline. Why "suspects"?

We shall be more content with fewer passenger trains when we see more coal trains.

Send troops and then more troops—Colonel House. Aye, aye, sir. We're ahead of the program now, but it's in the blood to break records.

Many schools closed, pipes in many houses frozen, half the inhabitants in the same fix and coal still as hard to get as water in the Sahara! You'll have to hustle, Uncle Sam, or paddle the Weather Bureau.

The theory that modern war develops into a permanent deadlock on every front does not apply to Turkey, where the British seem able to gain at will. If every other gate is locked we can always count on the back door.

It is not going to make any difference whether a stickler is a son of a brewer or one of something else when Uncle Sam is at his. The fellow who