

SIDELIGHTS INTO ACTIVITIES OF PENNSYLVANIA'S GOVERNOR

Mr. Pennypacker Recounts Several Incidents Which Relieved the Strain of the Regular Duties of State

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—No. 43 Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company ON THE way home from Somerset, a town among the mountains, where the first Bible was printed west of the Alleghenies, where George F. Baer, the wonderfully able president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, was born and which has the most elevated courthouse in the State, Mrs. Pennypacker and I were taken in charge by Colonel Samuel Moody, a high official of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh. He was very droll, agreeable and entertaining. His influence with his road was great and he was ready to show it to us. Somerset was the terminus of a little single-track railroad which branched off from the main line. He had a car ready at Somerset but he had not been there for a month. He kept us outside on some pretext while he swore at the man in charge and had it cleaned. Then we went by rail to the station on the main line and there waited. Presently we heard the Chicago Express, which never stopped there, thundering in the distance, but was to stop for us because of the influence of Moody.

"Now," said Moody, "come outside and all be ready to get on." Stopping the "Flyer" In an instant the train was there and in an instant later beyond the station and rushing to the faraway East. Then I roared, and Moody, seldom crestfallen, was in a state of confusion. Presently, however, came the second section, which stopped, and all was well. Just at this juncture Judge Henry J. McCarthy died and this made a vacancy in the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas No. 3. The leaders of the Republican party in that city asked for the appointment of Robert von Moschaisker, a bright young lawyer, formerly an assistant in the office of the District Attorney, but lacking both years and legal experience, who had made himself useful and agreeable to Durham. I appointed George Tucker Bispham, the author of our leading work upon equity and a lawyer of long and varied practice. He was then in Europe, but he had at one time made an earnest effort to reach the bench, and after consultation with Mr. Brinton in his office and with Lyman D. Gilbert, a friend and associate in many cases, who thought he would accept. I made the venture. My hope was by a distinguished appointment, to benefit the profession, and that he, with such an opportunity, would feel it to be his duty to his profession to see that it was utilized. He failed me, and much to my disgust and with very poor taste, telegraphed his declination not to me, but to the Press.

One of the experiences which come often to those having responsibility and seeking to do decent things is the little assistance given by men who are ever complaining about existing conditions. On one occasion at Harrisburg I was called up by long distance telephone from Washington, and Penrose at the other end inquired: "When are you going to make out the appointment of Doctor Shoemaker as surgeon general?" Shoemaker was a political doctor, continually mingling the two professions, which did not well fit, and I had no confidence in him whatever. So I answered: "I do not think of appointing him at all." "Damn it to hell!" I overheard upon the wire. I had written to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Charles C. Harrison to suggest to me a suitable and competent physician for this position. They recommended Dr. Robert G. Le Conte, a man of professional attainment and now one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, and I appointed him. He remained long enough to secure his title as colonel, but with the first en-

campment, when there was work to do, he resigned, and that plan failed. I then appointed Dr. Joseph K. Weaver, much less showy, but more stable and useful, and he proved to be entirely acceptable.

There had been much adverse comment upon affairs at the Eastern Penitentiary, and I put at the head of it a penal expert from without the State, of wide reputation. He remained a few months, and instead of improving that institution, used it as a means of getting a larger salary elsewhere and departed. Such instances, of course, went a long way to justify the position of the politicians.

The "Keystone Navy"

Theoretically the State had a navy, but it never owned a vessel until at this time a quarantine cutter was built for it by Neale & Levy. The boat was launched September 17, named the Governor Pennypacker and was christened by my daughter Anna, who broke a bottle of wine over the bow.

On the 22d of September, along with Elkin, I made a speech at Wilkes-Barre before the League of Republican Clubs, reviewing what had been accomplished, including the newspaper act. The resolutions adopted declared that I had proved to be "a wise, prudent, firm and conscientious executive." On the invitation of "Uncle Jerry" Roth, an enterprising Pennsylvania Dutchman, I saw the Allentown Fair, generally regarded as the most successful agricultural fair in the State, and found 80,000 people there. Colonel Henry C. Trexler, of my staff, a comparatively young man, who made a great fortune in the manufacture of cement, having the largest cement works in Allentown, drove me through the country to see his large unfenced farms, and he entertained me at supper, where, in a stately home, his agreeable wife dispensed hospitality.

On the 29th, Major General Charles Miller, in command of the National Guard, gave an entertainment at Franklin to the Governor and his staff. Miller, a poor boy, born in Alsace, came over to this country and little by little, by energy, activity and business sense, combined with a canny, worldly wisdom, he got alongside of the Standard Oil Company, was one of its magnates and secured an immense fortune. Sedition are the fates altogether kindly to any man. With all his success there was much unhappiness in his life. He was a captain on the staff of one of the brigadiers, was ambitious, made large contributions in the political campaign and was put in command of the guard, over the heads of his general and many other officers. Elevations so obtained are ever more or less tottering. At Mount Gretna he said to me in the presence of Stewart, after exhibiting to us the antics of his beautiful and trained riding horse: "Governor, I am going to send down to your home one of the finest pairs of horses to be found in the State."

I told him this story: "General, when I was a boy I went to school among the Irish on Tunnel Hill, in the town where I was born, and had three fistfights with a boy named Bradley. Many years later we both drifted to Philadelphia, and I became a Judge and he became a bartender in a liquor saloon. Much to his surprise and pleasure, he, on one occasion, received a license to conduct an establishment of his own. Later, he one day came to me and said he was about to send a pair of horses to my summer home at Moore Hall, and I said to him that if he did I should go into court on the following Saturday and revoke that liquor license." Neither of those pairs of horses was ever received.

Tomorrow Governor Pennypacker continues his reminiscences of miscellaneous events.

LAST OF THE BONNERS

David, Brother of Robert, Comaker With Him of New York Ledger

JOURNALS devoted to horses and racing, particularly those with a special flair for trotting, will have much to say of David Bonner, gentleman driver, who died on New Year's Eve, the age of eighty; but few if any, perhaps, will be aware of the exploits as circulation manager of the weekly paper edited by his more illustrious brother, Robert, which made the name Bonner famous and laid the corner-stone of the family fortunes half a century ago. Robert Bonner, the head of the family in this country, was the maker of the family fortune and David was his able lieutenant; and it would be interesting to inquire how much he contributed. Probably even he forgot, when his head became full of horses, but the journal that knew him as circulation manager was the first in this country to reach the sales mark of 250,000 copies per week. Yet the "Bonner of the New York Ledger" of course was Robert. He was the pioneer.

Robert Bonner was born in the north of Ireland in 1824 and David in 1837. There were several other brothers, too, and the whole family lost no time in translating themselves to these shores when Robert began to make his way here, which he did very shortly after his arrival in 1852. At the age of fifteen he was sticking type as an apprentice in the office of the Hartford Courant, and he was so quick at it that fifty years later he declared proudly he had never known more than one man who could beat him.

When he was twenty he went to New York as assistant foreman and proofreader on the Evening Mirror, which was first timidly held up to Nature one year before by the poet, N. P. Willis, and George P. Morris just sprang in to fame through adorning a woodman "to spare that tree." But Bonner only hesitated there. His career carried him shortly into the office of the Merchant's Ledger, a weekly financial journal, whose owners had been attracted to him by his novel way of setting the few advertisements reflected in the Mirror. In a few years—the date was 1851, to be exact—he was sought out by his employers for a paltry \$500, and the Ledger was his, with its debts against it.

Robert Bonner began at once to do things, and David was with him. His first move was to add, as rapidly as he could afford it, various taking literature features, which were quite unlike anything the town had ever before had served to it. One of his earliest and happiest ventures was the engagement of Sarah P. Willis, sister of his former employer, who was the most popular writer of the day. Our grandmothers knew and loved her as "Fanny Fern." Robert Bonner believed in her, although it may be assumed he had little enough capital in 1855 when he engaged her to furnish a story a week, he spread an advertisement about her and his paper over eight full pages of the Herald. This unbusinesslike, prodigal use of money for publicity was condemned

LOYALTY OF OUR GERMAN STOCK

Spies of All Nations—An Old Skater's Remarks—Hellenist Comments

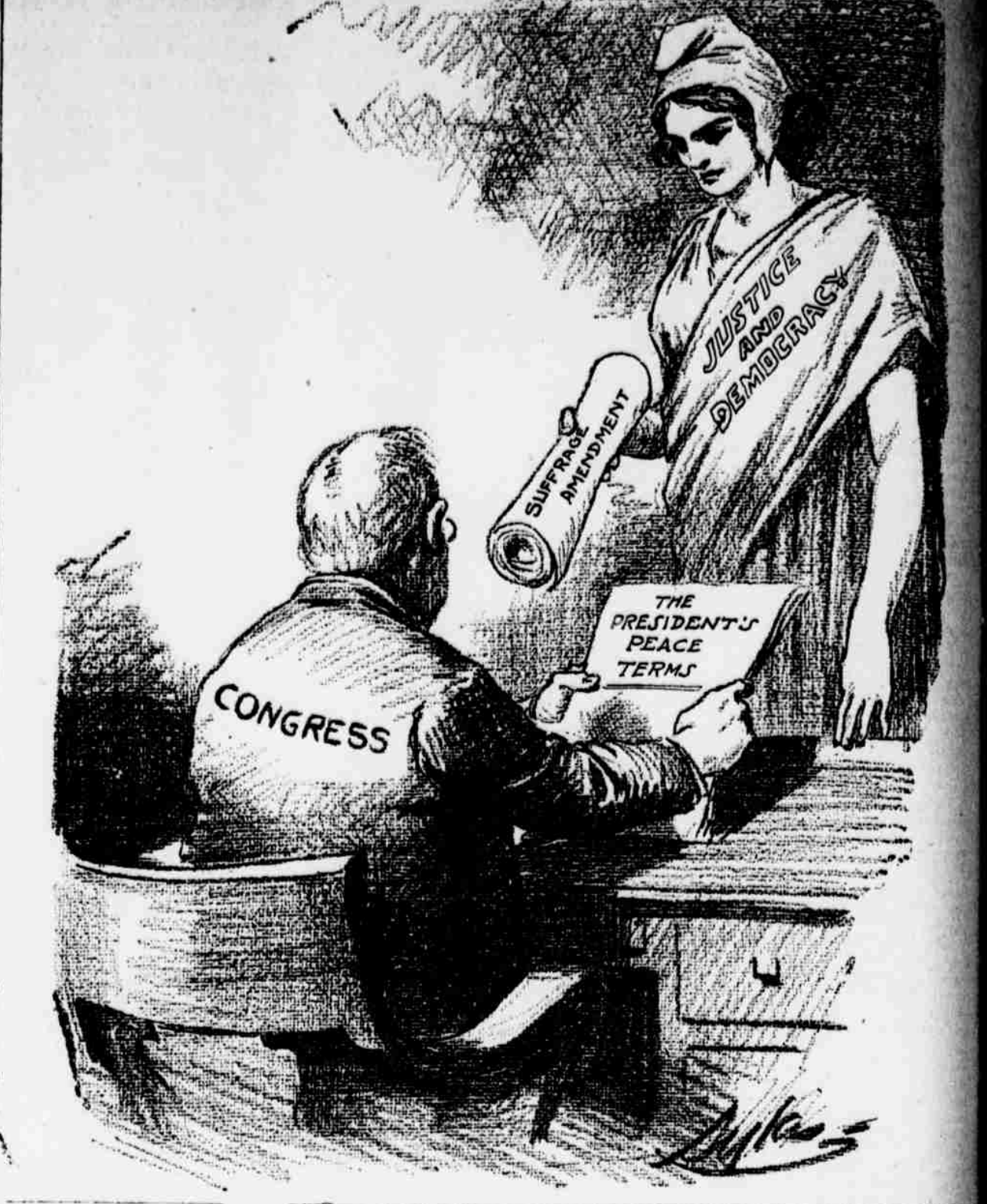
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The American patriot of German birth knows better than we do why he loves the liberty of America and will fight for it and will tolerate no rulership of any such Kaiser's orders. He talks of the fatherland, but sheriff and writ could not get him back here to live. A German name is far from a criterion of disloyalty. The bitterest denunciations and hatred of the Kaiser's accursed brutality and the atrocities of his "Kaiser lites" I have heard from these loyal American of German ancestry, and their sons will be among our best and ablest fighters. There are exceptions and there are spies aplenty. German thought and German people of early days and now are as different as day from night; the early Germans and modern Prussians are away from just this "glory of our armies." The dear old American of German birth, loyal to the liberty of their dear old fatherland ancestry, are stronger for American ideals of liberty than many contemptible American-born pacifists of other ancestry and anti-English, who are shooting our sons in the back by their propaganda of "dickens" and English hatred. This is not a Helping-the-French war or an English war.

Were there any Americans of English birth loyal to America in the Revolutionary War who fought English brothers and cousins? There are hundreds of thousands just as loyal Americans now of German birth in this war. There are exceptions, but some of our worst spies are paid scoundrels of other nationalities than German. It is time and past time for shooting such spies for our own protection and for a certain salary effect. I have twelve boys in this war whom I love as sons. And I, like all the other parents, am out for their protection, and no shooting them in the back by tolerating anything German, even the language, if for no other reason than for its effect on commercial Germans at this time. For the best interests of all concerned I think German is better out of the schools till the war is over. When the war ceases will be time enough for restoring German to the schools, with the Kaiser's picture in a hangman's cowl if we so desire. HELLENIST, Philadelphia, January 8.

AN OLD SKATER SWEARS GENTLY

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I write this from a stool of repentance and of pain, cooling gentle curses at you as the cause of my present trouble. My right leg is stretched out straight upon a chair and there's a smell of horse liniment in the air. This is the way of it: Your article upon the Old Skating Club stirred my old blood and moved me today to take down from an attic hook and oil up my old rockers, and later to venture upon the ice with them, the first time in ten years. My age? It doesn't matter. I'm still spry and graceful; and I am one of those who contend that the only real skating is the long, sweeping, leisurely roll which it was our wont to practice in the days when a 2:40 gait was reckoned fast, oh, long before the present speed craze afflicted our country. Well, I got upon the ice today and found that my feet had not forgot their cunning; and I was rolling with grace and rhythmic precision, when a lad in his teens coming up behind me, like a steam engine, struck me as I swung off upon my left foot and sent me sprawling some twenty feet before him. As he helped me to arise, he said, "I didn't expect you to make that slow curve." Of course, he didn't. Young America doesn't use the outer edge, but plunges straight ahead to its goal. In some things that's commendable, but is it art? For you, sir, who got me into this trouble, I have no grudge. I shall be about again in a day or so, and while I loaf here I shall invite my soul, and shake my puffed old head over the flying progress of the years. I have before me at this moment John P. Lewis's history of the Philadelphia Skating Club and I could wish your own chronicler had quoted more from it when he wrote, the other day, of the venerable Abraham Oppenheim, now tenaciously and happily clinging to the tree of life in all the green vigor of his ninety-seven years. Mr. Lewis tells "how" Mr. Oppenheim, joining the skating club in 1851, cited Article II of the bylaws, which made the members of the

"BOTH ARE MINE!"



THE CRUCIAL FRONT

THE only front on which a decision can be reached is the western front. Capture of Venice, occupation of Greece, recapture of Jerusalem or Bagdad would be temporarily exhilarating to Germans, but inconclusive. It is only in France and Belgium that defeat for the Allies or Central Powers would be real defeat. This is the ground for the belief that the blow Germany will strike with the re-enforcements gained by the nonresistance of Russia will be struck in the west. It would be remarkable if Secretary Baker, in his weekly report on military operations, based his warnings about a great battle in the west solely on the theatrical German announcements of that event. But it is not remarkable that he make his predictions coincide with Berlin's, because all the world knows the Germans have no other place to strike. Their only hope of throwing the Allies off their guard was to test the truth for once, because it would be so hard to believe that a general would announce his plans to the enemy beforehand. Mr. Baker reminds the public that "through sixteen successive battles of great magnitude in Flanders the British have every time come out victorious and pushed steadily ahead." German gains may be made and the cost of resistance may mount into hundreds of thousands of lives, but there is absolutely no reason to believe that the enemy can break through.

JOHN DOE MUST INITIATE PROGRESS

GOVERNOR EDGE, in his message to the New Jersey Legislature, urges the immediate building of the Philadelphia-Camden bridge. President Wilson, in his latest address, as in many other of his speeches, calls attention to the enviable efficiency of the German people. We would rather be Chinamen than Prussians. Nevertheless, we have to admit that the Prussians would have built that bridge years ago. Are we forever to add a "but" to every word of praise we give our democracy? Is it not seriously debatable whether democracy will survive in its age-long conflict with autocracy if it is content to pigeon-hole every progressive plan until some masterful personality, a Casatt or a J. J. Hill, comes along to rescue it from oblivion? If we are to preserve our democracy the people must initiate, industrially and economically as well as politically. It is time for the people to be in on every deal, big or little. John Doe must give up his anonymous character.

McAdoo out for suffrage—News Head.

It may be that McAdoo is also out for something else.

The tale that American dyes would not give fast colors to our woollens has proved to be another German yarn.

The way some of the statesmen talk, one might imagine that rainy days will cease to be when the "new world" gets firmly fixed.

George Harvey seems to think that dealers in shoddy put something over on Uncle Sam. The weather man is helping the Colonel to prove his case.

If every one had his war aim correctly, let's shoot—New York Sun.

Well, it was just as important that we learn to shoot all together as to hit the mark.

Australia used to be held up by radicals as an example of progress to America, but rejection of the modern efficiency principle of the selective draft sets it back into the old-fashioned class.

The Bolsheviks. It is just as well to remember, would not be negotiating at all unless the other Allies still had their armies in the field. Were the rest of us to follow the Russian lead, it would require something less than a week for a German-made Caesar to sit in Petrograd and hold the job by the might of German bayonets. Let's have only one Bolshevik negotiation at a time.

Tom Daly's Column

Little Polly's Pome

Sometimes when it's a stormy day And I can't go outside to play I like to make believe that I'm A Princess like in olden time That's locked up in a lofty tower And I will sit there by the hour And ring my hands and look around To see if I can hear a sound Like some bold hero's charger's feet Come prancing nearer down the street.

And oftentimes when I have spied A cat or something else outside I make believe that it is he, The Prince, that comes to rescue me. And then I lift the window high And lean out from the sill and cry "Hist! hist!" and make up talk to say And plan how I shall get away.

It's lots of fun and yet I know If I had lived long, long ago I would not have enjoyed it so To be a Princess in a tower And have to sit there by the hour And wring my fair young hands and grieve, I much prefer to make believe.

HIS NAME IS SMITH

But Fate Has Not Concealed Him, for He Outwitted the Fickle Goddess

THEY do those things better—not in France, as Laurence Sterne said—but in England. We have men giving up large salaries to come to the Government for a dollar a year. In England they put such men in office and pay them handsome salaries. The experience of Sir Frederick E. Smith is a case in point. Sir Frederick will soon be in this country on a mission for his Government. He is one of the most successful lawyers in London. His income before he took office was said to be \$200,000 a year. He is now Attorney General with a salary of \$75,000 and perquisites amounting to \$25,000 more.

They call him a self-made man in England, and say that he has risen from the position of the son of a private soldier to the leadership of the British bar. This is technically correct, for his father did serve as a private in the army for a while, but the father was a lawyer with a good practice. The son, however, educated himself. He was so brilliant as a youth that he won scholarship after scholarship and fellowship after fellowship and paid his own way through a public school and through Oxford and remained as a private lecturer after his graduation because the financial arrangements offered made it worth his while. He entered Parliament when still a young man—he is not yet 40—and made a brilliant reputation. His speeches were witty, sarcastic and able. When he rose in his place the members crowded in from the lobbies to hear him. He was equally successful on the hustings. They tell of one occasion when he was pleading for tariff reform and a heckler in the audience called out: "What about our food?" "Don't worry, sir," Sir Frederick flashed back. "Your food is quite safe. No one has ever yet advocated the putting of a tax on thistles."

When the war made the appointment of a press censor necessary, Sir Frederick was appointed to that post, and in spite of the difficulties of the position left it with better reputation than he took into it. He went to the front and served in the trenches and returned to enter the coalition cabinet as Attorney General, the highest paid office in the ministry. He has risen to his exalted position by sheer force of intellect.

ICE GOING TO WASTE

What wonderful use Real Estate Association John J. Curley could have made of this spell, if he had had it, say, thirty odd years ago. John lived in Camden then and came over to La Salle College every day to school. He was frequently late, and his inventory—was late into the merry month. May—was "couldn't get here any more in the street."

A FRATERNITY VETERAN

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Word comes from Rochester, N. Y., that Benjamin F. Snow, described as "the oldest living member of the Alpha Delta Phi Society of Hamilton College," has just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. The subject is interesting to Greek letter fraternity men for the reason that the parent chapter of Alpha Delta Phi was organized at Hamilton College in 1822. But Mr. Snow is not the oldest living member of any parent chapter, neither in years since birth nor since graduation. Mr. Snow is only eighty-eight and was a member of the class of 1850. Every Hamilton College Alpha Delta Phi, four years older than Mr. Snow and was graduated five years earlier, in the class of 1845, and until proof to the contrary is forthcoming must be regarded as the oldest survivor of the parent chapter. HELLENIST, Philadelphia, January 8.

AN OLD REGRET VANISHES

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Often in the past I have regretted that I was not among the privileged auditors of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It would have been a precious thing, I felt, to have been contemporaneous with such greatness. Today, within an hour with such greatness, I read President Wilson's address to Congress. My old feelings of envy are gone. J. LOUDON DODD, Philadelphia, January 8.

What Do You Know?

- QUIZ 1. Who is British High Commissioner to the United States? 2. Where is St. Mihiel? 3. What is meant by "begging the question"? 4. Locate "The Bridge of Sighs." 5. Who first used the phrase "The Almighty"? 6. Name the author of "Henry Edmond." 7. Identify "The Eternal City." 8. Crocodile tears—what does this expression mean? 9. Which is the largest library in the United States? 10. Who were the copperheads?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The Zamboni sector is in the Italian field of war on the Piave River. 2. Courland is one of the Baltic provinces of Russia. 3. Isaac Walton is called "The Father of Angling." 4. Lena is a German salient into the Anglo-French line in northern France. 5. Charles Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist." 6. J. Franklin Fort, former Governor of New Jersey, is chairman of the Federal meat board. 7. Bedlam is a corruption of Bethlehem, a medieval name for a madhouse. The word, by extension of meaning, now covers any lunatic asylum. 8. The Harrier stone, at Harrier Castle, near York, according to Irish legend, gives those who touch it the faculty of second sight. 9. A colunel was the title of a general in the British army in 1841, cited Article II of the bylaws, which made the members of the