

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. K. CURTIS, President...

Member of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it...

WILSON OR BRYAN? THE President has put himself in the class of bitter-enders along with Borah, Reed, Johnson and the others.

PORT THEM NO LONGER DULL THE report of the greatest year in the port of Philadelphia and the installation of Mr. Moore as Mayor cheerfully coincide.

ALAS! AND ALACK-A-DAY! THOSE optimistic and credulous persons who were anticipating a reduction in the price of meat as a result of Attorney General Palmer's success in persuading the packers to confine their activities to packing have been ignominiously deserted by the man in whom they were trusting.

DEMOCRACY'S 'FARTHEST WEST' THE choice of San Francisco as the locale of the next Democratic national convention is a novelty in politics.

What comments Hoover to the thoughtful mind is his ability to puncture the bubble of generalities with the pin of fact.

bated. He did, however, marry and receive his college education in the Golden State. But whether the association of Hoover and California has anything to do with the selection or not, the choice plays hob with precedent.

WHAT IS THE CONSTITUTION AMONG GREEN POLITICIANS?

A Halt Is Being Called at Last on Those Who, Clumsily Trying to Serve Liberty, Would Destroy It. SANITY is beginning to dawn again in a good many minds that have been darkened by panic since some one discovered a few fleas on the feathers of an unconcerned and perfectly tranquil eagle and shouted for wrecking crews, machine guns and the fire department.

THE Bar Association of New York may have been thinking of Mr. Palmer or Mr. Burleson or both. In its report it says: 'Through the veil of terror or apprehension or unpopularity we should still be able to defend the principles of constitutional liberty. Never more than at present have we needed leadership which will not suffer these principles to be impaired.'

THE EVER-SPECIFIC HOOVER HERBERT HOOVER'S formal statement on economic affairs in Europe is not merely a warning against propaganda. It is an object lesson in the rare art of marshaling facts.

That was a hopeful sign. So is the plight of Attorney General Palmer hopeful. Mr. Palmer raked the country and, in a population which the census officials say is more than 110,000,000, he found actually fifty persons who might be called actually dangerous.

All that is needed to make Mr. Burleson the one true autocrat in the world is an act of Congress to provide him with a crown and a scepter and a flock of executioners. The postmaster general already has power which makes him a permanent censor of American opinion.

In a general way, however, rational objection need not be directed exclusively at the newest of hysterical sedition bills, or at Mr. Palmer or any of the others who have flouted ancient rules made for reason and justice and the permanency of our government.

THE choice of San Francisco as the locale of the next Democratic national convention is a novelty in politics. The decision also suggests a lively sense of favors received and perhaps an anticipatory relish for those favors for which there is a partisan longing.

California alone did not elect Mr. Wilson in 1916, but the belated and dramatic rival of returns from that state created an impression that it was a prime instrument of victory. Those thirteen electoral-votes have since loomed alluringly large in the counsels of both the parties.

has happened to their sense of proportion? What ails the people who suppose that you can train the United States to an intellectual goosestep? If Mr. Palmer has reason to believe that dangerous aliens are still at large in this country why cannot he call the police and make his raids and arrange for his deportations in accordance with accepted processes of courts without crying out for the establishment in America of repressive laws modeled after those that disgraced Russia? Is it necessary, in order to deal with a handful of unwashed idiots, to undermine the principles of government that all human experience has shown to be the safest, the surest and the most indispensable? Must we, to deal with a minor nuisance, give the country over to the rule of bureaucrats and prepare to be a servile nation instead of a free one?

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As to the future, it is not easy to consider it without mention of Herbert C. Hoover. The alleged sentiment on behalf of this admirable public servant as a candidate may be spurious. Moreover, his political complexion is at present ill-defined. He is said to have voted twice in his life and on both occasions the Republican ticket. On the other hand, he urges the election of a Democrat in Congress in 1918 and he has announced a willingness to support the Wilson administration. To deepen the mystery, it is said a Californian has been de-

PENNYPACKER TUMBLED Faculty Fence Causes Estrangement With Secretary of Agriculture. Railroad Pass System a Vicious One

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN

FOR a brief period in the latter part of the administration of Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker there were strained relations between him and his secretary of agriculture, the late Norman Bruce Critchfield.

It was not an estrangement in the sense of personal antagonism. It was just a short period of pique on the part of the Governor toward his secretary of agriculture over something which the latter was in no wise responsible.

Governor Pennypacker, like the secretary of agriculture, was a farmer. Up at Pennypacker's Mills for years the Governor raised crops as fine as could be found in the valley. And the farm was well kept up; so is to this day.

Secretary Critchfield's farm was located out in Somerset county near Jenner's Cross Roads. By reason of his Harrisburg duties he for years had been compelled to turn the farm over to hired hands. Not being able to supervise it personally it was not as well maintained as if the secretary had been on the ground and in command.

On one occasion Governor Pennypacker, with some members of his cabinet, including Critchfield, visited Somerset. The secretary invited the party to Jenner's Cross Roads.

It is possible that the Governor expected to find the model farm of the commonwealth. In this he was mistaken. In roaming over the Critchfield domain it became necessary to climb a fence. In doing so a panel of the fence went down with a crash, carrying the chief executive of the commonwealth with it in its picturesque ruin.

Governor Pennypacker was more hurt in his dignity than he was physically. He limped around a day or so, mad as a hornet all the time.

He couldn't reconcile the idea of poor fences on the farm of his secretary of agriculture, even if he hadn't been in personal charge of it for years.

It was a month or so before the entente cordiale was restored between the distinguished gentlemen.

THE abolition of the free-pass system on the railroads of Pennsylvania ended the most outrageously violated privilege ever granted to public officials.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars in railroad fares were thus thrown to the winds every year.

The Pennsylvania Railroad exercised good judgment in distributing these favors where they would be the most effective. The Reading was the great offender. When the late Charles F. Kindred was in charge of public relations and politics for the Reading in Philadelphia and Harrisburg, it fairly snowed passes.

I recall one man, who had a "drag" with the Reading and who traded passes to his butcher for sirloin steaks.

Senator William H. ("Bill") Andrews ran several of Quay's campaigns on Reading passes. He handed them out right and left. His dog in the Senate was a railroad ticket office. Nobody who could deliver two votes and was known to be all right but could get transportation.

Yet "Bill" was tricky. One of his dodges was to issue passes to points not on the Reading lines. The unlucky holder, of course, had to pay his fare. This was only practiced on those Andrews districts or didn't care for particularly. Under some peculiar arrangement Andrews supplied men over the state who controlled counties, or even small towns, with coupon tickets for trips to distant cities.

I once found the conductor say on a trip from Harrisburg to Philadelphia that out of approximately sixty passengers in a coach he had taken up but two tickets. All the other transportation was passes.

IT WAS no unusual thing, indeed it became a common practice, for members of the House to loan their annual railroad passes to friends. All sorts of schemes were resorted to to beat the railroads and secure free transportation.

George Cooper, chief page of the House, once told me of a clever scheme that was worked by a member of the House to get a friend from Harrisburg to Philadelphia.

During the legislative sessions twenty odd years ago owners of annual passes simply pulled out the cardboard, flashed it before the conductor, who issued a hot check, and passed on. In later years the number on every pass was taken by the conductor.

The legislator in question, with his friend, boarded the train and entered the smoking car. He stationed his friend near the rear door while he took a seat near the forward end where the conductor entered.

As soon as the conductor had passed the owner of the annual rose from his seat, walked to the rear of the car, apparently to get a drink of water, and by quick movement slipped the pass into the hand of his waiting friend. The latter immediately turned around, looking out of the car door, and thrust it into his inside breast pocket.

When the conductor reached the friend there was a great show of hunting for the pass which he ultimately found, flashed it on the conductor, got his hot check and was safe.

A MAN with possibly the widest acquaintance of any individual in the state was appointed this week as inspector of claims by City Solicitor Smyth.

He is Captain Frank E. Edwards, former Delaware river captain, manager of the Trenton boat line, former member of the legislature, and now inspector for the Philadelphia. Captain Edwards has covered the state completely twenty times in political work.

One of the stories told about him is that when he was oil inspector for Philadelphia he had considerable trouble with the Standard Oil Co. in compelling its observance of the law; a peculiarity of the Standard, I understand, in the old days.

Meeting one of the local officials of the company whom he knew very well, the latter said to the inspector: "See here, Edwards, do you know that you cost us over \$50,000 the last year?"

"Oh, no! I didn't cost you anything," was the reply. "I just kept you in the straight and narrow path."

CONGRESSMAN Henry W. Watson, of the Eighth congressional district, comprising Bucks and Montgomery counties, may be the heir in Congress to the mantle of J. Hampton Moore as champion of Pennsylvania's interests in inland waterways.

Mr. Bryan is again understanding Mr. Borah's views on the subject of the new embittered Lieut. Sprague's...

THIS CARTOON ISN'T OUT OF DATE; ASK ANY OF THE STORES!



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Song of the Knitter (After Tennyson) I COME from haunts of book and pen, I shirk a business letter; I strive for heights beyond my ken, And start to knit a sweater. I cast, I count, I slip, I stall, With thirty halts and hitches, And now and then I drop my ball, And here and there some stitches. And here and there my work I take, To speed it as I travel, And many a murmured count I make And many a ridge I ravel. With many a pull my hands I fret, I felter round a blunder, And here my rows are tightly set, And there they yawn asunder; And on again, erratic, slow, I knit with stern endeavor, For fads may come and fads may go, But I knit on forever. CORINE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

FEVER

WET roses dripping on the rain-drenched grass; Cold mists that cling to mountain-tops, and pass, Folding deep valleys in a pall of smoke; Green running waters that from ice-packs broke, And leagues of crunching snow; a white frost-fall To plan mosaic for the window pane; Cool marble floors where burning feet might pace; Dawn dews on violets pressed against the face; Round weedy pools where kissing willows fall— Mockeries of fever, born in hospital! —M. Forrest, in the Sydney Bulletin.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Who is the director general of railroads in the United States? 2. What is gamboge and how does it get its name? 3. What is the title of the ruler of Afghanistan? 4. When did the Holy Roman Empire end? 5. What is the capital of South Dakota? 6. How long after the adoption of the constitution was the first amendment passed? 7. Who was the father of Queen Victoria? 8. When was the great Reform Bill passed in England? 9. Who wrote 'It's Never Too Late to Mend'? 10. How many candidates ran against Lincoln for the presidency?

What Do You Know?

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