

Evening Public Ledger

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Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 8, 1922

GOOD-BY, BEIDLEMAN!

ALTHOUGH W. Harry Baker says that there is no truth in the report that Lieutenant Governor Beidleman has dropped out of the race for the governorship, Senator Vare insists that Beidleman has no chance.

The Lieutenant Governor may not have dropped out. That involves veiled on his part. The truth apparently is that he has been dropped out by those whose support is necessary to his success.

The result is the same either way. It is Beidleman's chance.

There are two reasons for it, according to Senator Vare. One is the acceptance of a check for \$5000 in addition to his salary, and the other is the opposition of the women voters.

But it is not likely that much would have been heard of the opposition of the women, if it had not been for the disclosures in this newspaper by Colonel McClain of the generosity of Charles A. Snyder when Auditor General to his friend Beidleman. This disclosure ended both Snyder and Beidleman.

THEY DON'T FRIGHTEN PEPPER

THE way Senator Pepper talks to the men who are threatening to work for his defeat because they do not like his opposition to the Senator is refreshing.

The Senator refuses to be frightened or cowed by reorganization of the Soldiers' Civic League in this State for the purpose of working against the people of the State. He does not wish to remain in Washington, he will stay at home, but so long as he is there he intends to serve his country to the best of his ability.

It is the kind of talk that will justify the confidence of the State in Senator Pepper, and is likely in the outcome to prove that the soundest political wisdom lies in the most courageous loyalty to the public good.

HARDING IS RIGHT

PRESIDENT HARDING is acting in the public business with a full realization of his responsibilities to all the people. He has told Mr. Fordney, of the Ways and Means committee, that the latest plan to issue insurance certificates in payment of the bonus is the worst that has been proposed.

That is what every one else with any knowledge of governmental finance has said. That it should have been seriously proposed by a congressional committee is disheartening. It would not have been proposed, however, if Congress were not approaching an election. The politicians are afraid of the soldier vote as though there were such a political solid.

The service men come from all parties. They are Republicans and Democrats and Socialists and Laborites and Non-Partisan Leaguers. The Democrats are not going to vote for Republicans because the Republicans have favored the bonus. And the Republicans are not going to vote against the candidates of their own party because those candidates have voted or talked against the bonus at the present time. They are intelligent enough to know that the conditions which make it difficult for the Republican Congress to find a way to raise money would make it just as difficult for a Democratic Congress to do so.

Indeed, the Democrats are too slow to go into the campaign with a pledge to tax the country still more heavily in order to raise bonus money. Their campaign will be waged on the issue that the Republicans have not done so.

There are just about as many income taxpayers as there are prospective bonus recipients, and they do not want their other taxes increased.

If Congress can get over its political pique and take a calm view of the situation it will begin to assure some responsibility for the protection of the interests of the whole people that the President has shouldered.

HOW DRY WE AREN'T!

NEW JERSEY has achieved another State Prohibition Enforcement Act, or rather a good start toward one, since Governor Edwards may or may not sign the bill just passed in the Trenton Legislature. In Maryland the Legislature has been manifesting unexpected sympathy for the Volstead principle.

Mr. Davis, Prohibition Director in this State, bubbles with enthusiasm. We shall soon be dry, says he. Meanwhile, however, red liquor seems to be available wherever you inquire for it in the marts of trade, and synthetic gin and moonshine are drugs upon the market to assure some one.

It is no wonder that the License Court in this city is crowded with applicants. Certainly the saloon business seems to be acquiring something of its old power and alignment. Toward applicants for liquor licenses the courts display a more-than-beautiful impartiality.

A suggestion that each seeker after a saloon license be put under oath and required to say whether he ever violated the Volstead law was voted down almost unanimously by the Judges. Yet it is part of the duties of the License Court to determine the fitness of individuals and to refuse licenses to such as are not proved to be law-abiding citizens.

Usually restrained and charitable are some of the milder functions over the head of Prohibition Commissioner Hayes at Washington. The country has been flooded with alcohol which is used in the manufacture of fake whiskey. Denatured for industrial purposes, alcohol is worth about \$1.50 a gallon. In its natural state it will run between \$15 and \$20 a gallon in the market. One gallon of alcohol will make 100 gallons of gin or whiskey.

THE PEPPER POT WOMAN

IT WILL surprise some Philadelphians to learn that "the pepper pot woman" is dead. Memories of the flavorful institution of which she was an isolated survival are fading rapidly.

In most of the residential sections of this community it has been years since the cry of "peppery pot, smoking hot" rang upon the appetizing atmosphere. Children cried for it. Sanitary and hygiene authorities had not yet begun to frown.

Tureens were eagerly attended by delighted customers of odorous white marble. Into the waiting vessels poured the precious mystery.

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THE GREAT PARK OUTRAGE

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"Citizens," cries the Protective Association—and what, after all, is spelling in such a crisis—"exercise your sovereignty!" Historical dates, even the birthday of a nation, are evidently of scant consequence to this high-strung organization, which insists that staging the exposition in the Park would mean "fencing the great outdoors" for the next seven years at least.

But if Mr. Evans is so excited that he imagines the Declaration of Independence to have been signed in 1779, he is perhaps not entirely blameless. Councilmen Gaffney and Van Tegen have been unhampered by facts in describing the horrors of a park-environmental fair. According to their implications, the Centennial of 1876 was never held, or if it did exist its ravages were irreparable. If one is inclined to doubt this let him inspect the West Park today and note the awful devastation.

It is of record that the first turpentine in the United States, between Philadelphia and Lancaster, was viewed as an appalling menace to the welfare of the infant Republic. Less distant is the day when the late Mayor Reyburn trembled lest a threatened increase of traffic on Broad street should militate against a monopoly of that thoroughfare for parades. The distressing thought that the planting of decorative shade trees along Spring Garden street "should spoil the beautiful flag pavement" at one time agitated the minds of a class of Philadelphia who would make spirited members of the Protective Association.

WHO'LL CATCH THE CROOKS THAT CATCH THE UNTERS?

The Authorities Have Been Tolerating a Gambling System That Makes Race Tracks Seem Tame

YOUNG Mr. Unger, who gambled away about \$200,000 of the Evans Institute's money in futile assaults on the stock market under the guidance of Dier & Co., before that firm blew up, was not the first of his kind. He will not be the last. He was what the sharks of the game call a green fish.

He had access to large sums of ready money and no apparent knowledge of the perils that lie in wait for amateurs who stray among Wallingford's in quest of easy money. So he was a find for the touts, "Dier & Co. assigned their best salesman to attend to him," says one of the reports. Yet the firm or its salesman should have known that Unger wasn't using his own money.

Unger worked in a bank. He had a job to hold down and no leisure in which to look personally after his deals. Yet the looting of the Evans Institute's strongbox was continued to the end, even though Dier & Co. were under a cloud for weeks before their failure was announced.

How much of the blame is Unger's and how much of it belongs to the courts, the District Attorney's office and the organizations of legitimate brokers who continue to look rather helplessly at a system of gambling that makes the old-fashioned racing track appear in retrospect like the mildest of tea-and-bridge scrammages?

The crooks in the stock markets and the irrepressible bucket-shoppers seem somehow cleverer than the reputable brokers and far more resourceful than the District Attorney's detectives. At the legal obsequies of defunct stock-jobbing organizations the promoters are the most nonchalant. They wear the best clothes and the easiest smile. A brush with the Court, an action in bankruptcy, the appointment of receivers, a comforting cigarette and your Wallingford walks out to look for new opportunities, leaving ruin and genuine misery in his wake.

It is idle to suppose that the bucket-shops are being brought to an end. They aren't. And when the present storm blows over they will be prosperous once more and, at intervals, one of their victims will blow out his brains or go to jail or run away. Meanwhile, the courts continue to appoint receivers and rest content at that.

It is supposed that only flounders and the small investors—about whose troubles no one seems to worry—are victimized in illegitimate or crooked stock deals. The fact is that all low-salaried men in positions of trust are potential victims of the amazingly energetic bucket-shop or promotion tout who, lying like a Turk, drags with "selling dope," charged like a drug addict with the machine-made efficiency spirit, goes about promising credulous folk certain vast returns on invested money—for a share of the spoils that he takes back to his boss.

Moral responsibility for the looting of the Evans Institute's strongbox lies not on Unger alone, but on the people who cooperated with him informally and helped him to fling \$200,000 to the winds. Why the legal responsibility should not be similarly distributed it is hard for any sensible man to understand.

Not long ago a committee of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange and representatives of the District Attorney's office—including Major Wynne, chief of the county detectives—had a conference to consider a method for a cleaning up in the fringes of the securities brokerage business. Nothing came of it.

There are brokers and bankers who feel that, being honest themselves and the heads of independent institutions, they should not be expected to bother about what goes on in the slums of the speculative system or worry about the feds who get their pockets picked in the shadow of the stock exchange. But brokers who do the legitimate business of the exchanges ought to be as quick to expose and eliminate the quacks as doctors are to expose swindlers of their profession.

Long-continued tolerance of open-air swindling carried on under the pretense of stock transactions will bring the whole investment market under a cloud and, for all you know, under some sort of Government control that may be at once uncomfortable and inconvenient. A few bucket-shoppers and some of the promoters of phantom corporations ought to go to jail. The courts ought to see to this. The District Attorney's office ought to do more than talk.

For two or three years the country has been in an artificially stimulated gambling nightmare. And the present consequences of that craze are not only disagreeable but dangerous to business and to all sound financial interests.

Narrowed Down

The Nebraska Supreme Court has sustained the constitutionality of a law prohibiting the teaching of any foreign language in the public schools. The opinion deplores interference with the right of American parents to have their children taught any language they please. Which would appear to be beside the point. American parents still have that right, in Nebraska as elsewhere, with the added right of having them taught the two-step and the saxophone. The only point at issue was the right of the people to say, however foolishly, through their Legislature, what shall or shall not be taught in the schools supported by the public at large.

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Some Brief Consideration of Sites for the Sesqui-Centennial—Feeling That Younger Blood Should Be Absorbed in the Organizing Board

By SARAH D. LOWRIE

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No doubt even those of Kern Dodge, the engineer who is responsible for the creative part of the plans, are considerably tentative. The so-called Cret plan for the Fairmount site and the Hog Island plan by Philip S. Tyne are mere hand-drawn sketches of what might be, given the money. All are plans that might go down on a stretch of land—given the money and time.

Meanwhile the acreage and the approaches to the sites proposed are as follows:

The Hog Island site, just below League Island Navy Yard, can provide 3000 perfect level acres in a group of frontage and an approach from the center of the city down Broad street.

The Roosevelt boulevard site, above Cottman street, can provide 1000 acres or over, park and part partly wooded, partly open, with the Pennsylvania creek as its water feature and with partly wooded, partly open flat surfaces. Its approach from the center of the city is out North Broad street to the boulevard.

The Fairmount Park and Wissahickon site provides something under 500 acres, a river and a varied surface of woods and parks, rocky hills and meadow lands, and an approach from the center of the city by the Parkway.

The requirements for motors would be over 150 acres, counting 100 motors to an acre, which would allow about 2500 motors and about 75,000 persons per day coming to the site by motor vehicle.

IN 1893, when horse vehicles were in use, the Chicago acreage was 686. In 1915, when motors were in full use, the San Francisco acreage was 685 acres. Under the Cret plan for the Parkway and Fairmount Park the available acreage is a little under 400 acres.

For those who have to "hoof it" the less acreage the better, so that the full amount of horse-drawn traffic can be accommodated. The 3000 will be to think of, especially as it has to be purchased and landscaped and the approaches beautified before a building put on it. Even the 1000 available acres of the Roosevelt plan sound like a gigantic space for human feet to trudge about in to find the sections of the great fair. It would be better to park the motors outside the 370 acres of Fairmount Park and walk to the buildings from the edge of the Park. You would not have to go so far in any case as in the other huge areas.

Besides all that, we have the landscape gardening and the beautifying that one park and walk to the buildings from the edge of the Park. You would not have to go so far in any case as in the other huge areas.

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