

PENNYPACKER'S CRUSADE

Sort of Man Who Seeks to Muzzle Pennsylvania Press.

Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania has brought down upon himself an avalanche of derision by his efforts to muzzle the press in a State which is particularly in need of a strong glare of publicity turned full upon its legislators by day and by night.

It was the late Charles Nelan, cartoonist, who was largely responsible for the Pennypacker press muzzling crusade. The cartoon that the Governor particularly objected to was thus described by Pennypacker in his "apology" for the muzzling act:

"A cartoon in a daily journal of May 2 defines the question with entire precision. An ugly little dwarf, representing the Governor of the commonwealth, stands on a crude stool. The stool is subordinate to and placed alongside of a huge printing press, with wheels as large as those of an ox team, and all so arranged as to give the idea that when the press starts the stool and its occupant will be thrown to the ground.

"Put into words, the cartoon asserts to the world that the press is above the law and greater in strength than the government. No self-respecting people will permit such an attitude to be long maintained. In England, a century ago, the offender would have been drawn and quartered and his head stuck upon a pole without the gates."

Left to himself, Governor Pennypacker probably would retire to his historical home at Schwenksville, Penn., in a house where Washington once put up, and there revel in one of the finest libraries of Americana to be found on this continent. The Governor's hobby is old books, rare engravings, priceless first editions and relics of the Dutch colonists of Pennsylvania. It is probable that no man living knows more concerning these last mentioned settlers than Governor Pennypacker. As an authority on this and kindred topics, as an historian and antiquarian, Governor Pennypacker shines with lustre, and yet so strange a mixture of the intellectual and the childlike is this man's composition that on a recent visit to Reading, after a climb to a mountain resort, he left in the innkeeper's book this impressive verse as an item for his biographer:

Though steep the climb
Though the road be lost
The wine is good
At Kuechler's Roost.

It is certainly odd that the man who wrote "Oasis of Colonial Pennsylvania," which stands practically alone in its field, and who is the author of thirty-seven books and papers that are almost standard works for the historian, should give the world cause to laugh by penning the verses quoted from the innkeeper's register. If Pennypacker would laugh, the world would laugh with him and all would be well, but the trouble is that he refuses to see anything to laugh at in his verse on the wine at Kuechler's Roost, and resents the laughter so much that he would have the privilege of laughing taken away from the press of Pennsylvania.

When asked once to give a reason for his hatred of the newspapers, Governor Pennypacker is quoted as telling the following story:

"Several years ago I attended a performance of 'Richard III.' The company was a good one, and the sympathies of the audience were especially excited by the efforts of the actress who played the role of Lady Anne. Interest naturally was intensified during the course of the scene in which the hypocritical Richard, kneeling at her feet, tells her of his love. The Lady Anne hesitates, and Richard places his sword in her hand and bids her thrust the blade through his bosom if she doubts that his enormities are due to his love for her and a desire to remove the obstacles that separate her from him. The actress seemed as though about to strike, then stopped and looked with an expression of prayerful interrogation toward the gallery.

"Oh, what shall I do? Direct me, heaven!" she wailed. And from heaven the answer came promptly and strenuously in a shrill, boy's voice: "Stick him, missus—stick him!"

"And," continued the Governor, "I have often thought that the voice was that of the press of Pennsylvania."

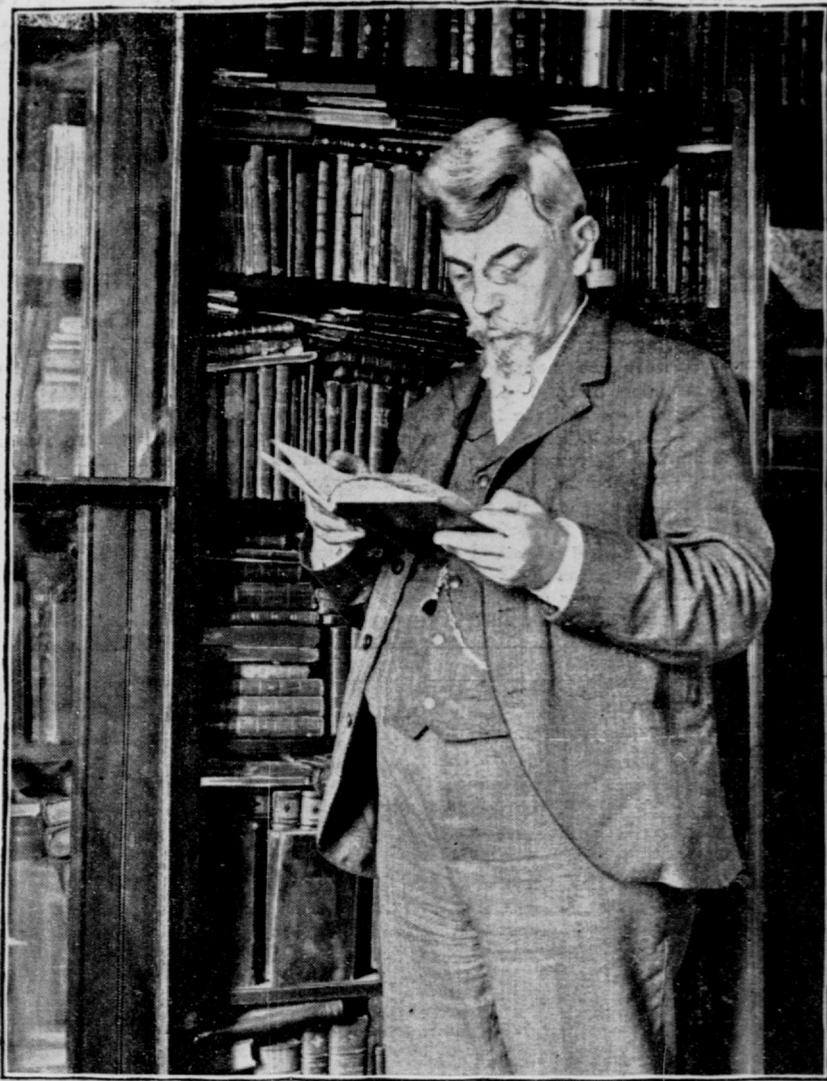
It is not improbable that this story was told by the Governor about the time that the press of Pennsylvania was chortling about an attempt of Pennypacker to secure a relic for the small sum of \$1. A letter written by him to a Pennsylvania farmer offered the latter the sum mentioned in return for "a round stone with a hole in it that is on your land." In some way the letter became newspaper property, and it was divulged that the "round stone with a hole in it" was a relic of the only recorded surrender of Washington, that of Fort Mifflin.

The stone did not come into Pennypacker's possession, and the incident did not sweeten his regard for the press of Pennsylvania.

And yet approach Pennypacker on his hobby, the collection of old books and plates, and he is the most genial and cordial individual imaginable.

STILL THERE.

"Of course," said the tourist, "the wealth of this country about here is in the soil."
"So fur's I'm concerned it is," replied the poor farmer. "I ain't dragged none out of it."
—(Philadelphia Press.



GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER OF PENNSYLVANIA IN HIS LIBRARY. His hobby is the collection of rare books.

PARIS HORSE MEAT.

Continued from fourth page.

ing, making up with the big platefuls of carrots, beans, potatoes, etc., to be had for one penny. The beef at this establishment, by whatever name it is served up, is almost invariably horse beef, but, thickly covered up with sauce of all sorts, it finds an uncomplaining acceptance from the hungry young people, who accompany their meal with unlimited chaff and gossip.

Montparnasse has another specialty besides its spurious "biftecks." At the head of its ill written bills of fare there may be frequently seen "paté de foie gras, 2 cents." This ought to be eaten with more discretion than the beef, for it is compounded of pigs' livers, and the portions are large enough to upset the digestion of an ostrich. The native loves this savory hors d'œuvre and often begins his meal with it. Taken in conjunction with the beef and a very solid rice cake, also very popular in these spheres, it seems to call for the filip provided by the 4-cent cup of black coffee, with a 2-cent dash of kirsch or cognac. This is a typical luncheon in the busy Latin Quarter, and much testimony might be obtained as to its satisfying nature.

At more ambitious restaurants than Larrier's the staple ingredient of the meat soups with which every Frenchman begins his evening meal is horseflesh, so that in one dress or another the six million kilos of horse meat which are sold annually in the meat market of Paris are more ubiquitous than is generally imagined.

C. I. R.

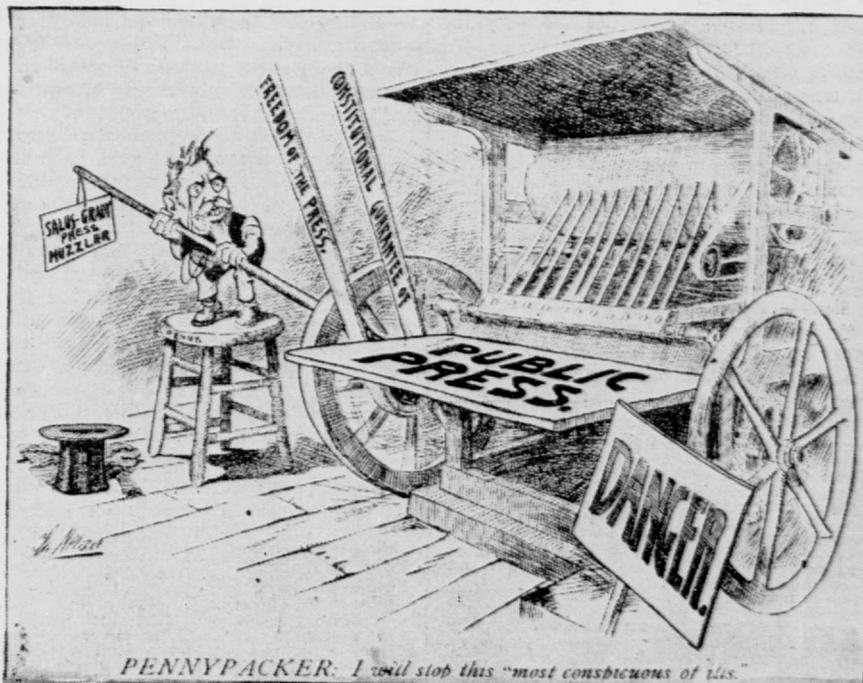
HUGE STATUE OF BUDDHA

Continued from fifth page.

rits of the Buddhists. For the essence of Buddhism consists in the struggle to become like Buddha, to attain his perfection by obedience to his precepts. To do this it is necessary always to have Buddha in mind, and it is for this reason that every city in the Buddhist world is literally crowded with his images. Buddha himself is not deified; potentially every Buddhist may attain his perfection, but only by the eternal imitation of his practice.

But, while statues such as Rangoon's huge colossus are important in Buddhist worship, of even more importance are the relics of Buddha.

It was about the Shoay Dagon that the Burmese made their last fierce fight when the British came to Rangoon. A Venetian traveller of three hundred years ago visiting the Shoay Dagon has left a description of this famous temple, conceding its claim to rivalry with his own Venice, that would serve as a contemporaneous description, and to-day, as in untold centuries past, the Burmese still bring their offerings of flowers and fruit, candles and paper flags to lay before the huge reclining Buddha, whose hands would afford comfortable standing room for four of the worshippers, and whose gigantic face wears the strange, inscrutable expression of calm which is the outward mark of spiritual Buddhism.



PENNYPACKER: I will stop this "most conspicuous of lies."

A CARTOON BY CHARLES NELAN (NOW DEAD) WHICH DID MUCH TO STIR UP PENNYPACKER'S WRATH AGAINST THE PRESS.

DOWN ON OLD NANTUCKET

Relics of Voyages to All Parts of the World in Whaling Days.

One can find something from almost everywhere in quaint old Nantucket, the island off the New England coast which was first settled some forty years after the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. Almost every country, at least every seaboard country that was on the maps at the time when Nantucket sailing ships were the wonder of the world, is represented in the treasures which are preserved to-day in the chests and cabinets of the old families. Some of these importations of the days before the customs officer are of great wealth; in Nantucket they are priceless, for family pride forbids their sale.

In those days when a Nantucket matron wanted silk for a new dress a gallant captain brought it to her from the Orient. Her furs came direct from Russia, her spices from India and her hat from Leghorn direct. This meant many ships, and ships must have records, so Nantucket has perhaps the most interesting collection of ships' logs in America. Some of them are treasured by descendants of the early captains. Others have been collected in the library of the Nantucket Historical Society. All are full of interest.

These logs are mostly in the cramped hands of first mates. Many are the thrilling tales disclosed in briefest, most prosaic outline. The loss of a ship's boat with its complement of men, the boarding of a derelict, a fight with a whale, are all recorded, but given no more prominence or detail than the daily latitude or longitude of the ship.

The logs of whaling ships are particularly interesting. It was the custom for the mate to enter each capture or loss of a whale. In the margin the mate drew a crude picture of the whale, leaving a blank in the centre in which to register the number of barrels of oil obtained. In some of the old logs these entries are made with a die. If the whale got away only the flukes were stamped upon the log book. Ships which were spoken were duly entered in the log, and sometimes the margin showed a drawing, true to life in every nautical detail, at least, even though the sea and background of islands left much to the imagination.

It is said that a ship never returned to Nantucket from a whaling voyage with an empty hold, and that there are documents to prove it. That does not speak very well for a story which is retold to-day by natives of the island. It is of a vessel returning from a three years' cruise after whales. The captain was hailed at the bar by the pilot with a cheering "What luck, Cap'n?"

"Wall, I haven't got any oil, but I've had a mighty good sail!"
"It is a characteristic story, however, for it shows the undaunted spirit of the men who made Nantucket famous."

CAUTION AND CARE.

John Morley, in an address at Pittsburg, urged the American people to use caution and care in their busy lives—to do strenuous things, but to do them with forethought.

"The Scot," said Mr. Morley, "is noted for his forethought."

"A bald Scot, on a visit to London, paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder.

"The very thing for you, my man," he said. "Let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age."

"It is good, eh?" said the Caledonian.
"Good? It's marvellous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, in his dry, cautious way. "Aweel, ye can gie the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

"No," said Meeker, "I never did have any head for mathematics."

"I suppose not," rejoined Bleecker. "I have always understood that even at home you didn't count."
—(Chicago News.

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