

WOULD HELP CITY, BUT DESIRES PAY

“Jim” Pugh Announces His Platform in Fight for the Coatesville Mayoralty

OPPOSED TO FACTIONS

Candidate, Intellectually Honest, Consents to Interview After Some Persuasion

By a Staff Correspondent

COATESVILLE, Pa., Jan. 23.—Meet a modest mayorally candidate, Mr. James G. Pugh. The letters that came to his little cigar store bear the prefix “Hon.” because Mr. Pugh has been in Council and has served as the town’s water commissioner.

It may be said in passing that Mr. Pugh is the first candidate for public office, in the experience of his interviewer, ever to object to an interview.

But the doubting thimblefulness was quickly banished.

Jim Pugh is an honest man. It isn’t only a question of being financially honest; he is a question of being intellectually honest. He says just what he thinks and means.

You ask him: “What is your platform?” He answers:

“Justice for everybody; the salary for need.”

At first there wasn’t going to be any interview. He mistook his caller for a representative of the Coatesville Board, and he “didn’t want to give no interview. I ain’t much on that sort of thing.”

But it didn’t seem so bad when he learned the Evening Ledger and not the Coatesville Record wanted to talk to him, and with a little persuasion from the gallery he consented. The way was led to the rear, where were two pillow-covered swivel chairs placed close to a roll-top desk.

The gallery stayed as it was. It included a laundry collector, a chauffeur, a grandson and several other satellites drinking in the pearls of wisdom.

WHY HE’S RUNNING FOR MAYOR

“Now what is it?” asked Jim. The acquaintance had developed by then.

“Why are you running?”

“Because I want to wipe out this faction business; I want to represent the people, regardless of faction.”

“Well, you support the Rev. Mr. McKinney?” He says he and you stand for the same things.

This perfect bit of innocence touched a storm. Said the candidate:

“Why don’t I support him? Why doesn’t he get out and support me? He said if the right kind of candidate came out he wouldn’t run, didn’t he? Well, I’m out.”

(Silent admiration from the gallery.)

There was a moment of pause, and Jim got up and started for the front of the store.

“Here, I’m not done with you yet,” he was told and returned to the entire audience that he could talk just as well standing up as sitting down.

The laughter and resulting bit of any conversation from the audience listened like a rain from a Theodore Dreiser volume.

There came a telephone ring, and the boy answered it. He brought a whispered message to grandma, who went to the phone.

HUMOR OF TELEPHONE

“Hello, Woody. Yes, he’ll be right down. If he’s ready?”

“Sure he is. He’s got a new pair of garters, and he’s all prepared for winter.”

Having thus established his reputation as a humorist, our candidate returned to the serious business of the interview.

“I represent no faction; there’s no strings to me.”

“Well, can you win?”

“I’m no man for the job, but I’ll run for the office, and I’ll count on 175 votes in my ward and I got 174.”

This was delivered with a “take that” in his mind. Mr. Pugh was told that his ministerial rival intended to support Pugh if beaten at the primaries because Pugh was for decency and Jones and Swing, the candidates, were for graft.

Mr. McKinney, who thought Jones and Swing stood for the rats and gutteriness and barroom politics.

WHAT IS A GUTTERNESS?

“Well, I’ll take a gutteriness as a gut,” said Jim amid applause.

“Say, what is a gutteriness anyhow?” The questioner seemed to need him to define it. There’s the people as need him; decent folk don’t need to preaching.

“A gutteriness is to buy a cigar and interview,” interrupted. The sale is ended, and Mr. Pugh takes up the condition again.

“I say let the majority rule.”

There is a lot to be said for this, but Jim will let her be for McKinney.

“Jones or Swing in case he loses out at the primary, but he won’t let. He is against them all, hates all factions. The fact that McKinney is for Jim cuts no lot; he is certainly not for McKinney.”

“Well, you finally say in desperation, ‘whom do you sympathize with?’

He is up again. “What, me sympathize? I don’t. I quit it. I’m sixty-five now and I sympathize with myself.”

The interview is about to close, though Mr. Pugh is willing to talk all day. But the audience is breaking up; one of the boys has to go down to the “garage,” and there have jobs to do.

“Ain’t much use talking without listeners.”

“Jim, I see you have quite a library here.” There is a stack of Small’s legislative handbooks collected, it seems, from the beginning of time.

“Well, that’s the only chance I have to learn the law.”

You announce that you have everything but the picture. More bashfulness. But the gallery is not quite dispersed and they help persuade. You suggest an auto ride to the photograph gallery, but Jim says no.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PHOTOGRAPH

“I’m not fixed up enough for that,” he says, and there is some justice in his hesitations, for he has his store clothes on, gray trousers, blue sweater-vest, dark coat, paper collar, no time, brand new shoes. But even so he had made an interesting picture.

He is a wiry old man, with lots of life in his sharp blue eyes that are not at all hidden by his rusty old specs, and his gray hair falls shaggy fashion over his forehead. He has a sort of screwed-up face that goes with a man who peers a lot. If one could



JAMES G. PUGH One of Coatesville’s four candidates in the hot mayoralty fight. This picture was taken fifteen years ago when Mr. Pugh won a county fair shoot at Lancaster.

only photograph his name, could have the man. He does upstairs, though, and fetches down the family album. There’s one picture of him, taken fifteen years ago in Lancaster, when he won some county fair shoot. You take it gladly.

The good-by puts one in mind of the atmosphere in Uncle Dave Lewis’ office in the Land Title Building. One of the admirers says, much like one of Uncle Dave’s would, “If you don’t write, what’s right about the old man you’ll ketch it.”

Just what Jim Pugh’s chances at the election are hard to tell, but the other candidates don’t take him very seriously. All the same, Coatesville would be making an interesting experiment if he were chosen. He’d furnish a terrific every morning and he’d give every taxpayer in town the satisfaction of knowing exactly what he’s paying for.

Jim stands four square to all the winds. He hasn’t the presence of one of his rivals, nor the organization of another. The element of another, but he certainly has got all the business’ circuit wrapped up in his small body and big heart. Jim might not look so good from a display point of view, but he is there with the good old-fashioned, reliable sort of Mayor to travel away from home and talk about the home city, but he would do mighty well at home taking care of the job.

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PLAN OF REVISION SHOWN BY LEADERS

Means for Efficient Home Rule Outlined and Explained at Dinner

WOULD LIMIT BOARD

Reduction of Unwieldy Councils and Consolidation of City and County Favored

Vital Changes Proposed to Give Home Rule to City

1. Abolition of archaic, cumbersome Councils of today in favor of one compact chamber of fifteen to twenty-five paid members.
2. Stripping Board of Judges of powers to name Boards of Education and Revision of Taxes and to grant liquor licenses.
3. Election of members of Board of Education, with reduction in size of body.
4. Election of Excise Commission, to have sole authority in license questions.
5. Elimination of raids on city treasury by doing away with mandamases.
6. Saving of \$100,000 yearly to city by dispensing with needless assessors.
7. New system of real estate assessments.
8. Long-term municipal contracts.

Philadelphia, who sat down at the dinner given by the Committee on the Revision of the Philadelphia Charter, left the Bellevue-Stratford with a good understanding of what the plan to change the city charter means.

They learned that careful study of conditions and as a result resulted in efforts that will take tangible form in bills to be soon presented in the Legislature calling for important revisions in the form of city government. From the time Cyrus H. Curtis as temporary chairman opened the meeting until Colonel Sheldon Puffer finished his idea for real home rule for Philadelphia, they listened to one person after another agree to convince them that they should support the movement.

They heard vice-presidents who the charter should be amended. They heard them given in the keen, incisive fashion of Clinton Rogers Woodruff, in the blunt directness of Joseph P. Gaffney, chairman of Councils Finance Committee. In the practical analytical manner of William Draper Lewis and John Winstanley, chief holder of fiscal politics, in the clear explanatory method of Charles L. McKeehan, secretary of the Pennsylvania Bar Association in the smooth, artificial style of Thomas Leaburn White.

From every angle was the question presented to the guests, assembled without regard to any rank, without regard to political distinction. The most invited were there as nonpartisan as the representatives of the people to whom the benefits of the changes in the charter will ultimately reach. There were business men like William Hancock, president of the Licensed Business Men’s Association; E. J. Briel, president of the Walnut Street Business Association and director of the Chamber of Commerce; Sydney B. Clark, secretary of the Convention Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce; District Attorney Botan was there, likewise Attorney Egan was there, likewise Postmaster Thornton, state-wide Republicans like Gaffney, independents like William Draper Lewis. The clergy sent the Right Rev. Thomas J. Warburton.

“The general effect of the proposed legislation,” he said, “is to give to Philadelphia a larger measure of home rule, to simplify the machinery of government and to make it more responsive to the people and to promote efficiency, economy and comfort.”

It was a lesson in municipal efficiency, a lesson that started when John C. Winstanley, chairman of the finance committee, began to outline the proposed legislation.

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“KID” JUSTICE BRINGS WOE TO YOUTHFUL HEART, BUT IS MIGHTY FORCE FOR YOUTHFUL HONESTY



MISS HILDA SMITH

“You Are Banished From the Bryn Mawr Community Center for Seven Days,” Is Doom of Youth Who Knew How to Tell on Himself

THE court was silent. The aged woman felt the pit did not dry very forth the stillness, but something infinitely more impressive told the tale of awesome moments. The stern hand of the law was descending on the head of one Jimmie J. ...

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said the voice that went with the stern hand, “you have returned a verdict of guilty for the prisoner at the bar. You have decided that he was the party who threw the water that made the mark which may now be seen on the wall of the girls’ cooking room. I will now read out justice. The prisoner at the bar will stay out of the Community Center clubroom for the term of seven days.”

“The person who has succeeded in accomplishing such an unheard-of feat—this making a jail of the world, this fencing of paradise into four simple graystone walls, is just an exceedingly young woman, a bronchial one, who lives outdoors and little boys indifferently. She is Miss Hilda Smith and the paradise in question is the Bryn Mawr Community Center, of which she is director, brother, sister or anything else you’d like her to be. The

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