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THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK

WELL, well! These are frank times. Secret archives and even more secret conferences are being exposed everywhere in the high places to the eyes of a dazed but still appreciative world. Governor Brumbaugh and the personal diary from which he is to read presumably crushing records of his intercourse with State Senator Sprout are dimly reminiscent of the tumultuous Bolshevik roaring in the Foreign Office at Petrograd and flaunting the secret treaties of the old government in the light of day.

He began well. If Senator Sprout did embellish with a rasping "damn!" the cause of prohibition, for which he is now flag-waver-in-chief, we will welcome proof of it. The incident has a bright significance. The Senator would seem to be a man of painfully limited vocabulary. No one will pity him in this black hour of his showing up.

But the literary art as it is applied in diaries is a curiously revealing thing. Diaries are a test of personality. They are a temptation. They are the Past, refusing to go away. They are a twilight shelter for a multitude of ghosts, dead things that turn and stir and lift troubled faces and pluck you by the elbow when the pages of their resting place are turned.

Governor Brumbaugh has promised us some diverting days in opening his Little Black Book to the world. For cheers will greet the appearance of that odd bibelot only if it is opened wide, like the gates of the morning or the road to Petrograd.

The awed crowds that foregather to hear just what the Governor said to Senator Sprout when the Senator tossed off that naughty word about prohibition will listen intently for the chief revelations—for the passages in the Little Black Book which must be written somewhere to reveal the origin of that curious ingenuousness which has afflicted Mr. Brumbaugh ever since he went to Harrisburg as Governor. And there will be multitudes waiting for the chapters and records of those lyric afternoons when Mr. Brumbaugh had his trousers pressed three times in quick succession at the expense of the State. When Mr. Brumbaugh declaims from his diary at this point he may set his stuff to music or he may even sing it without any suggestion of unseemliness. They must have been wonderful afternoons, filled with peace and the assurances of well-being.

Did Mr. Brumbaugh, with the natural disposition for words and their effective employment, manage to fight the temptations of the sonnet form when he wrote in the Little Black Book of those chauffeurs whose beauty of soul and charms of manner caused him to endow them with \$5 tips from the contingent fund of his office? We shall see, we shall see! No one has ever been able to learn what the Governor actually thought or felt in such instances since the legislative hubbub that attended the general disclosures last year.

There are pages of the Little Black Book surely in which the name of William H. Smith, former State Banking Commissioner, figures large. When Mr. Brumbaugh reads that part of his diary from the stump he will be listened to eagerly. What was the light that broke upon the Governor when, after Mr. Smith had announced his determination to keep his department clean of politics, Mr. Brumbaugh told him he loved him like a brother and asked the next day for his resignation? The Little Black Book should tell that, too. What discouraged and depressed Dr. Samuel G. Dixon in the last days of his life when, after a long and admirable administration of the State Department of Health, he was crowded and mysteriously harassed until rumors of his resignation became general? And the check for \$1000 sent by Senator George T. Oliver, cashed by Mr. Brumbaugh and never satisfactorily explained? Will the Governor read the complete narrative from the pages of his Little Black Book?

One thing can be said for the Bolsheviks: when they start a thing they finish it. Their initiators cannot afford to do less. A cheerful summer should be in prospect, therefore, for all those who can find time to listen to a stumping Governor.

Admission by the P. R. T. chiefs that their service is "bad" doesn't make the service any better.

SPRING AND GASOLINE

ONE man who had the beginnings of an astute philosopher in him said the average married man usually develops a passionate devotion to a motorcar because he can find in the new contraption one animate thing always ready to obey him. The change from ordinary experience was presumed to be tonic and ineffably cheering. The amateur pundit was probably wrong, since women are even more feverish about motors after they learn the facts. Or it may be that the rule is double acting. One thing only is certain. Gasoline is a scent has replaced the odor of arbutus as the truest and subtlest harbinger of spring. Garage men are more astute appraisers of the odors of the happy change than street piano men used to be when they had the field to themselves.

When a shy man who hasn't been about much appears suddenly at his garage and says "I've got a car," he is usually a man of some consequence.

of magnetos and batteries and primers and the like, the garage man knows what is in the air far away. The phenomenon is common now. The motor owner feels that all Providence is getting the country ready for him. And, if he is a steady-minded man with a steady-minded car, he isn't far wrong. He has the next best thing to wings.

As soon as a candidate is picked some one begins to pick on him.

TRANSIT APOLOGIA

"MANY cars had to be run by green men," is one of the six ways in which Mr. Mitten, of the P. R. T., admitted the deficient transit service which was a menace to public health and comfort and a handicap to public business during the winter.

That accounts for the green cars. But what about the yellow cars on the Fifty-second and Sixtieth streets and other lines—main traveled routes where conditions were the worst?

It is easy to realize that drafting of its employees and priority orders for war work in shops that had contracts for its equipment hampered the system and slackened the service.

It is not easy to understand a total breakdown of any system, that was systematic, at the first test. It is still less easy to condone inefficient service and inadequate rolling stock when preparedness for emergencies was within the company's control.

The navy budget is the biggest in the nation's history. Deservedly. The navy's efficiency in this war has been greater than that of any other department.

CONVENTIONS AS USUAL? OF COURSE

CONVENTIONS as usual are a good thing and Philadelphia is a good place for them. This week we have welcomed the clothing merchants, the greasers and the dairy, food and drug men. Their sessions have meant solutions of many war problems affecting their several activities. The city will be better clothed, fed and apothecaried as a result of their deliberations.

Conventions are a good deal like the quality of mercy. They confer a double blessing. They stimulate those who confer and benefit those among whom they confer. And there is no better place in the United States to hold them than Philadelphia, with its traditional and perennial hospitality. Its historic sites and scenes, its adequate accommodations and conveniences.

Philadelphia's welcome is warm and its heart is big enough for all the conventions there are.

Saving sugar means quicker tasting of the sweets of victory.

FIE ON SUCH FOOD SLACKERS

WE HASTEN to sound a paean in honor of the fifteen officials of the local food administration who fare wholesomely. We have no doubt, but not as gourmets, at the humble noon board, scientifically colorized and legally Hooverized by the expert dietitian who tells housewives how to put war food regulations into the family menus. If we had the barbed satire of the ancient versifier Archilochus we might sing a sarcastical ode that would bring kicking back to the luncheon table the score of officials who have deserted the food squad for more fanciful fare.

All honor to the corn-fed, sugar-saving, fat-conserving fifteen patriots who are men enough to take their own medicine, or at least, if it is not so bitter a dose as that, who smilingly partake of plain food and high thinking. And be on the score of food slackers who are quick to dictate but slow to diet.

The Mayor is back from Atlantic City. Sing, everybody!

IN THE MARKET AGAIN

DEMETRA VAKA, an expert on the Balkan situation, reports in her latest book an interesting conversation with the former chief of staff of the Grecian army about Bulgaria. Here is part of it:

"When did she definitely decide to go to Germany?" "On the day she attacked Serbia." "Do you mean to be humorous?" "I am never humorous. She could have been bought up to the last day." He made a long pause; then added: "We could have bought her."

"Then she was honest when she was parlaying with both parties?" "You mistake the word, madama. She was up for sale, and she was knocked down to the highest bidder."

Now comes the news from Washington that King Ferdinand is understood to have offered to desert Germany and join the Allies if the Allies will guarantee to him possession of those parts of Greece, Rumania and Serbia which are now in the control of his troops.

In brief, now that he has got everything possible from Germany, he is offering himself to the Allies provided they will assure him that he may retain the price paid him when he last put himself on the auction block.

It is not likely that he will find any bidders.

The Far East comes nearer every day.

Why not add an embargo on hemp to the list as a warning to spies?

It begins to seem that the few friends the demon has left are ashamed to acknowledge him.

If U. S. troops ready to attack anything—Headline. Anywhere!

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with olive branch for poster, must think America is after a separate peace.

The Germans have bottled up the Russian fleet in the Baltic, but it remains to be seen if they have put in the cork.

What every one would like to know is why any sort of unrestricted food becomes scarce as soon as it becomes popular.

There are now said to have operated successfully in City Hall. Captain Talcott of the Detective Bureau, had better keep his hand on his watch.

University will be training camp site.

This simply means that there is to be an issue of 250 general orders.

GOV. PENNYPACKER CRITICIZES WILSON

Objected to President's Actions Just Before He Became the Nation's Executive

PENNYPACKER AUTOGRAPHY—No. 102 (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company) JOHN R. BROOKE

JOHN R. BROOKE, who fought at Gettysburg, commanded in Cuba during our war with Spain, who has been the senior major general in the United States Army, called on me, November 26, 1913, together with Major David S. B. Chew, to ask me to try to prevent the memorial erected in Germantown, to commemorate the battle, from being disturbed.

By my appointment he had been a member of the commission which erected the memorial, and had been much talked of for the governorship at the time I was selected. He told me of his trouble and then sat in my office and talked. A large man, weighing perhaps 220 pounds, with gray hair, blue eyes and a double chin, he did pretty much all of the talking and was deliberate with low unemphatic utterance to the point almost of exasperation. He had been in the same class with Dr. Nathan A. Pennypacker in the school at the Trappe. He had been at the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg and had there spoken. In creating the commission, Governor Stuart had asked him to be a subordinate to General Louis Wagner, who was never at Gettysburg at all, and had only commanded a single regiment and was turned out of the commission by Governor Tener, but the general had held too high a rank to be a bob to any kite, and he had declined. He had gone at one time to the office of General Wagner. He entered he stepped on a mat and a bell rang. Wagner yelled at him: "Get off of the mat!"

He turned around on the mat and the bell again rang. "Get off of the mat!" Wagner yelled more loudly. "He probably did not recognize you," I gently suggested.

"It makes no difference who I was," replied the general. "He is no gentleman. I turned on my heel and have had nothing to do with him since." And the general continued:

"The rebels who tried to break up the Government are now in control of it. The Secretary of War has ordered that wherever in the records of his department the word 'Rebellion' is written, it shall be obliterated and the word 'The Civil War' be substituted. It is all due to that fellow Roosevelt, who is disordered but has an infinite capacity for mischief."

WOODROW WILSON

Congress Hall had been restored to its original condition by the City of Philadelphia and was opened October 25, 1913, with ceremonies consisting of addresses, a military parade and a banquet. I had met Mr. Wilson when he delivered an address before the University of Pennsylvania and now was one of the committee to receive him. We met him at the train when he arrived at Broad Street Station, lunched with him at the Bellevue-Stratford and escorted him to the hall where he made an address. He is about five feet nine inches in height, with sparse hair, eyes of no particular color, a clouded skin, lips a little too thick that wobble about and do not fit together well, a smile that lights up his face but suggests that it is a thing of habit, and a body spare almost to the extent of emaciation.

There are certain men whom I have encountered in life, some of them like William Sulzer and Israel Zangwill, who have reached distinction, who give me the impression that through generations of forefathers they have been insufficiently fed. A lack of nutrition, due to poverty or to weakness of the stomach, has affected their bodies and necessarily also their mental action. I have always thought that John Calvin must have belonged to this type. They are generally strong-willed and within certain limits, efficient, but their judgments are never to be trusted, because they are not broad enough to see consequences in their causes. They make such fatal mistakes as burning Michael Servetus to advance the cause of Christianity.

Wilson is a man of this build. While searching his features and contour, I felt that I could understand the character of the man who turned against the forces which elected him to the governorship of New Jersey, who while looking for the presidency asked Andrew Carnegie for a pension, who while Governor of his State abandoned it and went to Bermuda, and who calling the attention of the world to his first serious address to Congress by his personal to deliver it, wrote into it the remarkable figure of speech "an isolated island of jealous power."

His address at Congress Hall had no relation to the occasion and had no value. He was brought into contrast with Champ Clark, round, healthy, jovial, with something of the milk of human kindness in his soul, who also made an address. After it was over and Wilson had slipped away to Swarthmore, I went up to Clark: "How do you do, Governor?" he inquired. "My name is Pennypacker," I said at the same time.

"Oh, I know you very well, and anyhow I could tell you from the caricatures." "You made a good speech," I followed. "I wish to goodness that while you Democrats were electing a President they had elected you."

He laughed and replied: "So do I." I replied: "I should have felt more secure about our national affairs." Then he grew sober.

(Through a mechanical error the name of John Law in Wednesday's installment was printed as George Law.)

Nobody among the men sketched by Governor Pennypacker in the last of his "miniatures" will be E. J. Neeshaw, Walt Whitman and Edna Ross.

WAKES NEW YORKER UP

When the 7:55 train for Philadelphia pulled into the quiet old station at Lancaster on Friday morning a New York drummer who stood waiting to take it smiled a wide and cheerful smile at sound of the conductor's announcement: "Philadelphia train! Gag the first stop."

HOW THE BALTIC GOT ITS NAME

The Baltic Sea, of which we hear so much, is named after the "baltic" (a Baltic) sea which was the name of the sea which was the Baltic Sea.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE



INTERVIEW WITH A VERY SICK DEVIL

By SIMÉON STRUNSKY

An Atlantic Port, March 16. THE attractive young trained nurse said: "Mr. Demon Rum will be glad to speak to you if you don't mind stepping up to his bedroom; he is not very well at present. You understand, of course, that undue excitement of any kind—whereupon I assured her that ever since my return from Petrograd I have made it a practice to walk a block out of my way to avoid excitement, with the result that my reputation as probably the most sedate special correspondent in the profession is established. Alas, how little we can forecast the immediate future!"

I found the patient in his armchair, wrapped in a blanket, his feet in a tub of hot water, and sneezing pitifully. It is a tribute to ancient breeding that even in that unconventional position something of the old aristocratic grace showed in the gesture with which he motioned me to a chair. I expressed the hope that the mustard bath was doing him good.

"Not the least in the world," he said. "I do it for the moral effect and because the nurse insists." "In my own case a stiff dose of whiskey—" I began thoughtfully, but stopped short at the look of pain which flashed across his features. "To what, sir?" I said, scrambling back into my professional aplomb. "Do you attribute the present—unfortunate situation on your western front—the Middle West, the North, the South and the East, with only a ray of light in Albany?"

"It's the women voters, Mr. Sinbad," he exploded; and then, pathetically, "though for the life of me I cannot say why the female of your species should be so dead set against me. It's not all the women, either. The cocktail habit, you are aware, has become quite bisexual. And look at the tea-room! But the majority of the women—yes."

"Do you imagine they are getting even for that trick you played them somewhere in Mesopotamia?" I suggested. "Mesopotamia?" he said blankly. "The Garden of Eden, you know, and the apple."

"Oh, that," he said. "This cold makes me dull, and besides my interests are so extensive and widespread that for a moment Mesopotamia puzzled me. But don't you think that is rather a long time to be nursing a grudge?"

"Well, I don't know," I replied. You remember what was said at that time? I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel. There was no time limit stipulated. In fact, it seemed like a right to a finish."

"AND all on account of a minor practical joke," he complained. "Indeed, Mr. Sinbad, there are two aspects to that incident. At bottom I thought I was doing the woman a favor. Life in that Garden was, well, rather monotonous at times. And you know what men are when they have time hanging heavy on their hands. They trundle Adam to put it plainly, kicked. He complained about the climate, which he said was enervating. He complained about the habit the Numidian lion developed of coming up when Adam was asleep and licking his face affectionately. Particularly he complained about the food. He would come home and say, 'What? Pomgranate soup against?'"

He said he was sick of raw fish. He said that if he had ever had a mother she would never have kept him on an unrelieved diet of breadfruit pudding. Poor Eve was disgraced. With the very best of intentions I suggested that she give him something new for supper. I suggested the tree of knowledge. Where was the harm? You know, when people first began eating strawberries it disagreed with them. He coughed. "This doesn't alter the fact that you are, if you will pardon me, in a bad way," I said. Then in my most diplomatic manner: "What will happen when the end comes?"

"Disaster, that's all," he snapped. "The world is rapidly going to the—pardon me—to the—meridian. Look at Russia! They've abolished vodka, and where are they now?" "True," I said; "if the Russians hadn't given up vodka, they might still have the—"

"But there I had him. "That's just it," I shouted, waving my notebook at him. "The war has done for you because the war has given us an equivalent, a moral equivalent; because you stand in the way of old chap. You might as well make up your mind and say good-by." He threw up his hands and the tears—I assume they were tears, though it might have been the catarrh in the head—streamed down his cheeks.

"Kamerad, Kamerad," he pleaded. "Don't scrub it in. Don't I know it?" But at that moment, "emphatically attractive" trained nurse came in with a telegram. My host took just one glance and revealed the most remarkable instance of rapid convalescence I can record. "He shouted: '68 to 64 in my favor. Or else a moral equivalent.' " "You meant?"

"Mr. Whitman's re-election," he exulted. "SINBAD."

SOCIAL CAMOUFLAGE

When a country goes to the city and runs his legs of trying to land a job as a bookman his home paper likes to announce that he had accepted a position with the—"

DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

A Prose Poem in Praise of It by a True Scotch-Irishman

THERE is in this town a real Scotch-Irish lad. By that we mean a Scot who is good enough to be Irish; with the heart in glory in the merits and the mind to admit the faults of both branches of the Gaelic race. His front name is "Goardie"—what's on his visiting card after that need not enter here.

When the winds from the four quarters of the world meet together in mid-March and go roaring and tearing around in tracks Celtic convention fashion Georgia is by way of being strangely stirred by them. He talks and his talk is full of Irish spirit. So upon this eve of the feast of St. Patrick this is the speech of him:

"The grabby Scot has tried to rob poor old Ireland of the glory of the Fenian Haddis. That is but recent! Beforetimes they have tried to rob her of the Irish potato. That from Antim's shore. To famous Kerr's. From the poor man's store. And credit the name to Chille and Peru. They have even tried to make out of our patriarch, patron and hero, St. Patrick, was a Scot before he sailed up Hantry Bay, sitting staid-legged across on the top of a tree. Celtic convention fashion Georgia is by way of being strangely stirred by them. He talks and his talk is full of Irish spirit. So upon this eve of the feast of St. Patrick this is the speech of him:

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