

This Editor, Unafraid, Starts in to House-Clean Old Ben Franklin's Town--- Our "Model" Quaker City!

But "Poor Richard" Would Gasp, Indeed, to See What City Gangsters Have Done to Scare Off Marlen Pew.

[BY LIVY S. RICHARD.]

Philadelphia, March 12.—What a free newspaper, with a brave editor, can do to arouse a community, and how a gang-system strikes back, are now being most vividly shown in Philadelphia, still "corrupt" in spots, but no longer contented.

The newspaper is the News-Post, only nine months old.

The editor is Marlen E. Pew, a fighter for the common good.

Our story starts in a sordid row in the underworld.

Harry Hartman, fireman, is a heeler of Jim Carey, the "bloody fifth" ward boss for the Penrose-McNichol gang, who is also a city magistrate, with power to fine, imprison or release.

Hartman one night, on the street, beat the woman with whom his brother lived. She fainted. Seventeen-year-old Rose Gower, at a window, saw the woman fall and rushed out with a glass of water. When Hartman started to drag the reviving woman away, Rose screamed. Later Hartman came back, grabbed Rose and ran her to the station house, where she was locked up for the night. Next day Magistrate Jim beat her over in \$200 to keep the peace.

Rose Gower is a respectable girl. The older newspapers in Philadelphia pay little attention to such incidents. Pew featured it.

Pew asked by what right a law-breaking fireman used the machinery of justice to vent audge.

He wanted to know about the brand of justice that Carey represents.

He sketched a few facts in Carey's public career.

Those facts hurt. Carey sued Pew's paper for \$50,000 damages to his "character."

And the fight was on.

It soon developed, of course, that back of Carey was the whole jungle system of capitalized privilege and blackmailed vice.

Pew tore the lid off and called spades spades. For once, said Philadelphia was forced to take notice. The revelations became the talk of the town.

There were threats of daily suits for criminal libel. Pew kept up a galling fire of facts so hot that bluffing would no longer do, and Carey had to sue.

This was how Carey and his gang backers went about it:

Twelve warrants were fixed up in a gang lawyer's office one morning, sworn to before a gang magistrate at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and could easily have been served on Pew at his office before he left it at 5.

Instead, without notice, a constable pulled Pew out of bed at his home at midnight, dragged him four and a half miles across the city and thrust him in a cell amidst groaning drunks. Bail in real estate amounting to \$500 in each warrant was demanded—\$6,000 in all.

This was \$1,000 more bail than was required in the case of Henry Clay, a former gang director of public safety, whom a jury recently convicted of having been in a conspiracy with contractors to defraud the city of \$200,000.

It was nine and one-half hours before friends could be notified, the magistrate located bail supplied and Pew released. All this time Mrs. Pew with two small children, were left alone, newcomers in a strange community.

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cultured young people with money who actually pay for the publication of their verse.

But Mr. John Helston, who has discovered himself recently to Lady Margaret Sackville and Mr. Austin Harrison, is sure to surprise those who know what the real metal sounds like when it is tried. Indeed, the surprise is as great as though the jobbing gardener, or the plumber, or the gas fitter, in the midst of his job, were suddenly to become unearthy with the authentic light of the uplands of Parnassus. Mr. Helston seems to be the rare and indisputable IT.

A Shy, Clever Mechanic.

Mr. Helston, who is 35 years of age, is an engineer's fitter, and takes great pride in his knowledge of the lathe and his ability to adjust delicately turned metals. One would judge him to be a quiet and clever young mechanic, rare only because of his wide and various reading. He has the usual shyness of a really able English mechanic, the usual brief and sardonic comment on affairs, and the evident wish to go to the interview over. When he gains confidence and warmth of a class-conscious democrat—the language of the proletarian concerning established authority after he has been stung. There is not the least glimmer, though, of "the light that never was." One's profound astonishment comes on reading the poet's manuscripts.

His work is reminiscent of Keats,

There is something that brings with it such a fear of death as to wake up in the night with that awful feeling of smothering.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the only remedy that can give prompt relief and effect a complete cure in cases of such severity.

Mrs. Wm. Lee, Uthoff, Ont., writes: "I have taken three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am now well. I had such pains around my heart and such smothering feelings that I thought I would surely die. My head used to be propped up with pillows to keep me from smothering. One day I read in a paper about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and three boxes cured me."

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MARLEN E. PEW (AT LEFT), JIM CAREY (AT TOP) AND "BOSS" McNichol.

So raw was this frame-up that other newspapers broke their accustomed silence. They paraded the facts. They denounced the manner of the arrest. A deluge of protest resulted. Pew's nine and one-half hours in jail promised to end in a revolution. Already things have happened:

One of Pew's charges against Carey was that he had paid \$25 to a henchman named Boyd, a juror sitting in a street railway damage case, to "hang" the jury. Jury-fixing in behalf of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, a corporation long the football of politicians and now Morganized, but still

charging 8-cent fare if you get a transfer, has been a gang specialty, known of all but never punished. Boyd's confession, sworn to, had been placed before District Attorney Rotan, a Penrose-McNichol creation, and he had refused to move, claiming of limitations. But Pew's arrest and the stir it made caused the bar association to take the matter up and it is now going through the motions of a probing. If it fails to act, the play of publicity will continue. For Pew is determined that this rich corporation, which is one of the cankers of Philadelphia's corruption, shall be brought to book. It has never had a fearless editor on its trail before. Pew's paper is the first to hit straight and hard at the big grafters highest up. His courage is inspiring others.

Another result is a real movement to do away with the present magistrate system and substitute a municipal court. Philadelphia has 23 magistrates. Anybody on the inside will charge that no more than three of them are fit to sit. The others are grafters, in league with the wolves and rats who make up the Penrose-McNichol machine. The shaking down of this triple line and through the tangle of fortified houses, each gilded with rifle pits and plentifully loopholed from foundation to roof, might well have damped the courage of the British. It was a prospect well calculated to cool the ardor of the bravest men.

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