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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 7

JUDGE KUNKEL'S CANDIDACY

IT must have been with a feeling of gratification that the people of Dauphin county learned last night that George Kunkel, president judge of the courts of this district, had consented to be a candidate for the Supreme Court in response to the request of the lawyers of the Dauphin bar without regard to political affiliations. Judge Kunkel so strongly typifies what the people of this county expect of a judge that the support that will be given to him will be virtually unanimous. The Judge has the friendship of every man in the county worth having and his candidacy will be a matter of local pride.

Under the nonpartisan judicial election act, the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes will be placed upon the ballot for the November election, providing one candidate does not receive over 50 per cent. of the votes cast at the primary, in which event his shall be the only name placed on the ballot. Last Fall the people of Dauphin county renominated and re-elected George Kunkel judge of this county without a vote in opposition, a tribute to the magnificent record he made upon the bench in his first term of ten years. It would be to the credit of Pennsylvania if its voters should place Kunkel's name alone on the ballot.

It is not worth while to remark upon the knowledge, courage and judicial poise of this man born and reared in our midst. They are known from one end of the State to the other, appreciated by thousands of lawyers in Pennsylvania who have practiced in the courts of this county or by reason of their study of the decisions of our court which have been sustained in a measure almost unparalleled in the records of the State. When it is stated that in addition to these strong reasons. Judge Kunkel has had an experience in State cases, taxation and others, not possessed by anyone else; that he is an authority on ballot laws and knows the processes of lawmaking from service in the legislative halls, the presentation of cases both as district attorney and as defender, and is swayed by nothing but his own conscience, he stands pre-eminent even among the able men mentioned for the Supreme Court this year.

If "Spug" meant Society for the Prevention of Useless Grouches, who wouldn't join?

GENERAL TERRAZAS

ONE of the most pathetic figures in the world to-day is that of General Louis Terrazas, once the richest man in Mexico, now a tottering, enfeebled, poverty-stricken fugitive from his native land, pleading pitifully for the life of his son, held prisoner by Villa for a sum the father cannot pay.

Terrazas' fate symbolizes the reign of terror in Mexico. We, north of the Rio Grande, with our long inherited Anglo-Saxon respect for law and order, cannot imagine the conditions that prevail just across the line from Texas. Some day the literature of the Mexican revolution will be written and the bloodiest days of its French counterpart will furnish no redder chapters. It is only in such glaring instances as that of Terrazas and his family that we obtain a glimpse of the ruthlessness of the bloodthirsty bandits who for their own selfish purposes, behind the mask of liberty, are laying waste all Mexico.

There was a time when the name Terrazas meant the possession of practically the entire State of Chihuahua, aside from the fact that General Terrazas was its Governor and autocrat. His estate was valued at more than $500,000,000, because his family and those of the Maderos and the Creels owned nearly all of Northern Mexico, with Terrazas by far the chief proprietor. Over his 8,000,000 acres ranged herds of the finest cattle and sheep, with an army of more than 2,000 cowboys and riders to guard them. His "ranch house" cost more than $1,500,000 and was a palace capable of accommodating 500 guests.

Naturally, when the present revolution shook Mexico the eyes and grasping hands of the revolutionists turned to the vast Terrazas fortune which other revolutions had already undermined. As far back as 1912 the downfall of the great house of Terrazas had practically been accomplished, and in that year the aged general fled to Los Angeles. His estate had been confiscated and whatever money he had was said to have been taken by him in gold when he made his escape. Owing to the haste with which he had to leave and what little the revolutionists had left him, this could not have been a very large amount—a mere pittance of the vast wealth he had controlled.

It was during the thirty-six years of the rule of Diaz that General Terrazas was able, as the right hand of the dictator, to amass his vast wealth and to make himself a power in the northern part of the country.

But so bereft has the old man been of both wealth and power that he has been unable until now even to treat with General Francisco Villa in the matter of the ransom the latter demanded as the price of his son's life and liberty. For months young Don Luis has been a captive and subjected to all sorts of torture to wring the ransom from his father, or at least an inkling of the hiding place of some of the money the old man was thought to have saved from the wreck of his fortune.

Possibly Terrazas wrung his fortune from an oppressed people. At least in return he guaranteed that people protection and peace, whereas those who have succeeded him know no limit to ravage and rapine, and they have laid his rich and prosperous acres in waste and have scattered his retainers and have slaughtered his herds. Terrazas was at all events a builder, a constructionist. Villa is a looter, a destroyer. Freedom never fights her battles in the garb of a butcher or a bandit, and the wrongs the Mexican revolutionists have done to Terrazas and hundreds of others in northern Mexico will be visited upon their own heads. History is replete with tyrants—and headsmen.

A Norristown jury has decided that it is not "spooning" for a young man to sit on a girl's lap if he does so for the express purpose of keeping his immaculate white trousers clean. But how can a jury decide when this is the "express purpose" of the young man.

WORMLEYSBURG'S ENTERPRISE

WORMLEYSBURG will have Harrisburg's best wishes in its efforts looking toward the erection of a suitable town hall. It is to be hoped that the little town across the river will not have to wait as long as Harrisburg has for suitable quarters for its municipal government. Its residents are apparently much more interested in the enterprise than Harrisburg is in the frequently discussed project of uniting the city and the county offices under one roof on the site of the Courthouse. It is not pleasant to think that they have a greater pride in their town, but the suspicion arises that they do have.

The fire company of Wormleysburg has shown its own public spirit by taking the lead, offering from its own treasury the sum of $500 toward the proposed building, with the understanding that it shall have quarters on the first floor. Residents of the town have agreed to assist in the enterprise as soon as the borough is assured of clear title to the site in mind, a minor technicality to be settled by the courts. The success of the enterprise seems assured.

The proposed improvement is in line with the spirit manifested by Wormleysburg along other lines of endeavor in recent years. From a mere collection of houses facing unkempt highways the borough has become one of the best kept, cleanest and most prosperous looking of Harrisburg's many suburbs.

AGAIN, THE FLY

WEATHER conditions are anything but summer-like, but while old winter is still doing his best to make us believe that Pennsylvania has been transported suddenly to the latitude of Alaska, the committee on sanitary affairs of the Merchants' Association of New York is sending broadcast over the country the first of its anti-fly campaign bulletins. With the snow a foot deep on the ground the well-known swat-the-fly slogan is raised with undiminished energy.

"Flies cost the United States annually $350,000,000," says the bulletin, which, by the way, fails to quote authority for its figures. But let that go and listen to this as a harbinger of Spring: "The present is the time to kill flies, before the weather becomes warm and the 'hold-overs' begin to propagate. One fly now means innumerable millions later on."

The author of the bulletin is strong on figures. Higher mathematics and the mysteries of Calculus have no terrors for him. Read for yourself:

A single fly is capable of depositing 150 eggs at one time, and of producing five or six batches during its short life.

The progeny of a single pair of flies, assuming that they all live, if pressed together at the end of the summer, would occupy a space of over 14,000,000 cubic feet.

This would be equivalent to a building as large as the Woolworth Building.

These figures show the incalculable possibilities of a single fly and how vital it is to destroy the winter flies.

Don't think because the flies do not annoy you now that they should not be "swatted;" now is when "swatting" is most effective.

Perhaps we may pause a moment before accepting these figures at their face value, but when we consider that one fly may be responsible for a half-dozen cases of typhoid and that no baby, or adult either, is safe where a fly exists, the excuse for swatting both early and late is plainly evident. We in Harrisburg enlist. Bring on your flies. And the fewer the hairs on our venerable gray heads the more enthusiastically and frequently will we swat.

The country displays strong symptoms of having been kicked by a mule. Democratic.

EVENING CHAT

The curious requests made of the Department of the Secretary of the Commonwealth have lately been increased by a number of letters from persons aspiring to become detectives, who write for information as to the method of securing licenses, but the banner letter was received yesterday from Washington. This letter was addressed to William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, by a resident of the upper end of York county who requested that the Secretary send him some books on how to learn to be a detective. He stated that he had been working on some cases in his neighborhood and desired further information, especially about securing a license. Many of the letters received at the Capitol come from people who want State licenses as detectives and there has been such a notable increase in their number recently that officials are wondering as to the cause. The applicants are informed that the granting of licenses to detectives is in the hands of the courts of common pleas in each county.

Judge Kunkel is the first candidate Dauphin county has had for the Supreme Court bench in many years, although Judges Simonton and McPherson were mentioned for the honor at one time or another, but their candidacy not pushed the way the members of the bar and the people of the county have put forward. This county, in spite of the importance of the State cases tried in its courts, which are constantly growing in number and scope, has not been represented on the Supreme bench.

Prominent among visitors to the city yesterday was Burd Patterson, secretary of the Western Historical Society, of Pittsburgh, who came here to attend to some matters at the Capitol. He was the guest of the Rev. Dr. M. D. Lichleiter, one of the vice-presidents of the State Federation of Historical Societies, who escorted him about the city.

Some of the fruits being sold about the city are not only remarkable for their cost, but for the fact that they are here at all. The fruits include peaches and pears and come from far away sunny climes, wrapped up as carefully as though they were babies. They are brought in refrigerated ships and cars and packed in boxes that are specially prepared.

The retirement of Miss Buelah Kennard from the Pittsburgh Board of Education to engage in work in New York City will take away a prominent figure at educational and women's meetings and at the same time deprive the State of the services of an unusually gifted woman. She is about to make her home in Manhattan.

The Harrisburg Pipe & Pipe Bending Company is the second concern to place a large order for pig iron for delivery during the second quarter of the year, the Central having placed its order some time ago. The pipe company has ordered 2,500 tons from eastern makers. It appears that iron can be bought from the furnaces in the eastern part of the State cheaper than it can be produced along the banks of the Susquehanna.

According to a general belief of country people in the city for market to-day, 1914 will be a good year for fruit. As a result of the snow of yesterday, they contend, the trees will be laden with apples, peaches, pears, cherries and similar crops to an extent unknown in recent years. When a March snow clings to the branches as that which fell yesterday and last night did, an old weather adage has it the signs are all for an abundant yield. The weather man says he knows not whence the belief came, how it originated or how much of truth there may be in it, but certainly so far as the weather bureau is concerned there is no scientific basis for it. "My father told me always to watch the last snow of any depth in March," said a Shiremanstown man yesterday afternoon, "and if it clings to the branches of the trees to look out for a heavy crop of fruits and nuts of all kinds. I myself have observed that this is true. This seems to me to be about the last chance of a heavy snow this Spring and I am basing my guess on it."

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

—Major John C. Groome has been elected to membership on the international committee on polo contests.

—Henry C. Frick is reported interested in the big new hotel to be erected in Pittsburgh.

—Dr. A. A. Cairns, the Philadelphia health officer, personally directs the wholesale vaccinations that have been going on in that city.

—Colonel Louis A. Watres still maintains his interest in the Thirteenth Regiment at Scranton and attends many of its drills.

—S. C. Long, general manager of the Pennsylvania, has been elected head of the Lafayette alumni.

—A. G. C. Smith, the Delaware county school superintendent, was married the other day at the age of 80.

WHAT THE BLIND DREAM

Of what do blind men dream, who never saw
The beauty, light and glory of God's day;
Who entered life, despite of Nature's law,
Destined to darkness all the weary way?

I asked one, and his face shone with delight:
His dreams were ever of an angel choir
And organ music that to heaven invite
To realize dear hopes and soul-desire.

In dreams he felt the touch of hands he knew,
Gentle caresses he had learned to love,
And heard words spoken beautiful and true—
His blindness he was never conscious of—

Around him were the fragrances of flowers,
Though he ne'er saw their beauty, grace and hue;
A moment's dream would seem like joy for hours,
Nor mourned he for the sense he never knew.

No vision could disturb him as he slept,
Nor sight of suffering. So was nature kind,
Thus giving compensation, though she kept
Her face of loveliness turned from the blind.

In the hereafter, when the grand surprise
Of glory-light gives us new power to see,
We'll gaze on all with new, unclouded eyes,
And know that we on earth were blind as he.

—George Birdseye in The Christian Herald.

AN EVENING THOUGHT

Charge once more then and be dumb,
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!
—Matthew Arnold.

SPEAKER ALTER IS NOT A CANDIDATE

Says That He Will Not Enter the Contest For Republican Gubernatorial Job

GIVES HIS PERSONAL REASON

Brumm Will Enter the Race For the Bull Moosers Nomination Very Speedily

Speaker George E. Alter, of the State House of Representatives, last night announced in Pittsburgh that he would not be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. The speaker said that personal reasons impelled him to this decision, but he intimates pretty strongly that he intends to continue in politics, but is not now a candidate for anything.

The speaker's announcement has been awaited with much interest as he has many friends in this community, who would have been glad to take off their coats in his behalf.

In his statement the speaker says: "It is well known to my friends who have talked to me about the matter that the suggestion of my being a candidate for governor at the coming election has never appealed strongly to me. I have now decided definitely that I will not be a candidate. The very strong tenders of support which come to me have been extremely gratifying and many of my friends have suggested reasons for my candidacy, to all of which I have listened and given full consideration, but I cannot agree to be a candidate at this time. Reasons of a personal nature, apart from public or political considerations, have all along weighed against the thought of my candidacy and mainly control this final decision. I have deferred this announcement because of my reluctance to disappoint some of my friends who have been most kind in their advocacy of my candidacy and who insisted on my giving the question further consideration.

"While about it I might as well say that I am not a candidate for anything. I have always advocated the duty of taking an active part in political affairs, and shall continue to take such a part, but continuous holding of public office is not essential to public usefulness."

To Contest Control of the Machine

Judging from appearances, the mikeryans are going to make a contest with the reo-gangsters for control of the Democratic State committee at the coming primary and in addition to the fight over the nomination for Governor the opponents of the bosses will face a fight all along the line. Five hundred nominating petitions have been taken out for State committeemen by the faction opposed to the reo-bosses and they will be filed in due season, say the leaders of the other crowd. In addition it is said that a candidate to oppose A. Mitchell Palmer for the senatorial nomination is to be uncovered and men will be named to oppose the slating of Creasy for Lieutenant-Governor, Mechling for Secretary of Internal Affairs and Bright and the rest of the Jersey slate for the congressional posts.

Bull Moosers Split Over the Slating

According to information from Philadelphia, nominating petitions in behalf of Judge C. N. Brumm for the Washington party nomination for Governor will be started out within a few days by friends of the Schuylkill judge and around him will rally all of those opposed to the Flinn-Van Valkenburg domination of the remnants of the organization. State Chairman A. Nevin Detrich is now sitting as chairman at Philadelphia and is making a valiant effort to keep up courage by whistling and slamming Penrose. There are so many inside fights in the Bull Moose organization that it is almost in the same class as the faction-rent Democracy of Pennsylvania.

Brumbaugh Favorable to Option

The Philadelphia Ledger says today: "Superintendent Brumbaugh, whose candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination will be announced next week, will declare in favor of local option. This was clearly indicated yesterday when friends said that 'Dr. Brumbaugh will be sky high and true blue on every moral question.' Further impetus to the Brumbaugh boom was received yesterday when friends of the 'schoolmaster,' attorneys in Blair and Cambria counties, came here to call upon him and to offer their support. These friends were J. Banks Kurtz, a former school teacher and an ex-district attorney of Altoona, Blair county, and J. W. Leech, of Ebensburg, an ex-superintendent of schools of Cambria county and an ex-district attorney. They came to the city to tell Dr. Brumbaugh that the people of their counties, regardless of party ties, were 'for him for Governor'."

POLITICAL SIDELIGHTS

—Market Square will learn in a few days that Judge Kunkel is a candidate.

—Being sure that the executive committee will not get away, the bosses have decided to have the members meet to pass on the typewritten draft of rules.

—Nevin Detrich always could be depended upon for the unique in politics.

—Eugene Bonniwell's name is not mentioned in certain buildings in Market Square.

—Dr. Brumbaugh's announcement is expected within a few days.

—The Democratic executive committee will meet here Thursday to arrange for life-saving appliances.

—Various men are now being "suggested" and "mentioned" for nominations by the reorganization papers and bosses. Extension of the Jersey slate making was too raw even for the Palmer people to stand for.

—Judge Bonniwell's remarks have started a lot of talk all over the State and the fact that there is no denial is being commented upon.

—J. Benjamin Dimmick in a statement issued last night expressed regret that Speaker Alter did not see his way clear to stand for Governor.

—R. L. Emerick has been elected chairman of the Indiana county Prohibitionists.

—A. C. Stein, one of the ablest of the younger members of the last House, will be a candidate for renomination in Pittsburgh.

A LITTLE NONSENSE

She heard her father talking about a new sanitary law, and for her part she thought it was the insane who most need legal protection.

HARD LUCK!

By Wing Dinger

Four salesmen to-day sat together
In hotel chairs covered with leather,
They were gloomy and sad,
And said, "Gee, it's too bad
That we've got to have this kind of weather."

The one chap sells bathing suits trim,
And I really felt sorry for him,
When he said, "I should worry,
For every snow flurry
Makes my chances look very dim."

The next chap had his troubles, too,
He sells waists that are real peek-a-boo.
He said, "If the women
Right now won't go swimmin',
With my stuff what is there to do?"

Another who on the trade calls
With a line of select parasols,
Said, "You'd better go aisy
With me for I'm crazy
From seeing so many snowfalls."

The other chap sells little guards,
To place about flowers in yards.
He asked of the bunch,
"How is this for a hunch,
Let's go up to my room and play cards."

Later on still another strolled in,
On his face was an ear-to-ear grin.
He said, "I can't lose,
For I sell overshoes,
Whatever the season we're in."

NEWS DISPATCHES OF THE CIVIL WAR

[From the Telegraph of March 7, 1864.]

Destroys Railroad

New York, March 6. — Forty-six miles of the Ohio and Mobile Railroad were destroyed gy General Sherman. The Southern road was also destroyed from Meridian to Jackson. Forty-eight hundred negroes were carried off.

Rebels Burn Town

New York, March 6. — An extensive fire occurred at Pensacola on the 19th ult. The town is believed to have been destroyed by the rebels, under the impression that our forces designed to occupy it soon.

MY ALLEGHENY HOME

Though far away from childhood's home I've wandered,
Yet oftentimes in dreams I seem to be
With loved ones roaming through the flowery meadows,
Or seeking laurel for the Christmas tree.
Oh, happy home, beside the Allegheny,
In stilly watches of the night I hear
The sweet duet of wind and wave together,
Then early call of barnyard chanticleer.

And oh! the sweet spice-laden mountain zephyrs
That floated in through windows open wide,
While insects' drowsy hum was quickly silenced,
By mocking bird perched in the tree outside
My happy home beside the Allegheny.
I'd give the wealth of air and boundless deep
To see once more the full moon sailing o'er thee,
And far below the Juniata sweep.

The blazing pine knots sinking low and lower,
The chestnuts roasting in the fireplace tall;
Our father in his arm chair gently dozing,
His shadow silhouetted on the wall.
Dear, happy home beside the Allegheny.
At morn, and noon, and eventide I yearn
For forms at rest and voices that are silent,
And halcyon days that never can return.

JENNIE M. BUCKLEY,
Delphi, Indiana.

"When I married you," said Mrs. Naggers, "I thought to reform you."
"Yes," answered the husband, "and like a number of reformers you seized the first opportunity to become a boss."
—Kansas City Star.

IN HARRISBURG FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY

[From the Telegraph of March 7, 1864.]

To Build Fire House

Proposals will be received until the 10th inst., for the erection and completion of a two-story brick engine house for the Paxton Fire Company. Plans, etc., can be seen at Daniel E. Wilt's lumber office, foot of Second street.

The Rev. Mr. Gans Resigns

The Rev. D. Gans has tendered his resignation as pastor of the German Reformed Church in this city.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Better See Him Personally

[From the Albany Journal.]

You can't tell how brave a man is by the way he talks at a telephone.

Just Like Mr. Hawthorne

[From the Washington Post.]

It would be just like Bandit Castillo, who burned helpless railway passengers in a tunnel, to complain to the warden about the ventilation of his cell.

Time For Him to Come to Bat

[From the Milwaukee Journal.]

Chicago is complaining of a ballot so long it is a Chinese puzzle to the voter who has anything else to do in life. If we are not mistaken, this class of voter is about due for an inning.

Maybe He Calls It Situation

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"Mexican muddle" has thirteen letters, and yet President Wilson says that's his lucky number.