

POLITICAL ADVERTISING POLITICAL ADVERTISING

# An Open Letter to the Public

In issuing his campaign literature as a candidate for the House of Representatives, one of the candidates for this office from the City District, has accused me of taking a fling at the Holy Bible, as he terms it, during the last session of the Legislature. I feel that in justice to myself I should present this accusation and explain my position to the public in reference to this matter.

During the session of the Legislature of 1913, being at that time by your grace a member of the lower House from the City District, a bill was introduced in that body, providing that every Public School Teacher throughout the State be compelled to read ten verses from the Bible each morning without comment, no provision being made therein as to what Bible or what portion of the Bible should be read, leaving it optional with the teacher of each class to read that version of the Bible that appealed to his or her particular religious belief. Many addresses were made during the deliberation against the Bill on this account. It was argued that in view of the fact that all the different religious sects being represented in a public school that the reading of a certain version of the Bible by the teacher would cause religious dissension among the parents of the children believing in another version of the Good Book. Our forefathers in forming the Constitution of these United States in their wisdom, provided that every man shall have the right to worship the Lord according to the dictates of his own conscience. As the public schools are public property, maintained at the expense of all the people irrespective of creed or sect, it was contended that certain portions of the Bible, that do not conflict with the religious belief of the various creeds represented in the public schools, should be designated in the measure that it was un-American and unfair in the shape in which it was presented. This argument appealed to me to be just. I have always been a firm believer in

the injunction of the Master who said "render ye unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." At the time Christ uttered these words Caesar was the State and I believed that he had in mind the separation of Church and State. The public schools being a thing of the State I believed it to be best that nothing of a sectarian nature should enter into them, excepting the reading of the Lord's Prayer, the Psalms or the Proverbs. In casting my vote against the Bill as it stood, I had absolutely no thought of discrediting the Good Book. On the contrary I have the highest regard for the same, and I try hard to live up to its precepts. I believe that when the Bible is read or taught it should be done with the reverence due to the Good Book in the proper place, the Home, the Church and the Sunday School, and that to the youth in particular it should be thoroughly explained. I might say that I am a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, the Loyal Order of the Moose and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the basic principle of each being the Holy Bible. I would surely be an inconsistent member if I failed to accept its precepts. Marcus Antonius in opening his address over the body of Caesar, said, "the evil that men do lives after them; the good often is interred with their bones." So it appears to be with all public men, their many good deeds are easily forgotten and their errors are charged against them with interest.

In conclusion I might call the attention of my detractors to a quotation from St. Paul who said, "though I speak with the tongues of Men and of Angels and I have not charity I am like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Respectfully yours,

Augustus Wildman

## Commissions Need More Time to Work Out Great Problems

Members of the State Engineers' Commission, which was named to consider provisions of a proposed code for licensing of engineers engaged in constructing or operating hazardous works, will take up consideration of the testimony secured at the hearings recently held in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg and determine whether to ask an extension of the time for reporting. Under the terms of the act creating the commission the report was to have been submitted to the Governor this Fall, but so many matters have arisen in the investigation of the problem that additional time may be asked of the Legislature.

The State Commission to draft a building code, which was given an extension of time to complete its work by the assembly of 1913, will shortly

submit its report. This commission plans to issue drafts of its proposed act and to invite constructive criticism. The code will govern the erection of many types of buildings throughout the State and is declared by E. A. Weimer, of Lebanon, the chairman, to be the most complete of the kind in the country. Particular attention has been paid to safety, fire risks and health protection.

## Japanese Bombard Forts at Tsing Tau

Tokio, Oct. 31, 2:30 P. M.—The navy department announces that the Japanese squadron, assisted by English warships and masked by a mist, approached and vigorously and effectively bombarded the forts at Tsing-Tau on October 29. Some of the defense works were destroyed and on the next day the bombardment was repeated. Only the Kaiser's northeast fort replied to the bombardment. The funnel of a gunboat was shattered by the Japanese shells.

# THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued)

"We have...ment, a new premier," he said. "The old premier was killed by a shot from a crowd that he was addressing from the balcony of the palace. After this, the capital became quieter. As we get in touch with the divisions, we find the army in better shape than we had feared it would be. There is a recovery of spirit, owing to our being on our own soil."

"Yes," replied Westerling, drowning in their stares and grasping at a straw. "Only a panic, as I said. If—his voice rising hoarsely and catching in rage."

"We have a new government, a new premier!" Turcas repeated, with firm, methodical politeness. Westerling looking from one fact to another with filmy eyes, lowered them before Bouchard. "There's a room ready for Your Excellency upstairs," Turcas continued. "The orderly will show you the way."

Now Westerling grasped the fact that he was no longer chief of staff. He drew himself up in a desperate attempt at dignity; the staff saluted again, and, uncertainly, he followed the orderly, with the aide and valet still in loyal attendance.

Two figures were in the doorway: a heavy-set market woman with a fringe of down on her lip and a cadaverous, tidily dressed old man, who might have been a superannuated schoolmaster, with a bronze cross won in the war of forty years ago on his breast and his eyes burning with the youthful fire of Grandfather Fragin's.

"They got the premier in the capital. We've come for Westerling! We want to know what he did with our sons!" We want to know why he was beaten!" cried the market woman.

"Yes," said the veteran. "We want him to explain his lies. Why did he keep the truth from us? We were ready to fight, but not to be treated like babies. This is the twentieth century!"

"We want Westerling! Tell Westerling to come out!" rose impatient shouts behind the two figures in the doorway.

"You are sure that he has one?" whispered Turcas to Westerling's aide.

"Yes," was the choking answer—"yes. It is better than that—with a glance toward the mob. "I left my own on the table."

"We can't save him! We shall have to let them—"

Turcas's voice was drowned by a great roar of cries, with no word except "Westerling!" distinguishable, that pierced every crack of the house. A wave of movement starting from the rear drove the veteran and the market woman and a dozen others through the doorway toward the stairs. Then the sound of a shot was heard overhead.

"The man you seek is dead!" said Turcas, stepping in front of the crowd his features unrelenting in authority. "Now, go back to your work and leave us to ours."

"I understand, sir," said the veteran. "We've no argument with you."

"Yes!" agreed the market woman. "But if you ever leave this range alive we shall have one. So, you stay!"

Looking at the bronze cross on the veteran's faded coat, the staff saluted; for the cross, though it were hung on rags, wherever it went was entitled

by custom to the salute of officers and "present arms" by sentries.

After Lanstron's announcement to the Brown staff of his decision not to cross the frontier, there was a restless movement in the chairs around the table, and the grimaces on most of the faces were those with which a practical man regards a Utopian proposal. The vice-chief was drumming on the table edge and looking steadily at a point in front of his fingers. If Lanstron resigned he became chief.

"Partow might have this dream before he won, but would he now?" asked the vice-chief. "No. He would go on!"

"Yes," said another officer. "The world will ridicule the suggestion; our people will overwhelm us with their anger. The Grays will take it for a sign of weakness."

"Not if we put the situation rightly to them," answered Lanstron. "Not if we go to them as brave adversary to brave adversary, in a fair spirit."

"We can—we shall take the range!" the vice-chief went on in a burst of rigid conviction when he saw that opinion was with him. "Nothing can stop this army now!" He struck the table edge with his fist, his shoulders stiffening.

"Please—please, don't!" implored Marta softly. "It sounds so like Westerling!"

The vice-chief started as if he had received a sharp pin-prick. His shoulders unconsciously relaxed. He began a fresh study of a certain point on the table top. Lanstron, looking first at one and then at another, spoke again, his words as measured as they ever had been in military discussion and eloquent. He began outlining his own message which would go with Partow's to the premier, to the nation, to every regiment of the Browns, to the Grays, to the world. He set forth why the Browns, after tasting the courage of the Grays, should realize that they could not take their range. Partow had not taught him to put himself in other men's places in vain. The boy who had kept up his friendship with engine drivers after he was an officer knew how to sink the plummet into human emotions. He reminded the Brown soldiers that there had been a providential answer to the call of "God with us!" he reminded the people of the lives that would be lost to no end but to engender hatred; he begged the army and the people not to break faith with that principle of "Not for theirs, but for ours," which

had been their strength. "I should like you all to sign it—to make it simply the old form of 'the staff has the honor to report,'" he said finally.

There was a hush as he finished—the hush of a deep impression when one man waits for another to speak. All were looking at him except the vice-chief, who was still staring at the table as if he had heard nothing. Yet every word was etched on his mind. The man whose name was the symbol of victory to the soldiers, who would be more than ever a hero as the news of his charge with the African Braves traveled along the lines, would go on record to his soldiers as saying that they could not take the Gray range. This was a handicap that the vice-chief did not care to accept; and he knew how to turn a phrase as well as to make a soldierly decision. He looked up smilingly to Marta.

"I have decided that I had rather not be a Westerling, Miss Galland," he said. "We'll make it unanimous. And you," he burst out to Lanstron—"you legatee of old Partow; I've always said that he was the biggest man of our time. He has proved it by catching the spirit of our time and incarnating it."

Vaguely, in the whirl of her joy, Marta heard the chorus of assent as the officers sprang to their feet in the elation of being at one with their chief again. Lanstron caught her arm, fearing that she was going to fall, but a burning question rose in her mind to steady her.

"Then my shame—my sending me to slaughter—my sacrifice was not in vain?" she exclaimed.

The sea of people packed in the great square of the Brown capital, made a roar like the thunder of waves against a breakwater at sight of a white spot on a background of granite, which was the head of an eminent statesman.

"It looks as if our government would last the week out," the premier chuckled as he turned to his colleague at the cabinet table.

As yet only the brief bulletins whose publication in the newspapers had aroused the public to a frenzy had been received. The cabinet, as eager for details as the press, had remained up, awaiting a fuller official account.

"We have a long communication in preparation," the staff had telegraphed. "Meanwhile, the following is submitted."

"Good heavens! It's not from the army! It's from the grave!" exclaimed the premier as he read the first paragraphs of Partow's message. "Of all the concealed dynamite ever!" he gasped as he grasped the full meaning of the document, that piece of news, as staggering as the victory itself, that had lain in the staff vaults for years. "Well, we needn't give it out to the press; at least, not until after mature consideration," he declared when they had reached the end of Partow's appeal. "Now we'll hear what the staff has to say for itself after gratifying the wish of a dead man," he added as a messenger gave him another sheet.

"The staff, in loyalty to its dead leader who made victory possible, and in loyalty to the principles of defense for which the army fought, begs to say to the nation—"

It was four o'clock in the morning when this dispatch concluded with "We heartily agree with the foregoing," and the cabinet read the names of all the general staff and the corps and division commanders. Coursing crowds in the streets were still shouting hoarsely and sometimes drunkenly: "On to the Gray capital! Nothing can stop us now!" The premier tried to imagine what a sea of faces in the great square would look like in a rage. He was between the people in a passion for retribution and a headless army that was supposed to charge across the dawn.

(To Be Continued)

## Former Tech. Star Competes With Penn



E. A. FISHER—PENN-STATE Former Tech Athlete in To-day's Cross-country Run Against Penn Penn-State to-day competed with

University of Pennsylvania in the annual cross-country run at State College. On the Penn-State team is Earl Fisher, a former Tech star, who is now in his senior year and has competed successfully in a number of marathons.

The contest to-day is the only one between Penn-State and the University of Pennsylvania. The team to go up against Penn was selected after many trial races over the hills and mountains in the vicinity of State College. The race to-day will be five miles and will start and finish at Beaver Field. The Penn-State team will include: R. S. Humble, '17; W. C. Schroeder, '16; E. E. Hunter, '17; T. L. Entwistle, '16; A. E. Fisher, '15; L. M. Batten, '17; C. R. Texter, '17.

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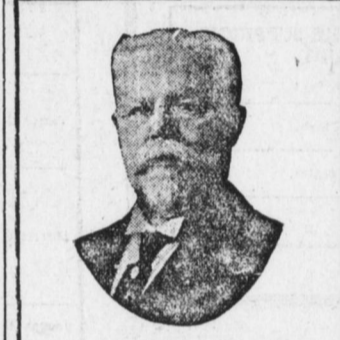
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I pledge myself that if elected, I will support only such legislation as is to the best interest of the people.  
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