

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

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TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 18 Happiness is not the end of life; character is.—Henry Ward Beecher.

TO THE OLD AND THE NEW THERE is to be a reunion of the members of the old bicameral councils this evening and the officials of the present municipal administration will break bread with the former city legislators. It's a fine thing for the representatives of the old system of municipal management to get together in this social way with the men who are now working out the experiment of a new plan of city government.

It may be said in all sincerity and truthfulness of the old Councils that they met public expectation in providing for many important public improvements which have been carried forward with like public spirit by their successors: that had other cities of the third class availed themselves of their opportunities under former acts of Assembly as was done by the Councils and officials of Harrisburg there would have been no clamor for the change of system which was directed by the Legislature two years ago.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS EFFICIENCY THE chief aim of the Democratic administration has been the pursuit of the principle enunciated by the premier of the administration "to find places for deserving Democrats," with reckless disregard for the efficiency of the service.

passed by Congress under this administration, a "rider" was inserted to the effect that deputy collectors of internal revenue and office deputy United States marshals "who may be required to give bond" could be appointed without reference to the civil service regulations.

Take the cases of United States district attorneys and United States marshals. Under the law they are appointed for terms of four years, and heretofore these officials have been allowed to serve out their terms without reference to change in the administration. But not so under the Democratic party.

All political differences and pride of opinion have been submerged in the patriotic desire of the people to support the President in his efforts to maintain an honorable peace with Germany. Here and there a few hot-heads are doing their utmost to precipitate trouble, but the great majority are standing firmly back of the nation's head in a trying situation.

POT AND KETTLE CHARGES GERMANY complained bitterly when the Allies dragged into the war against them thousands of Turcos, Algerians and troops from India, and resented the alignment of the Russian "barbarians" on the side of what the foes of the Fatherland chose to call "civilization."

Thousands of Armenians have fallen beneath the sword and rifle of these monsters, who find it far safer to use their guns on the Armenians at home than to venture forth in search of armed Russians. The pushing of these human beasts out of Europe will be a no more desirable result of this war than the crushing of militarism.

The massacres, while dreadful to read about, were not unexpected to those who have been following the situation in the East. They are simply history repeating itself. For some time the position of the Armenians in Turkey, as well as in northwestern Persia, has been one of grave danger, but no message has conveyed any indication of such extensive massacres as does the report to London.

Terrible massacres of Armenians in 1895 resulted in international action for enforcement of the reforms. Something like 15,000 persons were killed in two months. Apparently the tragedy is being re-enacted.

SANE CAMPAIGN METHODS THE suffrage leaders of Pennsylvania are taking a wise course in their campaign for the ballot. No freak methods or militant tactics for them. They prefer to demonstrate their fitness for the vote by displaying their interest in civic enterprises.

Evening Chat

Quiet as you keep it, there are a good many cattle being fattened in Pennsylvania this year, the farmers who heard of the ravages of the foot and mouth disease in some of the West last summer having determined to keep their calves instead of selling them off, and consequently cattle are to be seen on farms in Dauphin, Lebanon, York and Cumberland counties.

Among the defendants who pleaded guilty yesterday in the Dauphin County Court was an organizer of a band who had been brought from out of town on a capias. The youth, it appeared from his pretty wife's testimony, had deserted her, although phin when he left that he was going to hunt a job. Incidentally the wife hinted that a possible fondness for another woman had something to do with her husband's conduct.

The recent number of In The Open, the outdoor life magazine published in Pittsburgh, contains a pleasant reference to the Dauphin County Wild Life League in Dauphin county. It notes the meeting held at the Capitol and also the meetings in Lancaster and Pottsville. The Dauphin League will have another meeting soon to outline its plans for the fall.

What youthful America's inventive brain will devise to support that old adage as to necessity and the mother of invention was related the other day by Charles Hardwick, a paving inspector. Mr. Hardwick saw the demonstration on one of the streets in the upper end of the city. "We noticed a boy riding along on a bicycle and just as he turned the corner the front rim of the machine cracked and the wheel sagged. As the youngster got off I noticed that he had been carrying a pair of roller skates on his shoulders. What do you suppose that boy for just a minute then he turned his bicycle upside down, unbuckled his skates, strapped one of the skates to the front wheel, mounted—and blithely rode away."

Just as an illustration of the high cost of legislation it may be stated that the present session will mean a million dollars first and last to the State Treasury, counting in the printing and other expenses. Among the bills recently approved was to refund \$5 and to refund \$7. The latter was for an Advertiser who took, for an automobile license and did not use it. The printing of the bills alone cost more than \$70.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE —Luther S. Dickey, a prominent Fayette county, has written a history of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. —Childs Frick, son of the steel and coke magnate, will spend the summer in New Hampshire. —The Rev. C. Hayes, prominent town of the South. —Joshua Baily, Philadelphia temperance man, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday by making a hot prohibition speech in the church and an automobile license and did not use it.

DO YOU KNOW That Harrisburg used to be a great shad-catchery? HORSE'S SKULL TO IMPROVE ACQUAINTANCES Elizabethtown Correspondence Philadelphia Record. In demolishing the parsonage of the Lutheran Church, built eighty-two years ago, the skull of a horse was found imbedded in the wall. In this section there is a superstition that if a horse's skull is placed under the church it will help the account properties, and the voice of the many an occupant of the pulpit could be heard to better advantage.

Mr. Retailer, Do Your Share When the manufacturer advertises his goods in this newspaper he is creating business for you. It is up to you to reciprocate by giving service. Showing the newspaper advertiser that you are a customer. Talking about them. Giving the public what they ask for. This sort of service will mean the kind of co-operation that will bring better business to you and better satisfaction to your customers.

HOUSE MANICUL READY DEBATER

Thomas F. Is Chairman of the Committee on Elections and a Well-liked Member

MANY VISITING THE SOLONS Borough Code Will Be Distributed Through Interest Taken by Mr. McVicar

Pennsylvania's legislature rejoices in McNichol in each branch. And in each house of the people the McNichol is chairman of the committee on elections. In the Senate it is James P. McNichol, in the House it is Thomas F. McNichol. Thomas F. McNichol, like James P., was born in Philadelphia, but the senatorial McNichol got a four years' start on the assembly McNichol. Thomas comes from that ancient district of Philadelphia known as Southwark, although we cannot pronounce it the way he does. He also says he is a product of the public schools and that all should be proud of the fact.

DR. STOUGH'S COOK [From the Reading News-Times.] Outside of some deficiencies such as gambling, drinking, Sabbath desecration and the like Dr. Stough, who is at present engaged in the revival of Reading's spiritual affairs, finds this is a booster for Reading who has discharged that cook he has brought with him. The doctor cannot be said to be a Reading or Berks county booster in the full sense of the word. Pennsylvania or the whole shire in that matter, in the culinary art. Her characteristics are: Sons vivants, to say nothing of connoisseurs, have traveled from afar to taste of such characteristic dishes as our delectable sauer kraut and our satisfying schnitz and kneep. Yet Dr. Stough is a man of the old school, county cooking and import a chef from Lancaster, where they waste their cabinet in cigars instead of putting it to the use that nature has intended it for and where doughballs are utterly unappreciated.

EDITORIAL COMMENT "There is not one page of international law which has not been torn up," says Dr. DeBurburg. Is this a boast or an expression of regret?—New York Tribune. Speaking of "invisible government," it has taken seven years to find out precisely what Mr. Roosevelt himself was doing in the 1908 campaign.—New York World.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SOUTH HARRISBURG PARK To the Editor of the Telegraph: Wonder how many of our citizens have seen the fine park in South Front street between Paxton Street and Iron avenue? This is going to be a beautiful stretch, especially as it fronts a body of water immediately above the dam uninterrupted by any. An glad to see that the people of this section have ceased to use the bank as a public dump and that the Park Department is putting the broad stretch in shape. But why not give this new park a name? AN OLD TIMER.

NEWS DISPATCHES OF THE CIVIL WAR [From the Telegraph, May 18, 1865] Capture Rebel Sloops Washington, May 18.—The United States steamer Sea Bird reports the capture of the rebel sloops Florida and Annie, with cargoes of cotton, off Chrystal river, Florida. Repair Lines in North Carolina Newbern, May 18.—Nearly all of the railroads in the State are in operation. Work is being rushed on completing telegraph communications. Rebel Ram Coaling Havana, May 18.—The rebel ram Stonewall is coaling here. Secretary Stanton has warned all shippers along the coast of a probable attack.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Edgar Lee Masters, the author of "Spoon River Anthology," a much discussed volume of verse, is a lawyer at present residing in Chicago. Born in 1868, he received his education at Knox College, studied law in his father's office and was admitted to the bar in 1891. He is a member of the Chicago and the Illinois State Bar Associations and has contributed articles and essays on political and constitutional subjects to various periodicals and magazines.

A TIME FOR CALMNESS [Williamsport Sun.] These influences all make the task of the President harder. Whether in fact or in appearance, when the time comes for trench duty or submarine service. At present they are as noisily numerous as the frogs about the pond of the optimistic contractor engaged to furnish a road for them to be permitted to sweep the nation off its feet?

THE GERMAN SPIRIT OF '48. The cartoonist depicts a man in a top hat and military uniform, looking thoughtful. The caption reads: "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten. —Loriot." —From the New York Sun.

THE CARTOON OF THE DAY



SOLDIERS OF ALL NATIONS LOOK LONGINGLY FOR DAWN OF PEACE

Phil Rader has been painting some wonderful word pictures of the European war for the Detroit News. After actual service, and after the effort to depict his experiences so that they would be appreciated by the reader at home, Phil Rader wrote, concluding his articles: "When the word runs along the lines some happy day that the war is ended, I don't want to have to write the story of how the men feel. Only God will be able to measure the joy; no human being will be able to tell it. The Chicago Post remarks: 'None of the war correspondents has told the story of war as Phil Rader has told it. This San Francisco boy, who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion hoping to be employed as an aviator, only to find himself in a trench on the firing line, lived so close to death that he learned the futility of adjectives. The Foreign Legion, or part of it, had a Thanksgiving dinner last year. There were three Americans in the ranks—George Ullard, our negro cook, and one and one South American who said he knew what Thanksgiving day was and invited himself. The other twelve men in the squad didn't know what the day was but knew chicken when they smelled it and so were all invited. These same three Americans were alive a month later in the trenches and Rader tells of a truce and the Christmas celebration: 'I don't know how the truce began but in our trenches, but in our hole Naadeem began to make a joke of it. He drew a target on a board, slanted it on a pole, and stuck it above the trench, shouting to the Germans: 'See how well you can shoot. Within a minute the target had been bull's-eyed. Naadeem pulled it down, pasted little bits of white paper where shots had struck, and held it up again so that the Germans could see their score. In doing so Naadeem's head appeared above the trench, and we heard him talking across the No Man's Land. Thoughtlessly I raised my head, too. Other men did the same. We saw hundreds of German heads appearing. Shouts filled the air. What miracle had happened? Men laughed and cheered. There was Christmas light in our eyes and I know there were Christmas tears in mine. There were smiles, smiles, smiles, where in days before there had been

only rifle-barrels. The terror of No Man's Land fell away. The sound of happy voices filled the air. We were all unhumanly happy for that one glorious instant—English, Portuguese, Americans and even Naadeem, the Turk—and savages as we had been, cavened as we were, the awfulness of war had not filled the corners of our hearts while love and Christmas live. I think Naadeem was first to sense what had happened. He suddenly jumped out of the trench and began waving his hands and cheering. The hatred of war had been suddenly withdrawn and it left a vacuum in which we human beings rushed into contact with each other. You felt their handshakes—double handshakes, with both hands—in your heart. And so a truce of an hour was arranged. But at the end of the hour the men failed to go back to their trenches. There was talk, and there were songs; more than that: 'We're to have a band in our trenches to-night, and we want you to hear it,' said the Germans as they bade us good-by and as we shook the hands that might slay us on the morrow. After supper he heard a sudden blast of music that thrilled us. A little German band had crept into the German trenches and announced itself with a grand chord. Then came the unexpected strains of the 'Marseillaise.' The Frenchmen went almost frantic with delight. Then came our turn when the band played 'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary.' George Ullard, our negro cook, who came from Galveston, got out a mouthorgan and almost burst his lungs playing 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' The silence of the trench was more eloquent than the blast of cheers that came when George had finished. There was no shooting all night until about 6 o'clock in the morning, when the sound of rifles was heard far down the trench. And then came the day after Christmas: Naadeem couldn't measure human nature unerringly. He had been the first to feel the holiday spirit of Christmas day, but on this day after Christmas, he failed to sense the grimness of war that had fallen over the trenches during the night. Early in the morning he jumped out of the trench and began waving his hands again. John Street, an American, who had been an evangelist in St. Louis, jumped out with him and began to shout a morning greeting to the German he had made friends with the day before. There was a sudden rattle of rifle-fire and Street fell dead, with a bullet through his head. The sun was shining down again on a world gone mad.

OUR DAILY LAUGH EXPLAINED. I hear Smith and his wife have gone back together. Yes, she found he had a bank account she never knew anything about. Is a centipede a trotter or a pacer? SWEET MUSIC By Wag Dinger Some weeks ago, when it was warm, I said to me, said I, 'It's quite too hot to keep up steam, We'll let the fire die.' And then I had the furnace cleaned And painted up like new. Because with fires 'till next fall I thought that I was through. I tried to think that it was Spring And to the yard I'd go. Inside a big, warm overcoat, To watch the flowers grow. In summer weights from outside clothes To inside B. V. D.'s I sat around with chattering teeth Until I thought I'd freeze. But Sunday last I built a fire, And ceased to dream of Spring— And, lo, the radiator's hiss Beats all the birds that sing.

IN HARRISBURG FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY

[From the Telegraph, May 18, 1865] Inspects Office David Brooks, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was in the city today inspecting the new office which was opened here recently. Will Elect Officers An election of officers of the Harrisburg Cotton Company will be held June 8. Governor Brown in Georgia, en route to Washington under arrest, passed through the city to-day. A large crowd was at the station to see him.

Market Pointers Don't handle or taste foods belonging to other people—it frequently spoils the sale of the article. Note the following in buying fresh fish: They should sink in water. Scales should be firmly attached and free from slime. Eyes should be prominent—standing out. Gills should be bright red—bloody. Mouth and gill lids should be closed. Body—solid, does not bend when placed horizontally on hand. Meat—Firm and elastic, tight on bones. —From Dr. Raunick's Harrisburg Health Bulletin.