

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

Established 1837
PUBLISHED BY THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO.
E. J. STACKPOLE
President and Editor-in-Chief
F. R. OYSTER
Secretary
GUS M. STEINMETZ
Managing Editor

Published every evening (except Sunday) at the Telegraph Building, 216 Federal Square. Both phones.

Member American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Audit Bureau of Circulation and Pennsylvania Associated Dailies.

Eastern Office, Fifth Avenue Building, New York City, Hasbrouk, Story & Brooks.

Western Office, Advertising Building, Chicago, Ill., Robert E. Ward.

Delivered by carriers at six cents a week. Mailed to subscribers at \$3.00 a year in advance.

Entered at the Post Office in Harrisburg, Pa., as second class matter.

Sworn daily average circulation for the three months ending Oct. 31, 1915.

21,357

Average for the year 1914-21,555
Average for the year 1913-19,952
Average for the year 1912-19,649
Average for the year 1911-17,562
Average for the year 1910-16,291

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 24.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14:3.

THANKSGIVING DAY

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High.

To show forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psalter; upon the harp with the solemn sound.

For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.

O Lord, how great are Thy works, and Thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

COME, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it; and His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His courts with thanksgiving, and into His gates with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

National and State banks in Pittsburgh show an aggregate of \$468,000,000, which is \$22,000,000 greater than last year and the largest on record.

Trust companies and State banks show aggregate deposits of \$245,000,000, an increase of \$31,000,000 over last year.

And the banks and trust companies of little old Harrisburg likewise show considerable increases in deposits over last year, indicating a healthy condition of this community and the opportunity for further expansion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

THE cover page of a widely-read magazine of current issue bears the striking picture of an old man in shabby clothes, sitting on a park bench, eating a few slices of bread and smiling as he shares his crumbs with a flock of hungry sparrows hopping fearfully at his feet.

That is the true spirit of Thanksgiving Day—grateful for blessings received, whether they be large or small; happy to share even the humblest gifts that fate has vouchsafed, cheerful in the thought that even in misfortune it "might have been worse" and always realizing that no matter how

lowly our walk in life there are those who look to us for encouragement and assistance.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, and none knows this so well as he who has shared his crust with a fellow hungerer and needier than himself. Who are we that we should dine in plenty while a neighbor's children sit about an all but empty table? Who are we that we should give thanks in pharisaical fashion for the good things of life that have been lavished upon us while old men, women and children across the sea are starving and freezing while all they hold dear is ravished and ruined by contending armies?

The true Thanksgiving spirit knows neither mansion nor hovel, neither easy chair nor park bench, neither roast turkey nor dry bread. It shares its crumbs with the sparrows and its feast of plenty with the poor of the earth. The rich man may be poor in it, and the poor may be rich in it. The mansion is dark and gloomy that knows it not; the cottage glows with the light of human kindness where it dwells. Without it the most favored life is mere existence; with it even mere existence is transfigured into glorious, joyous life itself. It cares not overmuch for power or wealth or position, save as these give it opportunity to serve in the great cause of humanity. It is grateful for plenty, only that it may share that plenty with others. It rejoices in getting only that it may be more liberal in giving.

The old man on the park bench, sharing his crumbs with the sparrows, is the embodiment of all this. Look up the picture for yourself. Study it. It is as full of useful lessons as a hundred sermons. Think you that on the morrow, stripped of all the blessings that surround and embellish your life, you could be grateful for a few crumbs eaten from a paper on a park bench and smilingly share your crumbs with the sparrows? No? Then this poor old failure of the artist's fancy has something that you in your plenty cannot know, something that you, with all your money cannot buy; something akin to the love of Him who lived but to serve; who gained all by giving all, and took joy in the giving.

James R. Mann, of Illinois, the Republican leader in Congress, has declared that he will not take orders from anybody. He will confer with the President upon the national defense, but he does not propose to sneeze when the President takes snuff. President Wilson now realizes that he must have patriotic Republicans to pull through his defense controversy against the recalcitrants of his own party. These Republican leaders are perfectly willing to consult with him, but not to be dominated by him.

THEORIES AS REMEDIES

WHEN President Grover Cleveland declared that "A condition, not a theory, confronts us," he placed in epigrammatic form a truth just as applicable to the present administration, but which this administration absolutely refuses to recognize. When Democratic tariff legislation had almost destroyed American industry, President Wilson refused to recognize it as a condition, but insisted that it was merely "a state of mind." Despite his threats to hang someone "higher than Haman," business continued to decline and no one was sent to the gallows, either literally or figuratively. Having caused the bad conditions which existed, the Democratic party had no power to improve them, because its one remedy was the pursuit of theories which had been demonstrated to be unsound.

The same persistent refusal to act in accordance with conditions prevails to-day. We have an illustration of it in the policy which the administration indicates its purpose to pursue in preventing the extermination of new industries by foreign competition after the war in Europe has ended. Dr. E. E. Pratt, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, acknowledges that Germany has the power to resume its control of the dye stuff industry in this country, but says nothing of the same condition which confronts practically all other American industries which come into competition with European enterprise. The same attitude of mind is maintained by Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce, the immediate superior of Dr. Pratt. Instead of frankly recognizing the condition which confronts American industry and the certain effects of a protective tariff he adopts the theory that this foreign competition could be shut out through changes in the Clayton anti-trust act. He went so far as to outline a law which would make it unlawful for any person engaged in foreign commerce or industry to sell or purchase foreign products at such prices as would substantially eliminate competition on the part of American producers.

The marvelous thing about this suggestion is that it comes at a time when the United States Treasury is admittedly lacking in revenue. Instead of suggesting the obvious remedy, that of protective tariff, which would provide revenue for the United States Treasury at the same time that it provided protection for American industry, Mr. Redfield suggests the theoretical remedy of legislation which would be difficult of enforcement because each particular offense would require a criminal trial to determine whether or not the price at which the goods were being sold was, in fact, such as to create unfair competition with American producers.

An adequate protective tariff would insure against unfair competition before the foreign goods are entered at American ports. A remedy which consisted only of criminal law forbidding unfair competition would invite the foreigner to invade our markets, because the dealer would be free from penalty unless it could be proven beyond a reasonable doubt that he had knowingly and deliberately violated the law. The presumption of innocence, as in the case of all criminal statutes, would be on the side of the

defendant. Instead of establishing a presumption in favor of the American producer a law attempting to control unfair competition through criminal statutes would give the foreign producer a decided advantage.

American industries were built up under a protective tariff system. In two instances within the memory of this generation American industries have been practically ruined by the enactment of tariff-for-revenue-only laws. These are conditions. President Wilson would treat them as "a state of mind." The Secretary of Commerce has no remedy except theories.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Despite remarks to the contrary, the meeting of A. Mitchell Palmer, James I. Blakeslee and Warren Van Dyke with Vance C. McCormick in this city yesterday was filled with political significance, and, if all reports are correct, was also somewhat impregnated with gloom. The four men who are the bulk of the Democratic inner council needed only State Chairman Roland S. Morris, now out of the country, and Joe Gufo, the Pittsburgh Democratic boss, to make the whole works of the Democratic machine.

Blakeslee has been running up and down the state lately getting a line on conditions, and some of the lines are mournful. There is plenty of resentment against the manner in which the President has dropped out patronage, dissatisfaction with party management, and an earnest desire for a change of leadership. Many Democratic workers will fight any effort of the bosses to seek vindication at the hands of the voters of the party or to "come back" as national delegates. The general feeling is said to be that the man now at the head of the party's affairs in this State, having fallen when everything was in their favor, should get out and make way for new leaders. The conditions are much as they were six years ago.

—The general belief is that the conference was to settle appointments of postmasters to be put up to the President and to scan the field for election of national delegates. The postmaster appointments will be made gradually and the national delegate fess started in February. Palmer said yesterday that Wilson would be re-nominated without opposition. He did not do the robe of prophet in speaking about the election. Whether Palmer and McCormick will have the nerve to run for national delegates, district or at large, is not stated. They are believed to desire to "come back."

—Senator Penrose said yesterday at Pittsburgh that he had not made any announcement about presidential ambitions and is reported to have said: "There are numerous men being mentioned for the Republican nomination if I am honored with that nomination I shall accept it."

—J. Lee Plummer, former member of the House from Blair and a receptive candidate for the Republican nomination for State Treasurer, was here yesterday. He will be strongly backed in central counties, his friends say.

—The Democratic Philadelphia Record has this to say on a topic that is interesting many Pennsylvanians: "Mayor-elect E. S. Snodgrass has continued to remain mum yesterday concerning the make-up of his Cabinet. When he talked of the subject at all it was merely for the purpose of denying that certain names were being mentioned prominently for posts under the new Administration would be appointed. His persistent silence on the subject, coupled with the declarations he has made at various public occasions, only big game would be picked for directorships, has worried Organization lieutenants. The impression is gaining credence that Mr. Smith may carry out his announced intention and select for his cabinet men who, while they have been affiliated with the Organization, have not been among its active political workers."

—Harry A. Mackey, chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board, is rushing to the defense of one of the Vore men who got into trouble with the Blankenburg administration and he is denying insubordination.

—Paul W. Houck, of Schuylkill county, is said to be one of the men in line for a refereeship. Paul Eichler, Erie labor leader, is being boosted in this section for the State.

—Steps to collect the money for the Philadelphia convention hall are going along.

—Prospective retirement of Senator E. M. Herbst, the veteran senator from Berks, has caused a number of candidates to bob up in the Democratic camp and the indications are for a lively contest. Representative H. J. Body, the Democratic county chairman, Ex-Representatives H. G. McGowan, G. W. Sasser and F. W. Balthaser are all mentioned as candidates.

—Democrats in the Juniata Valley are said to be indignant over the manner in which post offices have been passed out and there are signs that this stronghold of the reorganizers will elect anti-machine committee-men.

—Lock Haven businessmen are said to be behind a boom of E. F. Heffner, of that city, for public service commissioner. Mr. Heffner has been endorsed by the State Merchants Association and is a former secretary of the State Pharmaceutical association. He was also secretary of the Lock Haven board of trade and president of the Businessmen's Association.

The fact that Senator John W. Kern chose personal friend of Bryan, has been advocating preparedness in speeches in Pittsburgh and vicinity is not being lost on many Democrats. The Bryan and Bailey combination is not getting much attention.

—John T. Windrim, the engineer, is said to have been invited to go into Mayor-elect Smith's cabinet. He can have the place if he wants it.

THE AMERICAN THANKSGIVING



TELEGRAPH'S PERISCOPE

—The Democratic leaders who met yesterday say they "didn't talk politics," being a gentle way of implying that the post offices are no longer in politics, we suppose.

—Says Palmer: "Wilson will have no opposition next year." Yes, gentle reader, that low, gurgling sound you hear is William Jennings Bryan choking.

—The idea that the sun will begin to get cold in about ten million years is not nearly so disturbing as the fear that the furnace may be cold to-morrow morning.

—An insane chauffeur talked with the Governor yesterday. The only unusual part of this item is that he talked with the Governor.

—Yes, Maude, we know that mince pie is hard to digest, but it doesn't make a particle of difference.

—Our idea of the best item in the paper to-night is that which is headed "No Telegraph To-morrow."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Greece is like the fellow who prefers being called a coward to having it said of him, "Doesn't he look natural?"—Albany Journal.

It is with some wistfulness that the Colonel remarks that the greatest role in the world is that of a mother.—Honolulu Star Bulletin.

A man who fell off an elephant in the New York zoo is bringing suit for damages. Has the Colonel thought of that?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Greece is more interested in finding out who is the hardest hitter than in discovering who is the highest bidder.—Charleston News and Courier.

Maybe the King of Rumania and the King of Greece are bidding against each other for the Nobel peace-prize.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Another blow to the king-business is that the Czar or some other ruler is always leaving for the front, and then nothing happens.—Kansas City Star.

IN FACE OF DISCOURAGEMENT

Booker T. Washington made a conspicuous success of life in the face of overwhelming discouragement. A boy he might have said to himself: "With my black skin, a former slave, what's the use of my trying to amount to anything?"

Instead he refused to recognize any handicaps. He was never discouraged, never dwelt on the gloomy side of things, worked hard and intelligently toward a practical goal, and became incidentally one of the Nation's most useful citizens.

There are plenty of young fellows, white as well as black, who will find a path to success in the life of Doctor Washington, provided they have the courage and persistence to follow it out.

THANKSGIVING

By Wing Ding

I don't care how tough your lot is— Other people by the score Have a tougher lot than you have— You've much to be thankful for.

THE MEXICAN MUDDLE

By Frederic J. Haskin

THE other night there was a band concert on the parade ground at Brownsville. Soldiers and civilians, Americans and Mexicans, strolled and spooned and smoked as they listened to the music.

Suddenly someone shouted an alarm. The bandists were out and a call for re-enforcements had been flashed to Fort Brown from an outpost of troops. The gathering was scattered like a puddle hit with a brick. The Mexicans were first to go. With amazing single-mindedness they took the low wall of the parade ground in a running high jump and melted into the night. They knew that when bandists were around, all Mexicans looked a good deal alike.

Meanwhile soldiers were loaded in to every available automobile and rushed to the scene of the fighting. As the cars roared through the streets they met crowds of troopers running to the fort from the town. Except for the big, buzzing cars, it was just like an Indian alarm frontier days.

The fighting in this case turned out to be a mere skirmish, but in Brownsville they have learned to be ready for anything.

Such a life in the zone of the bandits is not the most ordinary of occupations. The Texas deer season opened on November first, and a party of three young men went out on the prospect of a venison steak. They had no more than made a start when a squad of troops overtook them. Someone, noting their rifles, had reported them for bandit suspects. Now all hunters have been requested to stay at home until conditions are a little more settled.

A party of twenty young men and girls out for a horseback ride were nearly fired on in consequence of a similar mistake. Automobiles have been asked to go over the more isolated roads only when absolutely necessary.

The position of the peaceful Texas Mexican is particularly unenviable. Border people are agreed that under ordinary circumstances the lower class Mexican is a particularly docile and inoffensive neighbor. He outnumbers the American in this district about two to one, and the American has always treated him distinctly as an inferior. Yet he has never made trouble of any sort. Now he is caught

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

(By Louella C. Poole)
For well filled rivers, teeming lakes,
Vast forests where the wildbird wakes
The silences with song,
For bounteous crops, for gushing springs,
For all of earth's fair goodly things,
To Thee all thanks belong!

From perils of the smiting sword,
The smoking cannon, plundering horde,
From all grim war's dismay,
Its every bitter circumstance,
We thank Thee for deliverance—
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day!

That not unmarked is Sorrow's wall,
That love and mercy still prevail,
We offer grateful praise,—
That Hope and Faith have not yet died,
Though Mercy oft seems crucified,
So wicked are men's ways.

O may we, Lord, be undismayed
Though heavy is the burden laid
Upon the heart of man;
Though mighty grows the vast world—
No ignominious peace we crave
As part of our life's plan.

For faith that War shall sometime cease,
For hope of Universal Peace,
For every blessing poured
With lavish hand upon the earth,
Unmindful of man's little worth,
Once more we thank Thee, Lord!

Evening Chat

Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh has probably had more applications for appointments since he came into office than any Governor in the history of the State. The number of applications has not been counted, but it was greater than the number that cluttered the mail of Daniel H. Hastings when he succeeded Robert E. Pattison and the administration. The same is true in Republican. For the ten appointments as referee it is believed the Governor had from 250 to 400 applications, while at least 125 names have been suggested for water works commissioners and for factory inspectors it is believed fully 1,000 names were listed. The Governor's own estimate on Public Service Commission is now 75, and a score of names have been suggested to him for Supreme court judge. The other applications cover most of the places in the State service and the applicants come from every county.

One of the things that is working to bring about the early organization of machine gun companies for the regulars of the National Guard according to reports which are coming to this city is the fact that many men who are machinists are taking an interest in preparedness and applying for commissions. The same is true in towns where it is proposed to organize field batteries, of which the State needs six in addition to the two now being recruited in Pittsburgh. In many cases former members of the Guard who are machinists have come back to enter the service as members of the machine gun companies.

Capitol Park is getting its annual treatment of lime and it looks as though a snowstorm had passed over it and the flakes had been glued to the park. The fertilizer is applied every year at this time and assists materially in starting the grass well in the Spring, which, considering the fact that Capitol Hill is slate, is no mean job. It takes a couple of tons to fix up the park.

James C. Watson, former assistant counsel of the Railroad Commission, now Republican county chairman for Lycoming, was here yesterday looking after some matters at the Capitol. He was warmly greeted by his friends, who congratulated him on looking so natural and playing golf so well.

"Tie a jitney to the front and we'll go," said the motorman on the Second street line last evening when the power was shut off for a brief period and the passengers sat in darkness waiting for the light that failed to be resumed. The motorman came back with the statement that he had heard the power was shut off before with reference to keeping the trolley on the wire an apt simile that he of all others could appreciate. The dialogue continued for several minutes, while impatient travelers craned their necks and spoke together in audible tones that were doubly clear in the darkness. Another car coasted up in the darkness and stopped just in time to quiet the nervous motorman who had feared a collision, and after a few more pleasant sallies from the men in whose hands the destinies of the passengers were temporarily placed, the lights were switched on and all was as before.

State Zoologist H. A. Surface, who surprised the State last week by saying that the cause of the \$5,000,000 worth of damage in Pennsylvania every year and that it could be prevented, is out with a plea for the garden snake. He says it is a mistake to keep snakes out of the garden and that many farmers lose a valuable friend by carrying out man's natural feelings toward a snake in Spring time by killing everyone in sight. Incidentally, Dr. Surface says that snakes are not of a quarrelsome nature and that they will go away if not disturbed. In fact many of them scuttle away at the sight of a human being and do not show fight unless cornered. He says they have a place in nature, says the State Zoologist in talking about wholesale killing of snakes, "the little green garden snake feeds mostly on slugs, snails and insects such as are destructive in gardens. There is no justification in their destruction simply because they are serpents."

Isaac R. Pennypacker, who was here yesterday to attend the meeting of the Meade Memorial commission, is a historian of note, having written several works on the State and on the famous colonial leaders. He was named to the commission a short time ago.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Arch Mackrell, the civilian aid in Pittsburgh's city administration, told Council members cause work to do.

—P. L. Carpenter, of Johnstown, has given a tract of forest land to Johnstown, which may turn it over to the State.

—S. W. Dana, New Castle attorney, is the oldest lawyer in the county and practiced before every judge in the county.

—H. R. Young, of Duquesne, has been appointed consular expert by the government and assigned to Vienna.

—W. W. Atterbury, who may be the next president of the Pennsylvania, started his career in Altoona, where he was Major Moses Veale, aged Philadelphia, is calling on people to put an end to the outbreaks in munitions works.

—Thomas J. Price, head of the new Danville works, is one of the big manufacturers of the north branch county.

DO YOU KNOW

That Harrisburg is one of the centers of the river coal industry?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG State conventions began to be held here about 1820.

Lost, \$600,000 a Day

Fire destroys \$600,000 worth of property each day in the United States and Canada. Much of this is caused by carelessness—because people do not think.

Would it not pay to spend a few hundred thousand a year "advertising safety"—telling people what "not to do"?—Would it not pay every city—this city—to run newspaper advertising warning people against carelessness? Such advertising would yield great returns in property and lives saved.

It would pay for itself in lowered insurance rates before many years.

Our Daily Laugh

DOMESTIC PLEASANTY.
Wife: The road to a man's heart is through his stomach.
Hubby: And a lot of you seem to think it should be laid with bricks.

YOU CAN'T PHASE 'EM.

Literary Editor (indignantly): You can't expect us to accept stuff like this. It isn't poetry at all—it's simply gas.
Poet (unruffled): I see, something wrong with the meter!

OPTIMISM

My old colored mammy use to say: "Don't borrow trouble. Every cloud don't rain!" May it encourage others as it did me. —Albert Morris Bagby.