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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 10.
And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to the which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful.—Col. 3: 15.

LI YUAN HUNG

HARRISBURG people are more than ordinarily interested in developments in China following the death of Yuan Shi Kai. The Groffs, the Dubs and other families well known in the world of Christian missions are helping to hold the far-flung battle line of the Church in that distant land, and whatever affects them is reflected in the minds and anxieties of their numerous friends and relatives hereabouts. Peace in China means peace of mind for many people in and about Harrisburg, and hundreds are praying that the progress of civilization may not be stayed under the administration of Li Yuan Hung, the new President.

Li is well known to some of the Harrisburg missionaries, having been at one time governor of Hankow, which city is the headquarters of Dr. C. Newton Dubs, superintendent of the United Evangelical missions in China and a former resident of this city. He has a large following in the north of China and at times has displayed very strong tendencies toward radical republicanism, but his history is not one to inspire great confidence.

When the revolution of 1911, which resulted in the overthrow of the Manchus, broke out, Li Yuan Hung was a colonel in the army of the empire and his soldiers gave him the choice of leading them against the tottering forces of royalty or of standing before a wall at sunrise. Li immediately switched his allegiance and showed such marked ability as a leader under the flag of the revolutionists that at the close of hostilities he was made vice-president and held that position without interruption until the death of President Yuan.

But for a time he and Yuan were on anything but good terms, Li objecting strongly to the rapid trend of his superior toward a return to autocracy, and took no pains to conceal his feelings. But again he switched and became Yuan's most trusted lieutenant at Peking.

Li Yuan Hung is a strong, vigorous, able man, but his past is not such as to convince those who have followed his career of his sincerity of purpose or in the stability of his opinions.

The difference between the Republican convention and the Democratic convention is that the delegates had some voice in the Chicago gathering, whereas the Democratic bosses have already decided that Wilson is the man to save their jobs if the jobs can be saved, and the delegates may as well stay at home for all the weight their views will have.

LISTENING

WE are a nation of talkers. We love the sound of our own voices, and our own opinions voiced loudly and as forcibly as we know how are music to our ears. We tell stories and relate incidents to our friends by the hour, and are bored when they retellate in kind. We all know the man who has a reputation for being able to "talk the leg off a chair," but do we know anybody who is noted for his ability to listen? If so, he is a big man and occupies a place of prominence in his own particular walk of life. It is bound to be so.

William Dwight Hillis says of the advantages to be gained by listening:

"When the sage counsels us 'to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages,' he opens to us the secrets of the soul's increase in wisdom and happiness. All culture begins with listening. Growth is not through shrewd thinking or eloquent speaking, but through accurate seeing and hearing. Our world is one vast whispering gallery, yet only those who listen hear the still, small voice of truth. Putting his ear down to the rocks, the listening geologist hears the story of the rocks. Standing under the stars, the listening astronomer hears the music of the spheres. Leaving behind the din and dirt of the city, Agassiz plunged into the forests of the Amazon, and listening to toucans and birds he found out all their secrets."

Yet we chatter, chatter, chatter, and listen scarcely at all, regardless of the self-evident fact that the brain must first take in before it can give out anything worth while. New thoughts are but evolutions or developments of old thoughts. That is the value of education and reading—to know what those who have made places for themselves in literature and history have

thought. All time and all the men and women who have gone before have contributed to the fund of knowledge at our command, but we prefer to indulge in our small talk, rather than to listen to the sayings of the sages as they speak to us through the black and white of the printed page.

And nature, too, is an eloquent teacher, and one potent for good. Walk out into the country to-morrow, instead of drowsily mulling over the doings of the Chicago conventions or Saturday's baseball scores, and find out for yourself that Shakespeare knew whereof he spoke when he told us that thus we might find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

Stop chattering and listen occasionally. The men who know how to listen learn all the other fellow knows and have their own knowledge in addition. That's why the listeners succeed where the chatterboxes fail.

The chest of silver presented as a wedding present to Albert L. Allen, of the State Insurance Fund, this week, was well earned. Mr. Allen is an example of the new order of things on Capitol Hill, the man selected not for political reasons, but because of his eminent fitness for the place. He has done an excellent work under very difficult circumstances, and it is largely due to his efforts and knowledge that the State Fund is in its present highly satisfactory condition.

THE TWO PLATFORMS

THE platforms of the Republican and Progressive parties, adopted by the Chicago conventions, are so nearly alike that they might have been written by one man. Both are clear cut, strong documents and show that, in so far as principles go, the two parties are really one. The Progressives have cut out of their declarations many of the radical doctrines of four years ago and see nothing of the recall of judges or judicial decisions. The delegates this year appear to be pretty well satisfied that the "rule of the people" is well safeguarded by government in its present form. Possibly they are not so keen for untold theories of reform as they were before the dismal failure of the Democratic administration to make some of their rash notions work out in practice.

At all events, the Progressive platform is essentially a Republican platform, and to that extent, at least, the Progressives have "come back" to the old party.

The Republican document meets the issues squarely. Americanism is its keynote and its main plank declares for military preparedness, a navy powerful enough to guarantee our national safety, an army adequate to meet any emergency, a more vigorous foreign policy, and a strong hand in Mexico. It stands for equal suffrage, a closer federal control and regulation of transportation and interstate commerce and condemns in no uncertain terms the weak-kneed policy of the present administration. It declares for a protective tariff based on the findings of a tariff commission.

No Republican need go farther than this platform. It is conservative enough for the most conservative and no radical could ask more. Republicans of all views can stand upon it. The Progressive party this year under no circumstances can hold out any promises that the Republican party does not. Its platform is simply a "me-too" to the Republican declaration.

The Municipal Band, of Harrisburg, is to be commended for its unselfish co-operation in movements which are for the betterment of the city. Its willingness to play, without remuneration, for the public dance given in front street by the Social Workers' Club, shows a spirit that reflects credit upon the organization.

MR. WORKMAN, LOOK AHEAD!

LORD ROSEBERRY, speaking of the after effects of the war, says it will mean "general impoverishment of all Europe, both of the individual and of the state, and that impoverishment must immediately produce new social conditions." It will also result in European labor working for lower wages than ever before; in European manufacturers making every sacrifice to extend their foreign trade; and, in all probability, a considerable curtailment of our normal sales to Europe, except such things as building material and other articles needed to repair the waste of war.

It is an ill war which blows no nation good. Two years ago to-day we were floundering in the stagnant pool of Democratic depression. Mills were closed, cars were rotting on their sidings, farm produce found no ready market, 5,000,000 laborers were out of work. Democratic free lunch—the soup cart and the bread line—were to be found in every large city, and the Hotel de Gink had a numerous patronage. Our foreign competitors were getting an ever-increasing control of our home market; our favorable balance of trade became a balance against us; the surplus in the United States Treasury became a large and growing deficit.

Two months after the declaration of war found us again with a favorable trade balance. In September, 1914, it was \$16,000,000 in our favor; in August, 1914, it was \$10,000,000 against us. During the calendar year 1913, nine months under the Republic's protective tariff, our favorable trade balance was \$691,000,000. During 1914, seven months under the free operation of the Democratic tariff law, and five months of war, it sank to \$224,000,000. During those five war months we chalked up \$253,000,000 in our favor. At the rate imports were increasing and exports decreasing, before the outbreak of the war, the year 1914 would have found us many millions of dollars on the wrong side of the ledger had it been a year of peace. The imports were paying but little revenue to the government, but they were putting the American laborer on the street, and holding the head of the American farmer in chancery. Meanwhile the cost of living was on a heaven-bent record for elevation. Like

their Baltimore platform, the Democratic tariff policy was a total wreck.

And then came war. Edward Bellamy once said: "The best way to insure prosperity is to burn your surplus." Under ordinary circumstances that would be drastic economy. But that is exactly what Europe has been doing for us—and not only our surplus, but nearly all our men and mills could produce, working at full time and full capacity. Our favorable trade balance since the declaration of war, August 1, 1914, to March, 1916, totals \$2,610,000,000, or at the rate of \$150,500,000 a month, and two-thirds of our exports have been going to Europe. Of \$2,278,300,000 worth of exports for the seven months ended February, 1916, \$1,180,000,000 were made up of 31 classes of articles necessary to conduct modern warfare, or 52 per cent. And yet our Secretary of Commerce says that war munitions comprise but 5 per cent. of our total exports. In the meantime we have been the great supply depot for neutral countries that formerly bought largely in Europe.

During the past two years the American laboring man has been given the best illustration ever presented to the toiler in the factory of what it means to his pay check to have his mill run at full time, full capacity. But should the wage of to-day blind him to the prospect of the morrow? The war cannot continue much longer. Its termination will find the Allies banded together by trade agreements and preferential tariffs. Germany and Austria will pull together at the same plow that they may reap the harvest of world trade. The United States will stand in splendid isolation, the envy of all nations, purse bulging with war profits and the advantage taken in neutral countries. Then will come the assault on our position. Are we to meet it with free trade, or a protective tariff? Mr. Workman, think it over!

Sidelights on Pennsylvania at Chicago

[From a Staff Correspondent.]
Chicago, June 10.—John S. Fisher, the Pennsylvania man who was chairman of the committee on permanent organization, lives in Indiana and served a couple of terms as senator from the Indiana-Jefferson district. He is well known in Harrisburg because of frequent visits to the Capitol on legal business and is one of the best-known men in public affairs in the State. Senator Fisher, by a curious freak of chance, was defeated for national delegate in 1912, but elected hands down in 1916. He has many friends in the delegations of other states and they have warmly congratulated him.

Secretary of the Commonwealth Cyrus E. Woods, has been enjoying the convention as well as the rain will let him. He came here on Wednesday with a party of Pittsburgh friends and presented them to the governor. Mr. Woods, who is a former state senator and thoroughly experienced in state affairs, is being mentioned by many Pennsylvanians as available gubernatorial timber. Senator W. C. Sproul, of Chester, who has also been mentioned, is just a bit about being mentioned for honors. He is a busy man and in some big projects.

Delegate George L. Holmes, of the Progressives, turned up as one of the radicals. Mr. Holmes always was one of the leaders when it came to bucking the announced order of things. Delegate Chester S. Shook took a large and cheerful part in the Progressive convention. He was one of the Pennsylvanians who shouted long and loud. Magistrate Carson, of Philadelphia, was not able to do more than whisper after the cheering demonstration.

General Charles Miller, of Franklin, is one of the delegates who appeared at the convention for the first time. He was for years a general officer in the National Guard. He had quite a number of friends in the delegations of Pennsylvania in the Collinscum.

Robert Grey Bushong, the Reading delegate, was judge of orphans' court in Berks by appointment of Governor Tener, and elected by a very flattering vote and is regarded as one of the coming men in Republican affairs, being a close student of politics and legislative affairs. He served in the 1909 House and has a notable grasp of State matters.

Among Cumberland countians who are here are Caleb Brinton, former lawmaster of Caniste and his brothers, M. A. Brinton and John Brinton. They arrived Wednesday when the rain was raining its hardest.

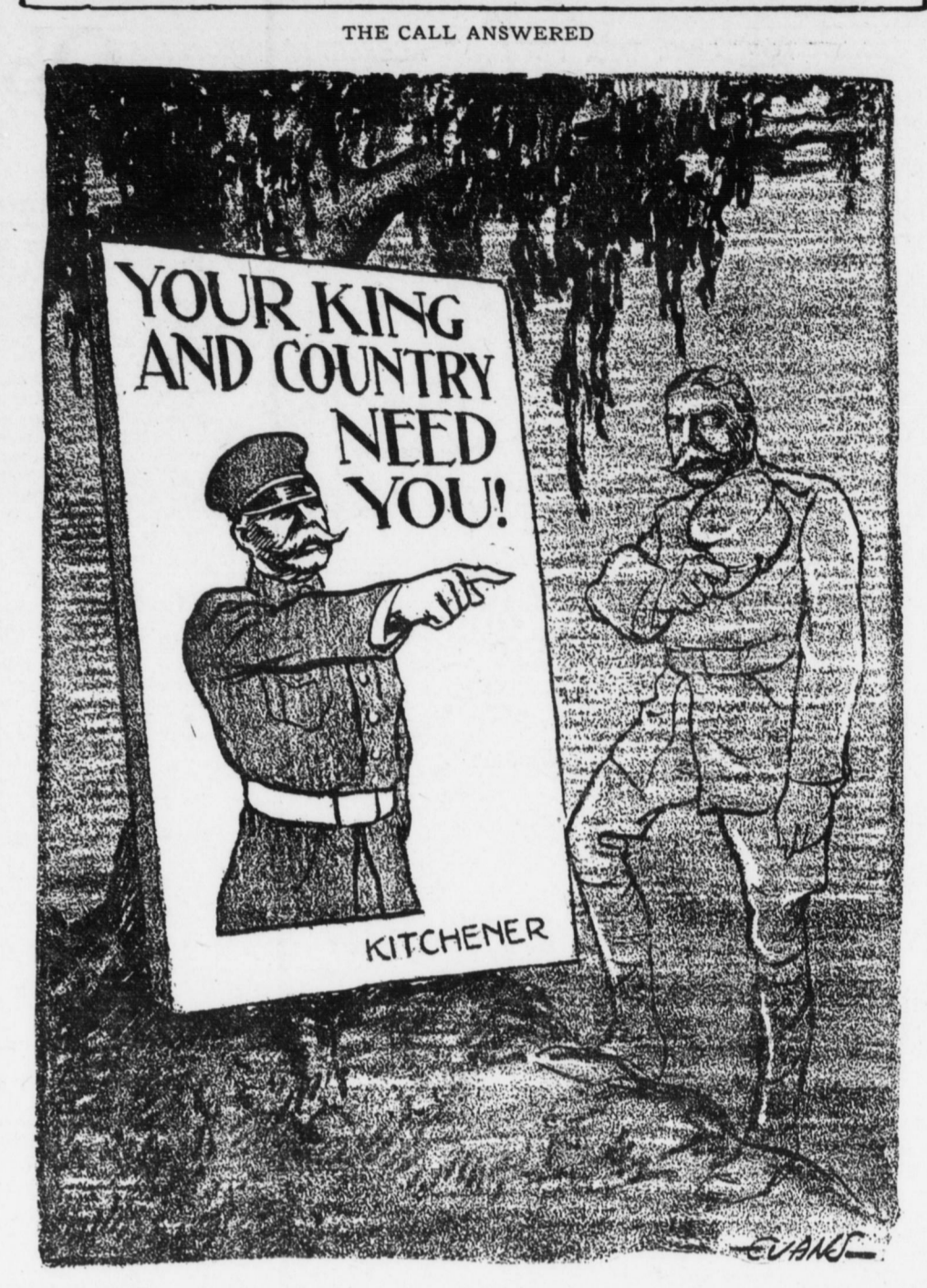
Congressman John M. Merin, of Pittsburgh, one of the Roosevelt congressmen-at-large in 1912, and now a district congressman, was among the crowds, talking adequate defense. He is a strong believer in a good big navy.

The auditor general's department, by the way, is well represented here. H. P. Shomo is a Republican alternate and Harry Hartzler, Carlisle, and H. D. Lindemuth, Auburn, are Progressive delegates.

A. Nevin Detrich, of Chambersburg, has been the whole thing at the Progressive platform center table. He is chief assistant secretary and occasionally lets hear King Davis, the secretary, have a hand. Detrich has developed a good reading voice.

Samuel I. Spyster, of Huntingdon, associate counsel of the Workmen's Compensation Board, who has found time heavy on his hands because of the tardiness of the convention, has been putting in time talking to the members here about compensation systems and when he gets home will be a compendium of compensation laws in other commonwealths and a handbook of experiences. Mr. Spyster has been looking into the Ohio and other systems and as such legislation is now part of the platform of the party in every state he has found plenty of men ready to talk about it. Mr. Spyster met up with some Massachusetts men who had been working on the problem and they had a symposium. The compensation plans of the states are very different, but they have been going through a variety of cases which are

THE CARTOON OF THE DAY



—From the Baltimore American.

Evening Chat

Folks are beginning to wonder if we are to have another such a summer as last year, when it rained, rained, rained.

June has started out well and canoeists, golf sharks and tennis enthusiasts have been cussing because of high water, wet courts and soggy courses. It's not very much fun to try to paddle a canoe against the current of the Susquehanna when the river is over a six foot stage, but that is what lovers of the water have had to do most of this spring. Swimming, too, is a way behind schedule and only the most hardy or foolhardy take your choice—have had the nerve to spend much time doing the "crawl" or jolling about on the sand beaches of the islands.

The tennis courts have been wet most of the time for a week and if the month of brides and roses insists on crying much more it's more than likely that the city tennis championship this summer will be rather slow.

Have you noticed how many stray dogs there are about town? It seems that the city dog mopper, as popular in Harrisburg, the floor on a dog's back and with the munitions factories working overtime and plenty of work for everybody it's next to impossible to keep anybody on the hunt for the dogs that howl in the night.

Now that Melville H. James, of Elmhurst, the recently appointed secretary of the William Penn Highway Association, is on the job with headquarters in this city, things can be expected to boom for the pushing forward of the project. Mr. James bears the reputation of being a hustler and he has already started the ball a-rolling to create interest in the movement throughout Pennsylvania. He was formerly on the staff of the Johnstown Democrat as a "press agent" he should be a jimdandy.

If you are a careful reader of the Telegraph's first page you probably noticed every night that the marriage licenses of the day are carried below the red bulletin box at the lower right hand corner. Have you seen how many licenses are being issued these days? June is surely living up to its reputation as an aid to Cupid.

The old "Wash Day Dinner Club," which has developed into a regular weekly luncheon at the Harrisburg Rotary club, has changed its quarters from the Senate hotel to the Columbus hotel. The members had no fault to find with the fare the Senate dispensed, but the quarters were too small. Years ago, John H. Nixon, freight agent for the Pennsylvania railroad at this point, got together a genial little party of Rotarians, who lunched around the small table at the Danphin. It was not long until other Rotarians began to drop in and the fame of the club as a dining organization began to spread. Then the members moved to the new place and there was more room for them, and it was not long until that hotel was outgrown. Then the "Wash Day" diners moved up to the Engineers' club and remained there until another growth in membership forced a change to the second floor of the Senate. And now it is the Columbus—where a special dining room has been screened off for the diners. Nobody knows just when the development from the Wash Day Dinner Club lunch to the Rotary club luncheon took place, but the Rotarians are so well pleased with the weekly gatherings of the Harrisburg Rotary above the 80 mark, John H. Nixon is still chairman of the luncheon committee, and acting with him this year are Captain James L. Kemper and Richard Jobs, men whom there are no livelier members of the club. The committee promises that there will be plenty of "pep" in the lunches this year.

Steelton folks who depend for their daily bread upon the big plant of the Pennsylvania Steel Company are having a hard time to keep the new names of the big blast furnaces in mind. It is now above the 80 mark, John H. Nixon is still chairman of the luncheon committee, and acting with him this year are Captain James L. Kemper and Richard Jobs, men whom there are no livelier members of the club. The committee promises that there will be plenty of "pep" in the lunches this year.

There was a time when the furnaces were known by their location. The last of these is the old Lochiel stack. The big pigiron producers at Steelton for many years have been called No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4 and No. 5 "stacks." But when the management took charge, however, they rechristened the furnaces and they are now "A," "B," "C," "D" and "E" stacks. The old No. 5 furnace is now a stack; No. 4 is "B," No. 3 is "C," No. 2 is "D" and No. 1 is "A." It is now in the course of construction and "A" will be authorized later.

Speaking of blast furnaces, those who are interested in the steel business were ready when the erection of a new stack was a big event in the trade, and was heralded from coast to coast. Of course, it's still more than a mere incident but not such an important matter as years ago.

In those days the furnaces were built to produce from 50 to 100 tons of pigiron daily while now the majority are built to turn out 500 tons and upwards every time the hour hand completes its journey around the clock.

Then, too, there was a time it required from a year to eighteen months and sometimes even two years to complete the erection of a stack. Yet just the other day the new No. 9 furnace of the Cambria Steel Company at Johnstown was "blown in" just eighty-five days after its erection had been authorized by the board of directors.

But then you know, these fast furnaces in which we of to-day are living.

"Try, Try Again"
A little girl in Jersey who had a banquet was disappointed in the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird, says the Country Gentleman.
"But then you know, these fast furnaces in which we of to-day are living."

A GREAT AMERICAN

By Frederic J. Haskin

A PROCLAMATION just issued by President Wilson sets aside a tract of land in central New Mexico for a national monument. The tract is to be known as the Bandelier Monument. To all but a few Americans the name of Bandelier means little or nothing. Yet Adolph Bandelier was one of our great men, a man whose career was as colorful and adventurous as that of some medieval knight-errant, a man who accomplished things that are destined to live, who occupied a unique place as an American historian and an American author.

THE STATE FROM DAY TO DAY

"Hoch der Star Spangled Banner!" Lewis Zollner and his two sons, of Lehigh Tannery, appeared before the judge at Mauch Chunk for citizenship papers and in reply to the question as to which country they would prefer to fight for, answered in chorus, "America First."

The Hanover Evening Sun has kindly figured out the total number of expensive fires in Pennsylvania during the first four days of this week. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia were specially visited by "ignis delens" to the extent of \$325,000.

"Girard" in the Public Ledger commends the "Battle of the Flowers," which is the name given to the effort for raising money in Philadelphia to erect a home for the allied arts, a sort of clearing house. While Girard was inclining his thoughts toward things aesthetic, his brother was out in Chicago nominating our own Governor for the highest office in the land.

Students of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, have asked the trustees to introduce military training into the curriculum. It is easy to see to what end would boil the fiery blood of youth in time of war.

The 5 and 10 cent store is again vindicated. Mrs. Knox of Conneville was out motoring with friends yesterday when she discovered that her elation would not work. Nothing gaunted, this thoughtful woman stopped at Woolworth's, purchased a tin horn, and tooted her way merrily homeward.

The dedication and opening of Warren's new public library reveals the presence of a smoking room in the basement. All the comforts of home are there. Undoubtedly Omar Khayyam would have seen great possibilities for a poem on luxury in such a picture.

Alexander Risk, of Bellefonte, recently deceased, lost his pocket account book before his death and his widow is dependent upon the kind honesty of his debtors to come through with their payments. Mr. Risk was happily, or unhappily named, depending on the outcome.

Hasten thy years, boys and girls of Luzerne county, if you would aspire to the state of matrimony, for Judge Treas has decreed that all marriages

TELEGRAPH PERISCOPE

—The Chicago rains appear to have been accompanied by frosts.
—But gentlemen, gentlemen, what have you done about that most important of issues, the re-call of judicial decisions?
—Count Okuma has been killed, almost as often as Villa has been captured.
—When, we wonder, did Chauncey Depew join the Ford advertising staff?
—Carranza having told us to "heat it," the President is due to issue an ultimate ultimatum.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Anxiety as to Justice's Views
[From the Knoxville Journal and Tribune.]
Those most anxious to have Judge Hughes talk are those who would not be satisfied with what he might say, no matter what.

Still, He Merely Said So
[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.]
Those who have been looking on war as an unending mill may be inclined to modify their opinion now that Col. Blease has announced that he would be among the first to go if war were declared.

Let Nature Take Her Course
[From the Kansas City Star.]
Favorite sons should be abolished, expatriated, obliterated. The method is immaterial—let it be by a rider on an appropriation bill if necessary.

A Stumped Detective
Ezra Haskin, constable of a New England village, had an excited opinion of his ability as a detective. He also read everything he could find on the career of Sherlock Holmes, until he had imagined that he had thereby acquired wonderful deductive ability.

My daughter writes beautiful poetry.
Dear me, dear me, and the world was a hungry for good cooks.

GRADUATING BY POST.
Dad, what's a post-graduate? A fellow who emerges from school, I imagine.

NEGLECTED VOCATION.
My daughter writes beautiful poetry.