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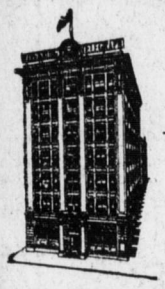

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MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 18

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—EMERSON.

THE BRIDGE WITHDRAWAL

IN withdrawing the petition for approval of the Walnut street bridge, which was to have been heard before the Public Service Commission today the City Council exhibited a proper appreciation of the relation of the city and the State. Governor Brumbaugh declared that under no circumstances will he do anything to further this proposition, but will exercise the full power of the Commonwealth to prevent the construction of a bridge at Walnut street. He and his associates of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings are strongly of opinion that the Walnut street project would seriously interfere with the development of the Capitol Park extension program.

It is practically agreed that an ornamental viaduct at State street with an approach from Walnut street would be more satisfactory in every way than the original subway idea or the proposed structure at Walnut street. While Arnold W. Brunner and Warren H. Manning, who are making a careful study of the problem for the Commonwealth, have not reached a definite conclusion, it is understood that a viaduct at State street, with ornamental approaches from North and Walnut streets, appeals to them as the most practical solution. This arrangement and proper restrictions as to the height of buildings in the Paxton Creek valley between Market and Herr streets would, it is believed, preserve the park idea from the Capitol to the bluff fringing the Allison Hill approaches to the viaduct and which would be so screened by shrubbery as to create the impression of a park the entire distance.

But the details aside, the withdrawal of the city's petition at this time will prevent an unfortunate clashing of interests which are mutual and should be harmonious at every turn. Good sense is a prime quality in the development of individuals and communities.

So the Democrats in the Legislature are going to stand together for their own program. Wise Democrats. No pulling of factional Republican chestnuts out of the fire for them. On the contrary they will now seize the opportunity ti plant sure political thistles between the lines of the common enemy and thus make more difficult a Republican harvest in 1918. A fine outlook, indeed!

THE EIGHTH VINDICATED

CAPTAIN SCHELL'S report of Eighth regiment conditions at the Border are precisely what those who are acquainted with the make-up of the regiment expected.

"Mutiny" is a harsh word and when applied to the escapade of a dozen or a score of soldiers, prompted by high spirits and the opportunities that idle hands find for mischief, it is not only out of place but is an insult to the whole military history of the Guard. The Eighth regiment, which includes the two Harrisburg companies, constitutes as fine a body of men as ever responded to a call to arms. There has never been a question as to their patriotism. One and all they might have shirked when the troops were at Mt. Gretna, had they so chosen. They went to the border voluntarily, expecting to be called upon to repel invasion, if not to join in the chase for Villa. That they have been held in Texas by the piffling policies of an administration that does not know its own mind naturally makes the men restive. Not one of them would "want to go home" if they saw a chance for active service, but nobody can blame them for desiring either to perform the duties of soldiers or to return to the activities of civilian life. Many of them have families at home and nearly all of them sacrificed salary and position to enter the service.

True, one and all of them will be the better physically for their wholesome life in the open and all will return home trained soldiers fit for any duty, but these benefits cannot entirely make up for the material losses of the privates in the ranks who will be fortunate if they find their old jobs awaiting them when they return. The longer the period of service the greater the difficulties in this direction.

But Captain Schell — supported by Colonel Finney and Lieutenant Colonel Kemper — asserts that the men in the main are contented, their discipline excellent and their condition good. It is shameful that the regiment's good name ever should have been placed in doubt and it is gratifying in the extreme that the falsity of the reports have been so quickly and effectively demonstrated.

Whatever the motive for changing the loction of the Donato statuary—the gift of Mr. Hershey to the city—from the River Front to a Reservoir Park entrance, the main thing is to get the group into public view.

Another Empty Stocking

WEALTHY residents and generous corporations have given to Denver $275,000 in Christmas gifts and bequests, the money to be expended for the beautification and betterment of the city. The interesting story of Denver's good fortune is published elsewhere in this issue, but the dispatch gives only a hint as to how it all came about. Giving on such a scale is seldom entirely spontaneous. Somebody usually has to talk forcefully and eloquently, not to say at length and repeatedly, to induce a wealthy man or a big corporation to put money where there can be no hope of cash dividends. In this instance the impelling force emanated from the personality of Mayor Speer—would that he were mayor of Harrisburg.

Mayor Speer is a man of vision, but not merely a visionary. He has a genius for making his dreams come true. He sees a municipal need and does not hesitate to point it out to others—at the same time gently intimating that tax rates and bond issues are not the only means of paying for public improvements. He rejoices that the city has been presented with $275,000—and utilizes the occasion to point out many other places where private fortunes could be expended for public welfare.

Mayor Speer tells Denver millionaires that a marble monument in a churchyard is a poor memorial and that a big bank account alone is no mark of a successful life. He knows that it is still more blessed to give than to receive and that the real value of a big income can be estimated only by the number of people it serves. It is Mayor Speer's belief that too generous private bequests provide excellent material for heart-burnings and family quarrels and that relatives often curse the makers of wills, but he knows, and teaches, that the city which receives a girt at the hands of one of its citizens rises up and calls the giver blessed and ever after his name in that community is associated with all that is good and worthy. Public bequests cover a multitude of private faults.

Mayor Speer would find ample opportunity for exercise of his peculiar talents here in Harrisburg, where gifts and personal bequests to the city might be numbered on the fingers of one hand, with a digit or two to spare. Our needs are many and there are no Speers in our official life. There is nobody to tell those who have made their fortunes in Harrisburg, and from Harrisburg, that they owe the city which gave them their all something in return for the opportunity for money-making which it afforded them. There is a lot of privately owned money in Harrisburg that might be spent in a public way without anybody being injured thereby.

Father Harris is about to hang up his stocking, but like the poor little boy in the story, he's likely to wake up Christmas Day and find it empty. Santa Claus Speer doesn't operate outside the city of Denver, and he has no agents here.

HUGO MUNSTERBERG

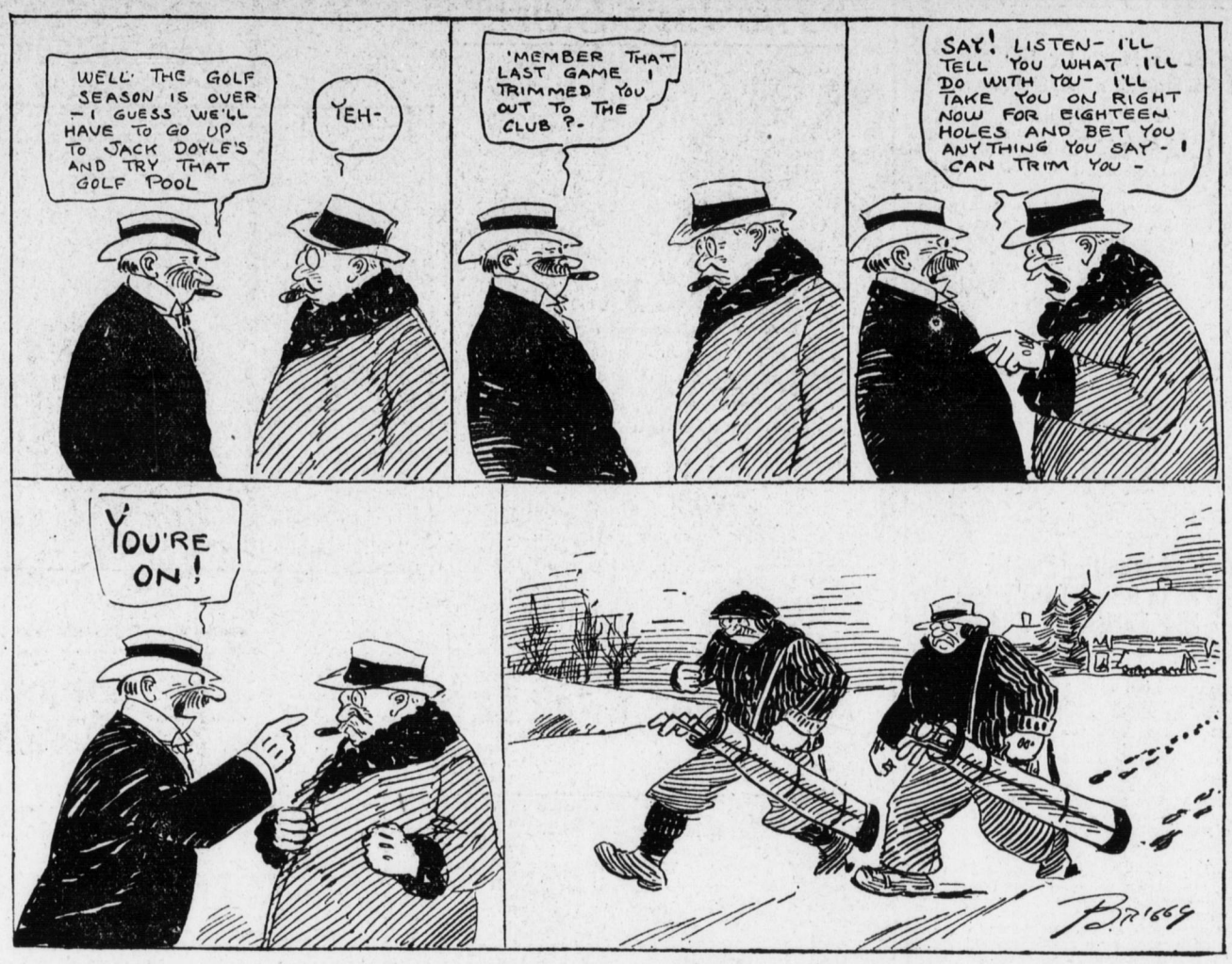
GERMANY loses a highly respected and powerful advocate in America by the sudden death of Hugo Munsterberg. Nobody has done more in the United States to urge the claims of the Central Powers for public sympathy since the outbreak of the great war than the eminent Harvard psychologist. His vigorous defense of German policies brought down upon his head the only severe criticism directed at him since he left Germany to take up his permanent residence in this country.

However, his loyalty to the land of his birth did not prevent him from desiring well for the country of his adoption, since his most recent effort was toward a realignment of the nations after the war, bringing into close alliance for lasting peace, the United States, England and Germany. He was probably as much misunderstood by his critics as he misunderstood many of them.

A western advertiser offers five quarts of whisky and a revolver for five dollars. Murder is getting cheaper every day.

Say, fellows, isn't it hard luck that just about the time our Christmas stocking reaches the proper size they go and put sax on us?

THE GOLF SEASON IS NEVER OVER -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- By Briggs



Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Rivalry for "control of the trend of legislation" in the next general assembly, as Governor Brumbaugh has designated the contest for the speakership of the next House of Representatives, has gotten to a stage unknown in Pennsylvania politics in twenty years and claims and counter claims have been filling the air with suggestions of radical changes in legislative methods and threats of official beheadings and reprisals.

Senator Penrose has answered the Governor's declaration that he would not wait for legislative action to probe wrongdoing in any department by saying that the Governor will probably be furnished with information and Auditor General-elect Snyder has given forth some intimations that he is making some investigations on his own account.

Richard J. Baldwin issued a claim Saturday in which he said that he had information "less than three days old" that he would have 110 votes. Senator Penrose said that Baldwin would win in a walk. Representative Cox said that his election was a cinch and Senator Vare declared the Baldwin claims "absurd." Friends of George W. Williams say he is gathering up votes and that the influential Altoona Tribune is for him. The Democrats are looking on and preparing to fish up what they can from troubled waters. And if the ruction goes on the fishing will be good. The Democrats are looking forward to 1918 just as are the State administration men who want to name Governor Brumbaugh's successor, a job which the Penrose people also fancy.

—Senator Penrose drove a blow at the county caucus plan on Saturday when he said apropos of the Philadelphia caucus that it would not bind anyone. Seventeen Philadelphians, he said, are signed up for Baldwin. The Governor says that is not so. Senator Vare says it is "ridiculous." Senator Penrose persists.

—Congressman John R. K. Scott says that Cox's election is a foregone conclusion and that he is now considering legislation. Scott is a candidate for Governor in 1918, if a certain Brumbaugh official is not, in which event he will run in 1922. Hence Scott's prominence.

—Senator Penrose and his friends intimated on Saturday that they would "put a crimp in the veto power of the Governor," as the Philadelphia Record says, by passing the appropriation bills in the middle of the session and having the House sit in review of the vetoes instead of dumping them all on the Governor and going home with the whip in the hands of the Governor. This suggestion has been heard biennially since 1874, but it drew blood from the administration side just the same because Scott came out with a clarion call to adopt a system of hospital appropriations to be worked out by a commission.

—For years this systematizing of hospital appropriations has been urged, but Scott's sudden espousal of it seems something like a grasp for a life preserver when a submarine heaves in sight. Scott in a long statement says: "It is manifestly impossible for the appropriation committee, to which are referred thousands of bills calling for appropriations to charitable and semipublic institutions in the short space of time allotted to it to make a proper investigation as to the needs and requirements of each institution. Usually the amount of the appropriation recommended is totally dependent upon the political complexion and influence of the member representing the district in which the institution is located. Each member feels that it is his bounden duty to obtain as large appropriations as possible for the institutions in his district, and many of them feel that their service to their constituents is measured by the amount and number of such appropriations. Log rolling is the inevitable result."

—The Democratic legislative conference adjourned late on Saturday afternoon with the determination to stick together and not to vote for any Republican candidate for speaker no matter how great the temptation. Two Democratic members, Isherwood and Bell, were reported as inclined to vote for Cox, but seemed to have given up the idea when they heard the strong sentiments expressed by the state leaders and by their colleagues. The Democrats provided for a steering committee of bosses and legislators to draft legislation and to make up the party program, just as they did before. This year the steering committee will probably get more consideration than before.

—The Democratic program will include an assault on the assistance clause and demand for change in hospital appropriations. Local option will be let severely alone.

—The Philadelphia Inquirer gives this version of the Penrose comment of Governor Brumbaugh's declaration that he welcomed an investigation of the State government:

"'So the Governor welcomes an investigation,' remarked Senator Penrose, and then added slowly and with a smile almost sardonic, 'Well, I think, perhaps, we'll accommodate him!'

"For some time there have been rumors of a quiet investigation instituted by Penrose adherents, of the expenditures under the Brumbaugh administration and the alleged political activities of State administration officials.

"Auditor General-elect Charles A. Snyder, who spent some time with Senator Penrose yesterday, has expressed himself freely as to what he intends to do in this respect when he takes office, and he is engaged in an investigation upon his own hook."

—In spite of assertions by administration people that leaders of mine workers had converted some of the legislators claimed for Baldwin in the anthracite region it was reiterated today that the men aligned with the Delaware countian in Lackawanna, Luzerne and Schuylkill counties were standing fast. Conrad G. Miller, of the Hazleton district, gave notice yesterday that he was for Baldwin. On the other hand C. E. Cook, of York, claimed for Baldwin, said he was not sure where he was going to go. He was claimed for Cox.

—Threats are being made in the western part of the State to make public the attitude of some men connected with the State administration in the Allegheny county congressional contests.

—Judge Denny, of the Susquehanna courts, has taken away the licenses of hotels which have been taverns since the Civil War.

—Coatesville people are talking of petitioning council to name a mayor to act now that Mayor Jones has been recommended for ousting.

—The Democratic national administration plan to place presidential postmasters under civil service will affect 546 postmasters in Pennsylvania. It would be a fine thing to have it done and the Democrats placed in office for life terms with the chances that the next President will be a Republican and not a Pennsylvanian.

—The Philadelphia Ledger takes an editorial crack at Chairman Harry A. Mackey, of the State Compensation Board, who is quoted as saying bosses are dead in Pennsylvania. The Ledger asks Mr. Mackey if he had ever heard of half a dozen men whose names figure considerably in the political news of the day.

The Surgeon

Because God made me wise in healing pain,
And taught me how to straighten crooked limbs,
I went to offer, free, my services
Unto the poor and thus to honor Him.

The place I chose from out the misery
Of our great town was full of little ones,
Poor were "Purifiers of the World"
To whom no childhood pleasure ever comes.

They crept in dozens, scores, up to my knee,
Their poor pinched faces old beyond their years,
The little crippled bodies, helpless limbs,
And hopeful faces filled my eyes with tears.

I wondered how I ever dare to say,
That I a man of miracles could be!
I felt so utterly incapable
Before those little tots who trusted me!

And then the Voice came whispering in my ear,
I knew I had a covenant to keep,
The work was this, not mine, the message said,
"Take heart, my son, for thou shalt feed my sheep!"

So clothed in strength I had not had before,
I tried to save these little lives from pain,
The Doctor from the Shores of Galilee
Stood by my side and worked his cures again.

ANNA H. WOOD.

Harrisburg, Pa.

UTOPIA OF SOUTH SEA TALES IS PLACE WITHOUT SIN

IN the Pacific Ocean, midway between California and Australia, says the New York Telegram, there is a mountain of rocks two thousand feet high, with an area of about two miles square, known as Pitcairn Island, whose inhabitants, numbering exactly one hundred and sixty, including a clergyman and his wife, have sent an appeal through Captain Griffith Griffiths of the steamship Port Hardy to the people of the United States for clothing, paper and pencils, paraffin, oil, soap and nails.

"That is all we need," said the clergyman and the chief magistrate or governor of the island to Captain Griffiths June 2 when the Port Hardy, on its way to the United States, stopped after sighting two large whaleboats, each carrying thirty men, women and children, two miles off Pitcairn.

Captain Griffiths and the crew of sixty men gave the natives all the clothing they could spare. The women and young girls, all barefooted, were greatly disappointed when told there were no women's clothes.

A sailing vessel from Tahiti, five hundrel miles to the northwest and the nearest island, had called at Pitcairn ten months before, which was the only word the natives had heard of the outside world in four years.

Borrow an English Flag

At that time they were told England was at war, and the island being an English possession the natives borrowed an English flag from the master of the sailing vessel and climbed to the top of Pitcairn, where the flag was placed and was still flying when the Port Hardy came to a stop last June.

The natives of Pitcairn are the direct descendants of the crew of H. M. S. Bounty, which, April 28, 1789, mutinied and seized the vessel after setting the commander, Lieutenant William Blight, and those of the crew who wished to go with him, adrift in open boats. The Bounty put in at Pitcairn, where it remained for several months. Fletcher Christian, leader, and fourteen men then went to Tahiti, where twelve men and their wives were taken aboard and the return trip to Pitcairn was made. The Bounty was then set on fire and destroyed.

No one except the masters of sailing vessels and steamships set foot on the island and no one ever stopped there more than a few days until twenty years ago, when a clergyman and his wife went from Melbourne on hearing that the natives of Pitcairn were very religious, but without a minister of the gospel. They are Seventh Day Adventists.

All Can Read and Write

The clergyman on his arrival found a small hut built around the trees of branches and straw, which was used as a school where the mothers of the children gathered each day and gave instruction. He was so impressed with the piety of the natives that he has never left the island. The result is that all of the 160 persons know how to read and write.

The soil of Pitcairn is volcanic and fertile, the climate variable and rainy, with a temperature ranging from 70 to 100 degrees. The people live on fruit and fish and wild birds. They do not like beef or pork, and alcoholic beverages and tobacco are unknown to them.

According to the chief officer, Mr. Allen, the inhabitants, aside from being religious, are very intelligent and are excellent painters. The women do the finest of needlework, while the men make the finest of straw hats.

Three days each week everyone who is able bodied works at building roads and improving the island. The other three days are devoted to their own homes. Sunday, after attending church for three hours, they make calls or rest. There is little or no illness among the inhabitants. Several hundred goats are the only animals on the island, and from these milk is obtained.

The ambition of the inhabitants at present is to build a schooner large enough to trade their fruit for clothing with the inhabitants of other islands. They have no money, their motto being "All for one and one for all.'

Bible Is Their Guide

When four of the young girls were asked if they would not like to go to Australia and see other people, each shook her head and said she preferred Pitcairn to any other place in the world.

Several years ago, however, one young woman, Emily McCoy, daughter of Matthew McCoy, sometimes called "King of Pitcairn" and a lineal descendant of the famous old mutineer and pirate chief, "Matt" McCoy, did leave the island, following the death of her mother, and came to the United States to study medicine. Miss McCoy went to Bridgeport, Conn., where last June she was graduated as a nurse and lived at the Graduate Nurses' Club.

"There is no sin on the island of Pitcairn," Miss McCoy said at that time, "for the reason that the only book the inhabitants study is the Bible. No elopements are of record and no violations of the marriage vow have been known in the history of the island."

Thou Loveth Me

Dear Lord! my true and previous friend,
I owe my all to Thee;
For every blessing I depend
On Thee—Thou loveth me.
Yet I'm ungrateful, vain and rude,
And weak when sin allures;
I render evil for Thy good
And yet Thy good endures.

Our smiling land abundance yields;
No blast of famine shocks;
All verdant are our boundless fields
And flourishing our flocks.
The flowers bloom, birds sing their lays,
In Thee rejoicing, while
The hills and vales give Thee their praise in nature's smile.
Adorned.

I, too, dear Lord! would praise give Thee,
And for Thy praise would work;
But while afloat on life's rough sea
My task ofttimes I shirk.
Yet when sin tempts my soul to stray
Into the realms of night
Thou saveth me from evil's way
And guideth me aright.

Dear Lord! Thy hand's been at the helm
Through all my weary years;
When pangs of sorrow overwhelmed
Thou hast been more than friend to me;
Thou art my life complete.
O, Love Divine! in thanks to Thee
I stoop and kiss Thy feet.

J. H.

Harrisburg, Nov. 27, 1916.

—Baltimore Evening Sun.

Lights in Helmets

[From the Scientific American.]

Another novelty of darkened London is a policeman's helmet provided with a small electric bulb on the very top, serving as a sort of a beacon to pedestrians and street traffic. The electric bulb is connected to a battery fastened on the belt of the "boobie," by means of a flexible conductor.

OUR DAILY LAUGH

IN BUGLAND.

Hobo Bugs: Gee this open fire place is great this cool weather.

CAUGHT.

Poor Jack When he proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water. Why shouldn' he? He knew he was caught.

A STUDY IN BOTANY.

Jack Huggins said I reminded him of a dainty flower at the ball last night. A number of others spoke of you as a wall flower.

Evening Chat

"I do not know whether you are aware of it or not, but Harrisburg is organized in regard to about as many industries as any place I know of in Pennsylvania," said a man whose business it is to keep track of labor conditions. "I doubt if many people know that the unions are as strong as they are in this city. If you will get a line on the halls about the city which are used for the meetings you will be surprised to see how much they are used on Sundays, which are the big days for meeting. If you will look in the city directory you will get some idea of the extent of the labor organizations. There are scores of them. The railroad men's organizations here are known all over the State for their numbers and businesslike management of funds and benefits. Then there are organizations in all the building trades while the barbers, the stage hands and others in lines of activity of which you do not know much and whose numbers apparently may be few which are strongly organized. Some of these unions are old organizations and they have invested funds of considerable size. Their memberships comprise the older men of the trades as well as the younger and they do a vast amount of good among themselves of which the average man knows nothing.

* * *

The Harrisburg Public Library, whose tables containing books for suggestions for Christmas buying have been surrounded by people in search of ideas the last ten days, has taken means to supply information on books to get for boys. The Library made a special display at the time when the Boy Scout "good reading" week came around and has supplied through the Boy Scouts Library commission lists of books which boys like. The result has been a marked stimulation of purchases of boys' books at a number of stores. One merchant said that he thought people were buying more books than toys for boys this year.

* * *

Governor Brumbaugh in congratulating Thomas M. Jones upon the passage by congress of the bill recognizing Mr. Jones' military service as a drummer boy in the civil war, told of Mr. Jones' gifted father, the author of the history of the Juniata valley. The elder Mr. Jones edited newspapers in Blair and other counties and was one of the editors of note in his day in Harrisburg. He lived close to one of the places where troops were assembled here during the civil war and Master Thomas got the military fever from what he saw every day. The elder Jones was not very strong for it, but the boy mobilized and was once retrieved from York and another time from Gettysburg.

* * *

There is a member of the next House of Representatives who is not ashamed of a name and who proceeded call down the compilers of the next legislative directory on that score. This man's first name begins with A and it is not our own A. Ramsey Black nor A. B. Hess of Lancaster, nor yet A. D. Miller, of Susquehanna county. When the book was made up he was surprised to see the A without the name. He wrote to the compilers to please make his name the way it was given to him. For the information of the fresh compilers he wrote it out this way:

ANANIAS.

* * *

Something bright and glowing and shaped like the big stick of political tradition appeared in the eastern sky on Saturday night. It was not a balloon and it was too fixed for any reflection from furnaces or bessemer mills and there was not a cloud in the sky. It hung for half an hour and shed a faintly luminous glow about which was plainly visable for a still longer period. Most people put it down as one of the wandering comets.

* * *

Major John M. McCourt, who resigned a day or so ago from the quartermaster's corps of the National Guard, has served for years in that branch of the service. He was at Camp Brumbaugh when the Guard mobilized to go to Texas and was constantly consulted by Col. Harry C. Trexler who handled the supply end of the camp in such expeditious style. Finally, some one asked the Allentown colonel why he went to talk to McCourt so much.

"To keep out of jail" was the laconic reply.

Major McCourt is assistant United States district attorney and not only an authority on contract law, but on military law as well.

* * *

Two weeks from to-day the preliminaries to the meeting of the legislature will be gone through and the lawmakers will organize the following day. Since 1875 the legislature has met only twice on January 1 and five times on New Year's day.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Col. P. C. Boyle, of the Oil City Derrick, has advanced the price of his paper to the prices charged for most of the other dailies. It was one of the first penny papers.

—John Ihlder, the new secretary of the Philadelphia Housing association, is well known here. He has lately been working in New York.

—James Scarlet, who was the chief Capitol prober, is the chief counsel in the brewers suits in federal court at Pittsburgh and has submitted some questions which have stopped the trials temporarily.

—Gus Luckenbill, the Schuylkill Haven weather prophet, who picked the present storm date, calls for another at Christmas. He does not use a goosebone either.

DO YOU KNOW

That Harrisburg steel is used in Chicago buildings?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG

Some of the first color printing in the country was done in this city.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COMPLAINS OF CAR SERVICE

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

Hill residents complain that the service on the Reservoir Park line is very, very poor. There are three cars on that line ordinarily, and four on rush days. It frequently happens that there is a procession of these cars with the result that 20 or more minutes will elapse before waiting passengers down town get a car. Perhaps it would be possible for the traffic director to send Reservoir Park cars back, either at Eleventh or Thirteenth streets. In this manner schedules could be maintained with better regularity and the complaints of the thousands of patrons of the Hill lines silenced. Tuesday evening a Reservoir car carried 107 passengers. Just what that means may be judged by the fact that a car Friday evening which carried 91 pasenngers was jammed to suffocation. The Hill folks are deserving of consideration, and should get it.

HILL MAN.

Transmutation

Oh, gold is something of a bluff
That won't content the soul
Till you get out and trade the stuff
For pork and beans and coal.