

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 3. Calamity is man's true touch stone. -Reamont and Fletcher.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WEEK. CHRISTIAN Endeavorers throughout the world this week are observing the crowning event of the year of Endeavor activities.

The Rev. Francis B. Clark, D.D., founder of the great movement, can now look back triumphantly to the evening of February 2, 1881, in the parsonage of Williston church, he being at that time pastor of the Williston Congregational church, at Portland, Maine, when he organized the first Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

In Atlantic City, in 1911, President W. H. Taft was one of the principal speakers. At that convention, Dr. Clark introduced the slogan for the Endeavorers "A Saloonless Nation in 1920," which has been ringing throughout the world ever since.

A "campaign for millions" which no doubt will be realized in two years, is making great progress. The aim is for a million new Endeavorers, a million new converts uniting with the church, a million new members of the peace union, a million new dollars for missions, ten thousand new societies of the Christian Endeavor, twenty thousand new comrades of the quiet hour, ten thousand new legionnaires, ten thousand new Christian Endeavor experts and five thousand new life-work recruits.

BOROUGH PAVING BILL. THE Legislature should pass without delay the bill recently submitted having for its object assurance of State aid for the paving of State highways through boroughs. There has been misunderstanding and aggravating delay in the improvement of roads through small towns.

THE RELIGION OF PATRIOTISM. GOD grant that Wilson either keep us out of an ignominious, seventh hour participation in a war which was none of our making, or provide us with an issue worth while to the end that it may be said of America, in the event she is drawn into the struggle, that her deeds were just, her words truth and her thoughts freedom.

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avoid hostilities, if possible, with honor. The desirability of rehabilitating ourselves as a nation in the eyes of the world was strongly emphasized by the speaker. There is no question that our national reputation has suffered abroad since the outbreak of the war and our course in the present crisis must be such as to improve our standing among the nations of the world. But it is not true that the country as a whole has been smitten by the blight of materialism to a degree that would prompt the people to accept peace with anything but honor. At all costs, Americans will insist that the ancient freedom of the seas be preserved, that the American flag may fly where Americans carry it and that Americans go wherever their pleasure or their business may take them. The religion of patriotism is not dead here, however much foreign peoples may believe it, and only such a national crisis as that through which we are now passing is necessary for a revival in all its varied forms of enthusiasm and service.

AMERICA AND WAR

If the United States enters the European war it will be regretfully and sorrowfully. There will be none of the cheering or the exultation of Spanish-American war days. The people of this country do not want to fight. They have showed that at every stage of the often-renewed controversy with Germany over the transgression of their rights. They have turned the other cheek until patience has ceased to be a virtue. They have been goaded to the point of madness more than once. But always they have preserved their equanimity and have restrained their impulses. Even now they are willing that every step be taken to keep the peace, if that can be done with honor.

But let nobody, here or abroad, imagine that the United States cannot fight. If the nation is drawn into the conflict it will go reluctantly, but once the step has been taken there will be no turning back. We have the men and the resources and the will. All that is required is time, and that is at our disposal, thanks to the position in which Germany finds herself at home. If it be war, then the United States will be in it to a victorious conclusion and nothing can stand in the way of that, eventually.

The fulfillment of the destiny of the United States is not yet. The nation is a "melting pot" in which the process of melting has been scarcely more than well begun. Some great crisis may be necessary to forge the country into the unit it aspires to be, but which as yet it is not. This continent was not allowed to lie fallow until the needs of an oppressed and rebellious Europe demanded a refuge for a freedom-loving and liberty-seeking people, to be overrun by the taints of a despot. If ever there was a divine purpose in the development of nations it has been expressed in America, which stands for everything that is uplifting and progressive, where a new race of men is being created from the most virile and upstanding of the oppressed peoples of the old world.

There is something of more than ordinary stamina and courage and will to do in even the humblest and most ignorant of the immigrants who seek our shores. They have the spirit of the pioneer, which is the determination to risk all and dare all in the hope of self-improvement. The humble "foreigner" of a generation back is the father of the substantial men and women of the community to-day. The later comers have been absorbed, but not fully assimilated. A violent assault upon the nation from the outside probably would accomplish more in that direction than years of ordinary events.

The sympathies of the country naturally have been divided with respect to the war in Europe and there may be those even now inclined to waver in their allegiance, but it would be well for them to do their wavering in profound silence. Ambassador Gerard is quoted as having informed a certain eminent German statesman that there is a vacant telegraph pole in the United States for every traitor, and that is the way Americans feel about it. But there will be use for few poles. The nation will stand united against the assaults of any foreign enemy and the outcome will never be for a moment in doubt. Thousands of soldiers went into the Civil War as aliens and came out Americans. It would be so to-day.

Save Your Waste Paper

Paper is so expensive these days, it will pay you to make it last. In February, Woman's Home Companion says: "Nowadays the economical housewife should save all her waste paper, for which she may obtain a fair price. Many hesitate because buyers demand that it be baled, but here are directions for making a simple baling press: Procure a large box, and lengthwise of the bottom cut three or four inches wide. Next lay three or four stout strings lengthwise across the bottom inside. Have them a few inches apart, and the greater the longer and long enough to tie over the bale after the box has been packed full of paper. Having done this, provide a lining of old cloth, carpet or heavy paper, allowing the ends to extend over the box, as was done with the strings. Each day deposit your waste paper in the box, pounding it down occasionally to make it compact. When the box is stuffed full, draw the ends of the lining over the top and fasten the strings securely. The slot in the bottom of the box will enable you to force the bale out of the box."

British "Tanks"

[Frederick Palmer in Collier's] Germans surrender to a tank in bodies after they see the hopelessness of turning their own machine-guns and rifle fire upon that steel hide. Why not? Nothing takes the fight out of anyone like finding that his blows go into the air and the other fellow's go home. There seemed a chance to go to Midtown, a Russian colonel delivered himself to a tank, which took him on board and eventually handed him over to an infantry guard; but the skipper of the tank enjoyed it if the colonel did not.

Food Product

The Dove of Peace, as we have heard, becomes a plump and docile bird, which unto those who fight and steal looks like a rather tempting meal. -Washington Star.

THEY CAN'T ARREST YOU FOR THAT



Old George Ade

[From the Oklahoma.] Many persons were shocked a bit. We imagine, to read on the cover of one of the current magazines, "Looking Back From 50"—by George Ade. To be sure, the riotous Ade days have long since passed, but when he was in full bloom he was as the breath of youth eternal. The notion that he could grow old was preposterous. But time continues a relentless old adversary. If one is reckless enough to be born in Indiana in 1867 why he's bound to be 50 years old in 1917. That was Ade's folly and this his fate.

U. S. Has Low Freight Rate

At this critical point in the development of the American people's relation to their transportation systems, it is worth while to point out some items of comparison of our railroads with other transportation systems of the world given in a recent report of the Bureau of Railway Economics. It appears from this investigation that the freight rates paid the American railroads are now but little more than 6 per cent. of the average rate on European lines. No country in the world shows such a low freight rate as the United States except India, where the labor cost is so strikingly small as compared with any other country as to change the whole picture of comparison. The average ton mile rate in our country is .729 cent, in India, .7 cents; France, 1.18 cents, and Germany, 1.24 cents. In the more or countries of magnificent distances and small density the average rate per ton mile runs up as high as 7.04 cents in Brazil. Our railroads have overcome the handicap of extremely long hauls by operating and engineering boldness and ingenuity, chiefly exemplified by the larger capacity of freight cars and the greater power of locomotives. Our freight car carries much over twice the volume of the European car. Our average freight train hauled in 1913 455.4 tons, the average German train hauled 239 tons and the French train 147 tons. -American Review of Reviews.

HE'S MAKING MAINE DRY

Young Governor Milliken Rigidly Enforcing Prohibitory Law; Old Alliance Is Broken

YOUNG CARL E. MILLIKEN, the new Governor of Maine, has put that State on the water wagon. Though Maine has had a prohibitory law for some years it was never enforced to any extent until the youthful temperance advocate became Governor a few weeks ago. Now Portland, Bangor and Lewiston, as well as the smaller cities are as dry as Kansas towns.

Milliken's first act was to inform sheriffs and public prosecutors that he would institute ouster proceedings against them unless they enforced the law to the letter. It is true the Maine law regarding such ouster proceedings is vague and the Governor would have had to go to a long and technical proceeding to make good his threat. But he bluffed the sheriffs and prosecutors who had been winking at violations of the prohibitory law for so long. Bootleggers were either arrested or warned by the officers to get out. The mode of action depended on how close the alliance had been between the law violators and the officers. But at any rate arrests for drunkenness have displayed a remarkable decrease in the last few weeks.

Would Tighten the Law

The Governor has asked for four amendments to straighten the prohibitory law. These would make easier the process of removing delinquent officers; would make owners of buildings in which liquor is sold accountable as well as the actual sellers; would make violators of the liquor law suffer both fine and jail sentence and would provide for the outright confiscation of all vehicles used in conveying liquor.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

That Monsun Lecture

To the Editor of the Telegraph: In your last evening's issue, a "simple-minded" (self-termed), using the designation a HEARER, assailed the very instructive and pleasingly unreserved lecture on "Turbulent Mexico" by the eminent explorer and lecturer, Dr. Frederick Monsun, erstwhile Doctor of Archaeology of the University of California. Just a word, current calamo, in defense of Dr. Monsun's remarks. A brief and pleasing history of the early struggles of Mexico against the aggression of foreign powers and the subsequent throwing off of the yoke of the "Little Emperor" with the banishment of the Austrian Archduke, Maximilian, was succeeded by the relation of the present line of provincial presidents and their attendant revolutions with the foreign powers, the latter's foreign policies and lastly our own foreign policy.

Here the digression to which our HEARER took exception. Dr. Monsun disclaimed our nation's foreign policy in terms couched in English, as just, not hidden behind a barricade of grammatical phrases. "Forward," he said, "can a true, red-blooded American deem it otherwise when he recalls Belgium, bleeding and torn? Servia? Rumania? the devastation of Poland? while we, in America, leisurely permit these outrages to be perpetrated, unmindful (apparently) of the existence of treaties for the preservation of small defenseless nations and of the existence of international law."

Again, is anything so wearisome as a lecture by some prominent doctor who takes to the stage, reads a paper, and tells the tale of a traveler (continues the HEARER). What a pleasant innovation. A lecture with some kick; vivid, interesting tales; episodes, tersely related in all a most entertaining combination.

I sincerely trust the Harrisburg Natural History Society will be successful in their excellent endeavor to place Dr. Monsun again at the disposal of some prominent topic and I would suggest that the eminent Doctor be placed under no restrictions, limiting conditions. For God help a one-track mind!

PLACING RESPONSIBILITY

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 1, 1917. To the Editor of the Telegraph: permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper to say, or rather answer a few questions in regards to traffic suggestions of the Harrisburg Railway Company. I see Mr. Musser blame it all on the subway or Market Square. Now do as much, or more, riding than any man in Harrisburg. I can tell a few facts myself. Not over two weeks ago I had occasion to go to Midtown, a very important business. I left the Hill on a Twenty-third street car at Eighteenth and Derry streets at fifteen minutes of six p. m., got to Cameron and Market at seven minutes of six, wait-

United States Uniform

Several cases have come to the notice of the War and Navy Department of alleged violation of the provisions of section 125 of the act of June 3, intended for the protection of the uniform and prohibiting the wearing of it except on the part of members of the military-naval personnel and certain organizations. In this connection it is interesting to learn that the civilians who attended the training camps may wear the uniform provided for them by the government only during their period of service under instruction and not afterward on their return to a civil status. On the other hand, the students of the military schools who belong to the senior and junior classes of the officers' training corps may wear the uniform continuously. Members of the Army Officers' Reserve Corps who have been duly commissioned by the President may also wear the uniform after the manner of officers of the regular establishment whenever there is occasion to do so. It is more or less difficult to regulate the misuse of the uniform or parts of the uniform in other directions, and it remains to be seen to what extent this may be accomplished by the provisions of the new law. It is intended by the military-naval authorities to prosecute the offenders and take official action to the end, now that there are means of doing so, that the uniform may be fully protected from unlawful use.—Army and Navy Register.

The Child and the Bee

I watched a busy bumble-bee. Kissing the roses "cap-a-pie." The roses did not seem to mind— Just tossed their wee heads in the wind. Coaxed I "Oh busy bumble-bee, 'Won't you just once kiss little me? 'Why should you choose a common rose 'When you've a chance to kiss my nose?" And then the busy bumble-bee, At last sat up and noticed me— I stood quite still, just like the rose, And let him kiss my wee pug nose!

Outside Suggestions

[Kansas City Star] When the city administration desired systematic suggestion for improving the efficiency of several of the city departments, it very sensibly turned to New York and got trained men from the Bureau of Municipal Research to make the surveys. These men were familiar with methods of other cities and they brought to their task special information, combined with the outside point of view and freedom from prejudice. The results have justified the plan. Under the city manager plan of government the municipality could go outside the city to get an experienced and efficient man to conduct the municipal business. The advantages are obvious.

Horses Out of Yellowstone

Arrangements are being made to sell 2,000 horses which heretofore have drawn touring stagecoaches through Yellowstone National Park for use in European armies. Their sale will be taken by automobiles. The change will remove one of the picturesque features of the Yellowstone tour, but at the same time will facilitate the trip through Geysersland. The change is made at an opportune time for a pecuniary viewpoint, as the horses that will go to the European fighting—governments will bring highest prices.

Right Hand and Left

[New York Sun] With his right hand President Wilson puts down on paper his thoughts on the subject of world peace. With his left hand he switches his personal medical attendant from the stairway to the escalator. With his right hand the President salutes the Congress deferentially. With his left hand he beckons the speaker at the Capitol, at which they learn from his lips what he expects them to do. Mr. Wilson keeps his right hand conspicuously off legislation with his left hand he forces the legislators into line. Mr. Wilson keeps both hands off Mexico, where things go from bad to worse; but when he comes to war on the other side of the world he puts both feet in it.

Cold-Blooded Preference

"Would you rather have money than brains?" replied Mr. Growcher. "You can hire an alienist with money, but with only brains you can't hire any assistance whatever."—Washington Star.

Evening Chat

Frederick Monsun, the noted explorer, who lectured at the Technical high school, Wednesday night before the Natural History society, in Chamberburg Tuesday had the misfortune when speaking before the girls of Wilson college, to display the little device with which he is accustomed to signal his lantern operator for a change of view on the screen.

"I told him," said Mr. Monsun, relating the incident to friends at the Engineers' club, "that I would shut my fingers when I desired the slide-changed and everything worked at right until about the third snap. Then that bevy of young beauties who constituted my audience began snapping their own fingers whenever they thought they had enough of one scene and embarrassed me considerably by causing the scenes to change so fast I couldn't keep up with them in my lecture.

"Seeing that the system had failed I opened my mouth and my remarks and called to the operator to give me attention to the snapping of fingers. When I wanted a change I'd whistle." "I thought I was safe," said Monsun with a smile, "because I figured the girls couldn't whistle. But I was mistaken and such a whistling as there was in that hall for the next five minutes might have disconcerted even a veteran of the platform like myself. "But they are good girls and after they had their fun they did give me the most courteous attention I could ask, and when the lecture was over they have engaged me to come back in March. I'll take an extra signal along this time."

Mr. Monsun, with Jack London, the author, only three days before his death. He motored out from San Francisco to London's big ranch and spent Sunday and Monday with him. He had not arrived home again before he picked up a newspaper and saw the notice of London's death. "London looked like the finest of health when I saw him last and we had made arrangements to spend next summer in the South Sea Islands," said Monsun. "You can imagine how surprised I was when I read the news. Now I can scarcely bring myself to believe the platitude, up-standing, vile fellow is dead."

There are few ranches like London's in all the West. Monsun said, London spent a large part of his \$400 a day income on it, putting \$75,000 into a model pigery constructed entirely of concrete and glass. "Humans who got in to see those pigs," said Monsun, "had to wipe their feet on a mat before entering and refrain from spitting. London certainly took a lot of pains with those porkers. At intervals of every two hours the pens were all automatically flushed and even the feeding was done by means of machinery. The platform like myself, carefully apportioned and weighed."

Mrs. Estelle Thomas Steel, widow of the late Colonel Steel, who is the newly elected secretary and treasurer of the Mechanicburg Daily Journal, called up the Telegraph the other evening to express her pleasure in an editorial in the paper which mentioned the career of Captain Jack Crawford, the post scout, who is lying at the point of death. Captain Jack Crawford and Colonel Steel knew each other in the early days of their youth. Mrs. Steel entertained the old scout at their home many times. She dropped the information known to but few that in his early youth Captain Jack Crawford lived in the vicinity of Ashland, Pa., having been born in the coal regions and was for a time a breaker boy. That life was too tame for him, however, and he "went west" and became famous as a warrior, writer and lecturer.

Announcement is made that the Mechanicburg Daily Journal will be edited by Estelle Thomas Steel as secretary and treasurer, with Edward Thomas as manager and E. C. Gardner as editor. Mrs. Steel is a daughter of R. H. Thomas, the founder of the Journal. She is a member of the League of American Women and a member of the committee of Reliable Journalism of that city, also a member of several organizations of women writers. The Journal was published by Robert H. Thomas, Jr., up to the time of his death and plans have been made to continue the paper in the family.

Even some people are mighty particular when they are in jail. As a matter of courtesy to the writer, Steelton lockup are asked at each meal what they prefer to eat. It is not too much out of the ordinary the writer has been asked to write a note asking too much and get the worst of the bargain. The other day a negro was asked what he wished to eat. He replied that he was not of the common class, but he wished to eat a fried fish with French fried potatoes, a side dish and plenty of bread and butter." After asking for the big meal another man, also a prisoner, who was a frequent visitor at the jail, exclaimed that "you will surely get that boss, 'ah tel's youse." The "high toned" colored chap's meal was not just exactly what he ordered, it might be proper to say.

The observance of Candlemas day in Harrisburg is getting to be more and more general. For many years it was a religious anniversary, but lately it has been noted by several family gatherings. In a number of Harrisburg homes the evening meal was eaten by candle light last night.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

General A. J. Logan, commander of the Second brigade, is in Florida for a brief vacation. -W. J. Brennan, the Democratic leader in Pittsburgh, is among advocates of more boulevards for that city. John Cadwalader, the veteran Philadelphia Democrat, is urging the President to seize the interned ships before trouble comes. -L. McLaughlin, Cambria's blast furnace engineer, will go to the Wharton Company's new plant. -T. D. Harman, who spoke here last week, addressed Ohio legislators yesterday.

DO YOU KNOW

That Harrisburg is a central point for gathering of crops of half a dozen counties? HISTORIC HARRISBURG In John Harris' day there were fewer islands in the Susquehanna than now and woods grew right down to the river shore. Discarded Rubaiyat "A loaf of bread—a jug of wine who began the young man who quotes poetry." "Are you aware," interrupted Miss Cayenne, "that bread is becoming more expensive every day, and that this is a prohibition community, anyhow?"—Washington Star.

Appreciation

Ed (in motor car)—This controls the brake. It is put up very quickly in case of an emergency. (Co-Ed)—Oh, I see; something like a kimono.—Orange Post.

OUR DAILY LAUGH

