

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

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TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20

If joy and hope must die, Still can I upward fly; Love lifts my spirit to the sky! -THEODORE WINTEROP.

DECISIVE ACTION

THE national government has finally arrived at the conclusion that "an emergency exists" and is, therefore, ready to hasten its naval preparations. Sixty submarine chasers have been ordered—a ridiculously inadequate number—work on the naval construction program has been ordered rushed and the two higher classes of the Naval Academy are to be graduated in order to increase the number of officers immediately available for naval purposes.

That is about as far as the President's preparations for war have gone, so far as he has taken the public into his confidence. It is not enough and it ought to have been done weeks ago. Sixty to eighty days must elapse before the submarine chasers can be delivered. They should be in the water at this moment. Everybody has realized that they would be needed, but at procrastinating government has been blundering along watching and waiting until the inevitable and easily foreseen crisis finds the country united and ready, but with few weapons of defense or offense.

This with respect to the navy. How long, it is to be wondered, will the President require to get awake to the needs of the army? It is true that the National Guard units of the country are now well trained and disciplined, seasoned and ready for the field at a moment's notice—first line troops, if we ever had such—but their number is insufficient. The longer we wait the longer will be the period required to put a large and powerful army in the field. Possibly now is not the time to call for troops, but plans to that end should be made. The country is ready to do its part, but it demands leadership of the most efficient type. We shall go lumbering along, very likely, until war has been declared officially, as it has been actually, before attempting anything of a very concrete character. Then we shall try to do in a day what a wisely-administered government would have begun many months ago.

It is putting the cart before the horse to say that the people are back of the President. They are in front of him. They are leading the way. He has done no more than follow public sentiment. He is who must speak the word that sets the machinery of national defense in motion, and he will find a responsive public quick to do his bidding. Only, they hope he will not be too long about it. Even the most ardent volunteer can do nothing unless directed and the soldier is helpless without an organized nation at his back.

THE STUDEBAKER ROMANCE

THE death of John M. Studebaker, at his home in South Bend, Ind., removes from life the last of five brothers who arose from poverty to great wealth and to international fame as manufacturers and businessmen. The Studebakers are examples of the possibilities for poor boys in America, and their career is especially interesting to readers of the "Telegraph," from the fact that they were born within a few miles of Harrisburg, their father having been a blacksmith near Gettysburg.

John Studebaker's life story reads like a romance of fiction. He was one of thirteen children. In his youth he moved with the family to Ashland county, O., and later to South Bend, which became the seat of the Studebaker corporation.

As part pay for the privilege of accompanying an expedition across the plains to California in 1853 Studebaker gave the first wagon he ever made. This party set out westward from South Bend with young Studebaker driving the wagon.

When the wagon train landed him at Hangtown, now Placerville, Cal., the young man's capital consisted of fifty cents. He set about making wheelbarrows for a man named Hines. He made them so well that he came to be called "Wheelbarrow" Studebaker. Whatever he did he did well. That was one of the mottoes of his life and is well worth remembering and practicing, in these days of short-cuts and make-shifts.

Mr. Studebaker became so proficient in his work that in his five years

stay in California he was able to save three thousand dollars. With this he returned to South Bend in 1858, purchased the interest of one of his brothers in a wagon shop and founded the firm of C. & J. Studebaker. As the years went on Mr. Studebaker extended greatly the scope of his business in automobile building and also became interested in banking.

In his eighty-second year he still was chairman of the Studebaker Corporation and said he expected to "remain in harness" until he died. He was down at the South Bend plant virtually every work day of the year, arriving there at seven in the morning, two hours ahead of his clerks.

"It isn't what you do during working hours that hurts," he used to say when told he worked too hard, "but what you do after work is done, and I behave myself."

That was very largely the key to the Studebaker success. What the workers did they did well. They worked hard and lived simply and wholesomely in their leisure. They left a name more enduring than their millions. Wherever the term is known Studebaker stands for sturdiness and sterling worth.

Temperance Preparedness

THE temperance forces of Pennsylvania at last are going about their campaign for the elimination of liquor in a thoroughly efficient manner. Heretofore there has been entirely too much effort toward immediate results and no careful preparedness for continued and systematic warfare over the period of months between the biennial failure of the local option bill in the Legislature and the next State elections. At the meeting of those interested in the movement in Harrisburg to-day plans will be laid that will place the issue squarely before the voters and keep it there.

The outlook is not bright for the passage of a local option measure at this session. This is very largely due to the fact that the proper kind of campaign was not waged preceding the primaries at which the legislative nominees were selected last spring. The voters of all parties were too much interested in other matters at the time to pay close attention to the Legislature—all except the liquor people. They have only one issue at stake. Party means nothing to them. Democrats, Republicans, Socialists—all look alike to the liquor interests, just so they vote "wet." So the anti-temperance forces nominated and elected in many districts where there is a distinctly "dry" sentiment, and they will continue to do this until the local optionists take some such step as is now proposed.

The mobilization of the anti-saloon forces of the State will bring together under one banner in every voting district the friends of temperance legislation. Every legislative candidate will be called upon to declare himself. Not only that, but each Congressional candidate, regardless of party, will be requested to go on record as to how he will vote on the national prohibition amendment resolution when it comes before the law-making bodies of the nation periodically until sufficient votes are mustered to put it to the States for approval.

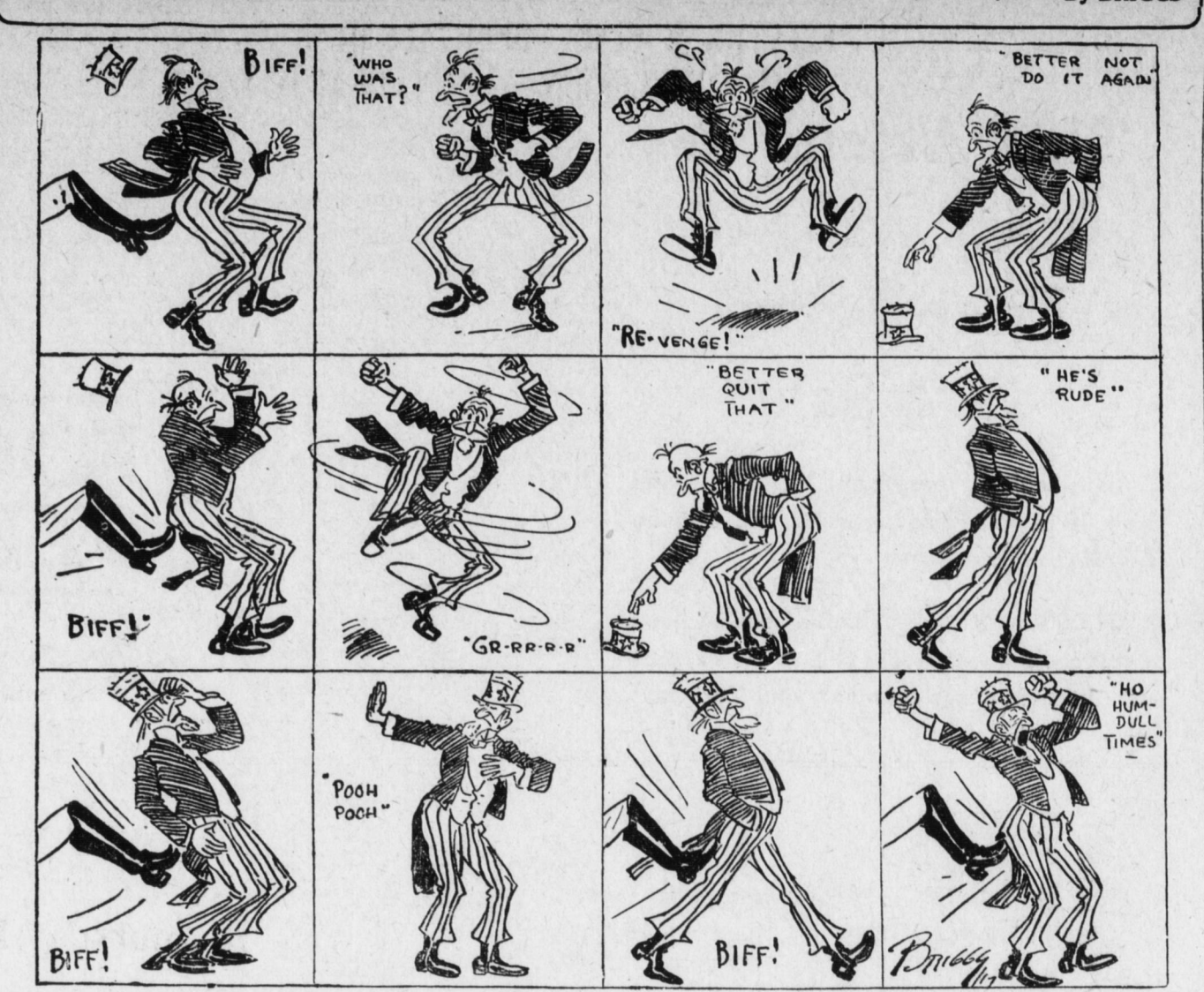
This is as it should be. The candidate who is convinced that liquor ought to be made and sold for public consumption should not be afraid to come out and say so. He should have the courage of his convictions. He should be ready to give his reasons. Likewise, there should be no shrinking on the part of temperance advocates. The time has come when the two forces must be lined up one against the other in order that the people of the State may know for whom they are voting and decide the local option or prohibition question freely and openly according to public opinion.

May be the Czar can be induced to nominate Emperor Bill for membership in the Down-and-Out Club.

WHEN WAR PROTECTION ENDS

FROM January, 1915, to February, 1917, there were organized in this country new corporations for the manufacture of dyes whose aggregate capital amounted to \$172,238,000. The amount of new capital invested in the same time in war munition enterprises was \$125,027,000. When the war is over and the present unreal protection to American dye-makers disappears, it will be necessary to provide statutory protection for this industry. Such legislation can originate only in the

MOVIE OF A PATIENT OLD PARTY



By BRIGGS

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

A Berlin editor says the American people are war-mad. Well, hasn't Germany done enough to make us mad? They should spell it Roamin' off.

What China Can Do

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

It's a long way from Peking to Berlin, but the officials of the Wilhelmstrasse will doubtless not be blind to the significance of the severance of diplomatic relations announced by the Chinese government. Germany has long cherished designs of conquest in the Far East as in the Near East. Twenty years ago she seized Kiaochow, using the murder of two German missionaries as a pretext, and thereby acquired one of the best harbors on the coast, which has since been a lively center of commercial activity. Its capture by Japan earlier in the war does not necessarily mean that China never regain it. Indeed, the action China has now taken will give the Allies so many advantages that her claims will have to be considered when peace is made. It may have been a resolution to force the majority to indicate its stand on adjustment. It came from Representative Lanjus, York, and called for all bills to be in hand by April 7 for all committees to report by May 1.

The Democratic campaign is not going well. Disappointed by the Republican policy to allow things to go slowly in the matter of investigations, the Democrats tried to make noise by interviews, which got lost in the snows. Then they sprung the corrupt practices act, but as it appeared in the hands of a Progressive, too, no one took it as seriously as the ringmasters committee. There are rumors that it is the bill drafted with such great care by Henry G. Wasson, Pittsburgh state chairman in troubled times, and re-typed. The interest displayed in it by the Progressives rather spoiled the Democratic air of proprietorship.

Canada's Title to Fame

(From the Detroit Journal.)

Canada's part in the war is one of the most brilliant chapters in the world's history. In two years and a half a nation of 8,000,000, trained in the arts of peace, indifferent to the maneuvering of war, has become a big factor on the battlefield and in the financial operations on which military success is based. This peaceful, energetic neighbor of ours decided to raise an army of 50,000 men for the war, and is now aiming at 500,000, with certainty of success.

A year before the war Canada's trade balance was \$430,000,000 on the wrong side; its exports for the present year exceed its imports by \$345,000,000. Though not fully developed industrially, the Dominion has been able to provide fully for its armies, to manufacture munitions for its allies and finance the payments to raise millions for war relief and to participate in British loans.

Starting out with a loan from the mother country, Canada soon found, as the result of interior reforms forced by the war, that she could pay her own way, and this she is doing ungrudgingly.

Whiskers and Weddings

[Omaha Bee.]

Approaching the altar of Hymen, a Chicago girl gave her prospective lord and master an ultimatum; he must shave or give up the wedding. So there was no wedding. Several morals might be drawn from this bit of real life. First is the fact that wach has escaped an unhappy experience. A girl who can think of her husband's whiskers on her wedding day is not sufficiently centered on the ceremony to promise well as a wife. A man who prefers his beard to his bride may not be expected to make many of the sacrifices constantly essential to pleasing the woman he has taken for better or worse. One who might get some consolation out of the young woman's stand. Insisting that the groom shall come clean in other regards, why not include the modern rite performed so expeditiously by any skilled barber, or possible of achievement by even a tyro equipped with a "safety" razor? In the final analysis, a man's whiskers continue to be his own fault, while a bride is something of personal selection—sometimes.

Novelist Will Miss Them

Those famous men of action and romance, the Northwest mounted police, are gradually passing. So are the predatory redskins and the white horse thieves. How the novelist will miss them!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STARVING IN SYRIA

By MARY CAROLINE HOLMES

IS it nothing to you, all ye that pass by, that we in far off Syria are starving? Are you cold these winter days? You have warm clothing, warm houses, heated cars to ride in. Are you hungry? Were you ever hungry because you had only a small piece of black bread once every few days—if some one remembered to give it to you? Have you children? Did you ever watch their little lives go out in unspeakable torture and agony from starvation, cholera and cruelty? "We Syrians know what all these things mean, and we stretch out our hands to you, oh! rich America, begging for bread—for at least one warm garment to keep out the bite of winter from our emaciated bodies. We beseech you to help us put roofs on our broken homes, and tools into our hands that we may work and care for our families. Give us a chance to live we implore you."

This is what those starving thousands would say to us if they had the opportunity. Their very silence and impotence do say it and more, for it is extremely difficult to get news from Syria. The censorship of the mails is rigid, the missionaries and even the consuls cannot say what they might, and communication with the outside world is almost cut off.

But from time to time news filters through from Egypt, Russia and the neighboring island of Crete, which is now a French possession, that reveal

the worst possible conditions. It is authoritatively stated that from 100,000 to 250,000 have died from disease, starvation and exile in the province of the Lebanon alone. In Syria proper as many more may be added to the death toll. An eye witness tells of passing through village after village where the only sound he heard was that of his own footfalls, and where the only live things remaining were the sparrows building their nests in the depopulated houses.

The coast towns appear to have suffered greatly. Beirut, Tripoli, Junieh and others might be mentioned where the estimate is made that half the population has died. But then the capital, Damascus, which is far inland, has lost 120,000 according to the Mayor, who said also that fifty wagons were insufficient to carry away the dead from the streets.

A letter to an American missionary now in this country, written by a man who had a prosperous business when the war broke out and who was a land owner living in his own new tiled-roof house, told of the starving conditions in his town and begged for money to save his family of six children. "We have only you and God left. We are starving. I implore you to send funds to keep my children alive." The letter was seven months in reaching its destination, and it is probable that he and his wife are all dead before the relief reached him.

properly brought into the limelight and bolstered into some semblance of an "independent leader," he will be banqueted by his friends at the Scotches Hall on April 12. William Wunder, a Germantown florist, is chairman of the arrangement committee, and Frederick S. Drake, another of the Penrose reform contingent, is one of the boosters who are exerting themselves to pull off a dinner that will have some "effect" and get creditable notice in the newspapers.

Labor Notes

There are 252 army nurses that receive a pension from the United States Government.

The Santa Fe Railroad Company lost in its fight to have the California "full crew" bill declared unconstitutional.

The average pay of Des Moines (Iowa) school janitors is \$70 a month. The average pay for 350 grade teachers is \$71 a month.

In the more advanced grades of the schools in one Western city boys are taught to work in concrete.

A bill has been introduced in the Michigan Senate to prohibit youths under 16 from driving motorcars.

San Francisco Housewives and Architectural Iron Workers' Unions have won their fight for an eight-hour day.

Justices of the California Supreme Court have decided that a "caddy" is not a servant, but an employe of a club.

OUR DAILY LAUGH

NOTHING NEW.

He: Dearest, do you feel cold sitting out here with an admirer?

She: Not at all—I'm used to it.

A GOOD ANSWER.

Why do you want five cents son?

Well, you see, my father disinherited me dis morning so I'm going to get some business for myself.

HOW DOES SHE DOES IT.

She is always finding fault with her servant girl and yet she keeps her.

That's the reason. If she praised her to her friends one of them would soon get her.

A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

You don't seem to bother much about the future, Jones.

No; that never worries me until it becomes the present.

Evening Chat

If all goes well the State will start planting the rows of red oak trees planned for Capitol Park extension before next fall. When the sale of buildings for the material they contain is finished by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings on March 31 there will be approximately twenty-four buildings left in the zone, including those in the existing streets. They will be taken down as soon as the proceedings are closed and the Commonwealth obtains title. There will be seven or eight buildings remaining which the State is occupying, most of them on Fourth street. The idea is to start the grading as soon as the buildings are sold and removed and to tear up the existing streets, Probst State, Fourth and Filbert streets will be retained for some time. When the grading is undertaken it will be along lines which will enable the planting of the trees. These oaks will be in four lines and they will be started within a short distance of each side of State street.

Just what the State will do next fall about the buildings it is using no one seems to know. There are half a dozen buildings in the whole lot, and there is also the laboratory which is in the old Day school, while the Moorhead Knitting Company's building, is used for the manufacturing of material for the State must do. The Capitol Park extension is now something in which the average legislator, who was inclined to fasten over it last session, takes pride and several of them are being telling what a bargain the State got and how unfortunate it is that it did not buy down to the Susquehanna river while it was out it.

A good story is being told about the Capitol on "Paddy" Gilday. Mr. Gilday is one of the best known labor leaders in the whole lot, and he had charge of the interests of the miners of the big Central Pennsylvania district. He was picked as chief of the bureau of medicine in the Legislature authorized Father Penn to go into the business of keeping business going by settling strikes and has been somewhat noted for his success. In fact, Mr. Gilday is noted as one who can employ a soft answer and over whom no one can pull any wool. The other day he turned up with title to an automobile. It seems that a friend of Mr. Gilday won the machine in a raffle and he did not know what to do with it. So he hunted up Mr. Gilday and told him his troubles and also sold him the automobile. Mr. Gilday was supposed to have won a bargain. Up to date he has had to build a place in which to store the car, to pay a man to show him how to run the thing, to buy oil and supplies for the contraption and to go around apologizing to people for what the darned machine hits while he is learning how to steer.

Harrisburg has never been known as a very contentious place. In fact, it has had a good reputation to the contrary, being more of a spot where people gather to fight out their differences. But the records of the Public Service commission indicate that it has had more contentious cases in the last six weeks than any place in the Commonwealth.

The dinner of the Legislative Sons of St. Patrick, which is to be held on night with a galaxy of State officials and legislators, past and present and hopeful, in attendance, is the twelfth to be held in Harrisburg. The dinner originated when some members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, a famous organization dating from revolutionary days, were kept in Harrisburg by press of business on the great day. There has always been St. Patrick's day observances here, but they made it a real one. It has been kept going ever since. The dinner is presided over by Governor Frank E. McClain and George J. Brennan, the scribe, have not missed any of them.

Col. George Nox McCain, who is suggesting the purchase of the Pennsylvania farm because of its historic associations of revolutionary days, used to be a newspaperman on duty here. He flourished twenty-five years ago in the days of Col. William Kodermeil and was the staff representative of the Philadelphia Press. Governor Hastings made him a colonel on his staff and he was also decorated with the big order of Venezuela by one of Castro's enlightened predecessors. Colonel McCain became even more noted because of the lectures on foreign travel, several of which he delivered in Harrisburg to the delight of many. Last time he came here he declared he was more satisfied with life than ever in spite of his many and varied experiences. "I'm a plain farmer now," was his summing up. However, it is to be noted that the colonel is still in the service of Harrisburg to ask improvements of roads whenever he gets a chance and that he is strong on marking of Pennsylvania's historic places.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

J. M. Dresbach, Mauch Chunk barber, celebrated fifty years as an officer in a bank in his town.

Charles O'Neil, the mine workers' official accused of being a coal operator, is vice president of No. 2 district which embraces Cambria and other counties. He denies that he is an operator.

Dr. R. H. Harte, prominent Philadelphia surgeon, is urging people in his home city to organize base hospitals for the Red Cross.

Congressman John R. K. Scott, of Philadelphia, has been spending some of his leisure time in Harrisburg to ask improvements of roads whenever he gets a chance and that he is strong on marking of Pennsylvania's historic places.

DO YOU KNOW

That Harrisburg organized several hospitals here during the Civil war?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG

The first steamboats were used on the Susquehanna in the twenties and ran to near Columbia.

Peanuts Replacing Cotton

Last year Comanche county, Texas, which until a few years ago had grown hardly any commercial crop except cotton, made more than 500,000 bushels of peanuts. This year there are a dozen counties west and southwest of Fort Worth that will produce from 250,000 to 1,000,000 bushels of peanuts. That section hasn't any special monopoly on the peanut industry, for they are being grown all over Texas and Oklahoma, but not on quite an extensive scale as in the locality mentioned. The peanut is a drought resister, and there is hardly a summer so hot and dry that it will not make a fairly good crop. When the dry, hot days come it will sit and look as if it was going to shrivel up, but whenever a rain comes it starts to growing and putting on nuts again. It may be planted from April until June, and usually harvested in October or November. From Farm and Fireside.