

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1918

ask me but courage, Lord! ask not that Thou smooth the appointed path;

STATE RESERVES

HERE has been issued by the headquarters of the Reserve Militia of the State an interesting circular compiled by Adjutant General Beary, a thorough and conscientious soldier.

It is a tribute to the unwearied labors of the late General Thomas J. Stewart and those associated with him that the old N. G. P. is now regarded as one of the best divisions on the fighting front in France.

It is now proposed to increase the Reserves by the addition of another brigade, and in view of the conditions this may be a wise thing to do.

PATRIOTISM—POLITICS

IN making a survey of the war activities of Pennsylvania there must be general pride among our citizens in the achievements of this splendid old Commonwealth.

The administration has fixed a limit of price on manufactured goods made of cotton, most of which are produced in the North, but has not placed a limit on the price of raw cotton, particularly a product of the South.

Russia is beginning to see the light. All that the United States and the other nations now standing together against the Hun need do to rehabilitate the demoralized Russians is to furnish a rallying post for them.

We notice that men's low shoes have been marked down to \$7.50, which makes us think that perhaps after the war, when we are permitted to sell a Liberty Bond or two, we may be able to afford a pair.

Old man Hindenburg being dead, there's nobody left to explain to the German people that this is merely a "retreat to victory."

One of the things Harrisburg does not need to worry about is the abolition of league baseball.

Director General of Railroads McAdoo announces that increased freight traffic is shown as compared with last year.

Pennsylvania is a leader among Republican hosts and throughout the war has manifested its loyalty and patriotism in strong support of the Government and in the giving of its sons and its material resources for the prosecution of the war.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Not a move has been made as yet in the matter of choosing a new Democratic state chairman to succeed McLean. The Palmer-McCormick wing of the party is bent on keeping control of the organization and Candidate Bonniwell is just as determined to have as chairman this fall a man who will be really favorable to his candidacy.

Postmaster Sites announces the fitting of the Post Office from its present temporary quarters to the Federal building next Saturday.

HOW LONG?

THERE is now an abundant supply of water in the reservoirs of the city and might it not be a good thing to utilize some of the surplus in reviving the parched grass of the river parks?

When one sees the dead leaves dropping all over the city from the neglected shade trees and the further neglect of broken branches and overhanging boughs along the sidewalks one cannot help wondering how much real interest there is in the trees among those who are charged with municipal administration.

Civic bodies and individual citizens have urged upon City Council the organization of a Shade Tree Commission without avail.

The need of a municipal bathing beach was made plain to hundreds of Harrisburgers yesterday, who desired to take a dip, but had no place where to dip.

FRUIT OF VACILLATION

KERENSKY, reappearing in London and en route to America, revives hope that something may be done in and for Russia.

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HANDING IT TO GERMANS

Before we in the war, and even afterwards, it was not uncommon to meet a lukewarm, milk-and-water American who, after paying the required tribute to our own country, would exclaim: "You've got to hand it to the Germans."

Well, we are handing it to the Germans. We are handing it to the Germans. We are handing it to the Germans.

German Reasoning

[N. A. Review's War Weekly] The Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten has it all figured out. "America," it declares solemnly, "does not intend that Germany shall be thoroughly defeated, and that America and Japan can be depended upon to play false to the allies."

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MOVIE OF A MAN STALLING AFTER ARRIVING HOME FROM A POKER GAME

By BRIGGS



AFTERWARD

In the Afterward, when I am dead, I want no flowers over my head.

But if Fate and the Gods are kind to me They'll send me a Sikh half company To fire three volleys over my head— To sweeten my sleep, when I am dead.

And many shall sneer. But Some One shall sigh, Yet I shall not hear them as there I lie, For this is the Law of Lover and friend— That all joy must finish, all feeling end.

And many shall laugh; but Some One shall weep, Yet I shall not know—I shall lie asleep; A worn-out body, a dried-up crust; Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!

And they'll drink a toast up there in the Mess, "Here's to a friend in his loneliness!" And music and talk for a while shall cease.

While my Brothers drink to their Brother's Peace, And the Sikhs shall say (that were once mine own): "Who rode with us often now rides alone!"

And leaning over the grave they'll sigh— "Sahib murgya! Ki jae, Ki jae!"

And I, who so loved them one and all, Shall stir no more at the bugle call, But another Sahib shall ride instead At the head of my Sikhs, when I am dead.

And even this thought which hurts me so Shall cease to trouble me when I go. My chestnut charger, Mam'selle (She was fleet of foot and I loved her well!) Shall nibble the grass above my head, Unknowing that one she loved is dead.

Some one—my Horse and my Company Shall fall to smile at the comedy; Shall strive to reason, yet fall to guess That Life is little and Death is less!

And they shall sorrow a little space; Till somebody comes to fill my place; But all their sorrow, their grief and pain, They shall expend upon me—in vain!

And you—if you read this epitaph— Harden your heart, I pray you, laugh! But if you would deal with me tenderly, Place one dew-kissed violet over me; I claim not this and ask no more, Yet—this was the flow'r that Some One wore on their lapels ever before.

In the long dead days that have gone before, —Captain Cyril Morton Horne.

LABOR NOTES

The wages of able British seamen are now \$60 a month and food, as against \$25 before the opening of the war.

Fifty-five thousand Belgians have found employment through the British labor exchanges since January, 1915.

New York aldermen favor increases of from 10 to 20 per cent for civic employes—next year!

On July 15 at Sandusky, Ohio, the International Protective Association of Retail Clerks will convene.

Wage-earning women and minors in Kansas are assured proper hours, adequate remuneration and wholesome working conditions.

In Wisconsin in 1915, 1916 and 1917 40,980 industrial accidents occurred which caused disability of more than seven days' duration.

Railway accidents will be reduced by 20 per cent, according to estimates of the Railway Administration, through the efforts of 1,000 safety committees.

New Haven (Conn.) bartenders have been increased to \$21 a week.

Pullman porters now demand a wage increase, saying that the war has halved their tip harvest.

Quentin Roosevelt

North American (Philadelphia).

[Phila. North American] Yet there is a further reason why Americans are deeply touched by the death of this boy: it is the tragic but fitting expression of another life.

Never has Theodore Roosevelt been more inspiring the reflection of Americanism; never more true to himself, than in this hour of searching trial. Here was the supreme ordeal for his courage and his faith, the testing of all the inspirational doctrine he has preached to his countrymen.

And he met it not alone with the fortitude all men knew he would reveal, but with a solemn pride that his boy had proved worthy of his race. His only words to a sympathetic nation were these: "Quentin's mother and I are very glad that he got to the front and had a chance to render some service to his country and show the stuff that was in him before his fate befell him."

No clearer expression of the man could have been given. For it was, we may be sure, something more than a personal response; it was a message of comradeship and inspiration to all men and women of this land who have felt or are to feel the same heartache—that they may be conscious of the glory as well as the grief of sacrifice offered in a high cause.

It is a serene, that is utterly brotherly friendship, sends to him, he knows, as he has often said, better than anybody else, how fruitful in benefits for generations which will come after us and gather the harvest of our efforts and our sufferings is the beauty of freely-offered sacrifice.

When freedom comes to France; Return me to the very land I love the best, my Maryland (It's sweeter far than France!) Oh, bring me home to Maryland, And say: "He died for France."

Then take me far from Flanders Field, When freedom comes to France; Return me to the very land I love the best, my Maryland (It's sweeter far than France!) Oh, bring me home to Maryland, And say: "He died for France."

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

General Otto von Below is assigned to look after the Austrian generals, who can unite cordially in singing "Man wants but little Herr Below, nor wants that little long."

We heartily favor recognizing the heroic Czech-Slovaks and the indomitable Jug-Slavs as independent nations and fighting shoulder to shoulder with them the world safe for democracy, provided they understand clearly in advance that there is to be no kissing either before or after victories.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

If I should die in Flanders field, If I should die in France, Oh, take me out and bury me Beneath some friendly poplar-tree (Those poplar-trees of France!) Oh, keep me near, where I can hear Those roaring guns of France.

If I should die in Flanders field, If I should die in France, There let me stay till victory is come, and all the world is free (God grant this boon to France!) Oh, let me stay to see the day That freedom comes to France.

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Evening Chat

That Harrisburg was fortunate in getting its street paving program well out of the way before the war began is apparent from the difficulties other municipalities are encountering. Frank B. Bosch, head of the Central Construction Corporation, of this city, yesterday went to Williamsport to begin the work of resurfacing one of the main streets of that city.

Harrisburg's street paving, which included grading, foundation, binding and surfacing coat, cost as low as \$1.42 a square yard and the most expensive not much over \$2. Comparing these figures with the resurfacing coats in Williamsport, the advantage Harrisburg enjoys through the early completion of its paving program becomes evident.

But it is not entirely a matter of prices. The Government has cut down the importations of asphalt to save shipping and labor. When the Central Corporation endeavored to get the 350 tons needed for the Williamsport job the Federal Government cut the request down to 149 tons and it was only after the hardest kind of work that the full order was procured, the company being compelled to show the absolute necessity of doing the work this year.

In another respect also is Harrisburg's paving policy a matter of congratulation over the state. This is one of the few municipalities that does its own street repair work, but others are coming to it. Allentown has seen the advantage of direct work and is putting up such a plant as we have here and there is talk down there of actually paving a street or two without the aid of a contractor. This hardly pays, however, in view of the fact that under the contractor system the city is free from repairs for five years.

Reading from a letter written him by one Captain Jones, a veteran seaman, who has been in the service since the war, the well-known shoe manufacturer, brought a round of applause from members of the Harrisburg Rotary Club, luncheon at the Y. M. C. A. Monday when he related how the captain fooled the commander of a German "sub." The captain was in command of the "U-boat" for several days before merchant ships were ordered. From below decks there protruded the booms of derricks used to lift reluctant mules aboard. From the deck, the sailors, in their gork jackets constantly and these through marine glasses doubtless appear to be the "U-boat" crew.

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An interesting story was told by the Rev. Mr. Riddle in his talk before the Rotary Club. He described the intense enthusiasm of the American troops in the war, and told of one boy who came to the Y. M. C. A. hut after the battle, tired but happy, and asked of Mr. Riddle: "Are you going to have a leader to-night? I can give you a text." The Y. M. C. A. leader was curious to know what text was in the soldier's mind and asked him for a suggestion. He replied that after going through such a fight he was convinced it wasn't gas masks or rifles or anything of that sort that counted, but it was something else, and he found the answer in this text, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Mr. Riddle said there was no doubt about the serious side of the American soldiers; that they didn't talk much about their religious faith, but they showed it all the time.

Thousands of Harrisburgers last night sweltered in their homes during one of the hottest nights of the summer season. The position of the city's sufferer was not improved by the early part of the evening, in spite of the fact that the clouds hung low, the rain refused to descend and consequently for several hours immediately following the evening meal, the residents of the city who were fortunate enough to have front porches to their homes sat and waited for the shower that was to cool things enough for them to take their evening stroll.

As for those who are confined to their homes, the discomfortment weather regardless of how close to the atmosphere, the early evening was a terror in that while the rain continually threatened, the intense heat of the evening refused to let up and they sat in stuffy rooms waiting for the draught bringing rains. It looked too near to the point of rain for the timid to go to the parks, in spite of the heat, and consequently there are hundreds of Harrisburgers to-day who are praying that there may never be such another night of mingled heat, humidity and uncertainty as last night was.

DO YOU KNOW

That John Harris at one time thought of locating Harrisburg near the junction of the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers?

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

Major John Price Jackson, serving in France, writes his friends that it "is the greatest experience any man can ever know and well worth the perils and the hardships." —Frank J. Hayes, international president of the Mine Workers Union, is touring the anthracite regions, trying to stimulate production.

IF I SHOULD DIE