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THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1918

Hurry and Cunning are the two apprentices of Despatch and of Skill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.—COLTON.

SPROUL BIG FAVORITE

SENATOR SPROUL continues to increase in favor with the people without regard to party affiliation. He realizes the conditions which confront the country and his speeches breathe a fine spirit of patriotism. He is going about meeting the voters here and there, but does not believe it is necessary to indulge in the usual hectic political campaign. In this he will have the approval of all good citizens.

The issues are clearly drawn in Pennsylvania as between Sproul and Bonniwell and there will be no confusion at the ballot box in November. The Republican standard bearer has taken a clear and unequivocal position with respect to the important questions which concern the people this year and at the very outset declared in favor of the adoption of the proposed prohibition amendment to the constitution. This fact alone demonstrates a correct reading of public sentiment and all who favor the abolition of the drink traffic will welcome the challenge of the Democratic nominee to a square contest on the booze issue.

Let us have it out at the November election in the open. If the people of Pennsylvania are in favor of a continuance of the rum traffic with all that follows in its train, they will line up behind Bonniwell. On the other hand, if they believe the time has come to crush this business, they will manifest that desire in the support of candidates who favor the prohibition amendment.

Those misguided temperance folk who still believe that they should throw away their votes upon a purely political Prohibitionist who has no hope of election will probably represent an insignificant part of the total vote, but even these should consider well how they fritter away their strength this year.

"That's the most beautiful building in the city," said one girl to another, as they passed down Walnut street and admired the floral front of the home of the Telegraph. Thanks, awfully!

CURFEW

DESPITE the repeated and emphatic declarations of an army of earnest elocutionists to the effect that "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," the curfew has been sounding right regularly down through the years in all well regulated communities.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew bell
Is begining to toll.

That was back in the days of the good poet, Longfellow. Here in Harrisburg we do it in a more practical, if less romantic way—we simply toot a whistle a given number of times and children within the age limit are supposed, we say—to take hurried directions for home and mother.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence—
And footsteps retire.

That also was in Longfellow's time.

But not so in Harrisburg.

The steam that is used to toot the curfew signal here might better be saved to heat up the cold radiators on "fuelless" days next winter. The warning it sounds abroad means nothing, absolutely nothing, in the fair young lives of Harrisburg boys and girls, and even less in the jaded lackadaisical round of existence of Harrisburg policemen, who appear to go to sleep so long in advance of the curfew siren that even its thunderous notes can scarcely rouse them to a sense of duty.

"Heigho, yawns the drowsing officer on his favorite corner, "what's an ordinance between friends, anyway," and sinks back to pleasant dreams of throwing hand grenades down the great throat of the curfew whistle.

Meanwhile the law is being broken in a thousand places all over the city and boys and girls who should be at home in bed continue to wander at will, where they will. Children laugh at the curfew regulations and policemen growl when they are mentioned. The man who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" might have saved his ink. It doesn't amount to a hoot in Harrisburg whether it rings or toots or remains silent.

"Any man who chooses to run the risk can manufacture whisky secretly for fifty cents a gallon," says Arthur Brisbane. One can but wonder how Mr. Brisbane knows.

DEFEAT OF VARDAMAN

MISSISSIPPI is to be congratulated upon the defeat of Senator Vardaman for renomination. The whole country rejoices that this misrepresentative is to be retired to private life. President Wilson will regard the result of the primary as an endorsement of his administration, and so it is, in a way, but only such an endorsement as Republican Pennsylvania or any other loyal State would have accorded him under the circumstances.

The American people as a whole, regardless of party, are back of the President in his war aims—which they take to be the defeat of Germany on the field of battle and in the future fair play for all peoples and honest dealing between the nations, large and small. They will go on to victory under that standard or go down to utter defeat with the President rather than accept less than the great objects for which they are striving. But as to agreeing with the President in all of his policies—that is quite another matter, and the Vardaman incident must be regarded in its true light, that of patriotic people declining to return a doubtful citizen to office, and not as a straw in the partisan political wind.

It's too bad that the Americans are constantly doing things to annoy their Hun opponents. They attack without warning, they don't stop fighting according to the German schedule and now they use shot-guns with buckshot cartridges. Of course, the finicky enemy pretend that all this is contrary to the Geneva convention, conveniently forgetting that it is also a violation of the convention to use explosive bullets, liquid fire, poisonous gases and instruments of a barbarous nature, all of which actually have been employed by German troops in the fighting. Shot-guns are used by military police under recognized international agreement, but the Hun always squeals when his own tactics are turned against him.

United States Senator James Hamilton Lewis is doing considerable talking in France. Among other things, he has declared at long range that the war will probably be over before the next Presidential campaign and that with the war over, "there is not the slightest chance of the third-term question arising." Jim Ham also believes that the people will not look to the military heroes for the heads of the tickets, and that "the leaders will naturally be statesmen rather than soldiers." He also emits the opinion that "the Democratic party cannot go to the East for its candidate." Aha, there's the milk in the cocoanut. Jim Ham lives in the Middle West and is not a soldier.

Mayor Keister and his associates in the city administration will doubtless pick up quite a bit of useful information at the Erie convention of the League of Third Class Cities. But they should keep constantly in mind that Harrisburg is considerably ahead of other cities, and not fall into the error of being pulled down instead of lifting up in their official interchange of thought.

Many of the boys of the One Hundred and Tenth and the One Hundred and Twelfth regiments have made the supreme sacrifice, but the spirit of the nation is being expressed in the highest form of patriotic devotion, and Pennsylvania is over there in the way the Hun can now understand.

Good old Harrisburg is humping along saving sugar, reducing its waist line, making a more efficient milk distribution and helping to conserve fuel. When the boys come back we can afford to feast, but not until then.

When peace is finally declared the news should come from the Allies in Berlin. Germany will never know all the truth until the "Yanks" have marched down the Unter den Linden and through the arch of the Emperor.

Have you been reading Dr. Davis' "The Kaiser as I Knew Him for Fourteen Years?" If not, turn this evening to another page of the Telegraph and you'll want all the preceding chapters of this compelling story.

Community singing is being encouraged at Duncannon, where the townsfolk gathered at the Jennings summer home last night and sang the popular war songs. Who will start the community "sings" here?

President Wilson is still being sharply criticised for his interference in the selection of candidates for the House and the Senate, but we must steadily keep in mind that "politics is adjourned."

Complaints of failure to properly look after the silt basins along the Susquehanna intercepter are heard. Commissioner Lynch will stand for nothing of this sort, if he knows it.

There is still hope, we understand, of something being done to save the shade trees of Harrisburg. Park Commissioner Gross favors the appointment of a commission.

Secretary McAdoo is catching on, but he will not forget that the long-headed Pennsylvania Railroad officials have already taken steps to run their trains by electricity.

How about the Curfew ordinance? Is this also a dead letter and unenforced like the cut-out regulation as to motor vehicles?

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Members of the Democratic state committee may not be called to meet in Harrisburg to consider the draft of the proposed platform until after September 1. The committee in charge of the document upon which the state organization intends to go before the voters has not yet determined upon the declarations and is also disposed to await the result of some overtures said to have been pointed in the direction of Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell, the candidate for Governor, who insists on running on his own platform regardless of the state committee.

The state committee provided that it should be reconvened before September 1 to hear the report of the platform committee, but it is said that State Chairman George R. McLean has been informed that the platform builders may not be ready. The original plan was to have the state committee meet August 28.

Secretary Warren VanDyke, of the state committee, said to-day that he expected the state committee to meet, denying reports that it would not.

—Republicans from a dozen counties will gather at Neff's, the historic meeting place of the Lehigh county Republicans, for the opening of the Republican campaign on Saturday. This meeting has for years been held immediately after the Democratic meeting to start things and this year the Republicans will have a notable assembly. Gubernatorial Candidate Sproul, Senator Edward E. Beidleman, and Representative James F. Woodward, nominees for Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of Internal Affairs, respectively, have both announced an intention of being present and it is quite likely that all of the nominees for Congressman-at-Large; William J. Burke, of Pittsburgh, Allegheny county; Thomas S. Crago, of Waynesboro, Greene county; Mahlon M. Garland, of Edgewood, Allegheny county, and Anderson H. Walters, of Johnstown, Cambria county, will also be there.

—Senator Sproul has accepted an invitation to attend a meeting of the Republican county committee of Montgomery county, at Norristown, on September 7, and he will later visit a number of plants in the county for informal meetings with the voters. It is not likely that there will be any meetings scheduled by the state committee before the latter part of September. There may be two parties of orators tour the state, and owing to the uncertainty of railroad connections, automobiles will be used largely in making the visits from county to county.

—Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell was at the York fair yesterday and there is small comfort for the organization faction in what transpired in the big Democratic county. The judge spoke to a large crowd at the fair and after the speechmaking held meetings in York with prominent Democrats. The city and county committees lined up with him and at last Congressman A. R. Brodbeck turned up beside him. This condition is interesting in view of the way prominent Federal jobholders identified with the Palmer-McCormick group have been trooping into York county to hold the line.

—Mayor A. T. Connell, of Scranton, who was here yesterday, said that the troubles in his city over firemen and highway workers were ended. "All got increases except the Mayor," he remarked.

—Charles B. Lenahan, the Wilkes-Barre lawyer, who persists in running for Supreme Court justice over the Palmer-McCormick choice, Justice E. J. Fox, is in Pittsburgh looking after some of his fences and preparing for some energetic work.

—Friends of Henry Budd, the prominent Philadelphia lawyer, have been getting very busy in his behalf for Supreme Court in this city.

—People here are still discussing the resignation of J. M. Coughlin, the Wilkes-Barre educator and one of the oldest friends of the Governor, from the State Board of Education. The fact that it was kept so quiet is what is making it such an interesting topic of conversation.

—People interested in third class city affairs are watching with much interest the outcome of the situation in Johnstown, where the Clark act, the civil service act for policemen, the city fathers and others have come into many-sided collision. The Clark act seems to be the cause of more or less perturbation, especially in Chester, Wilkes-Barre and Johnstown. It bids fair to be a target next winter when the Legislature meets. The Johnstown row occurred when the Civil Service Commission announced that all candidates for the office of chief of police, which becomes vacant August 31, must file written applications with the Commission and submit to physical and mental examination under a rule adopted by the Board. Mayor Louis Franke and other members of Council contend that the vacancy shall be filled by promotion, without the formality of such examination, from the ranks of the present force. The Commission rules, they declare, have never been approved by Council and would not be effective, anyhow, if they conflicted with the state laws.

Bricks Without Straw?

"But from the beginning I have planned, as a matter of regulation, to have men from eighteen to nineteen put in a separate class, with a view to deferring their call until it is necessary."—Secretary Baker.

"We will need every single man in Class 1 between eighteen and forty-five. We must not delude ourselves with the idea that those in the eighteen and nineteen calls are going to be deferred any length of time. They will have to be called early next spring in order to get their training in time to get to France."—General March.

LABOR NOTES

United Mine Workers has a Canadian membership of almost 8,000.

A provincial bureau is being formed in England for the employment of discharged soldiers in civil employment.

Pressmen, mailers and stereotypers of the newspaper offices in Toronto have been granted a 6 per cent. increase as a war bonus.

The Women's County Committee of Fife, Scotland, is enrolling 1,000 women for weeding and harvesting the flax crop.

Belfast shipbuilders have achieved a world's record in completing an 8,000-ton standard ship in 15 days after she was launched.

Agricultural workers in West Gloucestershire, England, are threatening to strike unless they are paid $11.25 a week

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES :-: -:- :-: :-: By BRIGGS

Human Touch Needed

[From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Charles M. Schwab, the human dynamo who is directing the practical side of the shipbuilding program in furtherance of the Government's military program, gave some excellent advice a few days ago in Philadelphia to well-meaning patriotic workers. "Patriotic speeches are all right and so are slogans and posters," said the director in his plain utilitarian way, "but they are being crassly overdone. Go among these shipbuilders with the human touch—that's what they need—and drop the hot air. I know men and I know what these men want. They are doing the work in the sweat of their brows, and, believe me, they know what's what."

As perhaps the most personally successful manager of steel plants in the world, Mr. Schwab's every-day words make the best kind of advice. His knowledge of men is not the least valuable of his equipment as a phenomenally successful superintendent and general manager before he went to the head of the class as erector of one of the largest steel making organizations in the country. He knows men thoroughly. The men who labor in the Bethlehem plant will vouch for his knowledge of human nature, and men who ever worked at Edgar Thompson or Homestead will corroborate. It was Mr. Schwab's ability and willingness to go among the men with the human touch that contributed substantially to his success from the day when, as a comparative youth, he became general manager of the Edgar Thompson works. He always could get more work from the men.

Criticism of the overdone patriotism of oratory and slogans and catch phrases and posters is better from Mr. Schwab than the ordinary man because there is not the slightest danger of misunderstanding or misinterpreting him. He knows men and that knowledge warns him that if the oratory and other demonstrations of patriotic overzeal is kept up, one result will be a revulsion and a testy temper among those which may ask questions about practical results that may not be so easy to answer. Keep up the patriotic talk, says Mr. Schwab, but also go among the men who are doing the work and offer them the genuine human touch. They need it and—this is Mr. Schwab's strong point—they have a claim to it.

Why They Want Him

[From New York Times]

There is a queer misapprehension among some of the opponents of Mr. Henry Ford's burst into the Michigan primaries. Thus The Detroit Free Press ascribes to him a contempt for the political processes by which the government is carried on. "Mr. Ford," says The Chicago Tribune, "has indulged himself for years in the gratification of not knowing anything about the country's political procedure, of not connecting himself with it, or having anything to do with it."

This is a little unjust. Mr. Ford remembers that he cast his first vote for President "for Garfield" in 1884. If his memory, busy with so many weightier matters, has mislaid his candidate's name, at least Mr. Ford once voted, and he knows that there are Presidents.

But it is not as an authority on politics, on the American political system, that he has been picked for Senator by an expert and an illustrious hand. Just as the Prussian Herrenhaus includes a number of life-peers who are chosen by the king from among great landholders, rich industrials, "national celebrities;" just as the House of Lords has among its members great men of business, of letters, so should not our Senate be in part a Chamber of Notables, of Magnates, a House of Fame, in another than Chaucer's sense?

Few men are better known than Mr. Ford. In the matter of swift, romantic, inexhaustible riches Monte Cristo was Lazarus compared to this Wolverine machinist. He is one of the greatest carriers in the world. In what hamlet is the sound of his wheels unheard? His experience on the ship of peace makes him an authority on shipping. His Christmas evacuation of the trenches makes him an authority on military affairs. Yet not as a common politician, but as a rare, a natural, an unconscious genius do his enthusiasts push him toward the Senate.

Mystery About the Kaiser

A Detroit paper remarks that the kaiser speaks English fluently. What, then, keeps him from understanding it? — From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THAT NEW BRIBE

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

One would think that when a nation was engaged in a war for humanity the setting up of the dollar against the man would have little weight with the legislator. But strange as it may seem, in the eyes of many legislators the dollar is still much bigger than the man. It was in the Presidency of the immortal Lincoln that the nation was first brought face to face with the question of the infernal revenue the nation has been ever since receiving from the liquor traffic. When the bill passed by Congress was presented to him for his signature he refused to sign declaring he would rather lose his right arm at the shoulder than to have his right hand affix his name to the bill. However, after much urging and the assurance that as soon as the war was over the bill would be repealed, he reluctantly yielded and the blood money began to flow into the treasury. The sacred promise to repeal has never been kept.

A new crisis is on us. Congress has large sums of money to raise for this war for humanity. Once more as in the days before the Civil War the battle for the abolition of the drink traffic has risen to high tide. A day has even been fixed by the United States Senate when a bill providing for national prohibition for the period of the war shall become the unfinished business of the Senate until a vote is taken.

Once more the bribe, only of much larger proportions, is to be held out to block the passage of the bill. We hear talk of a billion in revenue that will be lost if prohibition is voted. The committee in charge of preparing the stupendous eight billion revenue bill has seen a great light and has raised the infernal revenue tax on whisky from $3.20 per gallon to $8 per gallon. Doubtless other alcoholics will have like raises proposed. What will be the estimate placed by our Congress upon the dollar as compared to the man? We shall soon see. But "woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and stablisheth a city by iniquity! Behold, is it not of the Lord of Hosts that the people shall labor in the very fire?" Substitute "nation" for "town" and "city" and it is just as true, and is not our nation passing through "the very fire?" And who are we? We delight to boast that in this land, we, the people, are the sovereigns. If so, let us rise in our sovereignty and compel our servants, the legislators, both state and national, really to serve us and do our will. Pretty sovereigns we, if we sit supinely by and let our "servants" dictate to us who shall represent us in the halls of the Legislature and of Congress. The "servants" have become the masters and "boss rule" is rampant. It will continue to be so as long as the voter goes meekly to the polls and registers the ballot the bosses have decreed.

This year, more distinctly than ever before, the call goes forth to the voter to be his own man at the ballotbox and register a vote there that the blindest may see spells liberty to all men. Cast a vote that says the man is bigger than the dollar. America is being taught to think in big and generous terms to-day, and the biggest thing she can secure and the most needful thing for her future is a clean, pure, virile, sober manhood. God give us men. A time like this demands clear vision, right appraisements, just decisions. If it was wrong in the 60's to put a blackman on the auction block and sell him body and soul to the highest bidder, it is just as wrong to put any man on the block and say to the liquor traffic, "You can capture him and enslave him body and soul with your alcoholic drinks, if you will pay me my price."

Let Pennsylvania men no longer submit to this unrighteousness, but let them inquire closely into the character of all candidates for the Legislature and other offices, and if they will not come out openly for the immediate execution of John Barleycorn, let no dollar plea buy their vote. Then shall they be freemen indeed and our state can hold up her head again with just pride.

B. E. P. P.

Courage and Heroism

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.—Henry Van Dyke.

He'd Never Start Anything

How happy the kaiser would be if he could turn the clock back to August 1, 1914, with the information at hand he has collected since!—From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THINGS AT WASHINGTON

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

Have just laid aside the Telegraph, and am now indulging in a "think" about politics—concerning our national affairs. I thought about the matter of subsidies to our American steamship lines and was wondering if our Congress will take a kindly interest in it hereafter, as it should—now that our governmental heart is open and grown liberally big in money-spending and lending.

Congress under control of the "outfit" from the Southern states," may give kindly ministrations, if to their interest as a section, I think; but if otherwise there will be "nothing doing" under any Democratic administration. During the past year we have seen most reckless lawmaking at Washington—more's the pity!

Power given the men in office (worthy and otherwise) may result in a boomerang in the future. Many laws were enacted that ought not to have been even considered. There has been excitement at high-tension down there, and there was one fact, at no time overlooked. They knew that the cashboxes of the nation were overful to the danger point. Too much of anything that we term "an overreach of necessity," must have a serious ending. A gigantic panic could spring out of all this, as easily as you wink your eye, and I regret to say I expect this result to follow. Theoretical men in power are too numerous, because they think themselves logical to the highest degree. They follow a big leader any way he goes. I feel sure they held a few years ago very firmly to the idea that co-operation and combination of interests for a greater good and for lower prices to the people was bad! bad! bad! if the political party on the other side of the fence favored it. They certainly have dosed us with startling, heroic measures of "government of the people, for the people, by the people."

The nation is, and has been, going for everything in reach, and has no difficulty in obtaining the passage of laws to warrant action needed—no not so you could notice it. I hope Congress will not let the golden rule get rusty for lack of use.

We have a Constitution, that is to say, we did have one, but if it has been made "scrap paper" I had not seen any news to that effect. Any way we look at the matter it seems to indicate that Congress and the President—(now I will take that back) I mean the President and the Congress, are strong and keen for "combines in all forms; and greater still—favorable to monopolies. The great drive of new laws seems to convey a belief that Congress now considers a little thing like a monopoly a commonplace. I think I am not too critical, when we consider the facts. We have seen the government take complete control of the railroads and other lines of transportation; the telegraph service, the telephone service and the express lines. To this must be added the control of fuel and food supplies, and the extensive "butting-in" concerning our business affairs in general. All of which covers a multitude of interests and a multitude of sins, too. Don't think I am giving vent to a preachment. It's feeling, that's all, and of a kind one must have when one truly loves his country.

In conclusion let me assure you of my conviction—that the Constitution of the United States of America was not drawn for use only in times of peace. Many on Congress and in office at Washington do not remember the Constitution often enough, I fear.

C. O. ALMAN

HOW ABOUT THE CABLEGRAMS?

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

It has come to my knowledge that cable messages sent to relatives in this country by anxious soldiers have never been delivered. What becomes of them? Also the cable rates in same cases are practically prohibitive.

H.

BREAK UP THE BIG BLOCKS

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

Why don't the several coal dealers who continue to display huge blocks of coal, weighing many tons, in front of their business places, reduce those enormous blocks to fuel proportions and win the favor of all consumers?

I NEED COAL

Big Jump, Too

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is traveling for his health. The Crown Prince is also making some rapid jumps for the same reason.—Erie Dispatch.

On to Berlin!

[Pittsburgh Post]

The plans of the American military authorities to bring the war to a close within twelve months by putting an overwhelming force into the field against Germany appeal to common sense. Why let such a cruel and expensive struggle continue for years when there is force enough available to end it quickly and at an infinitely smaller loss of men than if two evenly-matched forces were kept battling indefinitely? The sight alone of overwhelming numbers against them will be a powerful factor in causing the Huns to lay down their arms, for it has been shown repeatedly that they will cry "Kamerad!" the moment they find that resistance is useless. General March, American chief of staff, in urging Congress to extend the draft age limits, says that a United States Army of 3,300,000—such as is expected to be in France by next June—will enable the allied forces to sweep Germany where they will, and that if it were 4,000,000 victory would not be long delayed. He pointed out that the freshness of the American troops is one of the greatest assets of the cause; it is putting new life into Foch's army throughout. The presence in the field of an American army of 4,000,000 would thrill every allied fighter and start the triumphal march to Berlin.

His Own Affair

"Darn a cutworm!" ejaculates an exchange. Let the cutworm mend his own ways, say we.—Boston Transcript.

OUR DAILY LAUGH

BLOCKED.

Bug Explorer—My, I'll never be able to cross that desert.

AGGRAVATING THE FAULT.

Emphatic Man—When I say a thing I mean it.

The Woman—But, sometimes that only makes it worse!

FINE.

"Gee, this old hairbrush makes a dandy door mat!"

DISCORD.

Wifey—You should stop fiddling away your time.

Hubby—And you harping on the string.

Evening Chat

A good many people in this part of the state will be interested in the plans for the reunion of the Old Boatmen's Association which is to be held near Sunbury on the last Saturday of this month. This organization is made up of men who once worked on the canal systems of the state, especially the old Pennsylvania canal and the number who are still hale and hearty is larger than many imagine. It seems that the reunion, which was started a few years ago, is an object of much sentiment and men travel for many miles, some of them from the depth of rural districts to gather around and "swop" stories of the towpath and the berm bank. There will be quite a program and the men who were skippers and mule drivers and just boys will meet and form a permanent organization, taking steps also to get together the stories of the waterways which we all wish that we had back again. To the average Harrisburger who knows only of the canal through this city by the remains near Paxton and Lochiel furnaces and up along the Pennsylvania yards above the city limits these canal stories mean little, but there are many active in affairs in this city who came from towns along the canal who could tell of rare swimming sport in summer and rides in the fall and skating in winter, while the native sons recall the days when they used to dive from the Paxton, Herr, Maclay or Dock street bridges, "jump" boats and ride down to Steelton or up to Rockville; gather round the Walnut street lock to see the boats go through and occasionally to assist the coroner holding an inquest over some unfortunate who turned up in the waters. And then there are the men who can tell of the time when Harrisburg got most of its coal by boat and we were not dependent upon any railroad administration for coal cars. There was brisk competition to sell coal in those days and the patient mules that used to jingle into town brought many a ton that sold for less than half what we pay now and incidentally, burned much better.

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Besides being president of the First National Bank of Beaver Springs, A. A. Ulsh is prominent in the affairs of the little Snyder county village. Speaking to his Sunday school class several weeks ago he told them a story which may be of interest of Harrisburg readers. "There are many strange ways of converting people to Christ," he said. "Several years ago I was present at a protracted meting series held in a country schoolhouse. The janitor was a very worldly man. One evening as he was cleaning up the schoolhouse he remembered his duty of ringing the bell. When he attempted to ring it, there was no sound. Naturally he thought it a supernatural phenomen and was converted to Christ that evening. But a party of boys loitering near the schoolhouse could have explained things. They had cut the bellrope. Mr. Ulsh isn't the only interesting character in Beaver Springs. There is H. I. Romig, for thirty years secretary of the Snyder County Sunday School Association and for twenty years the chorister in St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran Church. President is his middle name. He is head of every organization from the Romig Reunion Association to the Odd Fellows Reunion Association. He is secretary of the Odd Fellows Orphans' Home and director of the Romig Shop. There is probably no man in the entire county who is better known than he. Incidentally he is a brother-in-law to Federal Judge Charles B. Witmer of this district.

• • •

Harrisburg friends have sent their congratuations to Ex-Postmaster Caleb S. Brinton, of Carlisle. Mr. Brinton likes to tell of the days when he taught school and of his first case as a lawyer. He was also on Shippensburg Normal School faculty.

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The desire for military training in Harrisburg seems to be intense. The Harrisburg Public Library has been compelled to replace its drill manuals and other textbooks several times. The books seem to just walk off.

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In spite of the fact that revenue is not making any great showing as far as million is concerned every day there has been such a steady flow of money into the State Treasury that everyone is being kept busy. The receipts each day are made up of banknotes, certified checks or money orders and Earl DeWald, the deposit clerk, has to handle a whole armful every afternoon.

• • •

The old Capitol Park conservatory appears to be as well built as the rest of things about the State House, and Sam Fishman's men in charge of demolition are having their own troubles getting rid of the bricks and mortar. The buildings were heavily constructed and it will take much pick work in the hot sun to get them down. Practically all of the 2,000 or more panes of glass in the building have been sold to a man living near New Cumberland.

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One of the most impressive things about the city is the manner in which the piles of river coal are growing. There are several veritable mountains to be seen in the manufacturing district and the Harrisburg Light and Power Company, has a reserve which is as impressive as its smokestack. The coal fleet is the busiest proposition about Harrisburg these days.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—David C. Morros, the Washington and Jefferson football coach, has entered the army as a captain at Camp Meade.

—Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia food administrator, has gone to the seashore for a few days rest.

—Francis K. Newcomer, major of engineers, who crossed the Vesle river under fire in a conspicuously brave manner, is a Pittsburgher.

—Edward Bok, the editor, is in France on war work.

—Col. W. D. Forsyth, the chief-of-staff of the new Liberty division, is well known to many Pennsylvanians. He has lately been detailed to Washington.

—William A. Law, Philadelphia banker, has become a member of the Y. M. C. A. board for the war.

DO YOU KNOW

—That Dauphin county is very much on the map for the training it is giving the boys?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG

—A century ago Harrisburg boys were taught to handle rifles by shooting squirrels on the hills opposite the town.