

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Published evenings except Sunday by THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO.

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G. R. OYSTER, Business Manager

Member of the Associated Press

Member American Newspaper Publishers' Association

By carrier, ten cents a week

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1918

Cleave then to the sunnier side of doubt,

And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith;

She reels not in the storm of warring icords,

She brightens at the clasp of "Yes" and "No."

She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst,

She feels the sun is hid but for a night,

She spies the summer through the winter bud,

She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,

She hears the lark within the songless egg,

She finds the fountain where they veiled "mirage."

—TENNYSON.

CIVIC CLUB'S GLAD HAND

WHAT a fine thing the Civic Club is doing in the entertainment of the soldiers on duty in this section.

THOSE GERMAN KNIVES

THE body of an American boy was found in No man's Land the other day hacked almost to pieces by German knives.

Love as a Housing Problem

Sarah MacConnell, author of "Many Mansions," just published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is a comparatively new writer.

LABOR NOTES

Youngstown (Ohio) Typographical Union has signed a five-year agreement with publishers granting a \$5 a week increase.

JUDICIOUS CRITICISM

So far as candidates for Federal place are concerned, the Maine election is a victory for Mr. Wilson and the war. It is not a Republican or Democratic war.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

SINCE the agreement at the headquarters of the Committee on National Defense with the mercantile heads there will be no interference with the usual holiday business so long as it does not involve any increase of the working forces, the merchants of Harrisburg and elsewhere are preparing for a longer holiday season.

ered it was shown that nothing was to be gained by cutting out the Christmas giving.

In order to overcome these conditions, the merchants are preparing to launch their holiday sales without further delay.

Inasmuch as the merchants and shopkeepers cannot enlarge their forces to accommodate the ordinary rush at the holiday period, it will be necessary for them to be ready for the season soon in order that there shall not be any increase of employees later.

Killing Germans seems to be regarded somewhat in the light of sport by many of the young soldiers in France, who insist that shooting the Hun is about the same as shooting rabbits.

PATRIOTS REGISTER

SELECTIVE Service is the own offspring of the American Volunteer. It has neither exiled its sire nor silenced his voice.

No. The day of the American Volunteer is a matter of spirit—the willingness to do.

The man, who, being between 18 and 46 years, rose early to-day and hastened to place his name on the Selective Service Roll, is an American Volunteer.

He is as much an American Volunteer as the men who shouldered a musket in 1776, or answered the first call in 1861.

Our nation has set for itself to-day the task of registering thirteen millions of men between the ages of 22 and 46, and 18 and 21 years.

It will register them only if America's volunteer spirit speaks and acts.

The need of the hour is a double-quick response. Our country must add more than two million soldiers to the American Army of to-day to beat the Hun back into his den.

Go prepared to give the vital facts about yourself. Answer the questions of the registering board. Don't ask questions.

That will show a true volunteer spirit. Patriots will register promptly. Others must, or pay the penalty.

Where the War Must End

There is increasing talk of clearing the Huns out of Picardy and ending the war by decisive victory on the western front next year.

A SILENT TRIBUTE

Miss Jessie Rittenhouse, author of "The Door of Dreams," a collection of poems, has just received a touching letter from a nurse with the American Expeditionary Force in France.

Major Beith Has to Stand

Major Ian Hay Beith, of "The First Hundred Thousand" and "All in It," who has returned to England after an amusing experience on his war lecture tour last winter when he entered a barber's shop in a small town in the south of France.

DO YOU KNOW

—That Harrisburg soldiers have won places as non-commissioned officers in every camp into which they have been sent?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG

—Ann Harris stockade is declared to have been the first fort erected on the Susquehanna.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Men connected with the Democratic State Headquarters here now regard it as a foregone conclusion that while Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell is the candidate for the nomination of the Democratic State Committee here on Saturday, his friends will be here to make as much trouble as possible for the managers of the state machine.

The way the matter stands now, National Committeeman A. Mitchell Palmer has repudiated Bonniwell, although Bonniwell was nominated by direct vote of the Democratic voters and by a substantial majority over the Palmer-McCormick candidate, and Lackawanna has repudiated Palmer, demanding that he resign of the party.

Secretary Warren VanDyke is arranging for the meeting here on Saturday and Saturday night. Conference H. Ruppel will be here to-morrow to take up his burden.

—While this is going on Senator William Gog and Maxon is right ahead with his campaign. He will speak in Bucks county Saturday and Roosevelt men, Flinn men and even Pennsylvania men are coming out for him.

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AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

AFTER YOU'VE BEEN VISITING IN MICHIGAN AND HAD RUNNING COLD WATER (NO BATH OR ELECTRIC LIGHT)



—IN NEBRASKA YOU HAVE TO RUSH A PITCHER OF SCALDING HOT WATER YOURSELF.



REGISTRATION DAY (A Paraphrase)

We are living—we are dwelling. In a grand and awful time; In an age on ages telling, To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Maxon to the fray; Hark! what soundeth is Creation's Groaning for its latter day.

Ye'll not play then; ye'll not tarry, Up, to it Jehovah's ally; God's own arms hath need of thee.

Hark! the onset, will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in lazy-loaf? Up, oh up, and join your brother! Worlds are charging—heaven behold!

Now has come thine hour to fight, Now the blazen cross unfolding— On, right onward, for the right.

Thirteen million brawny freemen Hear the age-old call to-day, Thirteen million brawny freemen Join the throng and play your part.

Thirteen million brawny freemen, Arm to arm and heart to heart, These shall constitute our answer To the challenge of the Hun; These shall win the world for freedom— Thank your God He counts you one.

CAPTURED SOLDIERS "If unlucky enough to get captured, send your first prison camp postcard to the American Red Cross. This in substance is the advice which the War Department is having officers give the men in the American Expeditionary Forces before they go to the front."

By sending this postcard to the Bureau of Prisoners' Relief, American Red Cross, Berne, Switzerland, the captured man sets in motion machinery so that his family will be notified as promptly as possible; and it also enables the Red Cross to begin shipments of food and clothing to every week, as well as comforts and luxuries as needed.

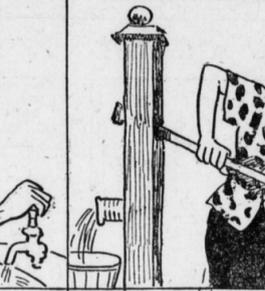
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IN FRONT OF PRUSSIAN GUARDS

NOT long after the Prussian guard was put opposite us and we got ourselves ready for most anything.



AND ON THE TRAIN YOU MANAGE TO GET ALONG WITH A LITTLE BASIN OF TEPID WATER.



SCHOOL [From the North American Review.] His seat was by a window; so he dreamed.

How he could study when the sunlight gleamed In small, sweet shapes like wild things tame enough To dart to him and touch his hands for love?

While there were profiles carved in every cloud To mark as grim or ludicrous or proud, And agile shadowings to writhe and crawl Like ghostly spiders up and down the wall, He could not help but turn their way to look.

His eyes, that would not follow down the muddied trudgings of deliberate feet, Reflected blue and silver flights of birds. You would not think that just a window space Could hold so much of loveliness and grace.

But once, when a frail scrap of paper Enchanted him from 10 o'clock till noon, He learned his lesson then for very truly, in that window space, Until, came glowing to a nearby chair, A little girl with sunset in her hair, His soul rekindled, and the pale dreams came.

To warm themselves once more at this new flame. He pushed aside the dusty Greek, he read a different way to read the Iliad. While through cold ashes others groped to learn, He lit the towers of Troy and saw them burn.

UP TO THE PRESIDENT (Colonel Harvey's War Weekly) Out of the welter of incompetence, waste of hundreds of millions of dollars and months of precious time, wanton sacrifice of priceless lives, intrigues without number, craft without limit, and crimes without the pale of exculpation, emerges one luminous and overwhelming fact:

It is up to the President to relieve the shortcomings and wrongdoings of his subordinates, to re-solve order out of chaos and to get for America equality at least and supremacy if possible as a fighter in the air.

Bowed though our heads be in shame and disgust, except for the lesson's sake, not a day, not an hour, not a moment should be spared in bewailing the past. The money is gone, the gallant lads who have perished are no more, and the responsible are already writhing in the scorn of outraged public opinion; punishment—swift and relentless, let us hope and pray—awaits the evildoers.

But we cannot stop for that. We must go on. All eyes should turn to the future, not to the past. The lesson should be applied in the present. We cannot wait for the Hughes report; we cannot wait for anything. With hope and prayer—awaiting the evildoers.

Major Beith Has to Stand Major Ian Hay Beith, of "The First Hundred Thousand" and "All in It," who has returned to England after an amusing experience on his war lecture tour last winter when he entered a barber's shop in a small town in the south of France.

Victory Over Booze It has been officially determined that a nation engaged in a great war cannot demoralize itself and disorganize its fighting power with booze.

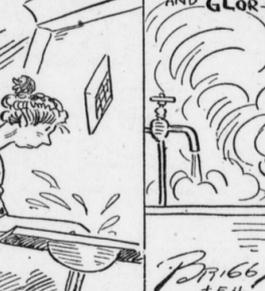
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By BRIGGS

—AND IN INDIANA YOU HAD TO GET WATER FROM THE PUMP— (LAMP FOR LIGHT)



—AND OUT IN COLORADO YOU HAD TO GET WATER— (LAMP FOR LIGHT)



BUT WHEN YOU GET HOME! OH-H-H HOT WATER ELECTRIC LIGHTS OH-H-H LADY LADY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?

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Evening Chat

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The Capitol Park squirrels have a new set of friends. They have always had them, but lately they have been coming around in increasing numbers. They are the soldiers and sailors. Every day or so squads of men, who visit the Capitol while waiting for trains or who stop in Harrisburg to see the State House call on the squirrels, or to be more correct, the squirrels call on them.

Harry J. Myers, state compensation adjuster, soon walked into his office after having been on the firing line in France the other day. He had a uniform without buttons and the most surprised man at the Capitol. Myers comes from McKeesport, where he held several places, and resides in the street in this city. His son had been in the army and an instructor so suddenly that he did not have time to send word.

A well-known citizen who talked with the outgoing recruits at the courthouse the other day has received a letter from one of the draftees at Camp Leavenworth, Kansas, and the speaker was not fully conversant with conditions in the Army inasmuch as he, the writer, had not had any news since the morning of August 26 and from that date until the present time he and sugar were strangers. He is strong for the Y. M. C. A. however, and suggests a second send to the soldiers if it is possible to go to the "Y" and get stationery, books, athletic paraphernalia and hear good music.

The problems attending the abolition of the three Derry township grade crossings where the Philadelphia and Erie roads cross the William Penn highway will be cleared up late next month. The people interested, the state, the county and the township, and the railroad officials and numerous property owners have had five hearings and the railroad and the State Highway Department have agreed plans and it is now up to the point where an agreement must be made or the Public Service Commission will step in and make a decision. The hearing is scheduled for October 23. The railroad people are as anxious to get the crossings abolished as anyone, but when the matter is spread over the material is problematical now. The railroad owners are seeking to have Washington speed up the required permission.

State Librarian Thomas Lynch Montgomery, who is to be speaker at the September meeting of the Dauphin County Historical Society to-night, will be spreading the matters he has discovered in a summer vacation study of original documents pertaining to the early history of Dauphin county. Mr. Montgomery, who is a Harrisburg by brevet and inclination, has been giving much attention to the study of the early days in this county. He has been fortunate to discover a number of letters and papers of those times.

In regard to old-time papers it would be very valuable contribution to the history of this county if the Dauphin County Historical Society could be able to print the letters and papers of the Rev. John Elder, the "fighting parson" of Paxton church. Mr. Elder was one of the two men who loomed up in the colonial history of what is now Dauphin county and his descendants not only reside here still, but are giving their lives for the country which he helped establish.

Captain E. R. Mackey, of Williamsport, cited for bravery, was long interested in military matters in that city. W. McK. Reed, well known here, is in charge of the big known investigation in Pittsburgh. The Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, stated clerk of the Presbyterian church, is on a short vacation at the seashore. E. M. DuPont, general manager of the Johnstown Railways, says it is only a question of time until women are employed on trolley cars in that city. Samuel W. Gault, well-known Pittsburg, has been here on his way home after a three-months' stay in New Jersey.

That Harrisburg soldiers have won places as non-commissioned officers in every camp into which they have been sent?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG —Ann Harris stockade is declared to have been the first fort erected on the Susquehanna.

AT THE REHEARSAL The Soubrette —You're a con-trition-ant, ain't you? The Balladist —Why, no. What made you think I was? The Soubrette —Oh, I kinda thought you might be when I heard you try to sing.

A TRULY REMARKABLE DREAM I had a wonderful dream last night—if it would only come true you would never have to work again. What was it? I dreamed you were dead.

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