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Pity and need make all flesh kin. -Edwin Arnold.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1918

KNOX STRIKES KEYNOTE

IN TWO short paragraphs Senator Knox, speaking before the Senate yesterday, explained why many Americans hesitate about endorsing the President's proposal for a League of Nations as a part of the peace conference program.

After all, why such hurry? If a League of Nations is a good thing, surely its merit will be better appreciated after careful study.

Senator Knox believes that the League of Nations idea should be divorced from the peace program. He withholds his opinion as to the wisdom of eventually adopting some such plan, until he knows just what the President proposes.

Mr. Taft has proposed a "League to Enforce Peace." That, also, may not be Mr. Wilson's purpose, or it may not. He has told nobody and asks the Senate and the people of the country as a whole to accept his "pig in a poke" without question or debate.

Senator Knox is right when he concludes that Americans will refuse to be led blindly into what may turn out to be "entangling alliances" of a very embarrassing nature.

Vice-President Marshall presiding over the Cabinet meeting, doubtless afforded a delightful conversational occasion without undue mental exertion for those present.

FOR A CLEAN CITY

OUR good wishes go with the churchmen who have attempted through a permanent association to make the city clean and keep it so.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committee
President Wilson will not increase the good will of the nations allied with us by an arbitrary insistence upon any preconceived notions of his own.

WHY ARE YOU WAITING?

WHAT are you waiting for, you Harrisburg people who have not yet joined the Red Cross? Did the Red Cross wait when your boys were being wounded in France?

Did the Red Cross wait while the influenza raged in the training camps of the country? If a great flood or a fire swept over Harrisburg to-day would the Red Cross wait until it figured out whether it could afford to come to your rescue?

No, indeed; the Red Cross workers went over the top with your boys and brought them back to the hospitals through a hail of death, and Red Cross surgeons and Red Cross nurses dared disease and the Hun's aerial bombing that your boys might come back to you.

Red Cross men and women sacrificed their own lives to stay the influenza epidemic in the cantonments and Red Cross funds and Red Cross volunteers would break speed records reaching Harrisburg if disaster overtook us.

The war is over, but the Red Cross work must continue. Are you an all-time patriot or merely one of the hurrah boys whose enthusiasm goes no farther than cheering and flag-waving? Demonstrate by joining the Red Cross.

What are you waiting for? President Wilson, having been made a citizen of Paris, might decide to run for the French presidency before returning. Maybe that was why he sent for his political cabinet.

WORK OF TUSKEGEE

THE recent report of the Tuskegee school shows how largely that institution participated in the war activities. Major Moton, successor to Booker T. Washington, says, in conclusion, that it may not be invidious to quote from an editorial which appeared in the Charlotte, N. C., Observer, regarding the work at Tuskegee:

So long as the Booker T. Washington ideals prevail at Tuskegee, that institution will continue to perform a valuable service to the negroes of the South, and under the management of Dr. Moton, these ideals have been lived up to in an admirable manner.

Throughout the war the colored men have maintained a record of patriotic devotion to the country which was manifested not only on the fighting line but in the important work at home. Many trained workers went out from Tuskegee and what they did during the war will constitute a fine chapter when the history of war activities shall be made up.

The most artistic and elaborate holiday edition that has reached the Telegraph this season is the Christmas number of the Mount Union Times. Not only does it abound in Christmas features, poems, pictures and stories, but it is a good newspaper as well, and the amount of advertising it carries indicates that the end of the war has had no effect on the prosperity of the wonderful little city that is the home of the publication.

A STATE PROBLEM

IN the consideration of bills having for their object the rehabilitation and re-education of incapacitated soldiers, it is hoped Congress will give due thought to the eventual transformation of whatever machinery is devised for the purpose to the uses of the injured industrial worker. This will not be so easy as it may at first glance appear, for while the rehabilitation of the soldier is distinctly the nation's problem, the re-education of the injured workman is a matter for the individual States.

Lafayette's Ashes

A proposal has been laid before the French Government by M. Lefebvre, Socialist deputy of Seine-et-Oise, that the ashes of Lafayette be removed from the Picpus Cemetery, and be buried in the Pantheon. It is suggested that the ceremony should take place during President Wilson's visit to Paris.

Youth and Age

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdest thyself an everlasting crown; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.—St. John, xxi, 18.

OH, MAN!

HANK—I'VE GOT THE SWEETEST LITTLE WIFE IN THE WORLD AND I APPRECIATE HER—I KNOW I'VE BEEN PRETTY BAD AT TIMES—BE NICE TO HER CHRISTMAS—YOU GET A DIAMOND RING.

BILL—I'M GOING TO GIVE MY FRAU TWO SILVER BLACK FOX FURS—WORTH AT LEAST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—SHE IS A WONDERFUL LITTLE WOMAN.

HANK—I DON'T FEEL AS THO' I WAS GIVING THE WIFE ANYTHING—I'VE A NOTION TO BUY HER A CAR BESIDES—SHE'S A GOOD PAL.

BILL—YOU'VE NEVER MET MY WIFE—SHE'S ONE OF THE SWEETEST AND SWEETEST OF WOMEN—SHE'S GOING TO HAVE A GRAND PIANO IN HER STOCKING—THERE'S NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR HER.

OH—H—ISN'T BILL NICE TO SEND THIS SUCH A SWEET SENTIMENT.

OH—H—JUST WHAT I WANTED AND NEEDED—HANK IS SUCH A GENEROUS OLD DEAR.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM BILL.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Praise Harrisburg

To the Editor of the Telegraph: The time has come when the men that wear the uniforms of Uncle Sam are beginning to return to their homes, and when they return to their homes they will convey with them the idea and impressions of the places where they have been.

We, as a body wish to say, that when we go home we are going to be eternal boosters for Harrisburg. We came to Harrisburg with the idea that it being a capitalist town would be cold blooded, conceited, and more interested in money and ancestors than in men.

But our five months' stay in Harrisburg has convinced us that we were under the greatest of impressions. Never have we seen a more enthusiastically patriotic town in our lives.

Of course, we, the sailors, noticed the activities devoted to our entertainment most. The consideration, friendship and respect that our uniforms invariably have, has given us a greater respect for them ourselves, and the way people of all classes have opened their hearts and homes to us has transferred Harrisburg from a mere name or place on the map to a place in our hearts we shall never forget.

We could use several columns in mentioning the many good things we like about Harrisburg, but we shall reserve that for home consumption. It is almost home here, and the best that we can hope for is that we have made good with Harrisburg as it has made good with us.

A Peripatetic Philosopher

He overtook him swinging down the boulevard with his chest out the morning the strike came on. "Rotten business—this strike," he said.

"Finest thing that ever happened," he said. "Strikes saved my life—made a man of me."

"Union man?" he asked. "Naw. Office slave. Two years ago I was an anemic, dyspeptic, neurasthenic, hypochondriac slave of a desk. I had been trying to cut out the heavy midday lunches and to start walking down in the morning, but for two years couldn't make up my mind to do it. Then there came along that waters' strike and I cut out the restaurant—brought in a couple switches down and Fletcher and them at noon. Then the street car boys struck and I had to walk. I haven't ridden in a street car since. I've gained twenty pounds, never have been sick a day, never, never felt better in my life. There's just one more strike I'd like to see."

"What's that?" "Pie makers. I'm still a little overfond of pie."—Exchange.

November Dusk—A Portrait

The drama of it! The poetry of it! The sanctified justice and human satisfaction of it! The bully and braggart begging for peace and his envoys waiting by the wayside for their people to mend the roads themselves had shattered. When the Shackeys of this war gets down to Act V, Scene III, he will head it: "The Chimney-Potteries-La Capelle Road on a November Dusk."

LABOR NOTES

Wages for men workers in the shoe trade in the United States have increased from \$4 to \$6 a week since 1916, while women workers have advanced from \$2 to \$4 a week in the same period.

The port of Santa Rosalia, Lower California, owes its importance to a group of copper mines owned by and to the smelters, which support a population of about 10,000, composed chiefly of the working classes.

Unless assurance is given that a recent award of the Federal War Labor Board providing for an increase of approximately 62 per cent, in wages will be put into effect at once, Memphis (Tenn.) street car workers will enforce their demand by a walkout.

A board of conciliation appointed by the Canadian Minister of Labor has granted an increase of 5 cents an hour to carpenters and millwrights, making the new scale 65 cents for carpenters and 70 cents an hour for millwrights.

Inside a Tank

IN action in a tank, heat is one of the great hardships, for it is so exhausting that the men frequently have to buck themselves up with restoratives, carried in the tank's medicine bag. Usually, in the ordinary course of travel, or going up, men walk outside the tank, or ride on top, the driver alone being inside; but in action all have to be inside. It is above these holes that in broad daylight it is quite dark within.

Observation for the driver and gunners is made possible by looking out ports, in which eight tiny holes (the size of pinheads) are drilled. Strangely enough, observation is not so difficult as might be imagined. It is above these holes that the only padding in the tank is placed, for, contrary to the general impression, tanks are not padded inside. It is above these holes that the gunners for the most part stand; the two men forward are seated, and when the driver is about to take a severe drop or incline, he shouts back through the speaking tube and the men hang on, bracing themselves against the engine of the gun.

The paddling over the lookout holes consists of a headrest against which one presses the forehead in order to bring the eyes as close to the holes as possible. These look-out holes superseded periscopic prisms, which proved unsatisfactory about two inches thick, but bullets striking this glass while not breaking it, started it so that observation became difficult, if not quite impossible. To meet this a steel reflector was tried out, but did not answer the purpose, and so the holes were resorted to, and, while observation involves an unnatural straining of the neck, it is effective.

While bullets do not penetrate the armor, but only rattle it up a bit at the points where they are deflected, a great deal of bullet "splash" does come in. This is more annoying than serious, and after an action one could pick out a number of these tiny splinters from one's face. So, as a means of protection against "splash" face armor was invented. This looks much like a handkerchief with a steel mesh chain hanging from it. The mesh itself is of thin steel, with slits for the eyes, the whole padded for the face and adjustable to it.

The greatest danger, however, whether in or out of action, is that of fire. Smoking inside a tank is forbidden. Usually smoking is not permitted within twenty yards of the tank. This is because of the great amount of petrol, or gasoline, carried, and because of the fumes. Thus, an armor piercing shell entering the tank, not only explodes in a confined area, but usually sets the machine on fire. When that happens, men have to escape the tank, can be tumbling out of the doors usually to be greeted by the enemy's machine gun fire. Often, however, so much damage was done by the shell itself, that only those nearest the doors ever escaped. The rest perished in the flames, and those who have ever had to go back to a tank and see their comrades burned almost beyond recognition, will bear testimony that death by fire was feared more than anything else.

New Era For Health Dept.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger.] The Commonwealth can well congratulate itself if, as now seems highly probable, Dr. Edward Martin becomes the second Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania. As all those who are familiar with the situation know, the department in a state of high efficiency, the result of the untiring and unselfish labors of Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, who impressed his personality on every phase of the work. The necessity of organization forced him to those conscientious sacrifices of time and attention which most executives aim to avoid. But through these very pioneer activities of the specialist, who in one sense created the department, the man selected by Governor Spruell will benefit hugely. Indeed, he will come into the work unhampered by the department's history of looking into minor details, since what will be required of him will be that broad expert knowledge and human experience that will meet the demands of what all recognize as a new era for the health department in this as well as in other states.

No Quick Cure

[From the Kansas City Times.] Of course, the "healing peace" about which so many honeyed words are now being spoken and written, is the sort of peace every body wants, but it is not to be had by the hasty process of sewing up the wounds of the world, and spreading salve on them. Wounds must be cleaned before being closed, and it is also well to make sure that all the surgical instruments, sponges, and bandages are sterilized. The congress of Versailles will attend to this very thoroughly despite the screams of the patient and the snuffles of the "healers."

Our Soldiers "Knighly"

[From speech by Otto H. Kahn at B. W. W. campaign meeting, Boston, November 13. Published in a Current Opinion.] As I observed our army "over there," I felt that in them, in the mass of them, representing as they do all America, there had returned the spirit of knighthood. I measure my words. I am not exaggerating. If I had to find one single word which would characterize our boys, I should select the adjective "knighly."

A French officer who commanded a body of French troops fighting fiercely and almost heroically at Belleau Wood near Chateau Thierry (since then officially designated by the French as the Wood of the Marne bridge), told me that when they had arrived almost at the point of total exhaustion, on the 4th or 5th of June, suddenly the Americans appeared rushing to the rescue. One of their officers hurried up to him, saluted and said in excellently pronounced French just six words: "Vous êtes fatigues, vous êtes pat, notre job." "You tired, you set away; our job."

And right nobly did they do their job. Need I ask whether we shall do ours?

Thought For The Day

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold; Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold; Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway, Can bribe the poor possession of a day. —Homer's Iliad.

Where Is He?

What has become of the old-fashioned sick man who argued that it was cheaper to get drunk than to send for a doctor?—From the Dallas News.

Children's Curiosity

Curiosity in children's nature was provided to remove that ignorance they were born with, which, without this busy inquisitiveness, will make them dull.—Locke.

Evening Chat

It is not generally known that the State Board of Pardons, at least by the average person who reads of its meetings, that the Pennsylvania Board is unique in this country. Very few states have a tribunal which has such powers as those enjoyed by the Board which yesterday holds its final meeting as at present constituted. The Board changed its organization and while its authority is recomendatory time and usage and disposition by governors to lean upon it have made it a branch of the government of the state.

Some, to take the burden of pardons from the shoulders of state executives, and by others so that there might be a tribunal which could upon consideration of mercy or other things which could not be taken into account in law decide upon remission or change of punishment. So it happens that this board which was created by a paragraph of the constitution of 1873 can set aside the verdict of a jury and the sentence of a judge, which may have been upheld in the supreme court of the state.

The board is created by a paragraph which gives the governor power to "remit fines and forfeitures, to grant pardons, to commute or suspend sentences, and to pardon or remit any fine or pardon shall be granted nor sentence commuted except upon the recommendation in writing of the Board of Pardons."

For years it is interesting to note that by force of the election or appointment there have been two attorneys and two laymen upon the Board. The secretary of the board and two appointive officers and next year for the first time in a long while there will be three lawyers. As a rule governors have accepted the recommendations of the board, but not always. The late Samuel W. Pennypacker used to occasionally decline to accept a recommendation and once actually sent the board into a panic by himself with a rather startling result. John K. Tener once sent a case back to the Board to revise and other governors have occasionally indicated that they did not concur in the recommendations. And after all it is within the province of the governor to exercise the final act of clemency. It is interesting to note the work of the Board and the confidence reposed in it, the words of the judges who at times address it in recommendation or protest. It is an unusual tribunal and fills what some call an intermediate, but what is in fact, a most important place by direct mandate of the people of the state.

Dave—a Fife Hero

"Falkland Forever! Leslie for Lang!" [Old Waterloo War Cry] When the war broke out, and the pipes were skirling, Dave gazed wistfully at the camp at the front.

A dove had to have, and a canty fere, When he liv'd on the land a plowman here; But a devil to fecht when he donn'd the kilt, An' gripp'd the gun with the sword intil.

He cross'd the seas in a ship that sank, And he thrice o'er the briny ocean drank, But he was safe owre to a ditch in Flanders, An' risk'd his life for his auld Com-mander's.

An' he got for the deed a something grand, Pinn'd on his brierst by the King's ain hand.

But it's no' for me to sing the praise O'er Dave deserv'd in his sofer days, An' it's better no' to attempt the thing.

Than fall to celebrate what ye sing; Och, life was mair, tho' wi' cuts an' scars; Than a medal to Dave, or a cross wi' bars.

My sang's of Dave when he settles doon, Thrify an' douce in hi' saim farm toon, He has done his bit at the King's command, Focht wi' the lave for his native land; And his best reward is the prize of life, And a canty hame in the howe o' Scotland.

—Hugh Halliburton in the Edinburgh Scotsman.

Fame and the Fold Collar

[From the Haberdasher, N. Y.] Just recently we ran across Senator Root wearing gray overcoat, soft hat, black scarf with a large knot, gray suit and scarf with a large knot, an old race of statesmen, he far outweighs the most who have grown up about him, and who, with a most incredulous belief in their own genius, might learn from him certain excellent lessons to mortify their vanity and serve them to advantage.

Picking our path warily through the great throngs clustered about Fifth Avenue a little while later, we ran across our old friend Dr. Wellington, the Chinese minister to the United States. He wore a handsome cutaway with gray striped trousers, black boots, high fold collar, white shirt and waistcoat with white edging, fancy cravat without a pin.

William S. Hart wore a modest gray suit, a dark four-in-hand scarf, fancy shirt, fold collar and black lace boots.

Hard by this little sketch we find mention in our notebook of a recent meeting with Herbert Hoover. When we saw him he wore a heavy, dark ulster, black boots, soft hat, dark sack suit, high fold collar, fancy shirt and striped scarf.

We recently spied John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He wore a good looking cutaway coat, fold collar, black shoes and dark scarf.

Gentlemen, the President! We will always remember him as he looked the other afternoon, wearing a black cutaway, gray trousers, suede gloves, silk hat, black and white scarf and fold collar.

On the Return of a Book

I give humble and hearty thanks for the safe return of this book, which, having endured the perils of my friend's bookcase and the bookcase of my friend's friends, now returns to me in reasonably good condition.

I give humble and hearty thanks that my friends did not see fit to give this book to his infant as a plaything, nor use it as an ashtray for his burning cigar, nor as a teething ring for his mastiff.

When I lent this book I doomed it as lost; I was resigned to the bitterness of the long parting; I never thought to look upon its pages again. But, now that my book is coming back to me, I rejoice and am exceedingly glad, giving hither the fatted morocco and let us rebound the volume and set it on the shelf of honor; for this my book was lent, and is returned again. Presently, therefore, I may return some of the books that I myself have borrowed.—From LITA.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Governor-elect William C. Spruell is an authority upon history of southeastern Pennsylvania.

—George P. Donehue, of Potter county, a member of the State Historical Commission, has given years to study of the Indians of Pennsylvania.

—Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, has delved into Indian history of Pennsylvania.

—Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, says the new Jewish State in Palestine is to be a great moral force among the nations.

—Francis Colby, prominent in national shipping matters, is to make addresses in this state upon what are the plans for the future.

—Judge Peter A. O'Boyle, of the Luzerne courts, will make the speech at the big Knights of Columbus gathering next week.

DO YOU KNOW

—That Harrisburg has handed more cars repairs this year than ever before?

—Historic Harrisburg—Conestoga wagons used to be parked along the river front below Harris Ferry in the olden days.

Chateau Thierry

O God! how vast The distance seems to loom 'Twixt these heroic men and me, High Priests of Liberty! Unarmed, but unafraid, Alas! I have no part, But trust amid With hecated heart, I watch the tide, Undaunted, undismayed, Go rushing past, Amid volcanic gloom, Unto their crimson Calvary, To set their brothers free, —Chaplain Thomas F. Coakley in the Stars and Stripes, France.