

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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"Towards die many times before their death; The valiant never taste of death but once." —SHAKESPEARE.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1919

FINANCING RAILROADS

THE marvelous courage and resourcefulness of the railroad leaders of the country is shown in their determination to finance their lines now in Government control and being operated at tremendous loss, even after Congress has left them penniless and the President has turned a deaf ear to their needs, declining to call together a Congress that would enact the legislation necessary to keep them going until they are turned back to their owners.

The railroad managers are optimistic as to the future; that goes without saying or they would be hesitant about extending the indebtedness of the roads by enormous sums. What the Government has failed to do for them, the railroads propose to do for themselves and their example should be heartening to the business world in general.

The war destroyed a vast amount of capital, but the productive capacity of America is greater than before. This is also true of England and France. It is probable that France is in better shape than is commonly believed. The recuperative power of civilized countries is a thing to be reckoned with. A good crop year, accompanied by a general resumption of industrial activity, will restore the financial position of the plain people by increasing food and employment for all.

How much more business we could have done if we had been able to secure a market for our goods, but it would have added greatly to the total of our foreign trade. It is no time to be complaining about the value of our foreign trade. The best of New York awaiting transportation.

While many of our volunteers are being retained in the service, the President continues to liberate the conscientious objectors and send them home with his blessing and their back pay.

What we all need is the courage of the railroad managers. Retail stocks are at lower ebb now than when the armistice was signed. Everybody has been holding off for lower prices, but meantime the con-

sumer has kept right on buying, and while extravagance has given place to more sensible manner of living in many households, the demand for necessities has not fallen off much, if any, for to take the place of the man who is out of work by reason of the cessation of war industries there has come into the market the family that for purely patriotic reasons refrained from purchasing more than was barely sufficient to meet actual needs during the war.

With opportunity for work at good wages what labor discontent there is in the country will subside, giving place to a wholesome desire for self-betterment rather than radical dissatisfaction with the existing order. Unrest in labor circles appears to be a temporary reaction from the war period and a desire for a greater share in profits rather than a tendency toward socialism. This is evidenced by the fact that all strikes have been but for a day or two and have been settled without trouble. This is still a country of great opportunity. The poor boy of today is the rich man of tomorrow. Nobody knows this better than the laboring man. They are ambitious to win fortunes and high place in the nation. They strike for more pay and shorter hours but they do not wish to destroy the Government that has made possible living conditions here on a higher plane than anywhere else in the world.

THE PRICE OF COAL

GOVERNOR SPROUL has struck a popular chord in his inquiry into the price of anthracite to the consumer. The Governor is a business man and knows that fluctuations of price, are, or ought to be, governed largely by supply and demand. But at the close of a very mild winter, with many of the mines working short time because of the large supply on hand and lack of demand, he is naturally surprised that a number of the coal companies are contemplating substantial increases, when the opposite might have been expected.

There appears to be neither rhyme nor reason to the demands of the coal companies. They have forced up prices until hard coal is a luxury that the poor can scarcely afford. If they keep on a great majority of people must look elsewhere for their fuel. But anthracite is the natural fuel for Pennsylvania people. We have it in great abundance and it is the cheapest of all coal. We, of all the people of the country, should have the benefit of the coal beds at reasonable prices, for they are part and parcel of the natural resources of this Commonwealth.

Governor Sproul is voicing the sentiment of everybody who uses coal when he proposes an inquiry into the necessity for advanced prices. The time has come when the public should know something of the inside workings of the coal companies and the basis on which they fix prices. Nobody has any objection to the companies realizing a reasonable profit on their investment, but the public is out of temper with profiteering wherever it may be found and if the coal operators know what is good for them they will be content with a return that will enable the consumer to buy fuel at reasonable prices. The Governor is displaying an interest in the welfare of the people that will be heartily appreciated.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LILT I'm just 's happy 's I kin be; I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me—

Over in France in the Great Big War Up there in front mid th' cannons' roar— 'Twas different ther'.

This Lieut come in an' says to me, 'I need a job, Buck, an' you see—'

Now ther' in France when this Lieut—ee spoke Things more right soon or some-thing 'bout 'em— 'Twas different ther'.

I spoke right up, an' says, 'M' man, I'm bustin' out here, 'y' understand—'

Oh, boy! C'n you imagine me Sayin' that to the same Lieut—ee 'Twas different ther'.

Politics in Pennsylvania By the Ex-Committeeman

Holders of State jobs who have not been reporting for work were sending word today to the chiefs of their branches of the State Government that they were coming in and men who had been taking trips also manifested an earnest desire to get back to the State Capitol to report results of their journeys as a result of the order that went out from Governor Sproul's office last evening to certain chiefs to either make people on their pay rolls work or quit.

The Governor's order was only made in the case of those who had been absent for a long time, but the example seems to have been catching for last night men who have been irregular were using telephones. It will put an end to the practice of soliciting the State Government who owe places to men of wide influence in State politics coming and going as they pleased without regard to department rules observed by others.

The Governor's latest move to put the business of the State offices on a business basis started when a couple of chiefs dropped in late in the day to sound out how the Governor felt about increases in their salaries. It is developed that the study of the State Government made with a view of eliminating lost motion and injecting the serum of efficiency into the system which has prevailed in some departments for years and raised the height in the last four years had also produced considerable information about men who considered that their job consisted of either calling up on the telephone or coming in here and there a week or being present when some commission or board was in session or a chief of the department here for his regular days.

Whose Deliberate Choice? [From the National Republican.] Upon the adjournment of Congress President Wilson issued a statement to the effect that "a group of men in the Senate have deliberately chosen to embarrass the administration of the Government and to imperil the financial health of the railway system of the country and to make arbitrary use of powers intended to be employed in the interests of the people. It is my present duty to attend the peace conference at Paris. It is also my duty to be in close contact with the public business during a session of the Congress. I must make my choice between the two duties, and I confidently hope that the people of the country will think that I am making the right choice.

Once within the walls of the Kremlin one faces piles of ammunition, barbed wire and ugly miscellaneous heaps of rubbish. Austrian, German and Lithuanian soldiers, some frankly in their enemy uniforms, are lounging about or standing guard. Army motor lorries and cars carrying dark, sallow, un-Russian faced government officials tear up through the gates, shrieking a curse, so it seems, as they enter upon all hated Christian Russia.

"Trail That Is Always New" For fourteen and a half years from the day I met him, there was never one small moment of misunderstanding, one day that was not happiness—except when we were parted. Perhaps there are people who would consider it stupid, horrible, to live in such peace as that. All I can answer is that it was not stupid, it was not boring—oh, how far from it! In fact, in those early days we took our vow that the one thing we would never do was to let the world get commonplace for us; that the time should never come when we would not be eager for the start of each new day. The Kipling poem we loved the most, for it was the spirit of both of us, was "The Long Trail." You know the last of it:

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass, And the deuce knows what we may do— But we'll back once more on the old trail, our own trail, our own out-trail, We're down, hull down, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new!

The silver for above the sea Has thinned to wedding lace Through which the sun comes peeping like

A round and ruddy face, As flinging swathes of pearl foam Upon the shining tides, The ship of hearts comes streaming in With all the happy brides.

The Irish Noras, raven tressed, With eyes of roguish blue, The English Marys, rosy cheeked, And fresh as morning dew, And shy French Madelons, who crowd Along the rail to see This new and wonderful land of love and liberty

The whistle toot a wedding march An up and down the bay, And starry flags and pennants wave The girls a greeting gay, They loved our heroes well enough To leave all else besides And make America their own, So welcome home the brides, —Minna Irving.

A Columbus of the Soul Braving vast seas that held the world apart, To find a hemisphere Columbus went; But how much braver he who, withering a sea of dark discouragement, Sailed, and, with faith and courage for his chart, Found the true soul of a great continent! —Virginia Jeffrey Morgan.

The Lord Is His Name It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven, and hath founded his troop in the earth; he that calleth for the waters of the sea, and putteth them out upon the face of the earth. The Lord is his name— Amos ix, 6.

Movie of a Man, a Scrap of Paper and a Windy Day



TRIES TO DISENGAGE PAPER WITH CANE



By BRIGGS



Russia's Holy of Holies Defiled by Bolsheviki

THE holy Kremlin of Moscow has become a Bolsheviki fortress. From the 9th to the 16th of November, 1917, for more than seven days under a hurricane of fire, the city was stormed and finally carried by the Bolsheviki in terrible fratricidal war. Since then the sacred citadel has been playing a new and ignominious role in the history of Russia.

From the time of the building of the Church of the Beholding of St. John Baptist and of the Little Church of Our Savior in the Forest, bespeaking the days when the acropolis was still a wooded hill, a multitude of churches and palaces, witnesses of Russia's glory, have written here a national document in stone. The history of Russia is the history of the monuments of the Kremlin.

Once within the walls of the Kremlin one faces piles of ammunition, barbed wire and ugly miscellaneous heaps of rubbish. Austrian, German and Lithuanian soldiers, some frankly in their enemy uniforms, are lounging about or standing guard. Army motor lorries and cars carrying dark, sallow, un-Russian faced government officials tear up through the gates, shrieking a curse, so it seems, as they enter upon all hated Christian Russia.

The farther one walks about and sees the outraged fabric on all sides, the stronger becomes the feeling of grief. With indescribable emotion, one enters the resounding stone enclosure near the Cathedral of the Falling Asleep of the Mother of God. Here are still to be traced the stains of enormous pools of blood in which floated human fragments, tracked about by daring feet.

Window glass is everywhere smashed or not through. Within the cathedral there are strewn about splinters of a 6-inch shell, which exploded there, and fragments of white stone, brick and rubble. The gold and silver candelabra chases constellations among which all within the church seems to float through space, are bent as by storm; the altar and the sanctuary are strewn with broken glass, brick and dirt; the shrine of the holy martyr, Patriarch Hermogen, is covered with fragments of stone and rubbish.

Book of the Gospels Torn This is the church built by Florian, the ancient Eastern Church. Here were crowned and in which the earlier patriarchs were laid to rest. It is the precious reliquary of Russia's rich inheritance of the treasure of the ancient Eastern Church.

In the Church of St. Nicholas, in the belfry of the Tower of Ivan the Great, a shell crashed through a large window and destroyed the east wall of the interior of the sanctuary. The large, magnificent old Book of the Gospels, which was placed against the ruined wall, was thrown to the floor near the altar. The front cover was torn off, and the precious icons of the Resurrection of Christ and the evangelists adorning the book were broken and thrown about; many leaves were torn and crushed.

The altar of oblation was broken and the service books torn. All over the sanctuary bricks were scattered about, with splinters of shells and various ecclesiastical objects, heaped up between the altar and the Royal Gates, but the altar itself, in spite of its nearness to the ruin, was uninjured.

Theft and Sacrilege In the Church of St. Nicholas lies a part of the holy relics of the Prelate Nicholas, a saint honored by all Christians and even by the heathen. The walls of the entrans to this church are written over with the most filthy and sacrilegious inscriptions of the interior of the sanctuary, but (more significant of the leadership in all this despoliation) in German. The entrance of the church where the relics lie, was used as an outhouse.

After the Bolsheviki had assumed protection of the treasury and locked themselves into the Kremlin, the rooms of the Patriarchal Sacristy were broken open and ruthlessly looted by some of their own company. In their haste to rifle the cases and in their indifference to the national significance of the treasury, these robbers wantonly ruined ecclesiastical ornaments by brutally

Books and Magazines

Robert Wilton gives a full explanation of what Bolshevism is and what it has done in Russia in his new book, "Russia's Agency," just published in an American edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Wilton, who is an Englishman, has lived almost all his life in Russia and was for years the Russian correspondent of the London Times. He was a Russian all through the Revolution, witnessed the seizure of the government by the Bolsheviki and remained in the country for months afterwards. His narrative covering events down to last autumn. The preface, in which he surveys still later developments, is dated at San Francisco, on the fourth of last January, on his way through Russia again, by way of Siberia. In this preface he gives a succinct explanation of what Bolshevism is in a short paragraph that condenses a more detailed account in the later pages of the book. In this paragraph he says: "Bolshevism demands an immediate application of Socialistic ideals. Its protagonists care not by what methods or with whose help they carry the heavy burden of Bolshevism recognizes no nationality, no society, no family, nothing but a conglomeration of manual workers governed by idealists with the help of a Red Army. It is essentially democratic; it involves the forcible subversion of all the laws and covenants upon which human society has been established."

The troubles which Canada has had during recent years with her two races and two languages, culminating in the rioting in French Canada against the Military Service Act, have never been very clearly understood by the people of the United States, many of whom would like to know much more than they have yet been able to learn about the causes and nature of the difficulties. The publication in an American edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. of William H. Moore's "The Clash: A Study in Nationalities" will give them a very clear exposition of the subject which they want. Mr. Moore is a Canadian and has made a very sympathetic and comprehensive study of the complex problem.

Canadian history, as he has also of the characteristic involved, and his book shows thorough knowledge and a broad and tolerant viewpoint. In Canada has never been in the United States it is already gone into its seventh edition. For the people of the United States it will have a double interest, not only that of dealing with an important problem in a neighboring state but also that its relation to our own land of many racial stocks.

From Vienna the other day came a dispatch to the New York newspaper saying that the prices of alcoholic beverages had mounted to such heights that drinking had greatly declined and that in consequence the number of new cases of insanity in the Vienna Lunatic Asylum had been increased owing to the lack of patients cared for in the hospital. The item from it into the asylum. The item will remind those who are familiar with Vance Thompson's brilliant book "Drink" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), of the chapter in which, after presenting many statistics showing a direct connection between alcohol and crime and insanity he sums up the results of the study in this way: "And so enough of statistics if this truth has been driven home. Insanity is the mad son of alcohol. Suicide is its driving daughter. Sickness is its despairing child. Upon such a man who called drink a pan-demic plague—spoke without exaggeration and with measurable reserve."

A shield, the upper half of which is blue and the lower half yellow, has been adopted by the Chemical Warfare Service as its official shoulder badge. As the duty of the C. W. S. was to provide a defense against gas attacks as well as to manipulate the projection of gas attacks of its own, A. E. F.'s own, the shield has its significance.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

R. S. Gawthrop, first deputy attorney general, used to play baseball when at college.

Highway commissioner Lewis S. Butler was an advocate of good roads in his home county of Cumberland over a dozen years ago.

D. Edward Long, superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Penitentiary, was born in 1852.

Representative Hugh A. Dawson of Scranton, chairman of the House Select Committee, worked in the mines when a boy.

Senator T. L. Eyre used to be deputy secretary of Internal Affairs.

That Harrisburg automobiles have doubled in number in the last three years.

HISTORIC HARRISBURG—The first industry here after the war was a repair shop for Conestoga wagons.

A Telephone Deficit Also [From the New York Sun] For years the American Telephone Company, ably assisted by the intelligent mind of the people's interest, performed admirably a work of prime national importance. It was not an infrequent thing, in the first few months of the war, for the service to be lowered. Yet all the while the service constantly improved. And the company was a steady and prolific earner for its stockholders.

The Government took over the operation of the telephones as it took over the operation of the railroads. Then, exactly as had happened in the case of the railroads, the Old Nick got busy with the Old Nick. More of the earnings were eaten up, but there was nothing to show for it. Important tolls were increased, but the service grew worse. The financial months of the Government operation there was a deficit of close to \$4,000,000 for a company hitherto accustomed to nothing but fat surpluses.

And now a general increase of rates amounting to 12 per cent. will be necessary to wipe out the deficit and provide a thin surplus—a surplus, perhaps; then again, perhaps not. For, as Government operation can wipe out any surplus that exists in anything, Government operation, when there is no surplus, is an insurmountable barrier against the creation of one. A surplus, indeed, however high, is charged to the public; and it seems as absurd to Government operation as good service. The touch of the Government in business is the touch of death.

Evening Chat

"I believe I know more people in Harrisburg than I do in any other city in the State except Chester," said Governor William C. Sproul in chatting about this city the other day. "And I like this city. It's like a second home to me. I have been coming here so long that I feel at home on its streets. I first came here as a Senator, well, some years ago, and I have seen Harrisburg develop. It does not seem so long ago that it was somewhat conservative in the matter of public works. And now look at it! These remarks by the Governor are in line with what he has said in some speeches and it is not generally known that since he has been Governor of Pennsylvania he has been quietly at work to enhance the prestige of the city as well as to carry out the plan to have the Capitol Park the civic center of a Commonwealth. While he has not talked about it he has not only given directions that the State Government is to be centralized here, but he has been making the appellate courts of the State and other bodies which should make the State Capitol their headquarters. Just as the similar tribunals of New York and Ohio and other States do in regard to their own State. The Governor has noted the condition of the State and has been making Harrisburg and even railroad schedules which are not any too favorable to the State's capital have even come under his keen eye. It is not hard to say that Harrisburg will have reason to be thankful for Sproul some day.

George J. Brennan, the legislative correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, has a very important side line these days. He is the peace-maker for the legislative ministrals. Justly organized, he has a success of the biennial dinner of the Legislative Sons of St. Patrick. Mr. Brennan helped inaugurate that series of dinners several years ago and he is going to make the musical feature of next Tuesday's gathering something to remember. He has moved a piano into the Capitol and with assistance of the Pennsylvania House reading clerk is training a choir that will be worth hearing. Naturally, Pennsylvania will be the big song of the Keystone State legislators.

Blackbirds have come back to Pennsylvania in numbers that have surprised many observers of the life of the State, according to reports that have reached this city. In some sections of the State the birds appeared over a week ago in large numbers and have been making themselves at home in such a manner as to cause weatherwise to believe that there will be little more severe weather. The birds have been earlier than noted this year and they have turned up in areas greater than reported thus far. They have been seen in numbers that have not been seen for years. New flocks are reported as arriving almost daily from the south and have been seen to appear to be fat and active. Reappearance of the birds has caused a revival of the movement to have the season for hunting blackbirds extended to August at least. Birds were so numerous and annoying last year that many farmers have asked to permit hunting in August, while the birds are still in the area, which have been increasing lately, the damage done by flocks of birds has been extensive.

Some of the members of the Legislature have been making inquiry as to the blackbird kill and have found that it has furnished much sport every year.

Razing of the lower walls of the Matterhorn, the building erected some years ago at the State Library, has been a tribute to the solidity of the construction of the house. Men have declared that picks and shovels have done more to the concrete and that as they can not use explosives they have to show over the walls and prepare to do up the foundations. The Matterhorn, which seems to want to take what is left away.

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