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THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1919

When the outer eye grows dim,
Turns the inner eye to him,
Who makes darkness light,
Fairer visions you may see,
Live in nobler company,
And in larger liberty,
Than the men of sight.
—*John Oxenham.*

INDIFFERENT

THE TELEGRAPH has made an earnest effort to arouse interest in the shade tree need of this city, but we admit failure in securing from the City Council any definite action in the matter of a commission which would have the planting and treatment of shade trees along our streets as its principal business.

Action should have been taken long ago to protect the trees which are rapidly disappearing through neglect and indifference, but it is not yet too late to adopt practical measures for their preservation. Time was when the overhead wire corporations deliberately interfered in this matter for selfish reasons, but we doubt whether this influence is responsible for the failure of the municipal authorities to create a Shade Tree Commission under the law passed by the Legislature a few years ago.

It seems more a matter of deliberate indifference.

Alien enemies interned at different places in the United States for the period of the war are now being turned loose. It would seem that some definite policy should have been adopted regarding these anti-Americans and their future residence in the United States. Uncle Sam has been entirely too patient with a class of undesirables who have no sympathy with our institutions and who constantly breed dissatisfaction among the aliens who are influenced by their antagonistic attitude toward our Government.

OF INTEREST TO LABOR

OFFICIAL figures of imports and exports for the eight months ended February, 1919, show a gain in imports of manufactures for further use in manufacturing and manufactures ready for consumption of $126,000,000 over the corresponding eight months ended February, 1918, and a loss in exports of these same groups of $226,000,000, or a total loss by way of increased purchases from abroad, and decrease sales to foreign countries of $352,000,000, or at the rate of $44,000,000 monthly. These losses are with respect to goods on which the greatest amount of labor is expended, and they are symptomatic of a disease whose ravages will spread from now on unless steps are taken to effect a cure. The disease is free trade and the cure is protection.

The aggregate value of imports of these two groups during the 1919 period was $720,000,000, compared with $594,000,000 during the 1918 period; of exports, $2,132,000,000 for the 1919, compared with $2,358,000,000 for the 1918 period. Imports of these two groups for the single month of February totaled nearly $75,000,000 in 1919, compared with $66,000,000 in 1918. And the European embargoes on exports are not all off yet, nor has the drive on our free market commenced in earnest, as it will as soon as peace is proclaimed.

From Japan alone our imports for the 1919 period—eight months—totaled almost $200,000,000, or twice what they came to during the full year before the war in Europe broke out; from Australia and New Zealand came $71,000,000 worth of goods, or $20,000,000 more than for 1913; China sold us $64,000,000 worth of goods in these eight months, compared with $41,000,000 for the full year 1913; and our imports from Canada totaled $330,000,000, compared with $142,000,000 for the full year 1913. Some of this increase was due to higher prices, most of it to larger bulk. There is nothing to moderate this competition at the present time, but everything to encourage it, and a free trade President trying to persuade this country to accept a League of Nations covenant which would have the bulge on our future tariff policies.

The Republicans know full well the time to prepare for this competition was years ago, but now that they control the legislative branch they are going ahead to prepare. Investigations are being made by them, even out of Congressional session, and the results of those investigations will amply justify the revision of the tariff on a basis of wholly adequate protection to all American industries.

Australia has appropriated $2,500,000 for the construction of public work in order to take care of unemployed returning soldiers. This is pending the completion of a larger scheme to provide work for the homecoming Anzacs along more permanent lines. Pennsylvania is properly taking similar action in its road-building program and its other projects of public work.

WHO DESERTED?

A FEW Democratic newspapers continue to criticise former Senator Bailey of "deserting the Democratic party" in his recent condemnation of the President and his policies. But this is scarcely in accord with the facts. If there has been any party desertion it has been the President who has been guilty. Whatever we may think of Bailey, personally, there will be very general agreement with him when he says:

> The President has proscribed the real Democrats of this country, and excludes them from all conferences with him, though he takes into his closest confidence semi-Socialists and Socialists. With a few honorable exceptions, every man holding an important political office under this Administration utilizes every opportunity to discredit all men who adhere firmly to the fundamentals of a representative democracy; they stigmatize every man who believes in a faithful observance of the Constitution as a 'reactionary,' and they denounce those who defend the right of private property as 'subservient to the interests.' How, then, can any man who believes in the principles of the Democratic party vote for such men? They reject Democratic principles, and apply, in the conduct of our Government, principles which Democrats always have opposed. If you and I help to elect such men to office, we have no right to complain at the manner in which they administer our public affairs.

Further, Mr. Wilson has declined the advice and aid which big men of all parties would have given him gladly in the recent crisis. He persistently has chosen small men for difficult places. He has wrecked his party machinery whenever he could raise himself a trifle on the wreckage. He has tried to run the Government—if not the world—upon his own personal theories, supported only by men of little known ability or who have their own axes to grind. His greatest weakness is his persistent purpose in trying vainly to play a lone hand against the world—regardless of party obligations or the opinions of his countrymen. He has never acted in any great emergency until forced into it by overwhelming public sentiment, against which he has set his face determinedly until any other course than acquiescence was impossible, and immediately he has solemnly claimed credit for his action as the mature judgment of ripened consideration.. The President has done big things—great things—but a careful analysis of all the circumstances leading up to almost every instance of the kind affords proof positive that in those decisions which have redounded most to his credit at the moment he reversed his former thought and convictions completely and did what thinking men of all political faiths had been long urging him to do. But in every case it has been Mr. Wilson first and party second, or not at all. When he has been unable to bend the Democrats at Washington to his will he has quarreled with them personally and tried to ruin them politically.

It is little wonder that Senator Bailey has revolted. In doing that, he did only what thousands of other Democrats did last November—repudiate the Wilson policies by going over to the Republican fold.

The rumor from Washington is that there may be some cabinet changes, and if so its a cinch the best men will walk the plank.

CLEAN-UP WEEK

MAYOR KEISTER has given proper expression to the sentiment of every progressive Harrisburger in his proclamation for the approaching clean-up week. There may be a resident here and there who cares nothing about the cleanliness of the city as a whole, but it is reasonable to assume that most Harrisburgers are proud of the reputation of the city as a clean and wholesome place in which to live.

During the war there was a little let-down in the regulations regarding the throwing of debris in the street, but this period is over and the municipal authorities are properly directing their attention to overcoming the indifference of the careless individual. In a recent bulletin, the American Civic Association properly declares that annual clean-ups will not save the day, but the yearly example of good housekeeping should have its influence upon those who are disposed to forget their obligation to the community at large.

Dirty streets and unkempt private premises react upon the people and any neglect of the ordinary precautions is bound to influence the community adversely.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Important plans in relation to the Penrose fight for Philadelphia legislation were agreed upon yesterday between Senator Penrose and various leaders of the Philadelphia and State organization, according to an apparently authoritative article in the Philadelphia Press. In the first place, Senator Penrose assured his adherents he would be in Harrisburg next Monday night when the Assembly convenes after its week's recess. Up to this time it had not been known just when he would go. Arrangements have been made to reserve rooms for him at the Penn-Harris. He may come to Harrisburg on Sunday, so as to be ready for business on Monday.

It has already been said that the Penrose plan was to rush the Woodward charter revision bills through the Senate and get them into the House for the final battle.

—This principle has been extended. It was agreed yesterday that the Brady bills, which have been mysteriously hanging on the second reading calendar in the House for weeks without action, are to be transformed into Senate bills. On Monday night they will be introduced into the Senate. It is not known who will be their sponsor, though the logic of the situation would call for either Senator Daix or Senator Woodward, as Philadelphia members allied with the Penrose side, the choice probably to be Senator Daix.

—As soon as the bills are introduced they will be referred to the Committee on Elections. Senator Catlin was the chairman of this committee. Owing to his death, Senator William E. Crow, State chairman, becomes the ranking member. These bills, the most important of which rips out the present registration commissioners, will be quickly reported out of the committee and sent through the Senate to receive their final shampoo in the House.

—All the Philadelphia legislation will be handled in the House by Floor Leader William T. Ramsey, of Delaware county, and Representative William J. Brady, of Philadelphia.

—The items of the introduction of the Brady bills is the most startling of yesterday's developments. Another one of importance is that the beginning of the Penrose fight will be made with the Daix bills on the Philadelphia District Attorney's office. One of these bills provides for fourteen instead of the present ten assistant district attorneys, and the other gives the District Attorney fourteen detectives.

—These bills grew out of the Fifth ward troubles and were introduced at the instance of District Attorney Rotan. Senator Vare has announced his opposition to the bills and has demanded a public hearing on them.

—The public hearing will be held on Tuesday morning of next week. Immediately thereafter the bills will be reported out favorably by the Committee on Appropriations, which has them in charge, and they will then take their place on the third reading calendar. They will come up for final passage on Wednesday and the Penrose people say they have the votes to pass them in the Senate.

—No more striking instance of the tendency to concentrate legislative activity into on day instead of the old plan of distributing the work over three days is to be found than in the program for next Tuesday. The two branches of the Legislature have been meeting on Monday nights, working until nearly midnight, having two sessions and numerous hearings the next day, the Senate adjourning for the week along about 6 o'clock and the House quitting before noon next day. Only a few hearings have been held Wednesdays.

—Next Tuesday will propably be one of the busiest days of the whole session. In addition to two sessions in each of the two branches, there there will be a series of big hearings and a conference, the latter on the suggested amendments to the workmen's compensation law. The hearings will include Senate committee sessions on the Department of Conservation bill, the bill to allow the Public Service Commission to entertain certain appeals by corporations, which is opposed by cities and boroughs; the mine cave bill and the assessors bill, while on the House side there will be a general hearing on military training bills and on several pieces of minor legislation, but there will also be meetings of committees in charge of municipal legislation, liquor regulation and educational bills.

—It is anticipated that a date for closing presentation of bills in the House will be set and some discussion about a date for final adjournment is probable.

—John T. Painter, appointed postmaster at Greensburg to succeed John H. McIlveen, who has been acting postmaster for the past three months, is said by newspapers to have no political alliances. He has been employed at the Greensburg postoffice for the past thirty years. For several years he has been assistant postmaster, John M. Zimmerman, the first Democratic postmaster during President Wilson's first administration, resigned before his term expired. Squire J. Truxal, of Greensburg, was then made acting postmaster, but he refused to accept the appointment. Mr. McIlveen succeeded Squire Truxal, but did not want the place. Mr. Painter is thoroughly conversant with his work. He started to work for the Government when the free delivery system was first installed in Greensburg.

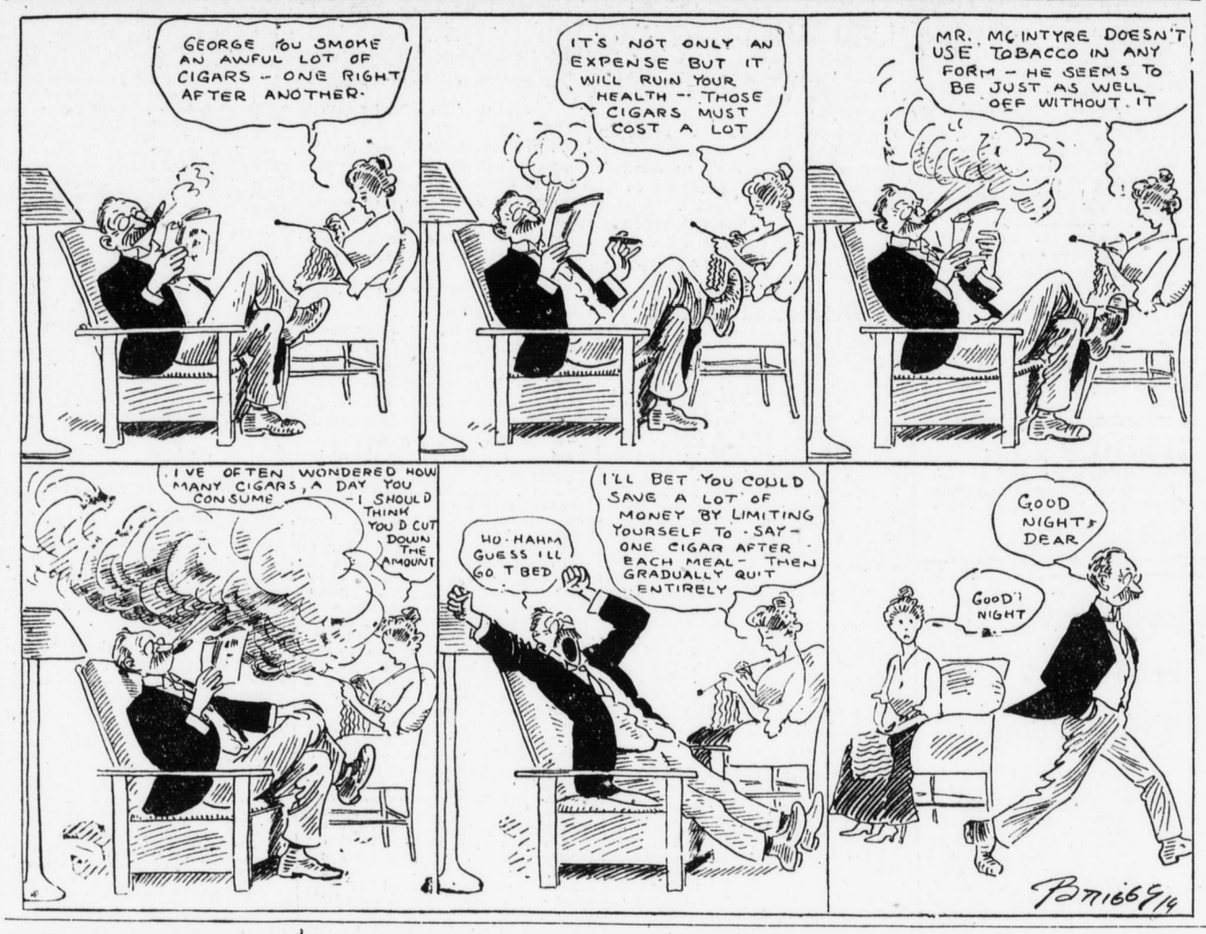
KISSES AND BEARDS

It is so easy to understand what the Americans say, because they talk so loud—it is not the same loudness as of the French, and one day I have laughed to hear in a 'bus how two girls of the Y. M. C. A. have talked. There was one who was not at all pretty, except to be young, who has regarded a French gentleman who wore his beard long. "Look," she said, "what a horrible beard. Imagine to be kissed by anyone like that." Then they have both laughed.

The other one has said then: "I suppose his grandfather wore his beard long, so he does the same," and the first one has replied: "Yes, it is always like that. What was good enough for your grandfather in France is good enough for you."

I was not angry to hear them speak so, because, you know, they were very ignorant. For me, I do not think that they have known very much the emotion of to be kissed, or they would have understood that it is not whether or not one has a beard that makes the difference.—From the London Bystander's Paris Letter.

OH, MAN! :-: :-: :-: :-: :-: By BRIGGS



BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

"The City of Comrades," is the title of a novel of Basil King to be published immediately by the Harpers. Mr. King here tells the story of a down-and-outer who pulled himself together and found his soul. The scene is laid in one of the most curious spots in America. The wise and the foolish live here, the high-born and the low, each for all and all for each, helping one another along. The down-and-outer is an architect, he drinks and the rest is easy to guess. At the beginning of the story he leaves a note, beautifully lettered as only an architect could letter it, for a girl whom he has never seen. It was meant as a leering joke, but "The City of Comrades" goes on to tell how this sordid jest became a command in the hand of Fate.

The great number of Snaith enthusiasts will be delighted to know that D. Appleton and Company are publishing this week the entertaining Englishman's new novel, "The Undefeated." It is said that the new story is of life in a small town during war days and the havoc it plays in the life of a man and a woman. In the end they are regenerated through their experiences.

James Morgan's Theodore Roosevelt: "The Boy and the Man" (Mac Millan Company), has just appeared in a new edition with new chapters completing the story of Roosevelt's life.

Mr. Morgan's aim throughout this book has been to present a life of action by portraying the varied dramatic scenes in the career of a man who had the enthusiasm of a boy and whose energy and faith illustrated before the world the spirit of Young America.

The new chapters are entitled From White House to Jungle, and The Bull Moose and the Last Years.

The volume is nicely illustrated.

"His Wife's Job" is the title of Grace Sartwell Mason's new novel, which the Appletons are publishing on April 18. It is said to be about a frivolous young woman whose husband goes to war and who has an unusual experience earning her own living.

AN ILL-TIMED MYSTERY

[From the Phila. Evening Ledger.]

It is perfectly obvious that the keynote of the coming Victory Loan campaign should be joyous. The shadow of appalling tragedy hung over the previous bond-selling enterprise. There was little evidence, even last fall, that the financial success of the loan would mean an immediate end of the slaughter.

But the curse is lifted now and the money which the Government wants is to pay for the triumph of the right which has been achieved. Vigor—plenty of it—should characterize the campaign. It should, however, be cheerful energy, lusty and good-humored.

Outside such a category fall the lurid posters bearing the ominous inscription, "Beware Poison Gas", and followed by a cryptic interrogation point. The loan committee confesses to knowing the precise meaning of these placards, which have appeared not only on walls and fences but actually on the boarded-up windows of some private houses.

Residents of the Rittenhouse Square district had a little shock when they saw these flaming signs yesterday. The mental specter of Bolshevism appeared. But even though that spirit can in this instance be laid, the posters are not eye-gladdening.

Advertising that is alarming misses fire. The display of these threatening posters was not a good idea. Ingenuity should delight, not disquiet, those to whom the appeal is made.

Ninety-First Division

National Army of Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Montana, Wyoming and Utah. Divisional headquarters arrived in France July 12, 1918. Activities: Argonne-Meuse sector, near Vauquies, September 20 to October 3 (Argonne-Meuse offensive, September 26 to October 3); west of Escaut river, Belgium, October 30 to November 4; east of Escaut river, Belgium, November 10 and 11.

Prisoners captured: 12 officers, 2,400 enlisted men. Guns captured: 33 pieces of artillery, 471 machine guns. Total advance on front line, 34 kilometers.

Insignia: Green fir tree. The 91st is known as the "Wild West Division." Design emblematic of the far West.

First Yankee Division in the Argonne

THE 1ST Division was transferred in the second phase of the Argonne Battle, from Cameron's 5th Corps to Liggett's 1st Corps. It was given the place of honor in the general attack of October 4, and a place of honor in the Argonne battle was bound to be costly though glorious. It was to drive a wedge into the German lines by moving up and down the slopes and over the crest of the thickly wooded hills on the east bank of the Aire.

Since my return home I have been asked if Belleau Wood was our most brilliant action. One answer: "Brilliant in what respect? In battle efficiency? In courage?" For at the front we thought of divisions only in terms of efficiency. At home you thought of them in terms of sentiment, pride, and affection and of a great faith. I should place in even higher esteem than Belleau Wood the drive of the 1st and 2d Divisions toward Soissons in July and possibly still higher that which the 1st was now to make. We had a dozen Belleau Woods in the Argonne.

The 1st was a regular division, the pioneer of our divisions in France, the longest trained; but it was not regular in the old sense, being better than regular to my mind, as we have understood the word regular in the past. Many of its young officers were out of the training camps, and the men who had filled the gaps in the ranks had come from volunteers or the draft in all parts of the country. It was amazing how soon that divisional machine made a recruit a veteran.

"Buddy, you now belong to the 1st, and in the 1st we———." Thus the new byte soon learned the ways of the 1st.

I think that possibly when the 1st Division went into the Argonne Battle it was the most efficient American division that ever wore shoe leather; if it were not, then perhaps the 2d was—as all men of the 2d will agree. We were all thrilled when the 1st took the place of the 35th and advanced over the ground where the 35th had fought desperately. The dead of the 35th were in groups in the Exermont ravine. When the men of the 1st saw them they knew how good it was to be veterans under exacting, competent direction; for veterans do not bunch under the enemy's fire. This is giving the enemy a target.

And Summerall was in command! He had led the 1st in the drive toward Soissons. He is a leader compounded of all kinds of fighting qualities, a crusader and a calculating tactician, who, some say, can be gentle as the sweetest natured chaplain, while other say that he is nothing but brimstone and ruthless determination. The 1st, with Summerall in command! We knew it would "go through! It had always gone though. This was the part cast for the 1st in the A. E. F.

"As per schedule," the brief divisional report begins the account of this operation—a report which is the coldest prose I have ever read for as hot a piece of work as I have ever seen. I am not sure that among his other names the general might not be called "Per Schedule" Summerall.

Four new German divisions were identified on the 1st's front on the first day's attack. Constantly, undaunted by casualties, the division kept plowing ahead, blasting the enemy's counter attacks before he could bring enough troops to bear, keeping the initiative in its own hands.

When the 1st came out, its losses were more than 9,000 in killed and wounded. Half of its infantry was out of action. It had paid the price, but it was the price of a vital success. If in future years you should ever ride down the valley of the Aire, as you look up at those hills which command all the valley and the gap of Grand Pre, you may conclude that not only the 1st, but the other divisions which fought through their machine gun nests and underbrush were capable of deeds which make Lookout Mountain appear somewhat less of a battle by comparison than some of us think that it was.

THE LOCUSTS

A great deal of misinformation and much superstition clings to the appearance of the so-called 17-year locust. While there is a great deal to excite wonder about this unique insect, the mystery which surrounded its sudden appearance two or three times in a lifetime has been fully explained. If people will but remember what they have observed or read, there should not be a revival of the old-time fear which possessed the people in past ages when the hosts suddenly arose from the ground. First, locusts are not poisonous, and will not "sting" people or animals. They do puncture the tender twigs of trees for the purpose of inserting their eggs, causing the end of the twig to die. Second, they will not devour crops, as do grasshoppers, nor injure growing fruit. Third, their appearance is not a prophecy of anything, except that they will not be seen again for seventeen years, or thirteen in the case of one brood.—Pennsylvania Farmer.

LABOR NOTES

Compared with the work hours of the same trades in the United States, the hours of German mechanics are from 10 to 34 per cent. higher.

Pennsylvania miners are seeking an agreement by which all the collieries will operate a certain number of days each week so as to insure equal employment.

Williamsport, Pa., is to soon have a new Labor Temple which will house all the trade unions in that locality.

The Central Paper Box Manufacturers' Association is making a stubborn fight against the eight-hour law for women workers now before the Pennsylvania Legislature.

The Spanish Cabinet has granted an eight-hour working day to the building trades throughout Spain. It has also approved a bill to insure workers against unemployment.

Hundreds of mechanical and electrical engineers in New York city are going to unionize their profession.

A. P. Men in the War

[From the A. P. Traffic Bulletin.]

Some of them got to see real fighting. Those who did not, as one of them aptly puts it in rhyme, "Simply did as they were told." The rhymster is H. W. Peckinpaugh, who concludes a letter detailing his war experiences with this: "I'm glad to have had even a small part in it, albeit I must write to the home folks:

"Darling, here's your soldier bold;
Silver stripes instead of gold
Shine upon his sleeve to-day
'Cause he did not sail away.

"But, my darling, don't you bleat,
For he did not get cold feet,
Simply did as he was told,
Silver stripes instead of gold!"

Peckinpaugh almost got there. After waiting six months he finally secured transfer into the 424th Telegraph Railroad Battalion which was ordered for overseas. After being completely outfitted the "flu" epidemic caused a further delay. The battalion was on board the transport at Hoboken headed for Brest when the armistice put a period to his martial career. He is now located at Mitchell, S. D.

In Defense of Policemen

The policemen is a general sized man, with large feet and an extra large nerve. With no weapons save an abbreviated club and a high explosive vocabulary, he is expected to control crowds of infuriated citizens, chase murderers into dark alleys and bring them out in recognizable form, or capture gangs of desperate yeggmen without losing his hat or tearing his uniform. His duties require him either to walk thirty or forty miles a day, or to stand on one spot for hours at a time; so his feet have a better excuse for being large than have most feet. Policemen are always ready to help children remember where they live, assist ladies to cross the street, punch masculine flirts on the nose and accept the position of leading man in any riot, no matter how large or boisterous. Consequently they should not be critized too severely when they sneak into a convenient garage for a nap and a cigar.—Kenneth L. Roberts in Judge.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TEACHER PROTESTS

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

I was sorry to see the enclosed article "350,000 teachers declared unfit. Cleveland, Ohio—"At least half the teachers in the United States are not fit to teach. We ought to get rid of 350,000 of them," declared D. B. Waldo, president of the Western State Normal School, Kalamazoo, Michigan, last night before more than 4,000 delegates to the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association in convention here." in your issue of Saturday evening, April 12. Such an unqualified statement as this may create wrong impressions and hurt us in our campaign for State aid to increase teachers' salaries.

I am sure that Mr. Waldo did not stop with this bare fact. It may be true that 350,000 teachers in the United States are not fit to teach and that we ought to get rid of them. If you had given the reason for this sad condition of affairs, it could have been used as an asset in favor of giving teachers salaries high enough to attract and hold the right kind of people in the teaching business.

Educational standards had to be lowered to keep the schools of the United States open during the past year, and it is to maintain the standards we have fought so hard to win that we are asking the Legislature to pass the Woodruff bill. Can you wonder that many persons unfit for the work are now teaching school when 20,000 of the 45,000 teachers in Pennsylvania alone make less than $600 a year.

I know that your paper has always been in sympathy with our cause, and I have many times thanked you in the name of the teachers of Harrisburg for your splendid articles in our behalf. I am sure that the article in Saturday evening's paper was not published with any intention to hurt us. Nevertheless, I was sorry to see such an unqualified statement go before the public.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH S. BAKER,
Pres. Harrisburg Teachers' League.

The Chapel on the Spree

[From the Red Cross Bulletin.]

On the right bank of the river Spree, 66 kilometers from Frankfort. It is not hard to locate this former prison camp, just outside the city of Berlin. The approach is not uninviting. There are some fine old trees and a well-made road, over which peasant carts jog in the early daylight. Over the entrance to the prison grounds there is an ornamental arched gate, fashioned oddly out of birch trees. "Kriegsgefangenenlager," we read about the arch—"war prison camp." The gateway, we are told, was built by Russian prisoners, many hundreds of whom passed through its portals to suffer starvation and ill usage at the hands of their captors.

It is still enough now. There are no pacing guards, with long bayonets, beating their arms to keep warm, no slinking figures shivering across the prison campus, no guarded ranks of laborers, forced into the service of the enemy, passing through the little gate.

The little chapel just inside the prison enclosure is quietest of all. It has a friendly look. There is a group of sparrows, those feathered cosmopolites, twittering on the doorsill, holding heated arguments over an edible morsel in the snow. They scatter frantically at the approach of human footsteps, carrying their discussion and the crust to the tree tops. There is a familiar symbol, still faintly red, above the doorway, a cross snow-powdered, "Built by the American Red Cross—1915."

There is an uncomfortable feeling in our throat as we push open the door, which has been forced slightly ajar by the inquisitive river wind.

For a moment the long pews seem to be tenanted again by bowed figures, Russian, Italian, Frenchman, Briton and Yank, their heads bowed in their hands, asking patience, fortitude and ultimate deliverance from the hands of their foe.

On the deserted pulpit lies a book with an inscription inside its front cover: "The gift of the American Red Cross—1915." It is a well-thumbed book and many of its passages are marked. We close it quietly without disturbing the faded purple ribbon that runs through its pages. Quietly, too, for we do not want to make any noise in here, somehow, we pass out again into the snowy campus, pink in the sunset. Our eyes turn as if in a parting salute to the little plate above the door.

Truly the Red Cross went all the way

Evening Chat

Every now and then some story about old Harrisburg comes around and makes you sit up and think what it would be like, if it occurred in our day, especially if the scene of the incident happened to be in the meadows which spread out where the river front and Market Square now exist, or in the vicinity of the bramble covered knoll which is the official seat of government of the second State in the Union. It is some stretch of imagination to go back to the times when Indians camped in sulky mood out near the spring which is the vicinity of Thirteenth and Walnut streets of to-day declined to go to the home of John Harris to meet the Lieutenant Governor of the Penns or to imagine how the wife of John Harris blew out the candles on the supper table one night after an Indian had taken a pot shot at the family of the Settler of Pennsylvania's capital because the aborigine was sore at an English officer who happened to be visiting her. One would hardly think of George Whitefield, the famous colonial preacher, holding forth to settlers for miles around under shade of trees on the banks of the Susquehanna near Paxton creek and the people being so fascinated by him that they left their fields unplowed and John Harris had to literally order them to go home and work. These incidents were all back before the French and Indian war and well authenticated. But here is one which just came to light in some old family correspondence. It seems that in early days the idea of John Harris, the founder of the town, and William Maclay that the knoll should eventually be the seat of the Capitol of Pennsylvania was something well known. They spent years and years working up sentiment in favor of a capital on the banks of the Susquehanna and long before Harris laid out the town and began selling lots in 1785 he had marked off what was voted the capital. Meanwhile the ground around the knoll was used for various public purposes and a school was established at what is now the corner of Third and Walnut streets on the Capitol park side.

* * *

Just get this corner in your head the way it is now. One part is Capitol park, the commencement of the famous "boardwalk" to the State House trodden by generations of statesmen, politicians and the near grades of both, a bit soon to form part of a "circle." On the other corner the towering Penn-Harris Hotel; on another the Federal building and on another a line of stores and another hotel. About 1790 a school house had been built at this corner and the children of the town were there educated on small payments by their parents to the schoolmaster. The man in charge was either without nerve or not a good shot because he made a number of complaints about the loneliness of the site and of the annoyance from animals from the knoll which is now Capitol Hill. Finally, according to old letters, there was great excitement in the town and the men got their guns and hustled up to the school because a couple of bears had come down from the aforesaid knoll and the schoolmaster had sent the youngsters home and was barricaed in the school house against the animals. There must have been a grand old time in infant Harrisburg that day. The center of the town was down around Front and Mulberry and after all the rivermen, traders, wagon repairers and other men had rounded up their youngsters and made sure they were all safe they went after those bears from Capitol Hill and ran them back to the Blue Ridge. Probably the Penn-Harris corner was the rendezvous.

* * *

That this incident occurred there is little doubt. There was a succession of school houses at that corner. As late as 1792 wild buffalo, presumably some of the herds which survived in the glens of upper Perry and Snyder counties, were found mixed up with the cattle of Harrisburg people turned out to browse in "Maclay's swamp" which might be located as between North and South streets along the river. Peter Snyder, an old Harrisburger, wrote how his brother and himself shot bear on the outskirts of the young city and in 1797 had a battle royal to down one big bear raider which had been chased out to "Hanna's Woods," which would make Sixteenth and Berryhill streets the final scene of one of the most exciting hunting episodes in a long time.

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From all accounts, and something is constantly being found in old newspapers to show the trend of things, the early Harrisburgers were rather slow in getting around to Market Square as the town center. The river front had an attraction that persisted, probably because it was the place where the boats discharged their cargoes and was one of the landing stages of the ferry which was then sending over the Susquehanna that tide of immigration that was to make many of the commonwealths of the Southwest. The Harris warehouse, most of the taverns and the numerous wagon repair shops which abounded were all close to the river and the square was traversed by a couple of creeks and in time of rains was so often overflowed that people sent unkind messagesg to John Harris asking whether he would furnish boats or dukeboards to facilitate travel about his town. The square was a fine place for skating in winter and some of the early newspapers refer to dangers of untended bonfires being built in the civic center. And then, too, there bobs up every now and then some thing about a race course along the river front and that shooting matches would be held on the river bank. So it is not hard to see that Harris had his own troubles getting people to buy lots "up-town" and that a schoolhouse so isolated as Third and Walnut streets might very well be visited by fears from Capitol Hill thickets.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Mayor E. S. Hugentugler, of York, has designated May 5 as the start of "clean up week."

—The Rev. Dr. J. F. Warner, prominent northeastern Pennsylvania Methodist clergyman, will take a trip to California after forty-eight years of service.

DO YOU KNOW

—That Harrisburg postal business has shown rapid strides in the last year?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG

—Recruits were raised here for St. Clair's army, including some marksmen.