

**HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH**  
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME  
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FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1919

Never think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring you any noble feeling.—Ruskin.

**KEEP OUR RECORD FAIR**

**H**ARRISBURG people have been proud of their record in the war, and very properly so.

When the first draft came along, so many of our young men had volunteered that this city was exempt.

In every Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and Liberty Loan drive Harrisburg gave its full quota—and more.

We never shirked for a moment. We supported the boys in France with every means at our disposal.

And now, with the war won and our soldiers coming home, we are spoiling our whole splendid record by failing to take our share of Victory Bonds.

It will be a shameful thing to say at the end of the campaign: "Yes, Perry county went over the top, and Juniata county went over the top, and Steeple went over the top, and Dauphin county outside of the city went over the top, but Harrisburg, richest and most populous community of the whole district, wouldn't do its share."

If we let ourselves be placed in that class we shall deserve the yellow streak that our neighbors always will see in us. We shall deserve the name of quitter. We shall have no excuse to make when the folks of other towns call us slackers.

It's a nice prospect, isn't it? But there is one way out.

Buy bonds; buy until you can buy no more, and in sufficient amounts to wipe out the blot on Harrisburg's good name and send the city gloriously over the top when the bond salesmen get together to make their final reports Tuesday.

**MUST WAIT AND SEE**

**N**O PACT between nations, big or little, has ever been subject to the variance in criticism that has characterized the document upon which is based the League of Nations. Divergent views of diplomats of large experience and radical differences between the foremost statesmen of the world regarding the various provisions of this remarkable scheme to safeguard future peace, have marked the discussion and threatened the very harmony that the agreement was designed to promote.

Now that the peoples most concerned have been taken into the secret, it remains to be seen whether the apprehension and honest criticism of a multitude of befoothed freemen and the late subjects of former autocracies will be arrested.

David Jayne Hill, this country's most distinguished publicist and diplomat, a former Ambassador to Berlin, manifestly does not concur in the optimistic views just expressed by ex-President Taft regarding the revised scheme for establishing world peace, worked out at the Paris Conference. Indeed, he concludes in a remarkable analysis of the whole matter that "if Germany and other nations were really penitent, really virtuous, really minded to submit to international law, to respect it and to maintain it, the League would be a superfluous. But if Germany and

other nations are not so minded then they have no place in it; and such a place should not be prepared for them."

Our former Ambassador to Germany, who evidently agrees with many of his countrymen as to the folly of providing for a peace hereafter while neglecting the immediate duty of transmuting an armistice into an actual peace without delay, declares the League "is in its essence nothing but a written form of an understanding for mutual defense against an enemy not wholly overcome."

"If the enemy," he continues, "had been made to acknowledge defeat at the moment when he really was defeated, all this circumlocution would have been avoided. The Entente would have obtained a victory integrally, and a chastened Germany would now be rehabilitating her national life, as it is her right and duty to do, in order to suppress Bolshevism, instead of allying herself with it, and preparing to take a normal and useful part in the society of States."

In the dispassionate judgment of many thoughtful opponents of the peace scheme just promulgated overseas, Germany and her associates in the crime of the ages must show fruits meet for repentance before she and they shall be given any place in the family of nations.

Dr. Hill says "the problem now is not reconciliation and it never was. The real problem was and is to show the Central Powers, and particularly Germany, that ruthless aggression and violation of the Law of Nations cannot be tolerated, and cannot escape a just punishment. \* \* \* There must be a peace of victory and not a peace of compromise, or there will never be any sure peace in the world."

Ex-President Taft and the former Ambassador differ radically as to Article X, constituting the new nationalities and fixing their frontiers. Dr. Hill believes this provision, so much discussed, must endanger future peace; that under its operation self-determination, so far as national allegiance is concerned, would be finally repressed. He makes the significant point that "it is for the peoples by choice and agreement to make the map and not the ethnographers," and further observes that "the most pernicious vice in the system of ideas upon which this League is founded, is that peace can be secured without the existence of immense armed forces by artificial lines drawn on a map. \* \* \* The secret of peace does not lie in geography, but in institutions, political and economic. The one great lesson that constitutional self-governments has brought, is that peace and contentment are not created by geographic boundaries, but by just laws and the economic opportunities afforded under a good government."

More than two hundred years ago the learned Abbe de St. Pierre, during the Congress of Utrecht, in 1713, proposed a peace league which was practically the same in its substantial provisions as the one just formulated at Paris as something absolutely new and original, but it was rejected as impracticable, "because it ignored two persistent tendencies of human nature—the ambition of rulers on the one hand and national aspiration for freedom and equality on the other."

We shall have to wait and see whether human nature has so changed in these two hundred years as to justify the hopes of the founders of the latest plan for universal peace.

**IN THE OLD DAYS**

**T**HE barbers are complaining that the so-called luxury taxes, which went into effect May 1, are aimed injuriously at the man whose hair is falling out and has to depend upon the soothing and odoriferous lotions of the tonsorial artist to save him from the bald-head class, in that the new law prescribes heavily increased taxation on hair tonics and the like.

Back in the good old days, before the shell in front of the barber shop mirror became so cluttered up with fancy bottles of various colored liquids that it might easily be mistaken for the supply depot of one of those white-aproned artists who manufacture mixed drinks for thirsty and adventurous patrons, the luxury tax wouldn't have hit either the barber or his victim very hard.

In those times there was the bottle of bayrum and the tall bottle of hair-oil for the customers who weren't particular, but who were entitled to something on the side with their shaves and hair cuts, and a box of "bear grease," a jar of pomade and a bottle of "sweet verberna" for particular folks who wanted to look slick and smell sweet.

The barbers of that period knew little about sanitation and cared less. One brush, one comb, one mug and one towel answered for many customers, and he was a mighty prosperous citizen indeed who had his own individual mug, with initials or a picture of his wife, or his sweetheart, or his favorite horse, or his home on the front, set back in a niche on a special shelf for his own particular use. But if attentions were scant, prices were low. The only kind of a massage known to the trade at the time was the kind the heavy handed extra barber, who helped out Saturday nights in the shop after acting as blacksmith's helper all day, inadvertently gave the poor souls who entrusted their tender faces to the mercy of his iron-muscles fist. And the man who asked for a "hot towel" would have got a cold one right across the face, for in those days there was only enough hot water to mix the lather and it was brewed in a copper pot that sizzled continually on top of a little stove that kept the shop warm both winter and summer. But you

could get a shave for a dime and a hair cut for fifteen cents, with bayrum and hair-oil thrown in. Ordinarily these two were considered sufficient, but before going to a party or a wedding one was prone to indulge in the smoothing down qualities of "bear grease" and the perflumery that went with the favorite "sweet verberna." Those apologetic were the last word in toilet making and if anybody cast aspersions as to the appearance of a man who had paid for those luxuries, why there just naturally followed an apology or a fight.

Everything's changed in the barber shop, except the line of conversation. That's about the same. But now, thank goodness, we are to have some variation even in that, by way of a discussion on luxury taxes and their effect on the profits of tonsorial artists and the fates of customers who are trying to dodge the bald-headed class. Shakespeare was right. "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Politics in Pennsylvania  
By the Ex-Committeeman  
With the Philadelphia bills certain to pass in the form desired by Senator Boies Penrose and his friends in the Quaker City and the administration forces suddenly aroused to the importance of getting their bills through the Legislature, it commences to look as though the next month would be one of the busiest known in recent years on Capitol Hill.

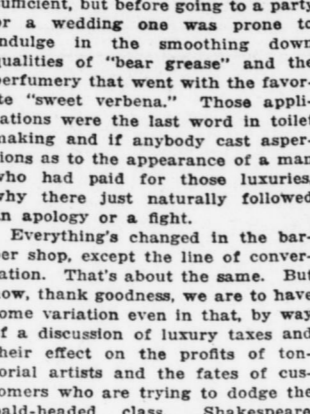
Republican State leaders who have been waiting for the return of Governor William C. Sproul and the settlement of the controversy over the Philadelphia legislation have renewed their calls for the Legislature to speed up and enact the laws expected of it. The Philadelphia measures have occupied too much attention, say some of these leaders, and they are very much inclined to fall in with the suggestion of Senator Penrose that the time has come to think about the revenue legislation and the urgings of Governor Sproul that thinks be "speeded up."

The trouble has been that everything has had to wait until the Philadelphia bills could get their sailing chart and now it means that a financial policy must be evolved to take care of appropriations running over \$80,000,000 and many other things settled.

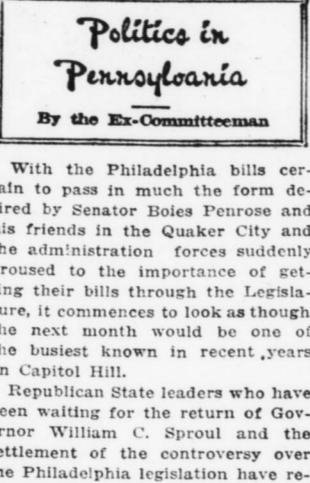
The workmen's compensation bill will have serious consideration in the next week or so and there are intimations that the Administration is inclined to agree to something in the way of changes although much opposition has been manifested by employers because of the industrial situation.

The State Administration is also getting busy in an effort to put through the State Police reorganizer and the antisedition bill. The former measure will be reconsidered Monday night and likely be passed within a few days. Many of the State legislators who voted against it because of the ruination over the third class city repealer have changed their minds.

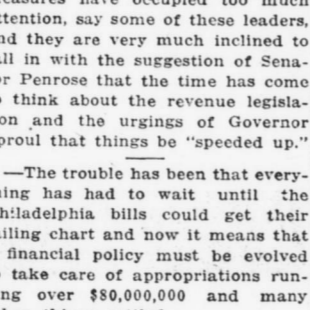
**IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES**



Bill got up - it's after eight. Uh?



My G - it's half past eight Bill. Uh?



Just a cup of coffee hurry it up I want to get time to shave. Uh?



UH?

**BOOKS AND MAGAZINES**

Don Marquis has written a new book which is full of whimsical, satirical, ironical, pleasant and everything in the universe and upon some things that are not in the universe, but should be—delightful nonsense, all of it. This newest bit of fun by the editor of the "Sun Dial" is called, "Prefaces." It contains about twenty-five imaginary prefaces, such as "Preface to a Book of Cigarettes," "Preface to a Preface to a Censor's Diary," and a particularly delightful "Preface to a Cook-Book."

The whole world seems suddenly to be turning to business methods as employed in America. D. Appleton and Company state that within the past few months they have received orders for their "Practical Business Library" from all parts of the earth. On one day recently they received orders from the South Sea Islands, Siam, Arabia, Australia and everywhere else in the world.

The New Jersey State Library Commission, through its secretary, Miss Askew, recently appealed to Mr. William Heyger, the author of a boys' book, to organize a campaign by which Boy Scouts would collect magazines for the wounded soldiers at St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken.

The incident with the great success with which Emerson Hough's new novel, "The Sagebrusher," is meeting, particularly in New York where a vigorous sales campaign is in progress, Dr. Hough's "Care and Feeding of Children," a book which is said to sell in greater quantities each year than most of the popular novels.

**THE TOCSIN**

Never since man first preyed on man, And battlefields turned red, And guns were forged and metal ran, Hot for its feast of dead, Rang Tocsin louder on the air, Than roses races everywhere.

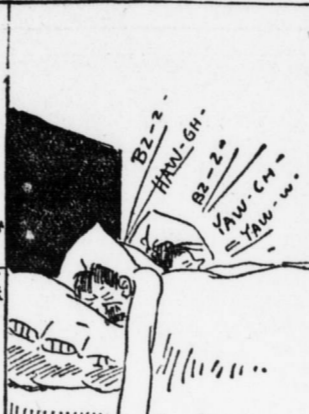
That they be not defiled, It echoes over mounds of slain, And weary Europe weeps; It's hoarse above the moaning main, From sea to sea it leaps, It's raucous where the valleys are, It shakes the hills with dread— Who raised their eyes and saw a star New year that star is fed.

The Tocsin! The Tocsin! 'Tis harsh to human ears, Our graves have grown too many, we are tired of our tears; But the foe is arming, arming, And the Tocsin, giving cry, Is a watch-dog's tongue, alarming, Them that sleep to wake or die, Far as fled the war-god ranges, Peace? Ah, where is it to-day? Age on age how slight the changes, In the Robespierres, red-handed!

Who have slain, and slay again, Now behold new millions banded, For the massacre of men! The Tocsin! The Tocsin! The winds of all the earth, Are carrying the warning of a monstrous evil birth, Of the coming of a Frankenstein, Insatiate for blood, Of caverns with machine guns, and of murder at the flood, Nay, tarry not, ye heedless, for the foe draws his high voltage, And woo to ye, ye lagards, if ye gird your loins too late; Ye have fought a splendid battle, ye have won a fight for God, But there's lightning in the firmament, and blood upon the sod, The Tocsin! The Tocsin! It's thunder growth loud!

Ye saved the goddess Liberty—they would wrap her in a shroud; A new crusade awaits ye, ye must face the foe again, For bruter break loose to make their kills, and Freedom calls for men!

**Saving 13,000 Workers' Lives Yearly**



UH?



UH?

**EDITORIAL COMMENT**

Chicago packers tell us the removal of profit restrictions will result in no change in the prices of meat. That is the way it is now: No change—Detroit News.

Germany simply would dance, but she is startled at the size of the fiddler's bill, which she thought was going to be paid by the guests she forced to attend.—Dearborn Independent.

If the good ship George Washington ever gets a chance to make a farewell address, it may have something to say about foreign entanglements.—New York Sun.

William H. German, the new Boy Scout commissioner for this district, is making a great record, though he has been in office less than a month. He has established a record for getting around among the troops and making the boys feel at home. He is stirring up such an interest among the scouts that the scout masters have volunteered to give him a list of names sufficient to keep the boys busy.

**Jobs For Ex-Soldiers**

The question raised by the release of the soldier from military service to civilian occupation are not new. They have been raised at the end of every war in which the United States has been engaged.

Finding a job for the demobilized soldier, keeping the wounded from becoming "hospitalized," helping the man newly from the front, back to a self-respecting status of industrial independence, these big and burning issues that confront us in the present hour engaged the attention of the public-spirited folk who at the close of the Civil War were doing for the returning veterans just what we are trying to do to-day.

The words that follow were written at Washington May 6, 1865. They might have been written yesterday.

"Now that the excitement of actual war is over, people are turning their attention to the question of how best to provide permanently for those soldiers who have been disabled in the service."

"There is a feeling in the community that too much cannot, by any possibility, be done for the men who have become disabled in the war. We shall never half repay them for the sacrifices they have made or half balance our debt of personal gratitude."

"If you find a Boy Scout hanging around your back-yard making notes of what he sees don't treat him harshly," said Health Officer Raunick to-day. "He will be simply carrying out the orders of Mayor Keister. You know the Scouts are going to help out wonderfully on our clean-up and fix-up week program. They have been particularly instructed to look after certain back-yard nuisances that constitute perils to health and comfort especially in summer and the city health department and the city police department are going to co-operate to correct the conditions they find. Treat the Scouts well. They are going to do a real service and it may rid your neighborhood of a bad spot against which you have been raging in vain for years."

**WELL KNOWN PEOPLE**

—Col. D. J. Davis, adjutant of the Keystone Division, is city solicitor of Scranton.

—Mayor Arch Johnston, of Bethlehem, was among the Governor's visitors.

—Dr. George Woodward, sponsor of the Philadelphia charter bills, is one of the wealthy men in the Legislature.

—W. E. Astor, Philadelphia medical man, is home from France.

—Governor Sproul is spending the weekend at his Chester home.

**DO YOU KNOW**

—Harrisburg was a center of brick making for seventy-five years?

**HISTORIC HARRISBURG**  
Cut nails were made here in huge quantities during the seventies.

**No Possible Mistake**  
"These profiteers," said Representative Esch, of Wisconsin, "accuse themselves with their excuses. They remind me of little Willie."

"Little Willie" came home the other day with a nice new golf ball. "Look at the lost ball I found this afternoon, father," he said. "Are you sure, my boy," the father asked, "that it was a lost ball?" "Oh, yes, sir," said little Willie, "I saw the owner and his caddie looking for it."—Los Angeles Times.

**A SILVER THREAD**

Across a tapestry that Fate wove ill Years ago, A shining silver thread is running still, To and fro, As up and down the picture's April hill

Shadows go, And in my heart it makes for me a road, That leads me to a half-seen far abode

Green and gay, Past starchy hedges laughing at my load, All the way, I know not if the road will last the years

Falling fast, Or if the pitfalls and the raining tears, Win at last; There may be some new sunshine for my years

That will cast, But up and down the wall the silver shows, Stubbly; Now bright and strong—now dead—now, livelier fows

Wide and free, Toward nightfall for my homing soul that goes, Out to sea.

**Thoughts on the Fifth**

The fifth Loan comes in season, A patriotic thing; It has a lot of reason, / But hasn't any rhyme. —New York Sun.

**Burlesoned**

Mary had a little mail, A letter white as snow, And everywhere she posted it, The blamed thing wouldn't go. —New York Sun.