

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1919

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.—Zech. 4:6.

OUR LIBERTIES SAFE

"WE HAVE won the war, but we have lost our liberties," Samuel Gompers is quoted as having said in Philadelphia on Saturday.

With all due respect to Mr. Gompers, we have done nothing of the sort. Public thought is a greater force in the United States at this moment than ever before, and nobody knows that better than he.

Mr. Gompers spoke bewailing the adoption of prohibition and the passage of an anti-sedition law in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Gompers won the respect of the American people during the war and has shown himself to be a forceful leader of men, but he will lose what he has attained in public opinion if he continues to defend the bar-room and to oppose such measures as the sedition act.

We are to have national prohibition because the people voted to have it. Rum never was an agent of liberty. Always it has been an instrument of corruption and oppression.

The sedition act is directed against nobody but the revolutionist. No Pennsylvania jury would convict under it on any other ground.

Everybody agrees that prize fights are brutal and should be suppressed, but everybody reads what Willard says and Dempsey is doing.

FORKS IN THE ROADS

GERMANY having signed the peace treaty, as all thinking men realized from the first was only a matter of time, two courses lie open to her—the opportunity to meet her obligations as rapidly and as faithfully as France did when beaten by Germany, and thus win back her standing of equality among the nations, or to continue to be the criminal of the world with an international policeman at her door to enforce the laws of humanity

Politics in Pennsylvania

Newspaper comment upon the Legislature which has just adjourned is generally favorable, although a few Democratic newspapers take shots at it for political reason.

The Pittsburgh Post, for instance, gives it a good old fashioned Democratic scolding while the Philadelphia Record makes some comments on extravagance which have a familiar ring but are not tinged with the mean spirit which permeates the remarks of a certain inland Democratic daily on the subject.

In the main the thought of Governor Sprout in his praise of the record of the General Assembly in the precedent making record of the address seems to have been also in the minds of the editors. The Legislature of 1919 is regarded in spite of the lengthy session as having a respectable list of achievements and most of them of solid political value.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, one of the most independent newspapers in the State, voices objection to the length of the session, but says: "There can be no doubt, that the Legislature of 1919 for many important acts, that credit must be shared with the tacitful and experienced politician in the gubernatorial chair."

THE SEASON OPENS

M. R. DEMAIN, weather man for Central Pennsylvania, kindly took the curse of the opening day of the bass season for those who couldn't get away to enjoy the occasion along their favorite streams by handing out so much rain that it would be an insult to the intelligence of any bass to offer him a bait in the muddy waters of the nearby creeks. So it isn't so bad for the stay-at-homes as it might have been.

But cheer up, fellows, the fewer caught to-morrow the more there will be to be taken in the dewy early mornings of July or the long, sunlit evenings of early August. The trees will be just as green then, the waters will be clear or just cloudy enough to make the bait attractive; the bugs will be on the water and you may try out that new-fangled fly, if you have a mind.

We have many fine fishing places in the vicinity of Harrisburg, but one there is that could be transformed into the best and most popular of all—Wildwood Lake. The proposal has been made that the water be drawn off and the German carp that infest the lake all killed. These fish eat all the others and keep the lake constantly stirred up and always muddy. The plan as outlined would be to take out the carp and have the State restock the lake with sunfish, perch, catfish and big-mouth bass. This would provide ample food for the bass which would find a perfect habitat in the lake and the other fish would give good sport for boys and men who find the gamey bass too swift for them.

JUSTICE TO TEACHERS

PENNSYLVANIA teachers deserve every cent the new salary bill will give them. They made a gallant fight for what everybody recognized as their right, the only point of controversy being the exact ratio of distribution and how the money should be raised. The bill as drawn will not give some of the instructors as much as they think they deserve, but in the long run it will work out equitably, giving most to those who most need it.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND TO FINISH THE JOB

By the Ex-Committee

When a feller needs a friend to finish the job, he needs a good one. The Ex-Committee is a good one. It has just adjourned and its record is a credit to the State. It has done a lot of good work in a short session. It has passed a lot of important laws. It has done a lot of things that will benefit the State in the future.

Home Loan Banks Opposed

(New York Evening Sun) An extension of the use of the credit and banking resources of the Federal Government was—and will be—a necessary outcome of the changed conditions of our new place in the world's business. To some extent such expansion is inevitable even as to purely domestic matters.

—Williamsport, Erie, Wilkes-Barre and other up State papers also see much good accomplished by the proposed Federal home loan banks to be formed and used for building and loan associations.

—The political side of the session is a specially interesting one to the Philadelphia Press in the course of which he records that there were several developments, saying "The first is a recording of the phenomenon known as the 'Great Migration' of the Democratic leadership.

—The gist of the objection is that the new-fangled scheme is unnecessary as well as potentially dangerous. The savings banks have resources of about \$5,000,000,000—owned by over nine million depositors. They are amply able to meet legitimate demands.

—Nor is there any sound reason to think it would help to solve the housing problem. The only real solution of that is the return to normal action of the laws of supply and demand.

Hot Weather Manners

(From the Detroit News) When the mercury climbs the steep incline above the 80s is the time we shed our coats and drop such other encumbrances as a library card and a symphony society approval. It is just as well, nevertheless, that we do not permit the heat to make us doff our manners.

The Place to Advertise

(From the Philadelphia Record) An advertisement of a technical journal in a recent issue of Printer's Ink begins with the interesting inquiry: "Would you reach Greenland and Patagonia with the same medium?"

RETROSPECTION

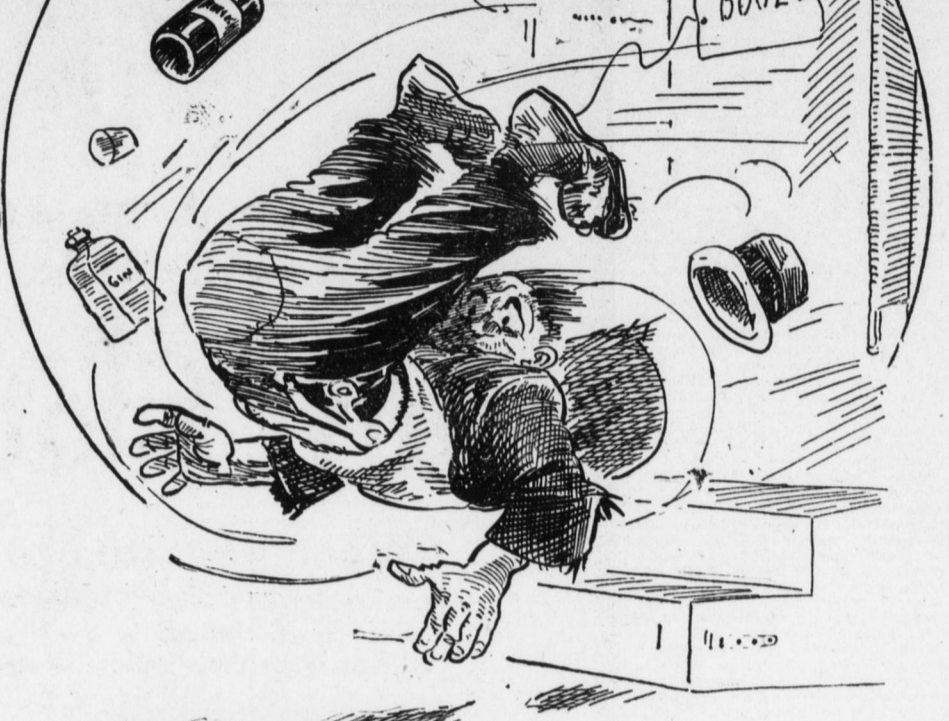
When we all lived together In the farm among the hills, And the early summer weather Had flushed the little hills;

Not in Vain

(Fort Wayne (Ind.) News Sentinel) Railroad Administrator Hines has placed an order for steel at the price he declared impossible and absurd. However, his stand caused the resignation of the Industrial Board, so it can't be said to have been in vain.

No Wonder Germany Quit

"One of the queerest looking things we saw in France," said Major Frank C. Mahin, of the Army Recruiting station, 325 Market street, Harrisburg, "was the elephant. Every few miles along the front were big kite observation balloons with funny looking bulges at the tail, and when one of these balloons was pointed up you could see an exact reproduction of an elephant's head. As the wind would vary in speed, Mr. Elephant would nod his head, wiggle his ears and perhaps turn his head a little to one side or the other as though he were trying to see something off to one side and then decided it was of no interest and went back to the front. Underneath the big bag was the observer's basket, equipped with telephones, powerful telescopes, and a couple of parachutes. What changed from Mont golfer brothers balloon of 1782, filled with hot air, made of paper, and lifting a sheep, a rooster, and a duck, three hundred feet into the air, was the use of the finest, most carefully woven cotton cloth with a hundred and forty threads to the inch both ways, carefully rubberized and filled with hydrogen gas. Instead of a sheep and two fowls, and lifts that weigh a mile in the air. Comfortably seated in his basket the balloon observer was put up to a height of three or four thousand feet above the ground and there he sat watching the Boche. Perhaps one of our batteries wanted to do some firing; they notified the man in the 'elephant' who watched the burst of their shells, told them how much to correct their range so that eventually the shells were bursting on the exact spot desired. How different this ease and comfort from the aviator in an aeroplane. But there is where you are wrong. If the aviator didn't want to fight he could put it right he wanted. He had him he could duck off to one side and beat it, but the poor balloon observer was hung on the end of a steel cable and had to sit there and watch the Boche firing guns that were shooting at him, waiting twenty or thirty seconds after each flash to see if he was going to be hit or missed.



Mark Sullivan in Collier's Weekly.

PERIL IN FRENCH BIRTH RATE

Nine Per Thousand Not Enough to Keep Nation From Downward Path

IT is the exact truth, as a distinguished French economist said, that "the dead are but the smaller part of our loss." The worst effect that the war has had on the human race does not appear in the figures of the killed and wounded. The worst effect of the war, the greatest loss it has inflicted, is its effect on the birth rate.

Before the war, in normal times, France had a birth rate of about eighteen per thousand. Eighteen babies born per year in each thousand of the population is a low birth rate. It was just barely enough to match the number of deaths per year, to keep France's population stationary. To keep a population stationary is not enough. Any individual, like an individual, must grow or go backward.

As a matter of fact, the one largest element in the recent war has been nothing to do with the glorious part that France played on the battle field after the war started. It was this fact: that before the war France had a stationary population, while Germany had a growing one. Any discriminating historian of the Great War will dwell long on this most significant of facts: in 1870-71 France and Germany fought a war; each nation had about 40 million people; forty-two years later they fought again; this time Germany had 70 million people—France still had 40! There is both truth and pathos in the lament of a French statesman: "Our birth rate was miserably insufficient."

The figures which show the effect of the war on France's birth rate are only available for seventy-seven out of France's eighty-seven departments—France's counties. The other ten departments are the ones which the Germans invaded; in those the figures, if ever they are available, will undoubtedly be worse. But the figures for the seventy-seven departments show a present birth rate of nine per thousand.

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Evening Chat

The bonfire which the Boy Scouts of Harrisburg held on the Capitol Park extension area Saturday night in honor of the signing of the peace treaty reminded old-timers of the days of the political bonfires that used to be a yearly occurrence in this city. The night after a State or National election, as soon as the returns, which came in a little more slowly than they do now, were in the hands of the winning party in many parts of town got together and held a big bonfire.

Up-town in those days the section between Sixth and Seventh and after pouring a last barrel of wine into open fields. One night a party of boys and young men, celebrating the re-election of Grover Cleveland together a vast number of store boxes, railed into a clearing and the like, piled it against a telegraph pole that had been denuded of its wires and left standing unused and not withstanding the fact that over the accumulation of wine was to it. Some excited person sent in a fire alarm and in fifteen minutes nearly all the apparatus in the city was on the scene and the firemen after "cussing" a bit hung around waiting for the war dance that brought the celebration to a close.

Another year in the same locality Republican youth decorated a very large, dead cherry tree with hundreds of oil soaked hoops, most of which had been wrapped in oily waste from the railroad yards. This was one of the last bonfires of its kind in the West End. A Pennsylvanian real climax to a long line of similar celebrations. The big tree with its hooped of fire and every branch outlined in blue flame was a wonderfully beautiful spectacle, a jett black sky and attracted hundreds of spectators. These bonfires were not without their funny incidents. One young fellow toward a member of city council, stood to view one on his way to see his girl and a spark set fire to his coat, a little thing he did not discover until the flames were running up his back. Another time a Pennsylvania railroad man contributed a half-dozen of the oil barrels that used to grace every oil-house along the system. The barrels were piled up in the center of the heap of boxes and other materials and when the flames got to them one of them went off with a tremendous bang. The fire then spread to a half square around and bringing the celebration to an untimely end. Another time the late Patrick McNiff lost half the boards from the rear end of his house on Seventh street and when he went to look for them found their ashes on a lot near by, having been taken by boys ambitious to make their fire bigger than another's. The late McNiff did much to street some distance. The late Chas. A. Miller, city clerk for years and then mayor, used to tell how when he was young the "gang" of which he was a member built a big bonfire in a field of the Eighth Ward which caught the long grass that had been dried by the autumn winds and had to be cut out a hose company to save the rest of the house. The rapid growth of the city, the coming of electric lights which dispelled the intense darkness that used to mark the winter nights, the use of kerosene and oil stoves instead of wood made bonfires unpopular. The late Chas. A. Miller, city clerk for years and then mayor, used to tell how when he was young the "gang" of which he was a member built a big bonfire in a field of the Eighth Ward which caught the long grass that had been dried by the autumn winds and had to be cut out a hose company to save the rest of the house.

SAILOR TOWN

(C. Fox Smith, Doran.) Along the wharves in sailor town a singing whiper goes. Of the wind that whistles anchored ships, the wind that blows Off a broad brimming water, where the summer day has died Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

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Returned

I've taken off the uniform Begrimed with war and wear, And all the signs of army pomp, Blood-baptized "over there," I've put away the little cap, I wore in field and trench, And old puttees all spattered up With mud sticky French.

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