# HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

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*Be pitiful for every man who is fighting a hard battle.—Ian McClaren.*

## LOOKING AHEAD

IN A practical talk before the Rotary Club supporting the proposed landing field for the Government air service in Harrisburg the president of the City Planning Commission, E. S. Herman, illustrated the unfortunate tendency to procrastinate in such matters by citing the fact that the Commission more than five years ago had stricken from its first annual report a recommendation of Warren H. Manning, the park expert of the city, that in acquiring additional park property there should be provision made for an aviation field. The Commission feared such a recommendation might be regarded by many citizens as visionary and injure the work of the planners in other directions. Mr. Herman pointed out just how we fail as individuals and corporations and cities to grasp the developments in modern science, and, as a result, fall short in preparing for inevitable changes.

Many who heard the head of the Planning Commission were impressed by his suggestion of the great importance of looking ahead and there was also a feeling of confidence in the official body which is preparing the way, as in the Italian park district and even here, for the certain expansion of Harrisburg by street and park suggestions and building regulations.

The point of the whole discussion was the necessity for providing a landing field for the air service, which is soon to develop great possibilities in commercial, passenger and other activities. Harrisburg must be on the aeriel map and City Council is worthy of commendation for promptly acting on the request of the Washington authorities.

In view of the fact that the field at Maclay and Cameron is regarded as most available for the landing station, and as this field would be utilized only during the developing stage of the air service, the trustees of the State Hospital might well cooperate in so important a matter.

## A NATIONAL PROBLEM

GEORGE HOLDEN TINKHAM, of Massachusetts, has introin the House at Washington a bill to establish a Bureau of Housing and Living Conditions in the Department of Labor. The purpose of the bill is to make available to the American public the important data gathered by the Federal Government in the course of its housing activities during the war, to study methods to reduce the cost of house construction and to stimulate the building of homes to meet the serious shortage which now faces our country.

Harrisburg and all other cities are greatly interested in any proper movement for the stimulation of building activities, especially homes for the people. Like every other city, Harrisburg is suffering from a lack of dwellings and is bound to suffer in its development until these are provided. If the Tinkham bill will supply any need incidental to the encouragement of building throughout the country it should be promptly passed. Of course, if it is to be simply a job-making bureau, then the committee in charge should give it a prompt quietus.

It would be regrettable, however, should all the data gathered during the war by the Government Housing Corporation be junked when it might be utilized in creating more modern housing conditions and encouraging greater building activity all over the country. The proposed measure would charge the bureau as outlined with the duty of investigating the housing and living conditions of the industrial population and the conducting of research and experimentation looking toward the provision and publication of such information as would make economically practicable the elimination of slums, the improvement of living conditions, the reduction of construction cost of dwellings and the financing of extended home building operations without Federal appropriation. It would also assist communities during the present housing shortage in making available to the utmost extent all existing housing facilities and serve as a clearing house of information on housing and living conditions.

The author of the bill addressed Congress on the subject the other day and explained that, as a result of its war-housing program, the Government had accumulated a vast fund of information and experience on industrial housing which should be made available to every community in the United States. Out of the large experience of the Governmental activities in developing the great housing programs made necessary by the war, and for which over $100,000,000 was expended, there should be available much practical information that could be utilized for the benefit of the entire country. In the course of his speech Mr. Tinkham said:

> Notwithstanding the high cost of part of this work, due to the war and the modification of plans because of shortage of certain materials, the bulk of this experience is of a character to be of direct, practical benefit to individual workers building their own homes, to employers constructing low-priced dwellings for the market, and to communities seeking to provide adequate living conditions for their citizens.
>
> No existing agency of the Government is now authorized to collect, analyze, correlate and interpret this experience and to make it available to the country. It offers the greatest opportunity before the Federal Government for salvaging permanent values from our enormous war expenditures.

Harrisburg was mentioned in the course of the Massachusetts representative's remarks as among the American cities in which there was an acute housing shortage.

The plans for aiding in the solution of the housing problem under the proposed act of Congress are comprehensive and no situation today is more serious than that which this measure is designed to relieve. Nothing should be left undone to provide homes for the people. Contentment and peace depend upon the right solution of this after-war problem.

## A WHOLESALE MARKET

DONALD M'CORMICK, food administrator, is on the right track in his proposal to increase the amount of farm produce brought to Harrisburg by establishing a wholesale market here, where retailer and consumer alike may buy fruits and vegetables in quantity lots at prices naturally somewhat lower than are charged for the same articles sold in small amounts.

The more produce brought to town, the better. Farmers complain that under the forestalling ordinance they cannot retail all of their goods—that the larger growers cannot sell over the counter all the stuff they bring to town and that some goes to waste. This is no time either for waste or to discourage production. We need every mouthful of food that can be produced, and the more there is on sale here and elsewhere, the lower the price—the never-failing law of supply and demand will attend to that.

So we may very well consider ways and means of increasing the supply, and the wholesale market would seem to be a step in the right direction. It has proved helpful in other cities. In Buffalo and Philadelphia, for example, the wholesale market offers the thrifty housewife opportunity to buy beans, apples, tomatoes, etc., by the basketful in season for canning at prices she can afford.

It may be that we shall have to apply the rule of home supply first in the development of such a market here—that is, to forbid sales being made there to buyers for shipment abroad. Another rule that might be helpful would be that any person, consumer or retailer, might buy at wholesale prices in quantity lots without discrimination.

Mr. McCormick's experiment is well worth trying. Anything that promises an increased supply of food, with a possibility of more reasonable prices, is worthy of closest consideration.

## A KIPONA FEATURE

ONE of the most attractive features of the coming Kipona celebration should be the singing by a colored choir of the songs and choruses of the noted composers of their own race. The colored singer is ordinarily possessed of a voice far richer and much more appealing than that of his white brother. It has a sweetness superior, even in an untrained state, to that of any other race and in recent years colored composers have won high favor in the musical world.

Many of these modern compositions will be heard for the first time in Harrisburg during the Kipona and no doubt will attract wide attention. But it is to be hoped that the Community Service workers who are helping to arrange the program will include at least a few of the charming folk songs that originated with the negro of the South and which are so suited to the colored voice. It must be remembered that the colored race has given to America its only folk songs and they are so beautiful that they ought to be part of any such concert as is proposed.

## Politics in Pennsylvania

**By the Ex-Committeeman**

"I will not resign."

That was the retort delivered yesterday by Judge John M. Patterson, candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, to the demand that he quit the bench while engaged in a political campaign.

In his private chambers in City Hall, the judge announced his intention of remaining on the bench, while bidding for the highest office of the municipal government. He was emphatic in his statement—he not only declared his attitude, but readly gave five reasons for that policy.

"I will not resign," said the judge. "I will not resign until I am elected mayor. I have no apologies to offer for being a candidate for that office."

—Nine candidates are in the contest for the Republican nominations for county commissioner in Fayette county, two to be nominated. Three and possibly four candidates will fight it out for the Republican nomination for sheriff, these two offices constituting what promises to be the bitterest fight waged in a primary campaign in many years.

The commissionership candidates are: George W. Hibbs and George Orval Rush, who are understood to have the support of the county organization; John Langley, a former commissioner; J. J. Curry, Alex R. Duncan, P. A. John, a former sheriff; Logan Rush, present Commissioner Lewis Clemmer; Frank R. Moore and Owen Stewart. Hibbs is serving as commissioner to fill the unexpired term of a former commissioner who died while in office.

—Coatesville, the smallest city in the third-class clique in this State, is looking forward to a municipal election from a point of enthusiasm this fall that will eclipse any former selection of candidates. Real interest will center on the nomination for mayor on the Republican ticket. Three candidates have already registered, including Albert H. Swing, incumbent, who the conservative citizens, including the Rev. T. W. McKinney, the militant pastor of the M. E. Church, say has proven A No. 1 as a mayor. W. L. W. Jones has thrown his hat in the ring again and seeks the Republican nomination for mayor. There is also another candidate for chief executive in the person of Jesse L. Bryson, an engineer on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway.

### *Ex-Kaiser Weak and Vain*

Julian Grande in a Berne dispatch says:—"Admiral Foss, in his book "Revelations Concerning Our Collapse," devotes a long chapter to the fallen German Emperor. He is very anxious to explain that he is not kicking a man who is down, because in 1902 he held and has since expressed, both verbally and in writing, views about the ex-Kaiser precisely similar to those which he now sets forth. In many respects Admiral Foss merely confirms the opinion already formed by most impartial persons about William II.—that he is an abnormal and very mixed character, quick in the uptake and fascinating when he chooses so to be, but morbidly vain, very superficial, and very ungrateful, with an inordinate idea of his own importance, and convinced that he is capable of a great deal of which he is wholly and constitutionally incapable. Always highly nervous, not to say neurotic, so much so, indeed, that more and more persons competent to judge consider him as having long been not quite in his right mind, he has suffered greatly during the latter part of the war from convulsive attacks.

After reading Admiral Foss's chapter on William II.—a chapter, which it is impossible not to reflect embittered — it is impossible not to reflect that pomp, publicity and ceremony were as his very life blood to the ex-Kaiser, and that no one could less easily endure the quiet life of a private person, whether at Amerongen or elsewhere. He has not, according to the Admiral, perseverance and diligence enough to master any study, not to speak of so delicate a matter as statecraft. He has always been profoundly interested in something for a time, but only for a short time; then he must needs fly off to something else. Such a man could hardly console himself by absorption in any subject.

### *Finds Use For Potato Bugs*

[From the New York Evening Mail]

Three Rivers, Mich. — In the molten days of midsummer, when angleworms are scarce and the perch and bluegill may be ensnared if the proper bait is used, Eldon Ulrich, 10 years old, scores his financial successes. And, incidentally, he contributes a good tip to all fishermen.

Young Ulrich conceived the idea that the soft-shelled potato bug would make an excellent lure for fish, particularly when good angleworms were hard to obtain. He picked a canful of the bugs and experimented. The result was a handsome string. And from the beginning of his experiment his success began. The neighbors and truck gardeners welcomed him when he appeared to gather a supply, and the business and professional men, unable to solve the bait question, were ready customers. At fifty cents for a good sized supply of the bugs Ulrich has already accumulated a good bank account. His aim is to make enough to get a university education.

He digs angleworms in the low, marshy places for customers who will not accept his proved theory regarding the bugs, but his trade in that commodity grows less every day as the reports of his bug users are received. His idea for next year is to cultivate a patch of potatoes primarily for the bug crop.

### *Historic Gun Given to Society*

[From the Detroit News]

A shotgun used in the Battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, and the Battle of New Orleans, in 1815, has been presented to the State Historical Society at Columbia by P. J. Hainey of Barnard, Mo. It is an old model muzzle loader, fifty-nine inches long, with a 43-inch barrel. It has the same lock, stock and barrel used at Bunker Hill, and though much worn can still shoot. On the stock is attached a tallow and patch box which was used to grease the balls when loaded in the gun

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

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

It might profit the profiteers to put their ears to the ground.—Buffalo Commercial.

If they didn't mean to get rid of Burleson, why did they raise our hopes?—New York Call.

Incidentally we would like to know what the other 97¼ per cent. of 2¾ beer is. — Columbus Dispatch.

Peru is building a new war-ship, the inference being that the other one is worn out.—Rochester Post-Express.

A big crop of anything these days appears to be the necessary prelude to a price increase.—Indianapolis News.

"We must maintain a fair level of prices," says meat-man Armour. Why not a level of fair prices?—Rochester Post-Express.

I happen to be Secretary of War. —Newton D. Baker. That is the best explanation so far made on the subject.—Detroit Journal.

Missionaries laboring to educate China are probably having their troubles in trying to explain the Shantung incident. — Washington Star.

What is harder than to keep a secret? To keep a treaty. And what is harder than to keep a treaty? To keep a secret treaty secret. — New York Evening Sun.

We had an idea that Henry Ford's definition of a mobile army would be one that went about in Fords, but it seems he didn't think of that. — New York Evening Mail.

The wholesale price of beef has dropt a few cents a pound, but we don't believe the retailers are charging any more now than they did before the drop.—Columbia Record.

### *Untimely Visionaries*

[From the Rochester Post-Express.]

What we need now is close scrutiny of our immediate present. The vision of the future, of means to make it better, and ways to overcome evils by slow moving mechanics which must be set up after long consideration and debate, is untimely. It will have its place, just as it has always had its place. But it is no time to survey the landscape with a telescope when the boat is in the rapids and a waterfall is just ahead. The reply of the old railroad foreman in response to a worker's announcement as he surveyed the job, "I think—," which reply was "Who the devil pays you for thinking? Push," might apply to a lot of people who seem to be thinking and doing nothing else. For six months eminent representatives of great nations surveyed the world in the interest of keeping its nations from future conflict. At the last these representatives returned to their homes to find the incipient causes of internal disorders rampant. Certain inquiries into immediate causes of trouble rightly form a part of deliberations on what must be done. But the principal thing to be done is to deal promptly with the troubles themselves. An aftermath in which causes are understood when their effects are facts will be poor consolation.

### *Summer Rain*

The flowing garment of the glowing cloud,
Sweeping the rolling green with fringe sun bright,
Showers all the romping meads with diamonds white;
Like frolic girls with happy faces bowed
Against the wind, the gay flowers laugh! How proud
The singing birds, their high, delirious flight
Like children's play; and, dizzy with delight,
Dances the gipsying grove, and shouts aloud!
Oh, quickened all the heart of life, sweet, keen
As balm the wet winds wake when fluting through
Old gardens! Sings the sap in every plant;
Glad, glad, how glad the land, refreshed and clean!
How flames the rainbow in the luminous blue,
God's signet ring that seals love's covenant!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

### *Horrors of War*

[From Blighty, London.]

The melancholy youth was lying in bed entertaining his visitors with tales of the battle field.

"Yes," he said, and his voice was almost tearful, "I have had a rough time. I was once so riddled with bullets that the fellows behind me complained of the draught!"

## *AMERICAN LEADERS CARRY "DRY" FIGHT TO ENGLAND*

**"Pussyfoot" Johnson Already Is in London, Co-Ordinating and Financing the British Temperance Forces For a Great Drive to Put Prohibition Over With "One Big Punch"**

(London Correspondence of the Continental Edition of the London Mail, Paris.)

I SPENT a considerable portion of yesterday with William E. Johnson, field marshal of the prohibitionist forces of North America, who is reported to have done more to make the United States "dry" than any other other man.

Mr. Johnson, known far and wide as "Pussyfoot," has come to England, in his own expressive language, to "get behind your people." He was yesterday established in commodious Fleet Street offices.

The Anti-Saloon League has sent its best men to England—sent them with carte blanche in strategy, tactics and finance.

Others are coming in large numbers, men, women and experts, including W. J. Bryan. Meanwhile "Pussyfoot" Johnson is invisibly clearing the field for action. I found him hard at work dictating to a girl typist. On his desk were littered books and pamphlets of the kind that will shortly flood the country. On the walls hung posters that will soon gratify or offend, as the case may be, the views and susceptibilities of millions of people in the country.

The one "Pussyfoot" Johnson takes most pride in shows a giant nutshell in the two opening shells of which are written:

> First shell: "When booze is inside of somebody else, is it liable to do you any harm?"
>
> Second shell: "When booze is inside you, is it liable to do somebody else any harm?"
>
> Across both shells: "You know it is."

Questioned with regard to his plans, "Pussyfoot" Johnson said: "Your British organization has been at us for a year to come here. The whole thing has been in response to their asking. We are going to teach them how to get this country dry. I have reported to my headquarters that the situation here is entirely different from that at home, but that it is far from being as hopeless as it appears on the surface.

**Campaigners, $300 a Month.**

"Our workers who come over are going to be paid by us $300 a month and upwards. The United Kingdom Alliance may, of course, pay their expenses when they speak at their meetings, but we will pay their expenses as well.

"Our steady income at home is about 1 1-2 million dollars a year, although, of course, we have got other capital. Besides we have one half million regular subscribers and the same number of 'irregulars.'"

"Are you going to 'butt in' on our elections?'

"Why, yes. Our intelligence service will keep us informed as to whether a district is possible and down there we will send our campaigners."

"Pussyfoot" Johnson handed me a list of the organizations he proposes "getting behind." They embrace the entire United Kingdom, and include legislative, general, sectional, religious, friendly, women's, juvenile, educational, philanthropic, county and district, the Church, as well as branches of the alliance. "We are going to co-ordinate the effort of all these organizations," he said, "and get one big punch out of them."

Asked if employers of labor in the United States had quite a lot to do with employes going "dry," "Pussyfoot" Johnson replied, "Oh, yes; we got behind the big employers and showed them that they would get greater efficiency and greater profits from "dry" workers than "wet." We propose doing the same thing here. That is one of our principal points."

**Buying Newspapers.**

Then we talked about the cinema. "Pussyfoot" Johnson said the cinema had been a great friend to them. "We are getting films across here, ordinary strong dramas, all leading up to one idea."

"What about getting behind a few newspapers?"

"Well, we have got thirty-five newspapers over in the States. We buy one here and there when it is a paying policy. I suppose we may do the same here eventually. It's going to be a long battle. We are prepared to stay years."

"How about getting behind business connected with non-alcoholic drinks, such as lemonade and cocoa?"

"Well, some of our greatest helpers were proprietors of 'soft' drinks. Naturally they come in."

"Have you approached any 'soft' people over here yet?"

"Really, you are asking things," he said with a smile.

He is anxious to point out that everything will be done in Great Britain via the British temperance organizations already existing. The Anti-Saloon League is not interfering directly in British domestic institutions. It is, however, going to solve what has apparently been the temperance organizations' greatest difficulty till now—finance.

### *Is a Real Dream Dancer*

[From the Toronto Globe.]

Madame Caro-Campbell, who is to appear at a series of matinees in London, is a "dream dancer." It is claimed she has no technical knowledge of dancing, but that it was discovered in 1910, when she was treated for insomnia, that she had a peculiar subconscious faculty for reacting to music. This faculty has been developed, and under—so we are told—hynotic influences she gives interpretation to any music which is played or sung in her hearing.

At a private performance at the theater medical men were invited to go on the stage and examine the dancer while she was in a state of trance. No doctor accepted the invitation and the hypnotic condition had therefore to be taken "on trust." What the audience saw was a fair-haired girl in a short apple green gown and dancing sandals who collapsed on the stage after her husband had held her hands and stared into her eyes for about thirty seconds. She remained inanimate until a pianist and a 'cellist began to play. Then she rose and gave a rather attractive exhibition of eurythmics. When the music stopped Madame Caro-Campbell assumed a rigid pose, and held it until the orchestra played the last sad chord of the "Valse Triste," by Sibelius.

Interpretations of Dvorak's "Humoresque," a twilight song. Rachmanioy's most familiar prelude, and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," followed, with variety in the form of the dancer's response to a dramatic recitation by Mr. Hubert Carter. At the end of each item there was a new tensely held pose until melody restored movement to madame's limbs and facial muscles. After the performance had gone on for about forty minutes the dancer was "awakened."

### *The Sundowner*

[Will H. Oglivie in the King's Highway.]

And there, a lone pathetic figure on the river road of the Australian bush, is the swagman, the sundowner —thus picturesquely named because of his habit of arriving at a homestead exactly as the sun goes down, and so insuring that he will be offered rations and a place to camp should he desire it. There he stumbles in the crossing wheel tracks, Australia's tramp and wanderer, with an individuality of his own which marks him out from all the wayfarers of the world.

The gray dust of the plains is on his bronzed and bearded face, on his simple dress of Crimean shirt and moleskin trousers, on his rough unblackened boots, on his blanket bundle strapped across his shoulders, on his swinging billy can and dangling ration bags. He carries no staff or stick, but instead a light switch, broken from a wilga tree or buddah bush, with which to brush away the myriad persistent flies which follow him in a dancing cloud.

At his heels is a dog which may be the veriest mongrel, or may be a champion sheep dog of purest pedigree and worth anything up to 50 pounds. His day's march may be two miles or twenty, according to the goal which he has set himself to reach as the sun goes down. Sometimes he will camp for a day or a week or a month in a bend of the river. Time is of no account to the sundowner on the river road.

## No Wonder Germany Quit

NUMBER FORTY SEVEN.

"One day shortly after we went in the trenches I got a report that a Boche sniper was making life miserable for one of my combat groups," said Major Frank C. Mahin, of the Army Recruiting Station, 325 Market St., Harrisburg. "I promptly went down to see what was happening. The entrance to this particular combat group was through a tunnel which led into an old mine crater. The mine crater had been 'consolidated' and during the day had a garrison of three men which was increased at night. As sniping has a tendency to get men's goats I stopped in the mouth of the tunnel for a minute to see how my three men were taking things. I found one man sleeping peacefully in the bottom of the crater, a young kid barely eighteen was sitting on the firing step smoking a cigaret quite calmly. But the third man was the character. He was a big, lanky Tennessee mountaineer about six feet five inches tall. He was sitting on top of the parapet with his back against a sand bag, intently studying the Boche lines. Crack! went a bullet right past him: he never moved. Half a minute passed and crack went another bullet. About that time the young boy got up and peeped over the top of the parapet. The big man looked down at the boy, squirted a stream of tobacco juice out of one corner of his mouth and remarked 'kid! you better git down from thar or you'll git hurted in a minute.' I then and there decided that it would take more than a Boche to get these men's goats, so I asked my friend on the parapet if he had spotted the sniper yet. He answered that he had gotten him approximately located and felt fairly sure he was in a certain spot and that as soon as he was certain of the spot he would up and drill the blankety blank fool: and further that he ought to be shot for trying to shoot an American without first learning how to shoot a rifle properly. Eventually we got the sniper, and that before any of our men were hit. I made that big mountaineer, whose name I found was Marzy Smith, a corporal, and put him on the scout platoon. Marzy was well suited for patrolling as his legs were so long he could step over quite a fair sized barb wire entanglement and if it were too big to step over he was so thin he could crawl through. As I expected, Marzy rapidly became one of my crack scouts. He was utterly devoid of nerves and his one ambition in life was to 'get' Boche. Week after week Marzy led his patrols over into the Boche trenches every night, and the Boche suffered. Pistols, grenades, buckshot from sawed-off shotguns, accounted for many a Hun. Then Marzy developed a new ambition and that was to see what one of the triangular bladed trench knives would accomplish when jabbed up to the hilt in a Boche body. And it was then our valiant scout began to have his troubles. It seemed as though every Boche knew what he was trying to do and had decided that his was not the carcass upon which the 'crazy American' was to be allowed to experiment. Marzy didn't want to shoot because it would not be a fair experiment on a dead on wounded man, so he tore uniform after uniform into an unrecognizable mass of rags crawling through the wire to get close enough to stick a Boche. There was a Boche listening post, in particular, that Marzy tried to get into night after night, but invariably the Boche would hear him and beat it before he got through the wire. Finally Marzy explained his failure, briefly but hopefully. He said, 'you knew them damn Boches knew every bend and turn in their trenches. When I takes out after one of them in his own trench he knows the turns and gets around them, but in the dark I rams head on into every damn traverse, which slows me down and them Boches gets away. Some night I am going to take out after a fat one instead of the skinny ones I have chased before, and that fat fellow ain't going to be able to turn so quick like and then I can put in a report as to how well the old knife really works.' Do you wonder the Hun disliked the Yanks?"

### *Bless 'is 'Eart*

While the Prince of Wales is over here all true patriots will have tea and jam at 5 o'clock every afternoon, just as a sort of silent tribute to him.

## Evening Chat

While paying homage to the memory of those who fought and bled and suffered for America during its early history, and more especially those who settled this section of Pennsylvania, Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, of McElhattan, Clinton county, Prof. Nevin Moyer, a local historian, residing near Linglestown, Dauphin county, Oliver D. Schock, of Hamburg, Berks county, and several others, visited many of the old forts and quaint and interesting colonial and revolutionary day homes quite recently.

Incidentally, the grave of one of the last surviving Indians who now lies buried within the shadow of the largest and tallest rock formation known on the mountains north of Dauphin, near the Susquehanna River, was visited after much arduous climbing through and among entangled brush and rocks.

After climbing to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, a scene of indescribable grandeur greeted those who braved the dangerous ascent of the massive boulders, as a rich reward. Near the base of one of the largest rocks several almost fully developed, creamy-white, silky-fleeced, young turkey buzzards stood guard to an entrance leading to a cave behind the rocks. When approached too closely, their bills clattered noisily and the birds hissed defiance, but they finally retreated inside of the opening leading into a large chamber.

One of the more courageous and more lightly built members of the party squeezed through the narrow opening when he was attacked by the young buzzards. Upon being handed a club and making a search, five young buzzards were to be seen, but they sought safety under the rocks many feet distant from the opening, and could not be captured.

* * *

Prof. Rothrock, of the State museum, stated that it was unusual to find nests of these birds in this section. None of the members had ever before seen them breeding. As an ornithological study, they were of special interest. In the meantime, the parent birds were sailing overhead, but did not molest the party who had no intention to harm the birds.

"The day's trip was replete with scenes of great beauty and historic interest, and Dauphin county's citizenship certainly lacks appreciation," remarked one of the members of the party to the Telegraph representative.

* * *

Lieut. Col. Edward Schell, head of the committee that put Army food on sale in Harrisburg at reduced prices, has had ample training for the work. He was for years one of the Quartermaster experts of the National Guard and made a splendid reputation as Major under Colonel James B. Kemper, with the old Eighth Regiment at the Mexican border, afterward being in charge of a depot there during the war, and later serving in a similar capacity in France, being promoted to Lieutenant Colonel for general efficiency.

* * *

Frank Davenport, Shirley B. Watts, Norris S. Longaker, Lee Moss and C. Floyd Hopkins, of the Rotary Club, entertainment committee, have announced "tall doings" for that organization September 9. "It's a dark secret," said Davenport yesterday. "We're not going to tell a single soul what we are going to do, but I'll bet every member of the Club will be on hand to find out. Talk about curiosity! Rotarians beat women at that."

### *Unprecedented Publicity*

[From the Phila. North American.]

Like every other development in the controversy over the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations, the arranging of to-morrow's conference at the White House is hailed by both sides as a brilliant strategic victory.

Partisans of the President exultantly declare that the stiff-necked opponents of his policy have been brought to heel by his stern attitude. Then Senators, say the chief administration organ, have agreed "to stop behaving like spoiled children," and will discuss matters with President Wilson, "which is what they ought to have done five weeks ago."

Those who stand for the protection of American rights in the League covenant also express satisfaction, and with reasons somewhat more substantial. They have never objected to receiving enlightenment from President Wilson upon the prolonged, secret and momentous negotiations he conducted in Paris. For nine months, on the contrary, they have employed every resource of argument and appeal in efforts to draw from him a satisfactory account of his mission and convincing reasons why the United States should make, as he recommends, "the supreme sacrifice, without counting the cost." Far from repelling his confidence, they have invited, implored and demanded it.

What they would by no means consent to was a repetition of the procedure at the White House dinner of last February, at which Mr. Wilson gratified his guests with some agreeable rhetoric, but gave them no real information whatsoever, and which was designated as a social gathering held under the seal of confidence. Their position was that the principle of "open covenants openly arrived at" had had sufficient demonstration in the secret proceedings at Paris, and that the processes of ratification, at least, should be carried out in the public view.

### *The Blue Jay*

In the mornin', when the redbird's overflowin' with delight,
And a pourin' out his praises cause the world's so sweet an' bright,
Master Blue Jay hops up briskly to a seat on the same tree,
An' he scolds: "This noisy redbird is a gittin' more than me."

When the sun's a little higher, an' Jack Wren has fed his wife,
Then he sings before her door like he was singin' fur his life;
But the Jay, he looks disgusted an' he jangles out of key:
"This cock's not so big as I be, yet he's gittin more than me."

Through the sultry summer noontide, when all critturs seek the shade,
An' we're tacklin' in the pantry pies an' doughnuts ma has made.
This aspirin' fowl peeks in at us an' clatters: "Hully Gee!
I despise these human beins, fur they're gittin' more than me."

In the evenin' the swamp blackbird gurgles in the settin' sun,
All the world is smilin' peaceful, like as when 'twuz first begun.
But the Blue Jay scolds and jabbers, independent as can be:
"Seems like everything in Natur wuz a-gittin' more than me."

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.