

The Star-Independent

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Friday, October 23, 1914.

OCTOBER

Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

MOON'S PHASES— Full Moon, 4th; Last Quarter, 12th; New Moon, 19th; First Quarter, 25th.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Harrisburg and vicinity: Fair to-night and probably Saturday. Warmer to-night.

Eastern Pennsylvania: Fair and warmer to-night. Saturday fair, warmer in east portion. Gentle to moderate east to south winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURE IN HARRISBURG Highest, 76; lowest, 53; 8 a. m., 73; 8 p. m., 36.

NOT FIGHTING AWAY BUSINESS

We do not believe stories that are being circulated in some quarters that there is a deliberate effort on the part of big manufacturers and big business men generally to make business worse than it otherwise would be for the sake of advancing the interests of this party or that, in the present political campaign. It may be true that in some few cases big corporations are concealing the amount of business they are doing with the hope of gaining thereby some advantage for a particular party, but as for these corporations, in any large number, deliberately closing down their mills or refraining from trying to develop new business until after election day,—that is all bosh.

Everybody recognizes that the war in Europe has had a depressing effect on the business of the whole world in which this country, of course, must share, at least temporarily; but the idea that American business men are setting about purposely to make business worse at this more or less critical period is absurd from any viewpoint.

American business men want business. They are not fighting it away. The possible advantage that may be gained by a corporation through the election of one candidate or another cannot in any way be measured with the disadvantage to that corporation of its mills being idle or running at reduced capacity.

Patriotic business men,—and we are not so pessimistic as to take the view that any great number of them lack patri,—are doing everything they know how to do to overcome the setback to business that the war has been responsible for. And their efforts are rapidly bearing fruit, one of the most convincing signs of which is a statement obtained from the New York Custom House yesterday showing an increase of almost \$12,000,000 in exports from that port in the last 28 days as compared with the same period in 1913 when there was no war.

AN UNDERTAKER'S HARD LUCK

It is hardly to be expected that the general public will sympathize greatly with the New York undertaker who says dull business has prevented him from paying the thirteen weeks' alimony for which his wife has brought action pending a suit for separation. The defense submitted to the Supreme Court justice by Undertaker A. L. McCormick's lawyer states that health conditions are so good in Manhattan at present that the funeral directors are suffering, and points out that the 880 undertakers in the city had opportunities last week to get only 128 funerals, because of the remarkably low death rate.

The lawyer says he has found that some of the New York undertakers follow ambulances to the hospitals in their earnest efforts to get business, thus pursuing tactics of the ambulance-chasing lawyers in that great city. Undertakers and lawyers in New York even have agreements, he asserts, to profit jointly by the death in hospitals of persons injured in accidents, the lawyer getting an action for negligence and the undertaker getting the funeral. The attorney shows that these conditions make it much more difficult for his client to get business.

In ending his plea, McCormick's lawyer requests that if the undertaker be found guilty of contempt

of court, he be sent to jail for not more than three months, so that he would be released in January, when sanitary conditions may not be as good as they are now, and the undertaker's business may be more brisk.

It appears that the unfortunate undertaker was greatly handicapped by his wife who, he alleges, put him out of the house and took his embalming implements, just because he stayed at the morgue late at night watching for possible funerals. In this particular the New York undertaker's plight is a sad one. As an individual in hard luck he has our sympathy. As an undertaker without funerals he deserves no commiseration. Business depression among funeral directors is a happy condition of affairs for humanity.

The undertaker in "Oliver Twist" had his times when "coffins were looking up." There are periods of prosperity for funeral directors, certainly, and when death has to come these gentlemen in black are indispensable. When an undertaker's business is dull, however, persons are not inclined to wish him better times, even though he has alimony payments coming due.

It was, perhaps, too much to hope that Congress would adjourn last evening as was confidently predicted.

It will take more than a "force bag" to elect some candidates to office. The "dough bag" may prove more effective.

While reading of the horrors of the European war we must not lose sight of the fact that football is claiming its accustomed quota of victims.

Stock Exchange seats are to be had now at the bargain price of \$34,000 each. Even at that there does not appear to be any riotous rush to get them.

Those inclined to doubt that Colonel Roosevelt can wield the big stick as effectively when he comes to Pennsylvania this year as he has done in years gone by might recommend that he buy a "force bag."

TOLD IN LIGHTER VEIN

HARD IN HIM

Wife—"Do you recollect that once when he had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be?" Hubby—"Yes, my dear." Wife—"Oh, Tom, how little did I know you then."—Exchange.

TOO BAD! TOO BAD!

A news dispatch reports that the Sultan of Zanzibar has just arrived in Paris, with 13 wives and only \$5. He was heard to remark that "War is hell!"—Judge.

TEMPUS FUGIT!

I placed my watch on a table; 'Twas wondrous to run till dawn. Next morning, when I looked for it— Was't going. Nay; 'twas gone!—Judge.

HIS REASON

His sister sought to console William. "Cheer up," she said. "Maggie has treated you badly, but you will soon forget her." "No, I shan't," said William, gloomily; "not for a long time yet. All the jewelry I bought her was on the easy payment installment system."—Exchange.

REALISM

"I must insist, Mr. Stager," said the pompous actor to the manager, "on having everything real in every scene of the play." "Very well," said the manager, "if you insist on that you will be supplied with real poison in the death scene."—Exchange.

PROPER METHOD

Weedy-Looking Youth (to well-known pugilist)—"I want to learn the art of self-defense. It's very difficult, isn't it?" Pugilist—"Oh, no; quite easy to a man of your physique. All you have to do is to keep a civil tongue in your head."—Exchange.

EXPLAINED

"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces." "She's got a beau in the parlor," growled pa, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."—Pittsburgh Post.

TWO ARTISTS

"This pianist has wonderful power. He can make you feel hot or cold, happy or morose, at will." "That's nothing new. So can our janitor."—Canadian Courier.

THE ARMY MULE

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident he had laughed the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know; but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're going to git on, I'll git off.'"—Exchange.

IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE

At the orphan asylum the childless Mrs. Hathway, who had selected an infant for adoption, suddenly showed trepidation. "Will I have to keep the baby if it doesn't suit my husband?" she asked hesitatingly. "Of course you won't have to keep it," responded the accommodating matron. "You can bring the child back and exchange it any time. We're not arbitrary, like the stork."—Judge.

THE BISHOP'S WELL WISHES

The Bishop of London, speaking recently, said that churches did not drop down from heaven any more than bishops, though a little girl in his congregation, evidently under that delusion, had recently said to her mother during a tiring sermon: "I am tired now, mother; can't the Bishop go back to heaven?"—Exchange.

RATHER GOOD

A missionary in China once mentioned to a mandarin that he had great difficulty in remembering faces among the Chinese. "I'm getting over it now," he said, "but in the beginning you all looked as much alike as two peas." "Two peas?" said the mandarin, smiling. "But why not say two queues?"—Exchange.

THE GLOBE

BLAZES THE TRAIL



[It is so much easier to follow than to lead—so much easier to be a sheep than a bell-cow—so much easier to travel a beaten path than blaze a trail all your own.

Talking about values and giving values are vastly different things. For many years THE GLOBE has been recognized as the LEADER for VALUE-GIVING in Ready-Tailored Clothes for Men and Young Men of discerning taste.

We present a far greater variety of styles, fabrics, weaves and colorings to choose from than most stores—and making a comparison quality for quality and style for style will prove that THE GLOBE VALUES are without equal at

\$15—\$20—\$25

Every suit, top coat or Balmacaan at the above prices is a strictly hand-tailored garment—the fabric all-wool—designed by America's foremost designers and guaranteed in every detail of fit, finish and wearing quality.

A Sale of Neckwear at 25c

Wide open-end Four-in-hands in plain colors and the smartest Autumn shades and combinations—pure silk—worth much more.

Manhattan Shirts \$1.50

The king of all "classy" shirts—appeal particularly to discriminating men. Prettiest patterns ever shown in negligee, pleated or short, dicky bosoms—soft and laundered cuffs—coat style.



Extra Values--- For the Boys

"GLOBE-SPECIAL" \$5

Two-Pants Suits at . . . Economy wise mothers know that these are suits that give double wear—render double service. Made of strong, sturdy fabrics—handsomely tailored—pants lined throughout. Truly remarkable values when you consider their exclusive style merit and guaranteed quality. Others would ask \$6.50 for such suits.

Right-Posture Suits at \$7.50

A healthy boy means a strong, robust man. RIGHT-POSTURE SUITS help boys to grow straight and strong. In the back of the coat is a patented device that keeps shoulders back and chest out. A fortunate purchase brings us a limited number of these famous suits to sell at \$7.50. They are \$10.00 values.

Dr. Janeway Health Underwear

Made of light weight soft finish natural worsted—comfortable to the skin—quickly absorbs perspiration and leaves the body perfectly dry. They have undergone a shrinking process, making them invincible to the tub. Regular and stout sizes.

\$1 and \$1.50 the Garment

Their Never Were Nobbier Hats—

The snappy, smart, new ideas in Fall headgear are here. Hats of marked character and distinction—fashioned for men who want something different. The Motor hat,—a new Stetson creation, now has the call.

"Our Own" Hats at \$2.00
Schoble Hats at . . . \$3.00
Stetson Hats at . . . \$3.50

Tongue-End Topics

Walking at Public's Expense

If you are tired of working and are in excellent health take a walk at the expense of the general public. It is easy. Lots of people are doing it and that in itself is proof enough that it beats a work-a-day life in a factory or office. To Mart out all you do is this: Have the chief of police or the mayor of your town write you this kind of a letter:

"This certifies that John Jones and William Smith, of Smithport, have started to walk to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, on this day, October 23, 1914, hoping to be there in time for the opening of the exposition."

Live on Postcard Sales

It is understood that you have no money, being out of work, so you decide to sell postcards to provide the wherewithal to purchase food on the road. You dress in a khaki suit and hang a knapsack on your back, have your picture taken and printed on several thousand postcards and start out. The sale of these will keep you in spending money until you reach the Exposition where you can find work and have a good time. If you are lucky enough to make more food money you can ride on a train, forgetting your ambition to walk the entire distance. The matter of transportation depends on the generosity of the public.

Many of Them Visit Harrisburg

That is the general plan. It does not sound altogether alluring but hundreds are adopting it, so it must be profitable and enjoyable. Any chief of police can testify as to the numbers who are working the game. If a day passes over Harrisburg's head that a pedestrian bound for the Exposition does not darken our doors that day is the exception. A note like the above one is presented to Chief of Police Hutchison on an average of seven times a week with the accompanying request that he give the bearer a permit to sell postcards in the city. Chief Hutchison

is opposed to putting any such person on the streets and refuses to go on record as endorsing any such scheme, and tells the pedestrians so. However, with permission or not, they go about selling cards to get funds to take them to the next city. It may be that Harrisburg is unfortunate in this respect, being on a direct route west, for we get so many of them. This city is so far East that few of the walkers give up the project before they reach here. Many do give up before they cross the mountains between here and Pittsburgh—

How They Go West

From Harrisburg they start West by the Cumberland Valley route afterward hitting the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, again. Most of them have been in Philadelphia, which is a poor city to work,—the pedestrians make no bones about telling how conservative Philadelphia is in the matter of giving them aid,—and they try to make up for it in Harrisburg. The majority of them come from New York State and a few from New Jersey. They never reach a city that they do not discover that a great many others are working the same scheme to make a living, so they vary the game a trifle to make it appeal to the general public at whose expense they are making a living. One pair, a man and woman, are walking West on their honeymoon; another fellow has an Eskimo dog and is on a 100,000 mile journey, he says; several more, from a foreign clime, are rolling a big barrel across the country; a blind man has a dog leading him; scores more are doing the walk on wagers; the great majority, however, are selling postcards hoping to get West by the sale of them. No matter how they vary their excuses, they are all in the same class so far as the police are concerned.

Not What Greeley Meant

Walking on a wager seemed to be the big thing several years ago but no inquirer could discover who made the wager. The money at stake always was in the thousands of dollars, the most used figure being \$10,000. In order to win the wager it was necessary to get the signature of the mayor of every State Capitol or the Governor of the State to a paper. That was a good start but mayors and Governors got

tired of signing papers every other day and that soon ended the wager business, so now the pedestrians just start out with a supply of postcards and hope to make expenses by the sale of them. It is a safe bet that hundreds of young men are taking Horace Greeley's advice and it is also a safe bet that Horace Greeley did not mean that the young men should "go West" at the expense of the public.

OUR ARMY GETS A THRILL

Excited Over Sudden Order for March in Fighting Trim

Washington, Oct. 23.—Officers and soldiers at Fort Myer and the Washington Engineer Barracks had a thrill yesterday morning when they received an unexpected order to get into their fighting clothes and proceed in heavy marching order to Beaconvoir, on the Potomac, fifteen miles below Washington. The excitement died out when word went down the line that the sudden orders were given for the sole purpose of testing the rapidity with which the commands could get under way in the event of a call for quick action.

DYING BY INCHES; CHEERFUL

Henry Bullock Still Resists Bichloride of Mercury Poisoning

White Plains, Oct. 23.—Although Henry Bullock, of Chappaqua, swallowed four bichloride of mercury tablets with suicidal intent and is slowly dying by inches, he is very cheerful and the physicians of St. Agnes hospital marvel at his nerve. It was four days ago that Bullock swallowed the tablets, ordinarily enough to kill two men, but he remains in about the same condition, though very weak.

The City and the Child

New York City—the length and breadth of Manhattan—and Boston, from the Fenway in three directions to the water front, are as unfit for a child to grow up in as the basement of a china store for a calf. There might be hay enough on such a floor for the calf, as there is doubtless air enough on a New York City street for a child. It is not the lack of things—not even air—in a city that renders life next to impossible there. It is rather the multitude of things. City life is a three-ringed circus, with a continuous performance and interminable side shows and peanuts and pink lemonade. It is jarred and jostled and trampled and crowded and hurried, and it is overstimulated, spindling and premature.—Suburban Life.

Necessity invents some things which ought not to be.

BREAKS INTO JAIL; NO JOKE

Bernstein Finds It Easier to Get Into Tombs Than Out

New York, Oct. 23.—Hyman Bernstein, 526 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, strolled into the Tombs prison yard yesterday. He was the first man that ever voluntarily walked into the jail with a batch of prisoners.

He had been a spectator in the General Sessions court rooms. When thirty-five prisoners were sent back to the prison in charge of Deputy Sheriffs Miller, Jacobs and Levy, he decided to go with them. He walked over the Bridge of Sighs with the chain of men, and began sauntering about the yard on a sightseeing tour. Warden Hanley, who was receiving the prisoners, noticed him walking apart from the handcuffed line and seized him.

"I just followed the crowd," Bernstein explained. "I thought they were all going to the street." He was locked up in cell 39, formerly occupied by Father Hans Schmidt, while a census was taken to assure Warden Hanley that Bernstein had actually entered innocently. Then he was released with a warning not to walk into the Tombs again, as it was not an amusement resort.

WOES OF THE POOR RICH

How the Wife of One Wealthy Man Got Her Spending Money

In the American Magazine, in a story by Rebecca Hooper Eastman, is a satire on the poor rich, in which the wife of a wealthy man tells us follows how she gets hold of her spending money:

"Kitty, dear, I can't bear that you should misjudge me, and so I am going to tell you what not a soul in this world knows. I have absolutely no money and no way of getting any. My husband doesn't think it is necessary for me to have money when I can charge things. I owe you a dollar. You think I have forgotten, but I have not. And I am going to pay you—when I can.

"I want to tell you that I have just discovered a way to make money. You see, I have borrowed so many small sums for tips and car fares that I am quite in debt. "We have one of the finest cooks in New York, as you know, and I order him to make cakes. He thinks they are for a bazaar. In reality I sell these cakes at a certain woman's exchange for \$1 a loaf, cash, Kitty. I leave my car at a nearby hotel, walk through the hotel to the exchange on the next street, wear a plain suit and a thick veil, which I put on in the hotel dressing room. Nobody knows."