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Wednesday, January 27, 1915. JANUARY calendar table with columns for Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thur, Fri, Sat. MOON'S PHASES: Full Moon, 1st, 30th; Last Quarter, 8th; New Moon, 15th; First Quarter, 23rd.

MARTY AND VANCE MAKE UP. And now we have it from no less of an authority than the Harrisburg "Patriot" that when Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, Governor of the State, and Vance C. McCormick, his unsuccessful competitor for that high office, met yesterday for the first time since the campaign, neither tried to hit the other in the eye with a handful of mud.

THE ERSTWHILE RIVALS IN THE BITTER CAMPAIGN FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP came together in the Capitol at the meeting of the board of trustees of State College, of which Mr. McCormick is a member, and we are told "everything was harmonious."

POLAND'S TROUBLES GROWING. Bad as conditions are reported to be in Belgium, the assertion is made by several Polish refugees who have recently arrived in this country that there is now even more misery in Poland. The men were overjoyed, it is said, when they learned that a Polish relief committee was at work raising funds for the benefit of non-combatants in the unfortunate land.

people anyway ever to have exhibited much loyalty toward the countries which have annexed them. It is only natural that Polish refugees should look expectantly for help to America, the country which is so nobly responding to the calls for relief from Belgium and which is not deaf to urgent cries from other quarters where war has been making misery among men, women and children guiltless of any participation in the actual fighting.

**NOW FOR THE WAR RELICS** The first of the relics of the European war, which will doubtless soon find their way to this country in great numbers, have arrived in New York where they are on exhibition. There is a battered Bavarian helmet to the straps of which cling several hairs from the head of the unfortunate wearer who is now presumably a corpse. Then there is a French helmet, found after the battle of August 24 at Dinant, surrounded by about forty other pieces of interest including weapons and articles of dress.

One of the most interesting of the exhibits must be the aeroplane arrow, a pointed piece of steel which when dropped from an aircraft gains great velocity and means instant death to any living thing it may happen to strike. If these arrows are used to any extent during the war they should become rather plentiful as relics. Of all the curious things which might be picked up to-day on European battlefields only a small part will be preserved. Relics always go to waste while the event which produces them is taking place.

It is not unlikely that when relics of the present war begin to pour into our country, as pour they will, there will be a lively demand for specimens, coming from persons who are in the habit of collecting such things. And then, while these enthusiasts are proudly labeling their acquisitions, there will probably come into prominence those unemotional individuals who look at treasured relics contemptuously and ask "What are they good for?"

Battered helmets or mutilated weapons or tattered letters found on battlefields these days may not be of any practical use to future possessors, yet they will be things worth owning, for, if unquestionably genuine, they will be precious solely by reason of the contact they had with the greatest war in history.

Look your prettiest, girls! The state "movie" men are here and they may snap your picture. So long as Senate recesses are so long we can say "so long" to hopes for a brief legislative session. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is proving to the country that a rich man's son is not in all cases a useless member of society.

**TOLD IN LIGHTER VEIN** "What are you cutting out of the paper?" "An item about a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets." "What are you going to do with it?" "Put it in my pocket."—Exchange.

**GETTING BACK AT HIM** An army officer's wife wrote to an R. A. M. C. officer saying her child was suffering during teething; she addressed the letter "Dr. Brown." The recipient returned it with the remark that he should be addressed "Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Brown." Whereupon the lady wrote back: Dear Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant Colonel Brown—I am sorry about mistake.—Yours, May Jones. P. S.—Please bring your sword to lance baby's gums.—Sketch.

**HIS LUCKY ESCAPE** "Let me out of this building!" exclaimed the book agent. "What's your hurry?" inquired the elevator man. "Don't you try to get me into conversation? I used to think that sign, 'No solicitors allowed in this building,' was a slight. But it's a blessing and a safeguard. I'm a good book agent, but I don't want to do any more business around here." "Haven't you sold anything?" "Not a volume—and I came pretty near buying 500 shares of mining stock."—Exchange.

**ALPHABET OF NEW DANCES** Awfully attractive; Boldly begun. Carpingly criticized; Daringly done. Easily enmied; Fearfully fly! Gracefully gyrated; Horribly high. Impishly innocent; Joyously jump. Kickedly kittenish; Luringly limp. Merrily mischievous; Naughtily nice! Obesity's order; Propriety's price. Quietly questioned; Rampantly railed. Sinuous serpentine; Twinklingly trailed. Undue undulations; Virtuously veiled. Willow wavered; Xpertly expressed. Young yielding youthfulness; Zigzagging zest. —Carolyn Wells in Life.

**Tongue-End Topics** Rivals in "Pottery" Business "Billy" Gallagher, reading clerk in the Senate, and Kenneth L. M. Pray, recently press agent for the Democratic State committee, are rivals in the "pottery" business. Mr. Gallagher, as assistant secretary of the Republican State committee, prepares weekly a political letter of legislative doings from a Republican standpoint, which is sent to rural Republican newspapers. Mr. Pray, as the Democratic information disseminator, prepares and sends out every week a news letter covering legislative matters from a Democratic standpoint. These letters are sent out as "plate" matter through a news concern in Philadelphia, and this has led the two gentlemen to be called by their associates the rival plate makers or potters.

**Rural Press Well Provided** It is Mr. Gallagher's bounden duty to tell all the good that the Republicans are doing or about to do, and at the same time point with fine scorn to the attempts of the Democratic legislators to thwart the efforts of the truly good Republicans to legislate for the best interests of the entire State; while it is the bounden duty of Mr. Pray to tell of the heroic efforts of the Democratic legislators to do that which will make this great State a happy Commonwealth and at the same time point out the shortcomings of the wicked Republicans and how they will obey the behests of what he terms "the machine." Between the two the rural press will be supplied with enough plate matter to make schrapnel for the two armies now in conflict in Europe, with the difference that nobody is hurt by its use.

**Garner Again in House** Representative Garner, of Schuykill, who was the first legislator this session to complain of misstatements in the press, was formerly a member of the House, and was then sent to Congress from his district. His constituents at the next election put a Democrat in his place in Washington, but Garner last year again tried for the Assembly and went under the wire a winner. He has ideas on various things, and he likes to talk. He will be heard from during the session.

**Brennan a Live Wire** One of the live wires on Capitol Hill during the present legislative session is not a legislator. He is George J. Brennan, of the Philadelphia "Inquirer," who is known far and wide as the political writer and legislative correspondent of that paper. Mr. Brennan has been coming to Harrisburg so long as a reporter of State conventions—now abolished—and as a legislative correspondent that he is known by many Harrisburgers. He is a prominent member of the Pen and Pencil Club, of Philadelphia, and was for several years the president of that live organization of newspaper men, and he has served as president of the Legislative Correspondents' Association. As an after dinner speaker, a wit and promoter of festivity at banquets and social gatherings he is in a class all by himself. He has few equals as a toastmaster. Personally he is known to every politician of any account in Pennsylvania, and that includes all political parties.

**A Scene Before the Mirror** What the jungle ladies of Africa lack in clothing they make up in hair adornment. Some styles are pleasing. Their hair combs are made of a very tough wood, and they need be tough, for one of the feminine customs is to put gum all through their hair to keep it in place. A very strong comb is needed to get it apart, but the women contrive somehow to do it, and as time is not money in Africa they are never in a hurry. One is not surprised to learn that sometimes it takes a woman a week to have her hair properly arranged.—Christian Herald.

**KEEP URIC ACID OUT OF JOINTS** Tells Rheumatism Sufferers to Eat Less Meat and Take Salts

Rheumatism is easier to avoid than to cure, states a well-known authority. We are advised to dress warmly; keep the feet dry; avoid exposure; eat less meat, but drink plenty of good water. Rheumatism is a direct result of eating too much meat and other rich foods that produce uric acid which is absorbed into the blood. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this acid from the blood and cast it out in the urine; the pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of this impurity. In damp and chilly cold weather the skin pores are closed thus forcing the kidneys to do double work, they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate the uric acid which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles causing stiffness, soreness and pain called rheumatism. At the first twinge of rheumatism get from any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is said to eliminate uric acid by stimulating the kidneys to normal action, thus ridding the blood of these impurities. Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism. Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which helps overcome uric acid and is beneficial to your kidneys as well.—Adv.

This Is the Last Week Of The Globe's Greatest Sale of Sales Never Before Was Such Dependable Clothing Sold at Such Remarkably Low Prices \$16.75 For Silk Lined Dress Overcoats That Were Regularly Values to \$25. Distinctive overcoats that appeal particularly to the conservative dressed man—of Black Thibet Cloths—handsomely lined throughout with Skinner's guaranteed silk—hand-tailored—the overcoat for every purpose. \$13.75 For Those Warm, Comfortable Chinchilla Overcoats, Worth to \$20. Blue and Gray shaggy Chinchilla overcoats with big shawl collars—Uisterette style—the overcoat that really protects you against the coldest wintry blasts. \$13.75 For Men's and Young Men's High-Grade Suits Suits of finest Silk Mixed Worsteds in neat pin stripes and nobby plaid effects—real high-character suits made by the country's best makers—individualized garments that will strike the fancy of the well-dressed man.

Buy Manhattan Shirts Now Sale Ends On Thursday Action counts now, men. If you want your share. Buy 'em to-day—former prices prevail after Thursday—note these saving prices: \$1.50 Manhattans are \$1.15 \$1.65 Manhattans are \$1.25 \$2.00 Manhattans are \$1.38 \$2.50 Manhattans are \$1.88 \$3.50 Manhattans are \$2.65 \$5.00 Manhattans are \$3.55

Signal Shirts Are Here The shirt that is dear to the heart of the railroad man—all styles—all sizes. \$1.00

**WAR RELIEF FUND GROWING** More Than a Thousand Dollars in Pledges Reported To-day by the Collectors. More than \$1,000 had been pledged or collected for the Home and War Relief fund, according to reports turned in to headquarters of the Ways and Means committee this morning, though quite a number of collectors have just begun actual collecting work to-day. Statements of the need for the work and the operation of the various departments, affording relief, both at home and abroad, have been circulated by the canvassers, who will cover their districts again to secure contributions or pledges. Additional volunteers reporting for the Hill district are named by the neighborhood executive committee to-day: They are: Miss Elizabeth Killinger, Mrs. Helen S. Andrews, Miss Gertrude Heindelinger, Miss Ruth Heffelinger, Miss Jean Allen, C. W. Beyer, Miss Marion Mumma, Miss Pearl Yohn, Miss Grace Sigler, Miss Helen Heckert, Miss Clair Hishane, Miss Sarah Shireman, Miss Anna Dugan, Miss Esther Henry, Miss Margaret Arndt. ONE VIEW OF BISMARCK His Love of Music and His Dislike of Wagner as a Man Talking of the arts Bismarck said: "Of music I am very fond, but now I have to abstain from hearing it because tears come only too readily into my eyes. My heart is stronger than my head. Indeed, what self-control I have been bought by experience." Many instances occurred during our conversations which gave the truth to this assertion. The extreme mobility of his countenance and the various shades of expression which passed over it told of a sensitive, emotional temperament. "But I have a fire within me, still which burns at times with fury." Upon that I asked, "Are you in reality the iron chancellor?" "No," he said, "not naturally; the iron I have created to use when necessary." And that I believe to be true. I asked him if he knew Wagner personally. "Yes," he answered, "but it was quite impossible for me to care for him or to encourage his society. I had not time to submit to his insatiable vanity. Before breakfast, at breakfast, before and after dinner, Wagner demanded sympathy and admiration. His egotism was wearisome and intolerable, and his demand for a listener was so incessant that I was obliged to avoid his company. I was too busy with my affairs to be able to give him all or even a portion of the demands he would have claimed upon my time. But I admire his music greatly, though I have been compelled to give up going to the opera because the beautiful and touching melodies I cannot get out of my head; they cling to me, and I find it difficult to release myself from them, and now it tires me to be so much moved."—From "Conversations With Prince Bismarck," by W. B. Richmond, the English painter, in North American Review.

**CLASSIC WAR POEMS** Selected by J. Howard Wert No. 3. BATTLE HYMN BY KARL THEODOR KORNER Karl Theodor Korner, when but a youth in his teens, became known throughout Germany as a brilliant poet, of impassioned expression. Born at Dresden, in 1791, from very infancy he was rocked in the cradle of stern times. Like many a brilliant scholar of to-day, battling and dying on the ensanguined fields of European carnage, he felt it his duty to respond to his country's call, when the Fatherland's sons were asked to take arms against the legions of Napoleon sweeping over Europe. At the early age of twenty-two years, his young life passed away, August 26, 1813, on a battlefield near Rosenberg. Father of earth and heaven! I call thy name! Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll; My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame; Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul. Or life, or death, whatever be the goal That crowns or closes round this struggling hour. Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower On my young fame! O hear! God of eternal power! God! thou art merciful. The wintry storm, The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb, But show the sterner grandeur of thy form; The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom, To faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely, come, As splendors of the autumnal evening star, As roses shaken by the breeze's plume, When, like cool incense, comes the dewy air, And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar. God! thou art mighty! At thy footstool bound, Lie gazing to thee, chance, and life, and death; Nor in the angel circle flaming round, Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath, Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath. Woe in thy frown, in thy smile victory! Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath; Let but these eyes my rescued country see, Then take my spirit, all Omnipotent, to thee. Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal, Forward! through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire! Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel, The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire! They shake! like broken waves their squares retire! On them, Hussars! Now give them rein and heel! Think of the orphan child, the murdered squire, Earth cries for blood! in thunder on them wheel! This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal!

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