The Star-Independent

(Established in 1876)

Published by
THE STAR PRINTING COMPANY,
Star-Independent Building,
18-20-22 South Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.,
Every Evening Except Sunday

Officers: BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, President. WM. W. WALLOWER, Vice-President. WM. K. MEYERS, Secretary and Treasurer. WM. M. WARNER, Business Manager.

Directors: JOHN L. L. KUHN. WM. K. MEYERS. WM. W. WALLOWER. V. HUMMEL BERGHAUS, JR., Editor.

All communications should be addressed to STAR-INDEPENDENT, Business, Editorial, Job Printing or Circulation Department, according to the subject matter.

Entered at the Post Office in Harrisburg as second-class matter.

Benjamin & Kentnor Company,
New York and Chicago Representatives.
New York Office, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue.
Chicago Office, People's Gas Building, Michigan Avenue.

Delivered by carriers at 6 cents a week. Mailed to subscribers for Three Dollars a year in advance.

THE STAR-INDEPENDENT
The paper with the largest Home Circulation in Harrisburg and nearby towns.

Circulation Examined by
THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN ADVERTISERS.

TELEPHONES: BELL
Private Branch Exchange. . . . No. 3280
CUMBERLAND VALLEY
Private Branch Exchange. . . . . No. 245-246

Tuesday, March 9, 1915.

MARCH

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, 1st, 31st; Last Quarter, 8th;
New Moon, 15th; First Quarter, 23d.

WEATHER FORECASTS

Harrisburg and vicinity: Fair to-night and Wednesday, with not much change in temperature.

Eastern Pennsylvania: Fair to-night and Wednesday with not much change in temperature.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURE IN HARRISBURG
Highest, 33; lowest, 30; 8 a. m., 31; 8 p. m., 32.

AMERICANS COME MARCHING HOME

A writer in the March "North American Review" begins and ends an entertaining article on "Americans Abroad" with the message Jefferson sent to Monroe from Paris in 1785:

How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of and which no other people on earth enjoy!

And yet, as the writer points out, although these precious blessings are exclusively enjoyed in the United States in the twentieth century as they were in the eighteenth, there have been living abroad multitudes not only of American artists, students, scholars and invalids but of American idlers as well, all of whom, "like passengers escaping from a burning ship," have now hurried from Europe and are again residing in their native land.

If northern Europe has been an American finishing school and southern Europe sanitarium, both sections nevertheless had before the war American residents who were neither studious nor ill; persons who were well treated by the natives because they were good spenders, but perhaps not so well thought of, since after all they were aliens and not part of the people among whom they lived.

There must have been certain pleasures in life abroad, certainly until the guns began to boom and sent all visitors scattering. Americans having their residence in Europe could enjoy the privileges of many splendid, magnificent and dignified institutions of the Old World in the establishment or the maintenance of which, chances are, neither they nor their fathers took the slightest part, while at the same time delighting in the pleasant sense of immunity coming from the evasion of income taxes due a Government much too greedy and exacting to their superior way of thinking.

Some of the refugees, driven in recent months by the war rather than by their independent inclinations, to return to the United States, may be glad to be among their countrymen again, but many, we may presume, are unwilling to come back to so dull an existence as this young republic offers them and are lamenting the fact that the war is preventing them from getting the fullest enjoyment out of life.

Americans who stay at home and support their country's institutions may not be very interesting to the refugees, may not have the broadened visions which come from traveling abroad and may not make up a particularly cultural nation,—but they are not digging any trenches or bombarding any forts and their peaceful land is at present the safest on earth.

DOGS PRESSED INTO SERVICE

Horses from this and other countries, valuable and valueless, have been transported in large numbers to the belligerent nations, where they are taking chances along with the soldiers, and now the news comes that Eskimo dogs have been imported for service in the war and also are facing death with the men. These dogs have been taken from their frigid but peaceful home in Greenland to the passes of the Carpathians where they are obediently hauling through the snow sledges containing provisions.

The services which the dogs are rendering call forth admiration. The quality of submissive servitude is one which has given the Greenland dogs value on Arctic and Antarctic exploration trips. Moreover the explorers have even found pleasant flavor in their meat when driven by last extremities to utilize the faithful creatures as food.

It is not altogether unlikely that some of the Greenland dogs will find their way to soldiers' stomachs before the winter is over, rendering service in death as well as in life, in the carrying on of the war. Times may come when troops in the Carpathians will have few provisions to be transported, and on such occasions the dogs will have no choice but to become provisions themselves.

If this continent is to supply food to the actual combatants, and help prolong the war, it can perhaps spare its dogs as well as anything. Its other food is needed urgently enough by the poor people at home and the innocent sufferers abroad.

A GOOD IDEA FROM BOSTON

Boston wants to have a world's fair, or at least the more ambitious part of Boston does. The excuse is the three hundredth anniversary in 1920 of that event which Bostonians never cease to consider with rapture, the landing of the Pilgrims. The excuse is a more than fair one, and the fair would be more than an excuse if planned by artistic Bostonians.

Some there are, it seems, who would have but a simple celebration, making of it a somewhat local affair. The landing of the Pilgrim fathers was a local affair, strictly speaking, but its influences went far beyond the confines of Massachusetts. What the occasion deserves is surely nothing less than what the founding of Jamestown got in 1907. It would even be permissible for Boston to outdo Jamestown. John Alden and Priscilla are a pair better thought of by many than John Smith and Pocahontas.

A certain architect who favors the idea of a world's fair for Boston suggests that the elements of industry, manufacture, trade and transportation be excluded, and that the exposition be confined to achievements in religion, philosophy, pure science, learning, letters, music, painting, sculpture, opera, drama and artist crafts. Anybody would recognize that idea as coming out of Boston. It is a worthy one, too, even for The Hub.

A great fair in which materialism would have absolutely no representation would be an Elysium for those fortunate individuals whose delightful thoughts are ever centered on the clouds above them rather than on the objects round about them from which they derive sustenance and support but no delight.

Not only dreamers, of course, would revel in the proposed exposition of cultural achievements, for even the most materialistic of persons often delight to dream at hastily snatched intervals when the dream stuff cannot get caught in the cogs of industry and interfere with practical matters.

The fair would be a treat to anyone with the slightest aesthetic sense, unostentatiously modeled, as suggested, after modern Venice, with a fairy city erected on artificial islands in the river basin.

We in Harrisburg certainly wish Boston success in its plans for a big time in 1920. Many of us who may not be aiding in the Panama-Pacific celebration with our presence, may, by 1920, have sufficient pennies in store to enable us properly to honor the Pilgrim fathers by running up to Boston,—so conveniently close to home,—and finding out what culture in Massachusetts and other parts of the world has been accomplishing.

Uncle Sam's chief concern is to make the Mexicans let Mexico alone.

Perhaps the new dreadnaught Pennsylvania will be launched in time for a little cruise in Mexican waters.

The resolution calling on the President Pro Tem. to wear evening clothes at all sessions of the Senate may have been inspired by the thought that there may be lady Senators in a few years.

Too bad they are not going to make the new Division street bridge wide enough to permit jitney buses to cross it on the way to Wildwood park!

A couple of months ago Governor Brumbaugh had occasion to complain about a leaky water main, but we are able to state now on good authority that the cellar at the Executive Mansion is "dry."

TOLD IN LIGHTER VEIN

OTHER MEN'S FACES HIS FORTUNE

The barber can't say his face is his fortune. He depends more on the mugs of his customers.—Detroit Journal.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE

Knicker—"How long have you known Smith?"
Bocker—"I've only known him short."—New York Sun.

STILL NECESSARY TO LOOK OUT

Statistics that automobiles injure fewer people than other vehicles will not keep pedestrians from dodging.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

COULDN'T BLAME HER

"Cleopatra's needle weighs 180 tons."

"Gosh! No wonder she preferred flirting to knitting."—Boston Transcript.

STRONG CONVICTIONS

If the Alabama Legislature had its way the people of the state would be enjoined against even dreaming of taking a drink.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

JUST THE PLACE FOR THEM

A Wisconsin man has discovered a way of planting bird shot in clams and bringing forth pearls. Pretty soon we shall be finding strings of them on the little necks.—Washington Herald.

PARTING PAINFUL

"Doppel hates to spend money?"

"I'll tell you how much. If it were possible to take gas every time he parts with a dollar, he'd take it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

Knicker—"So you think every wife should have an allowance?"

Bocker—"Certainly; otherwise there isn't anything to borrow."—New York Sun.

NEW DEFINITION

"Now, Dorothy," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped Dorothy. "A panther is a man that makths panths."—Chicago News.

Tongue-End Topics

A SEASONABLE POEM

March

By William Cullen Bryant

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wearest the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs from frost set free
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms, the sullen threat;
But, in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou brings't the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

* * *

Fake Hero Exposed

While from day to day there are reported the awards of the coveted German Iron Cross for bravery on the field, word comes occasionally of incidents of an opposite character. In this category falls the case of a private in one of the regiments sent to the eastern battle front. Just as his company was about to go into action the embryo soldier was taken ill and was given a month's furlough. He promptly appeared in Berlin with a tale of having had his horse shot from under him, of having been wounded and having been saved from dying by his watch, which he said had been shattered by the bullet. In testimony he showed a hole in his uniform. His tale was so realistic and was told with such becoming modesty that he infatuated an elderly woman, who showered gifts on him. This result in turn so went to his head that he presently appeared with sergeant's tripes—promoted by this time—and the insignia of the Iron Cross—and cut a wide swath in feminine society. Incidentally he overstayed his leave. The inevitable has just happened. Prompted by jealousy, one of his newly-acquired girl friends investigated and then promptly haled him before the police. A magistrate has decided that five months in prison will do the young man good.

* * *

Concrete Trenches Suggested

Because of the large part which trenches have played in the present war, the "Deutsches Tageszeitung" foresees tremendous development along this line of conflict. If in another 100 years the people of Europe shall again stand arrayed against one another it believes that the soldiers will do their fighting in cement-lined trenches, constructed, not by hand, but by boring machines. The nights will no longer be successive hours of miserable darkness, for the trenches will be illuminated. They will be warmed by central heating plants, either through steam or hot water, and will be properly ventilated. Through covered connecting passages, food will be carried to the soldiers at any hour, and the wounded and dead can be carried away on mechanical contrivances. Fighting on the whole will be an infinitely more scientific affair than now.

* * *

Poem—Not by Bryant

Capitol Hill Note: Senators William E. Crow, James P. McNichol and Edward S. Vare have returned from a two weeks' sojourn in Florida.

Bill and Jim and Ed,
Down to Florida fled;
They played tennis and golf,
Then said, "Now, we're off,
We'll go back and wake up the dead."

What Caused the Change.

Minister's Wife—How did you come to change the text of your sermon from "Backsliding" to "Profanity?"

The Minister—My collar button rolled under the bureau as I was dressing for church.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Thinking Shop.

Hostess—Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?

The Doctor (absentmindedly—Oh—er—let me look at it, please.—St. Louis Times.

VIVID ACCOUNT OF LA TOURAINE FIRE

Continued From First Page.

call and stood by until the fire was extinguished, left the French liner at Prawle Point, England. The French cruisers Guichen and Duptit Thouars, which also went to La Touraine's assistance, escorted her, however, as far as Cherbourg and then continued on their way. Other vessels which answered Captain Caussin's call were informed there was no need for their services and continued their trips after receiving the thanks of the liner's commander.

Captain Caussin told the story of the fire after he had taken his vessel safely to her dock.

The fire was discovered at 2 A. M., Saturday, March 6, when we were in north latitude 48.14 and west longitude 21.06," he said. "It was in the base of one of the ventilators in the boiler room. Heavy smoke found its way to the bridge, while the men in the boiler room sought to extinguish the blaze, which was not serious, in itself, I turned my attention to other parts of the ship.

"At this moment one of the night watch reported the hearing of crackling of flames forward. I ordered all the crew to their station and as the ship was in a mist I gave directions to stop the vessel in order that I might leave the bridge for the scene of the blaze. We discovered the flames eating their way towards the post-office and beginning to attack the neighboring cabins. We discovered that the flames were spreading to the partitions and flood of compartment No. 2 so as to involve a large amount of freight.

"Believing that so large a part of the cargo might take fire and finding that we were not able to deal with it easily, I decided to send out a call for aid. Meanwhile through holes made in partitions we obtained a view of the fire which then was attacking with jets of water and stream. Sunday morning, the 7th, we had mastered the blaze and the danger was past." Captain Caussin paid tribute to the coolness of his officers and crew. Owing to the early arrival of La Touraine at Havre nearly all the passengers were able to proceed to Paris on the train leaving at 5 P. M. The ship shows no external sign of the fire. It was admitted that military supplies were included in the cargo which was threatened.

Wills and Edmund Kean.

Irving used to tell with dramatic effect a story about W. G. Wills, the dramatist, who, among other services, wrote for him the play "Charles I." When Wills was a boy ten years old he was taken to see Edmund Kean play Macbeth. In the murder scene he was so affected by the realistic power of the actor that, seized with a severe attack of nausea, he hurried from the box. Ten years later he was lunching at a chop house in Fleet street when a man entered, sat down at a table near him and ordered a meal. He was a perfect stranger to Wills, who, after a few minutes' propinquity, was again seized with a fit of nausea, from which he had not suffered since as a boy he was at the theater on the occasion mentioned. He was obliged to leave the room. When some minutes later he paid his bill the waiter said to him: "Did you see that gentleman at the table near you? That's Edmund Kean."—Cornhill Magazine.

Toys During the French Revolution.

The toys of the French revolution period were characteristic of that terrible time. There are tops whose shadows cast the profile portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. These are turned in boxwood and are indeed interesting reminiscences of toys with the impress of history. The children of the revolution had their tiny Phrygian caps and danced the horrible carmagnoles in their play. Little models of the guillotine were made to "work," and the bodies of pigs with heads of Louis XVI. were decapitated. Models of the Bastille were popular. Playing cards with figures of revolutionary heroes were made when kings, queens and aristocratic knaves were taboo.—From "Toys of Other Days," by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson.

INTO THE SHADOW

BY J. HOWARD WERT

Could she come back from the shadows,
I thought she might smile again;
And say 'twas the dream of a moment,—
That dream of parting and pain.

But she drifted away in her slim canoe,
To the sweep of her slender oar,
Leaving me alone on the moss-clad bank,
Bewildered and stricken and sore.

For the shadows were rayless and ebon,
And she would return never more;
'Twas the tragedy old as the march of time
Re-enacted o'er and o'er.

And I with my heart of remorse,
And she with lips chill as steel;
In the misty future, I wonder
How such recollections feel.

When the heart is too rent to utter
That inward cry of pain,
As she rowed away in the darkness,
With a whole world black again.

Shimmer and glow you sunshine,
Beat and rebeat you rain,
But the whole world blackly still is
As I call from the shore in vain.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Star-Independent does not make itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.

Letter From Furloughed Man

Editor, the Star-Independent:

Dear Sir:—I have been a reader of the Star-Independent for six or eight years and have often wondered why it was that none of the papers here would take up the working man's side of things as they are to-day and tell the public the truth and the condition of the working man. I am a furloughed man to-day because I joined and worked for the Federated Railroad Employes.

Since I have seen the letter of Brother W. H. Pierce in your paper of last Tuesday I was somewhat surprised and now I have a little more courage and think that the Brotherhood may have a friend in Harrisburg, Pa. Hoping you will continue your well begun work I will do all I can for the paper. Please accept my most heartily congratulations, hoping your paper may live long and prosper. Yours,

George F. Hoffman,
641 Dauphin St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

March 8, 1915.