

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

Established 1831
PUBLISHED BY THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO.
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President and Editor-in-Chief
F. R. OYSTER
Secretary
GUS M. STEINMETZ
Managing Editor

Published every evening (except Sunday) at the Telegraph Building, 216 Federal Square. Both phones.

Member American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Audit Bureau of Circulation and Pennsylvania Associated Dailies.

Eastern Office, Fifth Avenue Building, New York City, Hasbrouck, Story & Brooks.
Western Office, Advertising Building, Chicago, Ill., Allen & Ward.

Delivered by carriers at six cents a week. Mailed to subscribers at \$3.00 a year in advance.

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

Sworn daily average for the three months ending May 31, 1915.

21,577

Average for the year 1914-25,213
Average for the year 1913-21,577
Average for the year 1912-21,175
Average for the year 1911-19,851
Average for the year 1910-17,495

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 1

It is said that truth is often eclipsed but never extinguished.—Livy.

THE GERMAN NOTE

GERMANY'S reply to President Wilson's note following the sinking of the Lusitania is evasive and insincere. The President is right in his conclusion that he has the full support of the American people in telling the Imperial Government it is unsatisfactory.

The German government perhaps does not understand the temper and the high principles for which the American people—which is to say the American government—stand. One semi-official Berlin newspaper tells its readers not to take our "shirt sleeve diplomacy" too seriously; that the spirit of the note as interpreted by European diplomats is far different from the language in which it is couched.

Another possible explanation is that Germany is merely trying to "save her face," as the Chinese put it. The audience which the Kaiser's ambassador has sought with the President may mean that the Imperial Government will offer to agree behind closed doors to a course it was too proud to announce through the public channels of a note for which the whole world was watching.

Five out of twelve submarines having failed at critical stages in the recent fighting test of the Atlantic fleet, Secretary Daniels has been at last convinced that there may be something the matter with the navy.

A CENTURY AFTER WATERLOO

ONE hundred years ago this month, the rapid and brief campaign which culminated in the Battle of Waterloo took place. The battle itself occurred June 18, 1815. Under the most ordinary circumstances there would be a flood of comment upon the centenary, but now, when all Europe is again at war because of militarism gone mad, just as it was a century ago, the anniversary may be expected to attract even more attention, and especial interest will attach to what is said by those best qualified to discuss in detail any of the bewilderingly large number of aspects the subject presents.

For the past ten months the territory over which the armies of Europe marched and maneuvered just prior to the clash on the historic field has echoed the tramp of armed men and the rattle of artillery, together with the whir of aircraft propellers—sounds which would create more amazement among Ney's cuirassiers and Wellington's infantrymen, if they could come back, than did the trumpeting of the elephants of Darius Codomanus among the phalangites of Alexander at Ar-

bea. But in spite of the great advance in the implements it is not apparent, at least not at the present stage of the struggle now in progress, that there has been any improvement in the art of war. Out of the welter of blood, the wreck of cities and the crash of civilization which make the war so appalling there emerges just one man who appears to have a touch of Napoleonic genius—von Hindenburg. All the rest, on both sides, seem to be the servants rather than the masters of the mighty machines that have been fabricated in order that warfare may be more efficient. A commander of first-rate talent seems to be the need of the hour in Europe. It is not too much to say that the side which first develops one will have a preponderating advantage, providing he comes forward while the contending forces are yet fairly well balanced in all other particulars. But to be of any use, he must come soon. After all, economic pressure is much more powerful in protracted wars of great magnitude than the weight of the mightiest armies and the skill of the most brilliant captains. If the Corsican had understood the principles of political economy as thoroughly as he understood the importance of having the more effective artillery at a given point and at a particular time his dream of empire might have come true.

In one detail we seem to have actually gone back since Waterloo. When Napoleon got his first army the affairs of France were in the utmost confusion. The Directory told the young commander that all it could give him was an army; how to feed it and clothe it were problems he would have to solve himself. During the nineteenth years that intervened between this inauspicious beginning and the crash at Waterloo he not only overran practically every country in Europe with the aid of a huge and expensive military establishment, but he reconstructed France from the very foundations. He found her bankrupt, disorganized, threatened on every frontier, her people starving. He restored the administrative, financial and commercial prestige of the nation and not only lifted burdens from the shoulders of the individual citizens, but made it possible for them to enjoy a degree of prosperity such as no people of continental Europe had known before. When the end came for the Emperor, France was the most illustrious, if not actually the most powerful, single country in the whole world—and was free of debt.

Debts are increasing so rapidly at the present time that many generations yet unborn will groan under the burden that is being piled up, and financiers gravely predict that no matter how the war ends the nations will be so completely exhausted that it will be impossible to exact a money indemnity from the vanquished party. The case for funded debts in the main is a strong one, but it is admitted that it is a moral wrong as well as a glaring economic error to create perpetual or even long term debts to meet current expenses. Most military expenditures are just that. It is among the possibilities that one of the consequences of the war will be sweeping changes of opinion on the whole subject of bond issues by national and subordinate governments, and it would not be surprising if there should be general agreement that each generation ought to pay for its own wars. The immediate effect of the acceptance of such a principle would be to deter nations from going to war for any but the most righteous reasons and to encourage them to reduce armaments. An ultimate effect would be widespread improvement mentally, morally and materially in people of all classes, but particularly of the masses who from the beginning of time have supplied most of the blood and treasure that has been poured out on the altar of Mars. This would be a different, a much more comfortable and an infinitely happier world if the money that has gone into public debts of all varieties in violation of the principles of sound finance had gone instead into the encouragement of industry and the development of the natural resources of the world.

And it is obvious that if the employment provided by public bond issues were curtailed along the line here suggested surplus capital would be compelled to go to work at something really constructive. But however discouraging one may find a comparison of the financial features of the struggles with which the century following Waterloo began and ended, it is the spiritual side that is apt to make us pause the longest and ponder the most. The indictment against Napoleon was that he had contempt for humanity and was ignorant of its instincts and needs; that he knew only force and in matters of thought only that which serves force; that while he re-established the finances of the French, he suppressed their liberties; that, in fine, he misunderstood all the ideas of which civilization is composed. Because of these delinquencies Europe united and drove him forth, an outlaw. But what of the present? Only one thing prevents the conclusion that humanity has been marking time for a hundred years. It is that to-day the obliquity which proved the ruin of the man who, perhaps, was the greatest military genius of all history and certainly was one of the great administrators is making its last stand. And again defeat for it is inevitable. This time victory over it promises to be complete and irrevocable. Even if the central empire win they will be compelled to face reorganization within their own lines and that, win or lose, is certain to involve ethical and political housecleaning of the most thoroughgoing character. This eventuality was predicted by some observers at the outbreak of the war and there are signs that at least such a prospect is being borne home to the consciousness of those leaders who encouraged the Germanic people to toast "The Day" and believe implicitly the brutalizing philosophy of Nietzsche and Bernhardi.

All is not well with the world by any means, but after everything is considered it is apparent that, in spite of

surface indications to the contrary, we really did advance during the century following the stirring episode which put a period to the Napoleonic era, and that the future is by no means as gloomy as it seems.

Judging by to-day, we should say that the poet who wrote "what is so rare as a day in June," knew what he was talking about and we sincerely hope that the future may justify a continuance of the opinion.

MERIT AND POLITICS
THIS from the Philadelphia Inquirer ought to be read by every voter in the land, as setting forth the attitude at Washington toward merit in office:

Fifty-one years ago Abraham Lincoln, on the recommendation of Salmon Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, placed Captain W. Howard Gibson to a position in the fiscal department of the United States. Gibson won the immediate confidence of his superiors, and he was gradually promoted until he became Assistant Treasurer of the United States in this city. He served with credit in various places under Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. But along comes the Wilson administration and ousts the man who has given more than a half century of his life to the service of his country, not to speak of the years he spent in the Union Army. Was he incompetent? Oh, no, not at all. Was he incapacitated? Not in the least. He dropped from the rolls without notice? Simply to make a place for a Democratic politician who had performed the heroic service of voting for Mr. Wilson in the Baltimore convention. Captain Gibson enjoys a double distinction. To have been appointed by Lincoln in a class with Wilson puts him in a class by himself.

If this were an isolated instance the criticism of the Inquirer might be regarded, perhaps, as overdrawn. But it is not. Ever since the Democrats assumed control at Washington merit in office has been made secondary to political reward. Men long in the service of the government and admittedly honest and efficient have been displaced to make way for relatives or henchmen of those who came into power as a result of the political accident that elected Wilson to the presidency. Colored employes have been shifted to inferior positions or thrown out entirely to create vacancies to be filled by Southern Democrats of untried ability. Veterans of the Civil War have been elbowed out of office or into menial positions in the basements for the same reasons. Merit in the eyes of the victorious Democrats appears to lie only in unquestioned and unquestioning allegiance to the Democratic machine.

News from Wyoming is to the effect that goats are unusually plentiful in the mountains of that State. This probably explains the loss of great many well known American citizens in the past year.

THE GROWTH OF HERSHEY

THE remarkable growth of the town of Hershey, where the Church of the Brethren is holding its great conference this week, is illustrated by the fact that when the Brethren met in Harrisburg a dozen years ago, Hershey consisted mainly of a swamp and a farm. To-day it is one of the show places of the country and the scale upon which its founder, M. S. Hershey, operates is shown by his erection, at a cost of \$50,000, of a great concrete and steel auditorium especially for the sessions of the visiting churchmen.

More than one successful businessman has pondered upon the remarkable developments at Hershey. The answer lies in the founder of the place himself. Hershey is the creature of the brain of M. S. Hershey—all that it is and plans to be it owes to him. It is said that he did not foresee the great success that was to be his when he established his chocolate factory at what is now the town of Hershey, but subsequent events lead one to the conclusion that if the idea of the Chocolate Town did not blossom full blown in his brain the vision was not long in developing. Hershey is too orderly, too well wrought, too carefully thought out to have been the result of the haphazard growth that has marked the mushroom construction of many another just as prosperous industrial community.

This is the month of brides and sweet girl graduates—and the bills that father has to pay.

Perhaps the Czar wants to take the P out of Prussia.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The German apology: "Sorry, but I'll do it again."—Philadelphia Ledger.
There are some things worse than war, and then again, there are some things better. The German apology printed at Philadelphia.—Chicago Herald.
If the Lusitania, as Dr. Dernburg says, was a British auxiliary cruiser, why did not the German embassy protest to the United States and raise the ship to be interned?—Springfield Republican.

THE JITNEY BUSINESS

[From the Providence Journal.]
Traffic experts would have investors against rushing into the jitney business, in the present stage of its development, although it may appear to be a flourishing one. The free-lance jitney driver believes that he is prosperous, no doubt. But the cold calculators tell us that, whereas the jitney earns between five and six cents a car mile, the cost of operation and maintenance, with all incidental fees, taxation and so on, amounts to seven cents at a conservative estimate.
If that is correct, the average jitney man is heading for bankruptcy on the high speed. The only consolation is, probably, unless experience shows him, it is pointed out by those skilled in reading the signs of the times, that profit comes from the overload, the passengers that sit in your lap, or hang on outside. But the permanency of the built to sustain such loads. Depreciation proceeds at an accelerated pace, and costly accidents occur with uncommon frequency.

A special committee of the American Electric Railway Association, which has been studying the novel competition that has suddenly confronted the street railways, concludes that jitneys are unprofitable. So, quite apart from any supposition that the public will give up the use of the street car, it is the opinion of the committee that the jitney is not here to stay. An obvious suggestion to the contrary would be the permanency of the new traffic convenience might be assured by organization of jitney interests, and the conversion of motor vehicles expressly designed for the peculiar service. From some cities already it is reported that independent jitney drivers are passing into the employ of jitney corporations, while the swarm of cars is diminishing and a few second-hand automobiles, and a willingness to take you anywhere and stop anywhere (no "jitney") no longer promises rich rewards.

All is not well with the world by any means, but after everything is considered it is apparent that, in spite of

NO, THIS IS NOT AN INMATE OF THE FUNNY WARD



Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Meetings of Republican county committees, which will be held in a number of the counties in the next six weeks are awaited with considerable interest at the Capitol because of the manner in which Governor Brumbaugh's administration will be treated. It is expected that a number of interior counties will have meetings before long to arrange for the primaries and the resolutions to be adopted will show the way the wind is blowing.

Men connected with the State government will make it their business to see that the Governor is supported, and the talk that was heard ten days ago in resentment of some of the things that happened during the session is not expected to be reflected in any extent. In counties where there is feeling it is likely that meetings will not be held until later in the year.

Announcement by friends of Senator William E. Crow, of Fayette, that he will be a candidate for United States Senator, is expected to be made this Fall. The State chairman is attending to business in the western part of the State, but will give his attention to political matters before descending any Idaho. The surety bonds required in a number of cities range from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a car, although this feature of the regulations has been bitterly fought by the

Our Daily Laugh

ALL WOMEN.
What a name would you suggest for a list of the world's greatest men?
None; after talking with my wife, I'm inclined to think there isn't any such thing.

A "NO."

Why is Mr. Kodak so gloomy looking?
He and Marie have just come out of the dark room, where he had evidently developed a negative.

HOMESPUN PARAGRAPHS

[From Trenton State Gazette]
Perhaps we were warranted in taking Italy's actions as evidence that Jane Addams' efforts in the direction of peace are just simply entertainment for Jane.
The court's decision in the Riggs' Bank case was very pleasing to Secretary McAdoo, but something else has happened. The bank is now being walked the floor for some time.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A wooden or silver spoon should always be used in preparing fruits in which there is vinegar.
To make sure there is no dampness in the clothes press and drawers, they should be aired regularly once a month.
As the odor of kerosene is very offensive to the eyes, rubbing it over window screens, screen doors and the frame-work of doors will help to keep them away.
The proper place for a refrigerator is a well-lighted, well-aired room, and the waste pipe from it should never be connected with the drain pipe. Its shelves and racks should be washed with hot soap suds and rinsed with clean hot water once a week, and the grooves and corners cleaned by using a wooden skewer. The waste pipe also wants to be cleaned with soap suds and rinsed with clear water by means of a flexible wire with a cloth attached; and after all the parts are washed they want to be thoroughly dried.—Farm Life.

HE STAYED OUT

"Did Dusty join the bakers' trust?"
"No. After seeing how much they'd diluted their stock, he said the Bible taught him to cast his bread on not into the waters."—Farm Life.

ADOPTED UNANIMOUSLY

[From the Kansas City Star.]
Resolved, that we shall abstain from where we get worked up any more over what Italy "is going to do."

REGULATING JITNEY OMNIBUS

The diversity of jitney regulation is almost as great as the variety of jitneys and nearly every Western city, where this method of travel has become popular, has taken a hand in "roping the wild jitney" as this phase of law-making is called west of the Mississippi.

The chief problem is whether to treat the jitney as a permanent or a passing mode of transportation. In some cities the matter has been treated with a seriousness indicative of a belief that the jitney will last forever and that it will become a permanent part of our urban life as the trolley car. Only last Saturday a new ordinance went into effect in San Francisco, which covered all phases of jitney regulation with the preciseness of an important franchise ordinance. Thus in that city not only must the driver furnish a \$1000 bond to indemnify anyone suffering any injury from the operation of his car, but in order to obtain a license he must appear for oral examination as to his knowledge of the traffic regulations. A graduated license fee is provided so that a car carrying five or less passengers pays \$10 a year and larger cars pay varying rates ranging up to \$40 a year for those carrying more than fifteen passengers. But the rules also provide that the police and firemen when in uniform are to have free jitney rides, that the brakes must be tested before descending any Idaho, Francisco's famous hills and that, under penalty of fine, the driver must attach a red flag whenever the pavements are slippery.

The State license fee, however, is low compared with some of the annual charges which other cities have imposed. In Boise City, Idaho, the five-passenger car pays \$75 a year and the seven-passenger car pays \$100. The surety bonds required in a number of cities range from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a car, although this feature of the regulations has been bitterly fought by the

THE HEIGHTS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
I cried, "Dear Angel, lead me to the heights,
And spur me to the top."
The Angel answered, "Stop
And set thy house in order; make it fair
For absent ones who may be speeding
Then we will talk of heights."
I put my house in order. "Now lead on!"
The Angel said, "Not yet;
Thy garden is beset
By thorns and tares; go weed it, so all
Those
Then we will journey on."
I weeded well my garden. "All is done."
The Angel shook his head.
"A beggar stands," he said,
"Outside thy gates; 'till thou hast given
heed
And soothed his sorrow and supplied
his need,
Say not that all is done."
The beggar left me singing, "Now at
last
At last the path is clear."
"Nay, there is one draws near
Who seeks like thee, the difficult highway.
He lacks thy courage; cheer him
through the mire,
Then we will cry, 'At last!'"
I helped my weaker brother. "Now
to the heights;
O guide me, Angel, guide!"
The Presence, at my side,
With radiant face, said, "Look, where
are we now?"
And lo! we stood upon the mountain's
summit,
The heights, the shining heights!

THE SPINSTER'S HINT

A maiden well advanced in years used to "what's the matter with the postman, he's a bachelor of about her age, and she said, 'I'll keep my pen!'
You talk about a milk-machine? By heck, I'm one myself!"
—Strickland Gillilan in Farm Life.

NOT FOR OUR MATERIAL BENEFIT

[From the New York World.]
It should be made plain to Carranza, Villa, Zapata and all the rest of the Mexican leaders that unless they get on deal with an intolerable situation that is of their own creation, the United States will not be forced to give up this material advantage to this country, but in the way of service to the Mexican people, please write a love letter." was her blushing reply.—London Scripps.

Evening Chat

Men connected with industrial establishments are commencing to get very busy, but in a quiet manner, to safeguard their supplies of labor when the anticipated revival of activity in iron and steel and other establishments comes this summer and some inquiries have been made in this section which indicate that they will be spurred up by plants which have been spurring to great efforts by war orders and quite a number of men have gone to other portions of the country, while others have gone to labor on farms, a line of labor with which they are familiar. Prior to the outbreak of the war thousands of men went home and have probably been drawn into the armies, but there remains a large number who stayed in this country in the hope of better times and who sensed the troublous days that have come upon the last six months. Every one of these men who have returned to fight is said by men who hire labor to be smaller than the general run of folks suppose, one of the reasons being that the men who went into the army in 1914 when the Balkan war broke out, discovered that it was no picnic. Stories that hundreds of men have gone from this section in the last six months are not untrue, but it is not happy unless he has the dog with him.

In Harrisburg, however, there is one boy who is an exception. He wants something real in a dog. This boy called at the police station the other day and had accompanied by a dog. The boy was hunting the dogcatcher. Asked why, he said: "This dog is no good. He is not even good company. When I stop he falls asleep. Every time I go out with the dogcatcher, he goes to sleep. I don't want a dog like that. Give me a dog that is a real sport. He is worse than a dead one. All he does is eat and sleep." When told that the dogcatcher was a dog, the boy said, "I don't want a dog like that. Give me a dog that is a real sport. He is worse than a dead one. All he does is eat and sleep." When told that the dogcatcher was a dog, the boy said, "I don't want a dog like that. Give me a dog that is a real sport. He is worse than a dead one. All he does is eat and sleep."

One of the things that attracted much attention about the city yesterday was the universal display of flags. It is not that every one has a flag, but it has been put to the breeze on any Memorial day in years. The display exceeded even Independence day in recent years. The flags were literally flown from almost every house and the surrounding towns reported the same display as in Harrisburg.

Another thing that attracted comment about Harrisburg yesterday was the number of automobiles driven by men whose garb proclaimed them to be members of the Brethren's denomination. Scores of machines containing whole families were to be seen about the city all heading to or from Hershey. Some of the cars came from Maryland. The Brethren have no objections to automobiles and furthermore have the money to buy them.

"More people went to the country yesterday than I have known for a long time," said one of the Livermen this morning. "And you can talk about the automobile pumping my business. Nothing of the kind. I have never had I own in use yesterday and I could have rented many more. I tell you, people will hunt shady lanes in the country and when they go to them they want the good horse and buggy."

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

Judge John B. Head, of the Superior Court, used to be judge in Westmoreland.
Dr. Carl W. Gay, of the State Livestock Sanitary Board, showed his horse at the Philadelphia horse show.
Judge Russell C. Stewart delivered the address at the new Easton high school yesterday.
Dr. J. W. A. Haas, president of Muhlenberg College, presided yesterday when a number of former students were entertained at a dinner.
George P. Adamson is the new president of the Easton Country Club.
Frank McCormick, of Wilkes-Barre, is at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.
Congressman Lewis T. McFadden, of Canton, spoke to the Blair county bankers at their meeting yesterday.

DO YOU KNOW

That Harrisburg bank clearings compare very favorably with those of large communities in the State?
COALS TO NEWCASTLE
He was an old-style farmer with a whisker on his chin, apparently, he had a pair of his underlip before he dared to grin.
He ate a plug of "star" a day when he was feeling right.
And, of a sudden, he would clean up one at night.
One seldom sees the likes of him in this new-fangled day—
He was the sort of rustic that some folks call a Jay.
But in his eye a twinkle lived, and in his soul also;
Ere you could find a merrier wight, a many a mile, you'd find it.
He chored around with hoe and axe, at cow-time with a pall.
With which he caught the foaming milk while dodging busy fall.
Came to his house one summer morn a smiling agent man,
And, finding Reuben at the barn, his wheedling spiel began:
"I represent Gittuppe & Duste, who make the very best
Of all the milking machines that's known in all the west.
I guarantee this thing to work and get the latest squirt.
From any bossy udder, without sign or a trace or dirt—
But Reuben waved the man away and said: "I'll keep my pen!"
You talk about a milk-machine? By heck, I'm one myself!"
—Strickland Gillilan in Farm Life.