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TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 6.

Every man should measure himself by his own actions.—Hercules.

MR. KENNEDY AND CONCERTS

George G. Kennedy, formerly head of the city water department, and as such at that time in charge of Reservoir Park, whose death occurred Friday night, the people of Harrisburg owe a debt of gratitude for his work in making free band concerts a feature of summer life in Harrisburg.

In the very early days, when Reservoir Park seemed a long way from the center of the city and when it was not the popular resort it is to-day, Mr. Kennedy conceived the idea of giving free band concerts there. At that time the city had no golf courses, no playgrounds, no tennis courts, no baseball diamonds, no public camping places, no municipal amusements or recreations whatsoever. Neither had it any money with which to give band concerts, so Mr. Kennedy went out among the public-spirited men of Harrisburg and raised a fund for the purpose. Not only one year did he do this, but many. Single handed and alone he did this work year after year until the free band concert became a permanent institution in Harrisburg.

Mr. Kennedy was for many years prominent in the public life of the city, but he will be remembered as the founder of the free band concert long after his other activities have been forgotten.

The Carnegie Hero Fund has made awards for fifty-two deeds of daring; but the list does not contain the name of the man who tried to keep his factory running on full time under the Underwood tariff law.

FATE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

MORE is being written upon the subject of what is to become of Constantinople after the war than of any other phase of the hostilities now in progress in Europe. Aside from the importance of this ancient port on the future of Europe in peace and in war there is a historic interest in the fate of Constantinople beyond that of any other city in all Europe. The great question is, Shall the "veil and the sword of the prophet" pass forever out of Europe? Shall Islam be sent scurrying across the Galata bridge, back into Asia, the cross raised anew over St. Sophia, fairs be written to the long, blood-stained chapter of the khilafate in ancient Byzantium? And, if so, what shall be the future of the city of Constantine, queen of that wonderful world-water separating the senior continents of the earth, one-old rival of Rome and of Athens, one with the Eternal City in its "seven hills" and epoch-making history, richer even than Athens in its nature-endowed throne perched where but half a mile of swift-flowing current divides Europe and Asia?

Shall it pass into the hands of the Czar as a new winter capital, to be Russia's long-desired maritime metropolis, her "window looking out onto the Levant"? Possession of Constantinople would imply control of the Dardanelles. Control of the Dardanelles would open to the great inland sea the floodgates of Russian commerce, thus far bottled up within the Black Sea and the Caspian. Would England assent? Would France assent?

Forty per cent. of the total export and import trade of Constantinople is British. British "jingoism"—the term "jingo" as now applied—had its birth in British determination that Russia shall not own Constantinople. In January, 1878, Russian guns were trained upon the last line of defense of the Sublime Porte. A Russian fleet and Russian armies threatened Constantinople from land and sea. The doom of Turkey in Europe seemed sealed. England was swept by a renewal of the war fever of twenty years before when Russia was humbled by British steel and British bravery at Balaklava and Sebastopol.

Then a British fleet made its appearance on the Bosphorus. Russia did not get Constantinople.

Constantinople is the key to the great trade routes of the Near East. As far as one can judge, the French are not more eager than the English to present this key to Russia.

Constantinople in the hands of the Anglo-Franco-Russian allies may

threaten the durability of the alliance—unless these three world powers resolve upon some common policy which would remove Constantinople from international political jealousies. Can this be done? Many students of the eastern question believe it should be done.

Russia has at least a moral right to an outlet into the Mediterranean. She can be given such an outlet without making her sole mistress of the Golden Horn and the Hellespont. While as the recognized leader of the Greek, or Orthodox, Christian Church Russia very naturally aspires to succeed the Sultan in possession of Yildiz Kiosk, political control of Stamboul is not essential to Russia's safety or commercial success. An "open door" into the Levant would suffice.

The neutralization of the Dardanelles would provide this "open door." Certainly Russia will be entitled to demand at least this much if the fortunes of war permit Russia and her allies to dictate favorable terms of peace. But the neutralization of the Dardanelles cannot be effectually guaranteed with Constantinople, the key, in Turkish hands, in Russian hands or in the hands of any one nation. International jealousies require international supervision, international control.

This fact suggests a permanent solution of the eastern question—which is very largely Constantinople—along lines which would give realization to an ideal, old as civilization itself, but very recently crystallized into concrete shape for serious consideration—a world city, a world center—a city of peace, and for peace, upon the site of the "Thorn of Europe"—the Stamboul of Gladstone's "Unspeaking Turk."

Why not a world city of peace, as someone has suggested, as the modernized evolution of the city of Constantine? The suitability, the availability of the site itself, would solve a serious problem.

There, on soil made sacred by the most heroic and most tragic events in the long period of contest between western and eastern civilization, East and West might meet in amity, in intelligent comprehension, in world thought and in world effort for a better, more peaceful, more progressive universe.

The New York Mall declares that Roosevelt has not "come back." He "was never out," it says. All right, we will not quibble about words. The main thing is that most of his party has "come back," anyway.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS

A STRANGE fatality appears to accompany every holiday season. Turn thousands of people away from their ordinary pursuits and permit them to go their ways in search of pleasure and almost inevitably the front pages of the newspapers the day following are covered with accounts of accidents and tragedies to the exclusion of almost any other kind of news.

Yesterday was no exception. Harrisburg, Hummelstown, Lewistown and Philadelphia figured large in the fatality list. There seems to be no remedy fit, for the reason that there is no set reason; no cause that may be definitely pointed out as something to avoid.

Probably the real reason lies in the unusually large number of people abroad who are either not accustomed to doing the things in which they are engaged or are made careless by the laxness of the holiday spirit to which Americans give themselves with so much zest when the occasion offers.

LANISING'S OPPORTUNITY

IT took years of persistent and consistent effort on the part of such able statesmen as John Hay, Elihu Root and Philander C. Knox to bring the American diplomatic service to a standard of excellence that aroused pride at home and commanded respect abroad. But it only took a few months of management of the State Department under the plan of finding places for "deserving Democrats" to make American diplomacy a laughing stock among all foreign nations.

The disgraceful incident in connection with the short-lived appointment to St. Petersburg was but an introduction to other misfit appointments. Appointment of Democrats by a Democratic administration was to be looked for, but the American people had a right to expect that the search would be for "qualified" Democrats and not merely "deserving" Democrats. Herein lay the difference between success and failure, the dividing line between respect and contempt.

This was to have been expected, however, from a Secretary of State appointed merely to pay a political debt, and it is also to be expected that there will be no more such disgraceful incidents with Secretary of State Lansing in Bryan's chair at Washington.

THE NEW ASPHALT PIANT

THERE is work aplenty for the new asphalt repair plant. The streets of the city are in bad condition, in a large part due to the heritage left the present administration by the unwillingness of the former Highway Commissioner to insist on the contractor living up to the terms of his agreement.

However, not a little of the present trouble can be traced to the cutting of the asphalt for the laying of pipes. Of course, much of this cutting has been unavoidable. Repairs and the growth of the city are to some degree responsible. But there has been much damage done also by the laying of pipes that should have been placed before the paving was laid.

The city would be justified in requiring by ordinance that all public service and municipal pipes be put in before the asphalt is laid. In this way only can a repetition of much of the present damage be avoided.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeemen

A good many people in this part of the State are taking an interest in the candidacy of J. Henry Williams, of Philadelphia, for the Superior Court and it is expected that his entrance into the field will mean many more candidates. The terms of three of the present Superior Court judges expire this year. They are President Judge Charles E. Rice, of Luzerne, and George B. Orady, of Huntingdon. Republicans, and John B. Head, of Westmoreland, Democrat. Judge Rice does not aspire to succeed himself. Judges Orady and Head are candidates for re-election and have been endorsed by many members of the bar throughout the State. Under the provisions of an act passed at the recent session of the Legislature, minority representation on the Superior Court has been abolished and each voter both at the primaries and the general election will be entitled to vote for as many candidates as there are to be elected.

For some time friends of City Solicitor Michael J. Ryan have been urging him to become a candidate for the Superior Court, but up to date he has declined to give them any encouragement to look for him to enter the race. Among those in the interior of the State whose names will appear upon the primary ballot for the Superior Court are ex-Common Pleas Judge Harold M. McClure, of the Union; Snyder and ex-Common Pleas Judge Joseph W. Bouton, of McKean county; Common Pleas Judge Emory A. Walling, of Erie, and ex-Judge W. D. Wallace, of Lawrence county. It is expected that there will be a number of others enter the contest and that the struggle will be one of the most interesting in recent years. There is an unquestioned sentiment among members of the bar in favor of the re-election of Judges Orady and Head.

People in the upper end of Dauphin county and a good many in the lower end, as well as the city, were grinning to-day over the announcement by County Commissioner John H. Eby that he would be a candidate for Democratic nomination as county commissioner. There are some recollections, say folks, of a statement made by Eby when he was elected commissioner that he would not seek re-nomination. It is not believed that Eby will be a serious contender if he should be nominated, as he represents only one segment of the badly shattered Democracy.

—Down in Montgomery county the Bull Moozers have adopted a new plan to get back into the Republican fold. They have formed what is called the Republican League and the object is to prevent the ticket being made up this Fall of old-time Republicans. The ex-Bull Moozers want a share.

—Philadelphia people are waiting to see for which court George McCurdy and Joseph E. Kline make a move. They have not announced which court they will try. Judges Finletter and Shoemaker will not be opposed. —Republican leaders of the Twenty-fourth congressional district will have a con-fab in Pittsburgh this week to agree on a candidate. Among those mentioned are C. E. Carothers, former member of the House from Washington; ex-Congressman C. N. Matthews, New Castle; John Elliott, Beaver, and J. C. Sutherland, Washington. Henry J. Temple, former congressman, who won the Bull Moose year, would like to be nominated, but the Republicans have not heard of his retirement from the Washington party as yet.

—It is expected that formal announcement will be made in a few days of the candidacy of Sheriff Harry C. Wells as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for county commissioner. The sheriff has had his eye on the nomination for some time. Samuel Taylor will also be in the running.

—The political ruction caused in Allegheny by the retirement of Senator Oliver has caused a multitude of candidates to enter the field for city and county nomination. The result is a complicated campaign ever known in that county is in sight.

—Victor Burchell, the new chairman of the Lackawanna county committee, is making every effort to get harmony in the ranks of the Democracy. The kickers now assert that the new rules take the power away from the people and that the reorganization element will be able to do what it will. The new chairman is trying to dispell this idea.

—People in Philadelphia generally believe the Congressman Vares has come to the end of his rope. He has about made up his mind to try for mayor and an announcement is expected in a few days. It is said that the Vares count on the support of the Governor, who had been supposed to favor the naming of Louis C. Kell. —Alfred L. Reichenbach, city treasurer of Allentown, well-known here, is a candidate for mayor of the city on the ticket of the Bull Moose party.

—Henry Butler, county commissioner of Lackawanna, is a candidate for re-election. Patrick J. Boland, Joseph Jennings and John T. Loftus, well-known Democrats, are also candidates for the nominations. The Republicans have somewhat of a fight on hand, too.

—"Finner" Creasy is out with a new assault on the system of appropriations by the legislature and does not like the way they were handled by the chairman of the appropriations committee, the Governor. He uses the statement of State Treasurer R. K. Young as a text for a broadside.

TELEGRAPH PERISCOPE

—Charles M. Eberhart has received \$2,500 by the will of Samuel Walton, Newcomb, N. Y., for sitting up nights selling him apples. This beats the job of the lady who is said to be responsible for the tales of the Arabian Nights.

—A Windham, N. Y., man found a pint of milk and a punch in the stomach of a snake, which he says he killed when he found it milking one of his cows. Probably the snake was employed during working hours as a street car conductor.

—Farmers are complaining over the low price of wheat, due to the large acreage last Fall, but the baker continues to smile as he loafs along.

—The fruit crop looks big, but not a bit bigger than the crop of political candidates that are ripening for the plucking.

—"Jitney" argument date to be set this week," says a newspaper headline. We thought there were jitney arguments every day.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"Freedom of the sea" is progressing nicely, and the sea will soon be free of Pacific Mail ships.—Wall Street Journal.

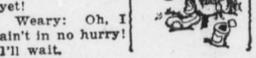


The cartoon represents a scene in front of the Capitol that may be witnessed any day. It tells its own little story in a way that needs no words to explain. Mr. Nye, the artist, is a Harrisburg student. He is drawing this series for the Telegraph, from impressions gathered in walks about the city.

Our Daily Laugh

NO RUSH.

Wearry: Say boss, kin I have one of dese apples?
Farmer: Why, they won't be ripe for six months yet!
Wearry: Oh, I ain't in no hurry! I'll wait.



SOME GAME.

Well how'd the game come out today?
We beat 'em—three black eyes to one busted nose.

WORSE THAN POWDER

By Wing Ding

The family's home from the country. Where it spent the Fourth safe and sane.

Each moment was brimful of pleasure, On that score it cannot complain.

The kids have no powder-burnt fingers From cracker, or pistol, or gun, For all of the time was devoted To safe and sane methods of fun.

Baseball and such games were indulged in. A trip 'round the golf course, or two, And probably ten sets at tennis. Were some of the things we did do.

And while we were not burnt with powder While having this safe and sane fun, I'll tell you we all got a good dose Of burn from the blazing hot sun.

IN HARRISBURG FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY

[From the Telegraph of July 6, 1865.]

Arrival of Soldiers.—The One Hundredth Pennsylvania Regiment arrived here this morning, numbering 800 men.

Great Hunter Here.—Seth Kinman, the great California hunter, passed through this city on his way East to-day.

Counties Oppose Secession.—Residents in Warren, Venango and Crawford are opposed to the formation of a new county from land taken from each of the three divisions.

Beat the Drum, Mr. Retailer

What's the use of having a drum if you never beat it?

In other words, what good are opportunities to you if you don't use them?

When the manufacturer advertises his brand in this newspaper he is tuning up a drum for retailers to beat.

They must do their part by showing these newspaper advertised goods. Then the public read about the goods and see the goods at the same time. Sales follow this sort of "drum beating."

"NOW FOR HOME"



The cartoon represents a scene in front of the Capitol that may be witnessed any day. It tells its own little story in a way that needs no words to explain. Mr. Nye, the artist, is a Harrisburg student. He is drawing this series for the Telegraph, from impressions gathered in walks about the city.

PALMER WRITES OF YPRES

By FREDERICK PALMER

British Headquarters, France, July 6.—"How are the turrets? Still holding out?" they ask up and down the lines of any one who has come from Ypres. Everybody has a tender personal interest in the turrets of the old Cloth Hall which deepens with each day that they survive in defiance of the German gunners above the wreckage wrought by German shells.

People are still living in Rhelms and Louvain but Ypres is absolutely a dead city; dead as Pompeii, dead as a deserted mining camp in Alaska. No face appears in any door or window that can still be called a door or window; no figures are seen moving through the shell holes in walls that are still standing.

Before the war Ypres had some eighteen thousand inhabitants. Now it has not a single one. No one is making any effort to make any ruin habitable. The only signs of life except occasional soldiers coming out and going to the lines are cats grown wild which become straggled and appearing among the ruins of their former homes.

The Cathedral which stands back of the Cloth Hall was a noble edifice no doubt; but there are a great many cathedrals in Europe. The Cloth Hall is unique; the best of its kind. Any one who ever saw it always remembers its turrets. Directly in front of Ypres put her women and children to the sword but no one had even harmed the old Cloth Hall beyond taking away a few statues.

Last February perhaps four or five thousand people remained in Ypres. They were going and coming about the streets as usual keeping their shops open and doing what business they could at the old stand. A visitor could get a meal in a restaurant or have his shoes cobbled. Only one house in the big square had been hit. Its roof had dropped over the edges of a corner section which had been torn out of the main floor.

Germans Fire on Cathedral

The Germans threw in occasional shells mostly directed at the cathedral with some of the misses bound to hit the Cloth Hall. Restoration work which age required had just been finished on the Cloth Hall before the war began. The people paid for this work in their civic pride and other civic improvements wait. For the Cloth Hall gave Ypres a civic distinction. It was the historical soul of Ypres. The early history. It meant to Ypres quite as much in its way as Westminster Abbey to London or Faneuil Hall to Boston. Every man or woman born in Ypres had been brought up to tell the time of day by the raised gilt figures of the old golden clock face.

By February the people's sense of horror was exhausted. Destruction of things sacred to them had become a routine. When they heard another explosion and word was passed that the Germans had scored another hit they went around to the Grande Place to see if the turrets and the gilt clock face were still unharmed. And they said: "The Cloth Hall can be restored." These stubborn Flemish who would not let shell fire drive them away from their old town.

The next time the Associated Press correspondent went to Ypres there was not a single house left on the Grande Place that resembled a house any more than a rubber bag with the gas out of it resembles a balloon. In the second battle of Ypres when the German army had another try for the Channel ports the sensation of their attack with asphyxiating gas overshadowed what they did with their guns. Heretofore their practice on Ypres had been comparatively teasing playfulness. This time they went at the job of destruction systematically; jumping from one space on the checker-board to another they smashed Ypres section by section.

As they meant to take the town this seemed poor policy for they would find no roofs for shelter when they moved in. But their object was confusion for British reinforcements hurrying up along roads crowded with refugees; wholesale death for men in billets in town and destruction, and

Work of 42 Centimeter

The 42 centimeter (17 inch mortar) had its part in the work. When a seventeen-inch shell struck a house the remains of the building not distributed on the pavement were in an enlarged cellar. Debris in the streets still remains where it fell. There is no purpose in cleaning it up in an uninhabited town. Paving stones are scattered about from the explosion of a seventeen-inch shell which struck in the center of the Grande Place and made a crater about fifteen feet across and ten feet deep. This two thousand pounds of steel and powder did not kill anybody so far as could be heard. One shell in the center of the town made a crater about fifteen feet across and ten feet deep. This two thousand pounds of steel and powder did not kill anybody so far as could be heard. One shell in the center of the town made a crater about fifteen feet across and ten feet deep.

Lines from "Euripides"

Thou hast heard men scorn thy city, call her wild Of counsel mad; thou hast seen the fire of morn Flash from her eyes in answer to their scorn! Come toll on toll, 'tis this that makes her grand, Peril on peril! And common states that In caution, twilight cities, dimly wise— We know them, for no light is in their eyes! Go forth, my son, and help!

Evening Chat

Harrisburg was not always as quiet in its observance of the Fourth of July as it has been in the last half-dozen years and there are many who can recall when Independence Day was the occasion for all the unearthly racket that anyone could make. But even the celebrations of twenty years ago seem to have been tame compared to some of real long ago. And it might be added that, judging from old newspapers, two things entered into the celebration which are not the rule now. These were the firing of cannon and the holding of banquets. And there were at least drums with the proper and usual accompaniment, according to our ancestors. The Oracle of Dauphin recounts in issues of this very day in 1785 how the infantry company of Captain John Kean's artillery company and the big feature was a banquet where toasts were drunk amid the firing of volleys by the infantry company of Captain Fisher with noisy assistance from the artillerymen. The next year the same rule was observed, according to this old-time chronicle of Harrisburg events, emphasis being laid on the firing of salute, the banquet and the toasts. Apparently very few events were celebrated without the military and the toast and old records show that considerable sums, for those days, were expended for gunpowder, Madeira and punch. One account of a Fourth of July celebration says that it was held on what is now Island Park and was addressed by a number of prominent men. In the same paper the editor noted that the ladies of the town celebrated in their own way in a woods on the Hill, probably out about what is now Fourteenth and Walnut streets, where they had a picnic resort. The ladies appear to have witnessed the parades, but betook themselves to their own enjoyment when the strenuous part of the day began.

Back of the presentation of the flag of ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin to the Bellefonte post of the G. A. R. by his family the other day is an interesting story of how the Curtin flag came to return to the ownership of the war governor. It seems that when Governor Curtin's term ended he removed most of the records from the South Second street house, which was for a number of years afterward the home of the late C. A. Spicer, and sold the flag along with the rest. The flag came into the possession of Henry A. Kelker, who, upon the death of Governor Curtin some years after, mentioned the fact. The war governor remarked that he had always regretted the fact that the flag had been disposed of at the sale and very gratefully accepted it when Mr. Kelker offered it to him. The flag was flown many times after that from the Curtin home and when the war governor died it is said to have covered his casket.

Secretary of the Commonwealth Cyrus E. Woods has been asked and he will not kindly find a lad of sixteen who left New York two years ago to work on a farm in Pennsylvania. The request is made by John Manly, who lives in Flushing, and gives the information that his brother's name is Francis and that he is about sixteen. There is a human note in the letter because it is the death of the boy's mother and says that the writer would be "very thankful" for any information, as "we have been away from home for a long time." Unfortunately, the State has means of locating people, although the secretary would be mighty glad to help if he could.

In spite of the fact that the police had a ban on firecrackers, there were a good many of the loud report kind fired in the city streets yesterday. Even Market-Square, having a couple which were shot off by young men who were in trolley cars. In one of the uptown streets a regular fusillade was fired at intervals and finally policemen succeeded in stopping it by the simple expedient of taking away a big tin dishpan which was being used as an assistant noise maker.

Hoffman's Woods "came back" yesterday as an acknowledged favorite picnic ground, the basket picnic of the fair was held in the park. Many people to the shade of its old trees. Many of those who went to the woods had lived for years within a few blocks of the tract and did not know of its beauty spots. With a little care the woods could be made as popular as of yore, when it used to have half a dozen picnic a week and was a stamping ground for the club giving festivals to buy uniforms.

One has only to glance at the registers of the city hotels for the last few days to get a line on the popularity of Harrisburg as a stopping place for automobile parties. One hotel housed a dozen Sunday night and before leaving the city they all went to the Capitol.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—T. DeWitt Cuyler is on a trip to the Pacific coast.

—Ex-Congressman E. E. Robbins made the speech at the dedication of the Lionier monument.

—James T. Carson, former Attorney General, is at Cape May for a short time.

—W. E. Sproull has resigned as president of the Traffic Club of Pittsburgh and has gone to Philadelphia to become connected with the Chamber of Commerce.

—Senator J. P. McNichol was 51 on Saturday.

—Walter S. Frees, well known here, is the new president of the Berks County Firemen.

—John F. White, national head of the American Blanketing Association of Lackawanna and Luzerne counties.

DO YOU KNOW

That Harrisburg has an excellent record for sane and safe Independence Days in the last five years.

MUCH TO CONTENT WITH

It must be hard to be a farmer; Uncertain is his biz. He nearly always wants it warmer Or damper than it is. The pesky insects get together And ruin his growing trading matter. He has to face both wind and weather When both are very rough. He has to watch for hail and thunder; His troubles never stop. In fact, it really is a wonder He ever gets a crop.

CIVIC CLUB

Fly Contest June 1 to July 31 5 Cents a Pint Prizes of \$5, \$2.50 and several \$1.00 ones duplicated by Mr. Ben Strouse