

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Published evenings except Sunday by THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO. Telegraph Building, Federal Square

E. J. STACKPOLE President and Editor-in-Chief F. R. OYSTER, Business Manager GUS M. STEINMETZ, Managing Editor A. R. MICHELETTI, Circulation Manager

Member of the Associated Press—The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

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

Eastern office, 107, Broome & Finley, Fifth Avenue, Building, New York City. Western office, Story, Brooks & Finley, People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

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

By carrier, ten cents a week; by mail, \$5.00 a year in advance.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1918

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts and great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—BOVSE.

NO COMPROMISE

IT is intimated in high quarters that Germany must soon realize the hopelessness of the struggle to boss the world. It has also been intimated that the sooner the Prussian outlaws realize what is coming to them in the final settlement the better it will be for their own victims in Germany and for those associated with the Huns in despoiling Europe.

There is a growing belief that some strong statement should be made by the Allies as to the exact nature of the punishment that Germany must undergo. So long as the Prussian leaders imagine that they can bring about some sort of a negotiated peace which will leave them with much of their plunder they will continue the struggle.

Returned American soldiers are of one mind regarding the sort of peace which should be forced upon Germany. Whether they surrender at the Rhine or elsewhere, it is the conviction of all intelligent people who recognize the danger of a peace that would only be a truce that Germany should be impressed with such a show of force at Berlin and elsewhere throughout the country that never again will the people or their rulers have the temerity to invite the wrath of an aroused world.

There comes from Paris a suggestion that after a formal conference the Allies should make a concrete, definite and easily understandable pronouncement of the punishment that is intended to be inflicted on Germany, to the end that there may be no misunderstanding of what a prolongation of the war shall mean for Germany and those countries allied with the Hun cut-throats.

This statement of the purposes of the Allies would not in any way interfere with the vigorous conduct of the war and every day indicates more clearly the fact that the Allies now have the upper hand and that the conflict is going to continue until a definite and decisive victory shall have been won.

In short, it must be on the part of Germany and her serfs an unconditional surrender. The terms will be dictated and not negotiated.

As the Penn-Harris nears completion its fine proportions evoke very general admiration. With the difficulties which have constantly confronted the builders, owing to war conditions, they have made excellent progress.

THE NEW 'BOOZE'

THOSE accustomed to their cold beer on a hot evening or their hot toddy or whiskey straight on a cold evening need not despair because the distilleries are closed—let us hope for all time—and the breweries are soon to quit, very likely forever. If they must have refrigeration in summer or a "hot slug" in winter, either for bodily comfort or mental stimulus they may turn for solace to the erstwhile much-dreaded milk bottle. Nor will they turn in vain. It is a strange coincidence that just as the world is beginning to look askance at alcohol, one of the most recent discoveries of the Pasteur Institute of Paris should have to do with the stimulating qualities of milk. While milk has always been considered an excellent tonic, and known to be exceptionally rich in food value, it was not until the Pasteur Institute conducted a number of conclusive experiments that the stimulus in milk became a known quantity. For a number of months milk has been given the

French soldiers in the trenches and to many of them it has been the only and only stimulant. The effect which the milk has produced has more than justified the claims which the Institute has made for it.

It is claimed that the stimulating effect of milk is especially notable when given to soldiers just before a big battle or a dangerous charge, and also when administered to the troops when in great fatigue. The advantage of the milk stimulus over the alcohol stimulus so extensively advocated in previous years is that there are no bad after effects, and the keenness of the senses is in no wise impaired nor the coolness of the judgment affected.

The knowledge that milk is a stimulant of no mean force will come as something of a shock to those who have hitherto considered it synonymous with all things mild and peaceful. It is somewhat difficult to believe that the chief product of the patient and the gentle cow should contain such an element of forceful stimulation. But as proof of the contention we have the word of the world's greatest research institute, backed up by conclusive experiments in a place where stimulation of the most effective sort is needed.

So, with the retirement of the champagne bottle, the flask and the keg that containeth beer, we may expect to see the "bar-keep" shove across the shining mahogany green-barkers of foaming milk, and hear the host at the midnight party order: "Here, waiter, another quart of milk, and let it have lots of cream on top; what do we care for expense!"

It is the desire of the Committee of National Defense throughout the country to encourage a long holiday-buying season instead of a last-hour rush, as is usually the case. Merchants of Harrisburg will do well to conform to this suggestion and the buying public to endeavor to conserve labor would do well to arrange their gift-buying from now until Christmas and not wait until the last fortnight.

PROUD TO DIE

LEUTENANT JAMES GAULT ELDER, who has made the supreme sacrifice in France, is a scion of the fighting Elder family of the Paxtang Valley. A letter received since his death contains this fine sentiment:

I am assigned to field duty. It is likely that you will not hear from me for some time, but do not worry, as I will have little time to write. I will have to do—give his life for his country.

Could there be anything finer than this statement from an American soldier? Facing death he goes into battle with a clear eye and a determination to do his utmost for his country and a great cause. Proud to give his life, if need be, for liberty and justice! What a fine epitaph for a brave soldier who typified the spirit of the American troops.

It was Parson John Elder, one of the ancestors of Lieutenant Elder, who declared in the pulpit of the old Paxton Presbyterian Church as he went forth to battle— "There's a time to preach and a time to fight. This is the time to fight!"

And the spirit of '76 is the spirit of our boys to-day. Letters from the Harrisburg soldiers on the fighting front are filled with optimism over the successes of the allied armies, but all urge that there be no letting down of the preparations for a vigorous prosecution of the war. They understand the job that those of us who are back here should do. We must not rush to the conclusion that Germany has been crushed. She must be beaten to her knees and nothing less will satisfy the men who are making the supreme sacrifices in France.

LET'S MAKE A RECORD

READING raised \$1,739 for the Red Cross by the sale of old rubber.

Detroit people donated \$5,000 worth of old rubber.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday are "old rubber days" in Harrisburg. How much will Harrisburg raise?

There are slackers and slackers. But those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

THEN AND NOW

EVERY once in a while somebody gleefully produces a lot of figures to taunt us with comparisons between provision costs a century ago and the sky-rocketing abnormalities at present misnamed "food prices." The latest is our old friend, James Foust, State Dairy and Food Commissioner, who has dug up from the files of his department a day book of one Elisha Fales who, away back in 1847, conducted a general store. Mr. Foust, in his monthly bulletin, takes pains to inform us that molasses usually sold at 30 cents a gallon. Tea was 30 cents a pound while flour ranged from \$6.75 to \$7.50 per barrel, a high price, when one considers the great purchasing power of money, it being a time when able-bodied men would work all day in the country for a few cents a day. Brooms sold at 25 cents, rice was 5 to 6 cents a pound and coffee varied from 9 to 14 cents. Salt pork was sold at 10 cents a pound and eggs were 10 to 12 cents a dozen, and butter from 14 to 16 cents a pound. Forty pounds of fish, probably salt cod, sold for 80 cents, or 2 cents a pound. Cheese varied from 10 to 15 cents a pound. Candles were in considerable demand, the price being 15 cents a pound. Raisins were 10 cents.

All this sounds mighty attractive, but when we look up wage scales of the period and find a day's pay ranging as low as fifty cents and scarcely ever higher than \$2, one hesitates to sigh for a return of "the good old days."

Superfluous Information

We don't favor a tax on summer furs. The furs are a sufficient affliction in themselves.—Houston Post.

Idea of Insinuating He's Old

This may be the day of the young man, but just look at Uncle Joe Cannon. Charles News and Courier.

high wages, choosing rather to have money in our pockets with prices high, than to have nothing with which to buy, even with prices ranging very low. With a cash balance and commodities high, we can purchase or not as we choose, but with empty purse even the cheapest goods are unobtainable.

The automobile slacker is one who hunts up an excuse to go riding on Sunday, keeping within the letter of the law, but violating its spirit.

Military drills in our High Schools will mean a fine body of boys and an increase of that discipline so important to the development of the future manhood of the nation.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

The energetic manner in which the Republican state committee is preparing the fall campaign and the steps being taken to insure the election of Republican congressmen and legislators have caused many representative Democrats to demand that the leaders of the contending factions of the state democracy get together and cease from troubling the rest of the party with their schemes for control. There is about as much chance of the factiousness of an agreement as there is of Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell retiring from the ticket as nominee for governor.

The contest so alarmed many of the Democratic candidates for Congress and legislative seats that they are discussing plans for candidates for meetings to demand that the machine be oiled up and put in charge of new engineers. A meeting of Democratic congressmen whose seats are threatened is now to be held in Washington before the end of the week to demand that the animosities of National Chairman Vance, McCormick and National Committeeman A. Mitchell Palmer shall occupy the attention of the party in Pennsylvania.

Similarly legislative candidates are trying to arouse the voters by feeling their own welfare is more important than those who boss the delegation of the national convention in 1920.

The plans of the Republican state organization are to elect every Republican congressman, state senator and representative possible in Pennsylvania and the fullest advantage will be taken of the Democratic vote. Senator William C. Sprout will also work to pile up a huge majority so that the effect of the election in the Democratic national chairman's own state will be noticeable.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin ventures the prediction that Judge Bonniwell will not be here for the state committee meeting on Saturday and other newspapers have the same idea. The Philadelphia Record gives much attention to the walls of the Philadelphia Hotel where the candidates that their places are in danger. Judge Bonniwell spent yesterday working on his answer to Palmer's charges. His official response will be comprehensive and that every accusation made by the national committeeman would be answered. The date will be given, it is declared, to prove that Palmer misrepresented facts when he belittled the Democratic state committee. It is expected that Judge Bonniwell's answer will be made public within the next few days.

The Philadelphia Inquirer to-day says: "Politics may be 'adjoined' somewhere, but certainly not in Pennsylvania. Within forty-eight hours after A. Mitchell Palmer, Democratic national committeeman and federal officeholder, alien property custodian, had repudiated the Democratic nominee for Governor, Judge Bonniwell, the Democratic state chairman, and off went the official head of Justice Howley, of Pittsburgh, United States marshal for the western district of Pennsylvania, who had the temerity to assume the leadership of the Bonniwell forces in Allegheny county. Howley, like Bonniwell, is a member of the 'Fur' party and Palmer is bound to hear from him in due time. His job went to Editor John F. Short, of the Clearfield Record, who is a member of the party upon Bonniwell, who he classed as a Penrose Democrat and an adjunct of the Republican organization, were members of the 'Fur' party and leadership of the state Democracy."

People at the Capitol are watching with interest the outcome of the investigation into the Lancaster county prison. The State Board of Public Charities went into the subject some time ago and urged betterments, but nothing seems to have come of it. Now the grand jury has taken hold.

Action of Patrick McLane in quitting his job as a railroad man rather than retire as a Democratic nominee for congress in the Lackawanna district was much commented upon at the Capitol. The Democratic party has a good chance, but friends of Congressman Farr says he is dreaming.

Lawrence H. Kupp, the new Democratic state chairman, will not be able to leave here on Friday, the day before the meeting of the state committee to take action on the Palmer charges, but he has assumed the direction of affairs and is in daily communication with the Secretary Warren VanDyke regarding details of the meeting, although any planning of a campaign will not be considered until after the state committee meets.

People about the Democratic state headquarters expect that the state committee will adopt a platform. Mr. Kupp has polished up the document prepared by the sub-committee in Philadelphia and will bring it here Friday. National Committeeman Kupp will be here on Friday and will, it is stated, be prepared to back up his charges. Nothing is known about headquarters of what the Bonniwell attitude will be. It is believed that it does not come here, it is believed that it will not want for supporters in the meeting. The Bonniwell answer will be the first thing for the meeting and when the smoke over that clears away a platform will be adopted.

The executive committee will meet later in the state committee to fill vacancies and then arrangements for the meeting of leaders to plan the campaign will be made.

Superfluous Information

We don't favor a tax on summer furs. The furs are a sufficient affliction in themselves.—Houston Post.

Idea of Insinuating He's Old

This may be the day of the young man, but just look at Uncle Joe Cannon. Charles News and Courier.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



A WONDERFUL MOONLIGHT WEDNESDAY NIGHT ROLLS AROUND AND YOU'RE INVITED TO DINNER AND DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

AND YOU GET ALL DOLLED UP IN YOUR NEW PINK ORGANDIE IN EVERYTHING

AND THEN GO AND DANCE WITH A 14 YEAR OLD INFANT

AND THEN WITH A GUY LIKE THIS

AND ALL THE WHILE YOU'RE THINKING OF HIM WAY OVER IN FRANCE—AND HOW HEAVENLY—OH HOW HE COULD DANCE GIRLS

IN THE KAISER!!

ON HIS OWN

"You see that young kid lying there. Playing a game of solitaire? By heck, Sarge, he's a wonder. The gamest kid I ever met. They're probing him for bullets yet. But s-sh! here comes his nurse, Yvette."

"You think she's passing by him? Nii!"

"D'you get that smile? He waves his mitts!"

"I think he's stuck on her a bit. Can't blame him for that matter. She watches him just like a hawk. Now listen to their daily talk. Sit quiet, hear their chatter."

"Pardonnez-moi, desirez-vous—"

"Oh, fine and dandy! How are you?"

"Quelle chose? Comprenez-vous?"

"Ah, now I know you're kiddin'."

"Vous avez bonne mine aujourd'hui."

"It's high, time you were nice to me."

"Time? Je comprends, il est midi."

"Bright eyes, I think I'm skiddin'."

"Je crois que je vous donnerai."

"I'll back up anything you say—"

"Un petit morceau de poulet—"

"Avec la creme, dans la coquille—"

"Rats! there she goes! I always feel"

Some blessy's S. O. S. appeal Will call off my French teacher."

The Sarge here nudged my splintered ribs:

"Well, I'll be damned; here comes his Nibs!"

And down the aisle stalked General Gibbs

With all the famous Aces.

They foisted around the sick boy's bed.

He gasped, saluted, then turned red:

"Look! like I'm pinched!" was all he said,

Scanning their smiling faces.

"So," spoke the general, "you alone Brought down three Taubes on your own."

Another Yankee Ace is known To everyone in Blythly.

I'm proud to know you—put it And now we're going to let you wear

This gallantly won Croix de Guerre I'm panning on your nightgown.—Fly Paper, France.

Repudiated Leadership

[Philadelphia Record (Dem.)] What we are in doubt about is the professed belief of Palmer that Penrose nominated Bonniwell. Why, in Heaven's name, Penrose should want Bonniwell when he had Sprout as his own proud deputy is intent upon hanging on to some part of what is left of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. Having worked the Penrose-Ryan-Penrose game with enough success to follow Colonel Guffey as National Committeeman, he likely believes that enough of the Democrats who are left in the state, can be continually fooled by linking the name of any Democrat who threatens his alleged leadership to the name of Penrose.

A Fine Job For Efficiency

Hindenburg has quit figuring on getting to Paris and begun devoting all his time to keeping roads open to Berlin.—Detroit Free Press.

LABOR NOTES

From August 21 to 26, at Washington, D. C., International Photographers' Union of North America will meet in convention.

Cleveland Chamber of Commerce is planning a school where women will be taught to become plant managers.

Totato planting machinery that can be attached to an ordinary plow has been invented by an Englishman.

The National War Labor Board disapproves of the employment of children under ten years of age on government contracts.

More than 30,000 women volunteers are engaged to work directly connected with the German army in the field.

Dispute which led to the closing down of an Irish aerodrome has been settled and the men have returned to work.

AND THEN GO AND DANCE WITH A 14 YEAR OLD INFANT



AND YOU GET ALL DOLLED UP IN YOUR NEW PINK ORGANDIE IN EVERYTHING

AND THEN GO AND DANCE WITH A 14 YEAR OLD INFANT

AND THEN WITH A GUY LIKE THIS

AND ALL THE WHILE YOU'RE THINKING OF HIM WAY OVER IN FRANCE—AND HOW HEAVENLY—OH HOW HE COULD DANCE GIRLS

IN THE KAISER!!

ON HIS OWN

"You see that young kid lying there. Playing a game of solitaire? By heck, Sarge, he's a wonder. The gamest kid I ever met. They're probing him for bullets yet. But s-sh! here comes his nurse, Yvette."

"You think she's passing by him? Nii!"

"D'you get that smile? He waves his mitts!"

"I think he's stuck on her a bit. Can't blame him for that matter. She watches him just like a hawk. Now listen to their daily talk. Sit quiet, hear their chatter."

"Pardonnez-moi, desirez-vous—"

"Oh, fine and dandy! How are you?"

"Quelle chose? Comprenez-vous?"

"Ah, now I know you're kiddin'."

"Vous avez bonne mine aujourd'hui."

"It's high, time you were nice to me."

"Time? Je comprends, il est midi."

"Bright eyes, I think I'm skiddin'."

"Je crois que je vous donnerai."

"I'll back up anything you say—"

"Un petit morceau de poulet—"

"Avec la creme, dans la coquille—"

"Rats! there she goes! I always feel"

Some blessy's S. O. S. appeal Will call off my French teacher."

The Sarge here nudged my splintered ribs:

"Well, I'll be damned; here comes his Nibs!"

And down the aisle stalked General Gibbs

With all the famous Aces.

They foisted around the sick boy's bed.

He gasped, saluted, then turned red:

"Look! like I'm pinched!" was all he said,

Scanning their smiling faces.

"So," spoke the general, "you alone Brought down three Taubes on your own."

Another Yankee Ace is known To everyone in Blythly.

I'm proud to know you—put it And now we're going to let you wear

This gallantly won Croix de Guerre I'm panning on your nightgown.—Fly Paper, France.

Democratic Fiasco

[From the Wilkes-Barre Record.] If anything were needed to eliminate the last ray of hope from the most optimistic of Democrats it was the outcome of the state committee meeting on Wednesday. If there had been the least inclination to harmonize differences it might have been followed in the election of a state chairman to succeed Mr. McLane, but the organization forces remained as unrelenting as a stone wall in the face of the Democratic party. The candidate for governor in the choice of chairman.

More beligerent than this attitude, however, was the viriolic speech by A. Mitchell Palmer, who formally repudiated Judge Bonniwell's candidacy. The committee seconded Mr. Palmer's violent attack by postponing the election of a platform and by demanding that nothing further be done until Judge Bonniwell be given an opportunity to state his case. It is needless to say that the candidate will treat the demand of request in a spirit of contempt.

The Palmer-McCormick organization will continue to play into the hands of the Republican outfit rather than do a thing that might in any possibility enhance the chances of Judge Bonniwell for election—and there's a reason. Judge Bonniwell's facilities for the way of building up an organization of his own, in the event of his election, fortified by the patronage he would have at his command, Federal and state, would spell disaster to the Palmer crowd. Since harmony is now impossible, the next best thing is to make the defeat of the head of the ticket certain.

Into the proud old party in Pennsylvania fallen, and the sting of it is ameliorated only by the fact that there are now more serious things to think about. The astonishment caused by the success of Judge Bonniwell in the primaries has given way to a determination to prevent his return to the organization out of the hands of those who originally consecrated it in the name of reform. In the meantime Senator Sprout says nothing but saws wood.

Peace by Negotiation

[From the Providence Journal] The echo keeps coming out of the Teutonic countries that the leaders want "peace by negotiation." But there is no re-echo in the Allied countries, for their people have learned only too well that the only Germany the world can trust is a prostrate Germany.

When her armies are advancing she screams "peace by the sword;" when they are retreating she prates of "peace by negotiation." Allied soldiers at the front say "No!" They do not want to have to repeat the job thrust upon them. They are entitled to the first and loudest voice.

As Mr. Lloyd George so strikingly said, there can be no peace conference with the German sword rattling on the table. Naturally, Germany wants the conference to assemble while her forces are still on foreign soil—who would not? Naturally, also, this is precisely what she will not get; for the Allies are now driving the team and choosing the stops.

If a peace is "negotiated" before Germany is definitely beaten, the outcome will be an armed truce. We must bring her to her knees; then the peace will be both peaceful and permanent. "Hold, enough!" The world was not ready for war when Germany struck; now it is not ready for peace on Germany's terms.

A French Officer's Praise

SEVERAL Harrisburg soldiers, including Lieutenant Louis M. O'Donnell, Lieutenant Albert H. Stackpole, Franklin Etter and others serving with the American Expeditionary Force, inasmuch as his message of interest. This letter was addressed to a friend in this country, a French soldier, who sends it to the Times with this comment: "The authoritative, unsolicited judgment on the flower of the youth of America by a superior French officer, long and hard tried in four years of continuous warfare at the front, offers such a patriotic temptation that I have decided to take the liberty without consulting its author of translating for the readers the following letter from the commander of the Saumur School of Artillery for the American Expeditionary Force, inasmuch as his message undoubtedly proved a source of direct information, as well as of unmitigated pride to the American people, and of pride and satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France."

The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre in that supreme hour, "No more retreat," the troops that cannot advance must die on the spot." And he died, as did every officer of his battery.

The letter, dated July 26, 1918, is an intimate personal message in which he says of the American boys who have been under his training, including the great satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France.

"The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre in that supreme hour, "No more retreat," the troops that cannot advance must die on the spot." And he died, as did every officer of his battery.

The letter, dated July 26, 1918, is an intimate personal message in which he says of the American boys who have been under his training, including the great satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France."

"The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre in that supreme hour, "No more retreat," the troops that cannot advance must die on the spot." And he died, as did every officer of his battery.

The letter, dated July 26, 1918, is an intimate personal message in which he says of the American boys who have been under his training, including the great satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France."

"The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre in that supreme hour, "No more retreat," the troops that cannot advance must die on the spot." And he died, as did every officer of his battery.

The letter, dated July 26, 1918, is an intimate personal message in which he says of the American boys who have been under his training, including the great satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France."

"The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre in that supreme hour, "No more retreat," the troops that cannot advance must die on the spot." And he died, as did every officer of his battery.

The letter, dated July 26, 1918, is an intimate personal message in which he says of the American boys who have been under his training, including the great satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France."

"The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre in that supreme hour, "No more retreat," the troops that cannot advance must die on the spot." And he died, as did every officer of his battery.

The letter, dated July 26, 1918, is an intimate personal message in which he says of the American boys who have been under his training, including the great satisfaction to the parents and relatives in particular of the young American officers now in France."

"The son of Maurice Cheronnet, who was killed at the Marne on his guns, folding to his heroic breast the terrible command of Marshal Joffre