HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME
Founded 1831

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

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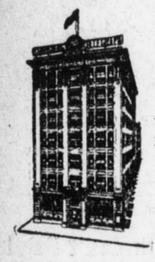

Member American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the Audit Bureau of Circulation and Pennsylvania Associated Dailies.

Eastern office, Story, Brooks & 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, $3.00 a year in advance.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1919

The way to heaven—turn to the right and keep straight on.—SPURGEON.

A GOOD PRISON BOARD

THE Dauphin County Prison Board again demonstrated its efficiency and public spirit yesterday by putting into effect at the county jail economies that will save the taxpayers hundreds of dollars a year.

This board is made up of Republicans—organization Republicans, our Democratic friends like to term them—and it would be well if the offices at Washington, now occupied by organization Democrats, were filled by men with the same high regard for their public duties. Within two months they have abolished three offices at the prison, put into operation a means of saving much money on bread and henceforth will require all prison attaches to provide their own meals.

Part of this economy, of course, has been made possible by the reduction of prisoners at the jail since prohibition went into effect, but the larger part is the result of careful calculations on the part of the prison inspectors, who, in 1919, saved the taxpayers $5,000 or more and who promise to do much better next year.

It would have been easy for the board to have played politics at the jail by keeping the prison staff up to the old standard. There was no public demand for a reduction. Indeed, it has been a matter of comment for the past six or eight years, at least, that the prison has been most efficiently managed and the taxpayers were very well satisfied. Also, it could have been held, without much chance of contradiction, that the prison could not be operated successfully with fewer than the old force of employes, and thus jobs could have been made for political workers. But the prison inspectors are not that kind of men. They are looking after the interests of the taxpayers above all else, and so the savings have been effected.

This is good politics as well as good business. The people care little for party affiliations in local office, but they do demand honesty and efficiency, and so long as the Republican organization of Dauphin county puts into places of responsibility such men as compose the Dauphin County Prison Board elections may come and elections may go, but Republican majorities will continue as regularly and uninterruptedly as the flow of the brook, which, as our old friend Tennyson assures us, goes on forever.

What will the Democratic party do when Mr. Bryan is finally called to that realm whence no one ere returns to be a presidential candidate?

A HOUSE NOT IN ORDER

NOT only the members of the President's formal cabinet are seeking a more congenial atmosphere, but those who have figured in his "kitchen cabinet" are likewise deserting the ship.

Colonel House, the mysterious confidant of the President, who was wont to take the place of regular department heads in crucial situations, and who was the chief advisor of the President at Paris, is the latest cabinet head without portfolio to fall outside the breastworks. He has not been at the White House since his return from Europe, nor does it seem likely that he is wanted there.

There are also intimations that other gentlemen who were supposed to be in the confidence of the autocrat of the present administration are not longer persona grata. Of course, these snubbed individuals will pretend to languish still in the favor of the imperial occupant of the White House to save their own faces and avoid public humiliation, but the advices now filtering out of Washington rather confirm the suspicion that the Wilson oligarchy is crumbling to pieces as the time approaches for another National election.

The people are not so much interested in who's who in the present administration as they are in the working out of great domestic problems which have been permitted to become more and more difficult owing to the administration's drifting attitude. It may be safely predicted that the next Democratic National convention will witness a large number of former Wilson kowtowers among the President's most active opponents. Colonel House is likely to be among this number.

DIVIDEND WORTH WHILE

"I RECEIVED two fine dividends to-day," said one of Harrisburg's most successful businessmen to a friend the other day, and his friend, knowing him to be a man of many investments, naturally asked: "What per cent.?"

Whereupon the businessman replied: "One hundred per cent.," and seeing the look of astonishment on his companion's face, added: "They were not cash dividends; they were expressions of appreciation for little kindnesses I had been able to do. One came in the form of a letter; the other the simple thanks of one I scarcely knew, but whom I had been able to favor. Cash dividends are soon forgotten. I don't know what percentage I received last year on some of my holdings, but dividends such as these I shall carry with me to my grave, and perhaps beyond."

If more of us tried to earn dividends of that kind, the world would be a happier and better place in which to live. The dollar is soon spent; the good deed never dies. The cash dividend is forgotten; the kindly act is written in the record of a man's life by which hereafter he will be judged.

Wealth may make for happiness, but wealth and happiness do not always go together. The dollar is an essential to business. Accumulation of money, honestly, is the mark of success in business and therefore to be desired. But beyond that, in business and in private life, is the desire to serve, and while service may be in itself its own reward, yet it yields dividends; dividends of satisfaction in a good deed well done, in the fair reputation they win for those who extend the hand of help in time of need; in the content that comes in the summing up of one's lifework, when gold is counted as dross and money means nothing.

All of us know these things, but few are wise enough to practice them, more's the pity.

THE ARMY, TOO

THE courage of Admiral Sims in openly rebuking Secretary Daniels for trifling with awards of naval medals as recommended by the commander of the fleet under whose close observation the men served, is to yield fruits of justice for the men discriminated against. Admiral Sims has been joined in his protest by Admirals Mayo and Benson, and Mr. Daniels, while loudly protesting his innocence, lets it be known that the lists are to be revised.

It would be interesting to have similar light on the methods of the War Department in the awards of medals and promotions. Ever since the soldiers began to come back from France there have been persistent rumors and reports of rank discrimination and favoritism; of incompetents pushed up and competent men kept down. Southern Democrats had fine pickings. Hard-fighting men with no political pull stood small chance. Unfortunately for the soldiers, there was no Admiral Sims in the Army.

MURDER

THE man who puts wood alcohol into intoxicating beverages is a murderer, nothing more nor less; just as much so as though he had placed arsenic in the drink, for one is as deadly as the other. Of course, he who buys contraband whisky is at heart a lawbreaker and so is deserving of little consideration. But, on the other hand, the habitual drinker, denied of his alcohol by law, must be protected by law against unscrupulous persons who are preying upon his weakness.

The public will expect the police authorities of the country to lose no time in rounding up these poisoners and the courts in putting them where they belong.

A FOOLISH CONCLUSION

ATTORNEY GENERAL PALMER reaches the conclusion that because prices have not arisen since August they are going to drop very soon.

Wonder if he has reckoned with the report of the Coal Commission, which the President says should be made within sixty days.

There is not a doubt in the world that when the recommendations for increased wages and coal prices become effective the price of every manufactured commodity will take a big jump.

STEALING AL'S THUNDER

THE New York Sun kicks because Lieutenant-Commander Read, of NC-4 airplane fame, was supplied with a map which showed the existence of a town existing twenty-six years ago, but which was blotted out by a tidal wave in 1893.

Possibly the Navy Department was trying to even up for the towns in the United States which have been wiped out by Al. Burleson's stamped notice on returned letters, "no such address," of which Sioux Falls, S. D., was an example.

To escape being poisoned by "bad" whisky, don't drink any whisky.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

From all indications the Pennsylvania Democrats are going to make some demonstration in behalf of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer at Washington when the Jackson day dinner is held. In fact, the present plans are for the Democrats of Pennsylvania to go in bunches. They are going to be massed and presumably the bellows will be working so that the man from Stroudsburg will be given what may be termed "an ovation" and the country notified all about it.

Latest information is that William G. McAdoo will not be able to attend and that is taken to mean that he will not figure in the preliminary running, but William Jennings Bryan is going to be there. That is probably one reason why the Palmer cohorts intend to boost the Pennsylvania man.

The Bryan boom, which is taken so seriously at Washington and in the southern and western states, is very disturbing to some of the Pennsylvania Democratic leaders. They have been banking on being able to awe the opposition by presidential countenance of the Palmer boom and the activity of Joseph Tumulty. And now here comes the man from Nebraska with a pronounced disinclination to scare a bit.

—Auditor General Charles A. Snyder, who finished up his appointments of the first mercantile appraisers to be named under the act of 1919, which took the appointments from county commissioners and gave them to the Auditor General, admits that he accumulated a rare lot of experience, even for him, in the compilation of the list. He found a number of county leaders who were at odds and some leaders who did not agree with senators and various other conditions calculated to cause more or less annoyance even to such a well versed official as the man from Schuylkill. The appraisers will be summoned to go to work at once.

—Now that these appointments are out of the way and most of county appointments made there are indications that the campaigns for delegate and various nominations will start without delay. Early January will see many booms launched.

—The Pittsburgh Dispatch says that there will be no contest against State Chairman William E. Crow for election as Republican State Chairman in June.

—A taxpayers suit is being threatened at Chester as a result of some of the municipal financing. The outgoing and incoming administrations bid fair to make it interesting for each other.

—Palmer Democrats will run E. J. Lynett and Joseph O'Brien as the Lackawanna Democratic National delegates.

—Ex-Governor Edwin S. Stuart has added his commendation and endorsement of J. Hampton Moore to what Governor Sproul has said.

—Gettysburg's special bond issue election on February 3 is attracting much attention, as taxpayers and councilmen do not agree on some details of benefits of former expenditures. The ward issue is for $35,000 for highway improvements in conjunction with the State and $20,000 for an electric plant.

—Owing to disagreements in the Chester city council the 1920 budget is not ready. Council has a week before the new administration comes in.

—Col. George Roth, who is a University of Pennsylvania professor and saw service in France, has been appointed assistant to Welfare Director E. L. Tustin in Philadelphia.

—Allentown is facing a $700,000 budget and a tax increase.

—Scranton people see a drive at Ex-Congressman John R. Farr in the dropping of Ellsworth Kelly from the city-clerkship. Kelly is a brother-in-law of County Commissioner John von Bergen, a Farrman.

—One of the interesting facts about the preparations of the Democrats for the 1920 delegate campaign is the effort to get dyed-in-the-wool Wilson men to run for delegate. Some believe this is either as a third term precaution or, what is more likely, to make sure of support for Palmer, who is said to have the President's secretary right with him.

—In the midst of the trumpeting from Washington as to the manner in which the Federal crusades on living and other costs are being conducted, the Pittsburgh Dispatch indulges in this jab at the way Democrats are running things: "The most effective aid the Government could give would be to reduce the cost of Government and cut taxes. The Nation cannot pay five or six billions of dollars in National taxation where it used to pay but one billion without that increase being reflected in the cost of every item we eat, drink, wear or use. There is something practical to aim at, but it will require more than promises and prophecy to bring it down."

—The Lincoln Association of Bethlehem, of which Harry Meyers is president, and which is noted throughout the State for its dinners on Lincoln Day, has invited Mayor J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, to be one of its speakers.

—General George C. Rickards, of Oil City, will resign in a few days as a member of the State Armory Board and then be named Water Supply Commissioner.

—It is said that Walter J. McNichols, of Scranton, has resigned as a supervising inspector of the Department of Labor and Industry.

—George J. Brennan says in his column in the Philadelphia Inquirer: "Four members of the last State House of Representatives who were chosen by the people for important offices at the last election will be sworn into their new positions within a few days. They are William T. Ramsey, who was elected mayor of Chester; Cyrus Moffet Palmer, who becomes District Attorney of Schuylkill county, and Sig J. Gans and Edwin R. Cox, who on Monday next will take the oath of office as members of Philadelphia's new Charter Council of Twenty-one. Ramsey, who was the Republican floor leader of the last House, served in that body continuously since he was first elected in 1912. He had previously been in councils in Chester, having for two terms filled the office of president of Councils."

Epigram

[Spokane Spokesman-Review.]

The feminine movement grows
stronger and stronger
For making clothes cheaper by
wearing them longer.
Will the ladies succeed? Well, we
think that they outer—
They make their clothes higher by
wearing 'em shorter

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE

-:- :-: -:- -:- By BRIGGS

The War Memorial

[From the New York Times.]

There is plenty of time in which to decide upon the form which the permanent war memorial of New York City shall take. It is right that there should be a thorough discussion of the subject, and that every citizen who has ideas upon it should give them free circulation. Not merely our population of artists but essentially the whole community is interested in the lasting commemoration of our greatest war. The soldiers and sailors and their friends have a personal and almost passionate feeling, full of fervor, however little imbued with art, in a memorial whose first and hardest task it will be to satisfy the generation that builds it, but which should be fair and noble beyond cavil, and equal to the centuries that lie before it.

The Fine Arts Federation laid down last Spring the true democratic theory. The war memorial should "be to the greatest possible extent representative of the expressed ideas, desires and sentiments of the great body of our citizens of all classes." It is good to see that the American Legion is taking a referendum of the form the memorial should assume. Societies of many names and purposes, but all intelligent and patriotic, have taken up this hospitable notion of a general popular expression of opinion. Thus the Woman's Municipal League asks for "an open competition of ideas" and "a competent jury" of artists and architects to decide upon the form of a memorial.

Meanwhile the Mayor's comittee, whose good intentions cannot be suspected and whose readiness to give full scope to the expression of popular and artistic opinion must be assumed, is criticised by some of the enthusiasts. There has been discussion in the Sculpture Society. These things are good signs. An art war is begun. There will be many dithyrambs and anathemas. The public will learn a good deal. The sculptors and the architects and the whole family of artistry will have happy hours. At the end of the great debate may the most beautiful and worthiest conception win!

Whatever is decided upon, let us not be unjust to the classic forms that still rule the world.

Col. Harvey on the I. W. W.

A welcome Christmas gift to a long-suffering nation was the judgment of the Federal Court at Kansas City in the case of a gang of twenty-seven potential traitors. These "I Won't Work" scoundrels had been conspiring to break the laws of the country and to defeat their operation, to deprive the people of food and fuel, to cause the defeat of our army and navy in the war, to promote the success of Germany and the German conquest of America, and the overthrow and destruction of the United States as an independent Republic. Every one of them richly deserved to be stood between a blank wall and a firing squad, and probably would have been thus treated in any country but this. As it was, seeing that the law did not provide for such disposition of them, the court had to be content with sending them to prison for from three to nine years apiece and, in the case of the head devil of the gang, until the costs of the prosecution are paid. It was a good day's work; entirely appropriate to the season which promises "peace on earth to men of good will." There can be no better way of assuring peace to men of good will than by putting men of evil will where "the wicked cease from troubling." Now, if only there could be a few more such days' work, including some such summary disposition of the infernal fools who will presently be weeping and howling for the release of these "political prisoners!"

Where Credit is Due

[From Philadelphia Press.]

The rejoicing that is in the heart of the Nation at the final deportation of two hundred or more Reds was not caused by any rigorous activity on the part of the Administration. The fact that these un-Americans are now on their way to soviet Russia is not the fault of certain Government officials in whose hands was the administration of the special laws which declared these persons beyond the pale. To the Committee on Immigration of the House of Representatives is due the credit for this embarkation. The sending away of these persons had been delayed time and time again. There was no certainty that it would ever have taken place if certain Federal officers had been permitted to have their way.

KILLED FOUR BEARS IN FIVE MINUTES

DR. CHARLES S. MILLS, of Riverton, New Jersey, whose exploit in killing four grizzly bears in five minutes while hunting in British Columbia, has stirred the interest of New Jersey sportsmen, related at his home the details of the thrilling experience. The physician and his Indian guide, cornered by the charging bears, pumped thirty-five shots from their repeating rifles at the ferocious brutes and twenty-six of the bullets took effect.

"It happened so quickly that we had no chance to think of the danger until it was all over," said the doctor, in speaking of what he admits was the most strenuous five minutes of his life. "We were in a small canyon when I sighted a big she-bear in a copse about forty feet above us. As I shot, three other bears charged out of the brush. The first shot was at seventy yards. One of the trio got within forty yards before he went down and the other two were actually within twenty feet and coming strong when our last shots finished them. We were in a pocket, with no chance to get away if those final shots had failed."

The female bear was 7 feet 11 inches official measurement, from nose to tail; the big male, 6 feet 10½ inches, and the smaller bears, 6 feet 3 inches. They were all fine specimens of grizzlies. It was on the evening of September 15 that Dr. Mills shot the four bears, the late twilight in northern Canada giving plenty of light.

"We had been traveling all day and the nearest members of our party were fifteen miles away in a deep canyon," the doctor explained, "so that we had to shoot straight. We skinned the bears and reached camp about 1.30 o'clock the next morning."

Dr. Mills says that an experience of F. S. Groves, also of Riverton, a member of the hunting party, was equally thrilling. Groves and his guide, at 9 o'clock one evening, came upon a huge sow-bear, digging out and devouring groundhogs.

Their first shot only slightly wounded the animal, which charged down a sharp incline. The guide, seeking a better shot, ran to the edge of the slope; his moccasins slipped and he rolled down directly in the bear's tracks. Groves was compelled to shoot between his guide and the bear and had just sent home a fatal bullet when the guide landed on top of the animal.

The region in which the party did most of the hunting was along the headwaters of the Klappan River, in the Cassiar district of British columbia, territory practically unknown to white men.

Dr. Mills describes it as the greatest game country in the world. Within four days their party saw herds of 20,000 caribou, while mountain goats were so thick that the hunters describe them as a nuisance.

Dr. Mills and Mr. Groves brought home the heads and pelts of two mountain goats, two mountain rams, two caribou and one moose, the season's game bag limit permitted by the Canadian Government, while the physician also had his four bears and his friend brought out two.

No Patriotic Sermon Needed

[Elizabeth Frazer, in the Saturday Evening Post.]

Almost the first question which met me on my return from Europe was:

"Didn't you just hate to come back to America?"

At first I was astonished by the sheer foolishness of the query. Didn't America, then, know what Europe was like? And for reply I gave a laugh. Properly speaking it was not a real laugh. It was what is popularly termed a horse laugh—though I never saw a horse give one. It is a vulgar, unrefined, hybrid sort of laugh ranging between a snort and a hee-haw, and is employed to convey scorn, derision, contempt. I realized at the time that as a complete reply my rejoinder was not altogether adequate. It was like those futurist pictures—it left too much to the imagination.

It needed an explanatory title.

Later a western man, a demobilized captain whom I met out in the Rockies in that wild, ragged big game country round Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, expressed my laugh in words. An eastern lady tourist, a romantic, sentimental creature summering on a dude ranch, asked him the same question which had been put to me: Did he not like Europe better than America? Wasn't it more picturesque, refined—more livable, don't you know? All those darling old peasant women out in a field of poppies garnering the grain? It made the landscape so romantic—like What's-his-name's picture of the Angelus! And had he seen the little girls and boys of Belgium harnessed to carts with those big furry dogs, their sabots clattering on the cobbles, their cheeks rosy with cold, and running with all their might to keep up with the dog? So quaint! Did he now really and truly prefer to live in grubby, prosaic America? Thus the tourist lady of the dude ranch.

The man, seventy-four inches of western sunburned brawn, laconic, humorous, stood looking down on her much as a big benevolent Saint Bernard looks down on a lady's tiny, yapping wrist watch pet. After the armistice he had helped to convey the Polish troops in France across Prussia to Poland, and he had confided to me some of the sights he had seen in that gaunt, famine-smitten hinterland. They were not pretty—those tales.

He stood looking down on the lady with a puzzled frown; then he looked off at the encircling mountains, stark granite shafts and peaks and pinnacles, painted with the first snow of the season; then he looked at me, got no help, and suddenly he gave the whole proposition up, jerked out a brief "Oh—hell!" and walked away.

Secretary Lane and Wilson

[From Harvey's Weekly.]

The origin of the President's coldness toward him was doubtless in Mr. Wilson's characteristic dislike to be associated with any one whom he cannot completely dominate and overshadow. But the feeling came to an irremediable climax when Mr. Lane committed the doubly unpardonable sin first of adopting a policy at variance with the President's—or with that of the President's favorites—and second of having the logic of events prove that he was right and the President, or his favorites, wrong.

That occurred, of course, in the coal controversy, at the beginning of the war. Mr. Lane, as Secretary of the Interior, made an agreement with the operators, to run their mines at full capacity, at a stipulated price, which he and pretty much everybody else regarded as fair. But Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, and one of the ablest public officials the President has ever known, butted in with a public denunciation of the price as exorbitant, and refused, as Chief Cook of the war-waging combination, to approve the agreement. Of course, the President backed up one of the ablest public officials he has ever known, Mr. Lane's agreement was abrogated, and there was a general shutting down of mines. The result was such a coal famine as the country had never known, with heatless days and lightless nights and an appalling increase in the death-rate; and incidentally the public had to pay higher prices for the little coal it got than it would have had to pay under Mr. Lane's arrangement.

The Shadows

'Fraid o' de shadders?—
Tell 'em howdy'do!
An' lissen, li'l' chillun,
What de Fire say ter you:

"It's me makes de shadders
What dance on de wall,
Go ter sleep, my chillun,
Whilst I singin' ter you all!"

'Fraid o' de Night Win'?—
Hidin' o' yo' head?
He can't fin' de chillun
W'en dey kivered up in bed!

De Win' is a-sayin',
Whar de dark Night creep:
"Lissen, li'l' chillun,
An' I'll sing you to sleep!"

—Frank L. Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution.

No Triumphal Tour in U. S.

[From Seattle Post-Intelligencer.]

However, if Papa Carranza is at all sensitive and sensible, he will not attempt to make a triumphal tour of the United States after the close of his term as Mexican president.

World Recovers Quickly

[From the Kansas City Star]

Forty thousand persons, a dispatch from Lille, France, said the other day, are at work in the French textile mills that only a few months ago were in ruins. Within a year it is believed production of textiles will reach half the pre-war totals, while within two years the 1914 production will have been surpassed.

Such recovery seems astonishing. It really is not. Years ago John Stuart Mill analyzed the conditions of the reproduction of capital and forecast exactly the sort of thing that is happening in France to-day.

Mill pointed out that people hardly realized the extent to which the capital of a country was constantly being destroyed and renewed. They talked of "ancient wealth," whereas "the greater part, in value, of the wealth now existing in England," he said, "has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months. A very small proportion indeed of the productive capital of the country was in existence ten years ago—scarcely any part, except farmhouses and manufactories and a few ships and machines; and even these would not in most cases have survived so long if fresh labor had not been employed within that period in putting them in repair."

The truth of this is everywhere apparent. In Kansas City a mercantile building or an office building thirty years old is out of date and needs remodeling. Railroads are constantly renewed. Machinery becomes obsolete and is scrapped. The great heritage from the past is not in material things, but in knowledge. We are far richer than our ancestors, not because of things they have handed down to us, but because of the knowledge that has been accumulated which enables us to produce the necessaries and the luxuries of life in forms and in quantities undreamed of. The application of this principle to the recovery of peoples from the devastation of war is put thus by Mill:

"This perpetual consumption and reproduction of capital affords the explanation of what has so often excited wonder, the great rapidity with which countries recover from a state of devastation; the disappearance in a short time of all traces of the mischief done by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes and the ravages of war. An enemy lays waste to a country by fire and sword and destroys or carries away nearly all the movable wealth existing in it. All the inhabitants are ruined, and yet, in a few years after everything is much as it was before. There is nothing wonderful at all in the matter. What the enemy has destroyed would have been destroyed in a little time by the inhabitants themselves; the wealth which they so rapidly reproduce would have needed to be reproduced and would have been reproduced in any case and probably in as short a time."

Europe isn't ruined so long as the people are there, with their knowledge, skill and industry. The war already has been bought and paid for, although the evidences of debt and the inflation of currency are still to be dealt with. Now all the enormous store of energies of hundreds of millions of persons will be devoted to the production of goods that shortly will entirely replace the destruction of war.

Patch Up Optic Nerves Now

[From the Toledo Blade.]

In the field of medicine and surgery there were wonderful advances during the war. Bones from animals have been used successfully to replace human shin and arm bones splintered by high explosives. Skin grafting and facial reconstruction have become commonplace. New noses and ears have been created of thumbs and fingers.

The latest and most startling bit of surgery that has grown out of the war was performed at Fort McHenry hospital, Baltimore. Through it four soldiers, blinded by explosives and gas, have recovered their sight. The operation in each case was to repair shattered optic nerves. Skin, tissue, bone, muscle, veins and arteries have been patched and spliced successfully, but the delicate fabric of nerves has mostly defied the skill of surgery heretofore, and the mark of success upon four operations of such novelty and delicacy promises large things for humanity.

Putting Pep in Mexican Army

[From St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Carranza gave every soldier in the Mexican army his photograph for Christmas, and that is supposed to make them fighting mad.

Evening Chat

For years and years Harrisburg has been accustomed to "ring out the old and ring in the new" at midnight of December 31 and lately the custom of New Year's Eve mummers has come into vogue, so that instead of watch night services and the clang of bells, racket of revolvers and shrilling of whistles the hilarity of the Christmas Eve bells-snickle is very much to the front. But the midnight pandemonium has been the great feature of the celebration. Just how long back this dates, no one seems to know. Old newspapers announce in a paragraph that the new year was welcomed with shooting of firearms and the ringing of bells and when steam came into use, the whistles appear to have played a prominent part. When the centennial year was ushered in, there was a midnight parade in Harrisburg and firemen and various organizations turned out in fantastic costume to celebrate the advent of that great year. Another midnight parade was held on the morning of the commencement of the twentieth century, this being in charge of the Red Men. This year there will be some difference in the celebration of the days, owing to prohibition. One of the great events of New Year's Eve among the bibulous was the placing of great bowls of egg nog on the bars at midnight and on a man's first time up he got a cup free. After that he bought his own and frequently bought much. Special dinners have long had a new year's day vogue at the hotels in the city, with roast pig as one of the great attractions. Ever since Harrisburg has had a Y. M. C. A., and he record goes back pretty far, there has been a New Year's day observance with an entertaining program for young men and boys. Dan Hammelbaugh and some of the other old timers in "Y" work could tell many an interesting story of the days a quarter of a century ago. The two Prof. Hoffmans used to be star performers on such occasions. The Governor's New Year recepton had a later origin. It began about twenty years ago.

* * *

Insurance Commissioner Thomas B. Donaldson has sat down upon an insurance scheme which he says savored of gambling. It was a rather interesting arrangement. Ten men of attained age were placed in a class and an insurance contract made whereby the beneficiaries of the first man to die received the proceeds and each of the nine survivors also received something. Insurance should not be predicated upon the wish for some one to die, says Mr. Donaldson.

* * *

"Burn the old Christmas trees and prevent any introduction of the gypsy moth into Pennsylvania" is advice given by Secretary of Agriculture Fred Rasmussen in the bulletin of his department. "Many of these trees have come to this State from New England, where a large area has the gypsy moth. The danger of introducing the gypsy moth is always present." The trees should be burned as a precaution, notwithstanding the Federal inspection, because of chance of some egg masses being overlooked when trees are covered with ice and snow. The inspection of imported plants has been carried on carefully for several years by the State authorities, to prevent the introduction of the gipsy moth and other pests, but the possibility of introducing the destructive gipsy moth into Pennsylvania on Christmas trees from infested districts is manifest, considering the many thousands of trees that are shipped into the State.

* * *

For the first time in forty-six years, Christmas day passed without the necessity for ejecting an intoxicated person from the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. The elimination of booze is given as the reason, says Wendall Fackler, local manager for the Union News Company, who has been employed about the station, working for the News Company for nearly half a century. Mr. Fackler said: "I was on duty all day Thursday, from early morning until nearly 9 o'clock at night. I was at once impressed with the fact that the usual sights of men carrying bottles in their pockets, grips, suitcases and in packages, staggering through the station, were not in evidence. I do not remember a day when someone did not let a bottle fall, or a package slip from arms, and the bottle break. I have seen drunken men ejected — some arrested for being troublesome. On several occasions in years past when there was no checking room, I took care of many bundles and knew they contained liquor. But that is a thing of the past. Old John Barleycorn has been eliminated. Once I remember when the presence of liquor in the hands of travelers caused a fight, and there were shots exchanged outside of the station. Once I was given a demijohn filled with whisky. I was asked to take care of it, and placed it back of my desk at the old News Agency headquarters. Two hours later that demijohn had an explosion, and whisky flowed all over my office. Things are different now."

* * *

A man walked down one of the narrow streets of the city yesterday afternoon carrying a big bundle. It was all tied up and marked with seals and red tape. It contained just about $100,000. It was the income from a certain place which is very busy just now and the remarkable thing about it was that no one could have cashed a single one of the checks which made up the bale. They were all stamped and listed for deposit only.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Representative Harry M. Showalter, of Lewisburg, was among the visitors to the Capitol yesterday.

—Major Q. O. Reitzel, a former legislator and now register of wills of Lancaster county, was here yesterday. He served in the war with machine gun troops.

—Ex-Representative W. K. Swetland, of Potter county, was among visitors to Harrisburg yesterday. He was here on legal business.

—Samuel Traylor, shipbuilder and engineer, has been elected president of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce.

—W. H. Ludin, the Reading manufacturer, is having a pipe organ built in his house.

—H. O. Wilbur, the Phildelphia chocolate manufacturer, was 81 the other day and gave a dance in honor of the event.

DO YOU KNOW

—That Harrisburg publishes thousands of hymn books a year.

HISTORIC HARRISBURG

—The first printing office seems to have been located here about 1788.