

Bellefonte, Pa., October 16, 1903.

ONCT ON A TIME.

When night gits round an' supper's ate, Dad lights his pipe fer smokin And gits th' newspaper and' sez To me, a kinder jokin'. "Now, Bub, I'll take yer wool of 'less

You hurry up those slippers."
(He knows he couldn't, cause it's took A ready with th' clippers:) An' then he sits an' smokes an' reads, An' mother sets a-sewin',

A-makin' clo'es fer sister-s' prise You how that kid is growin'! An' I jes' sorter wait aroun', A-hopin' dad's most through it, 'Cause then he'll tell me 'bout th' tale 'T's got a giant to it.

"They ain't no news but polytics," Bimeby dad sez, a-yawnin'. "An' John Smith's paintin' of his fenct, An' Green's put up an awnin': So then I climb up on his knee, An' he sez, "You young urchin," An' rubs his whiskers 'gainst my face,

An' thinks I need a birchin' "But wal," he sez, "onct on a time Was Jack th' Giant Killer-" An' tells about th' drefflest things

T jes' plumb skeer And how Jack sworded off their heads, An' all th' blood 'twas makin', An' Jim'ny Gee! when hedtime come I, sneak upstairs jes' shakin'!

-T. R. Andrews, in Leslie's Monthly

A SPOOL OF THREAD.

Stacey stepped lightly off the car at the corner of M— street that bright October morning and headed straight way for the department store across the street. Its windows were gay with autumn splendor, its great entrance sweet with flowers, and through its heavy glass doors passed an endless stream of hurrying, preoccupied women. Men on entering a store of this kind usually fall into a lazy, somewhat in-different stroll, but women plunge into its entrancing depths with reckless disregard for the unimportant remainder of human-

Stacey wanted a spool of thread. In his pocket lay a tiny piece of red foulard of which one of his sister's many new gown "Marie," exc (she was to be married on Thanksgiving Day) was being made. He had been victimized this morning by her to the extent of at last yielding to her pleadings and stepping out to buy the thread which she assured him was needed by the fashionable dressmaker upstairs, badly and at once. Marie's gowns, he understood, were being made by the best man-dressmaker the city afforded, but the little house dresses and tea gowns-such as this dainty foulard thing-were being fashioned at home under her own supervision. It was such fun! And the whole house was in a commotion this morning in consequence. Madam Dressmaker had arrived on the scene, Marie was all excitement, the servants were busy

and cross, and so it had developed on Dick to purchase the all-important spool of thread. In spite of the fact that there were small stores within two or three blocks of home, he absent mindedly boarded a car where he promptly buried himself in the morning paper and finally found himself in the heart of the busy city with a big department store looming up in front of him. Now he roamed aimlessly up and down

the broad aisles gazing helplessly about for the particular article he had come for and a bald headed escued by man who asked him politely what he want-

"A spool of thread." "Three aisles down, sir, on the left," pointing with his pencil. Stacey strode off in the direction indicated, and took his stand in front of the unmistakable thread counter. There was no one there to wait on him, apparently, and he was looking about helplessly when from behind the counter there slowly arose from a stooping posture a girl-a girl with fluffy brown hair, which rolled softly away from a white forehead, on the right, only to droop on the left, toward the dark, even brows which shaded two divinely blue eyes. Her face was oval and evenly tinted, the nose straight and well formed, and her mouth but she held a pencil crossways between her teeth so that her mouth was somewhat distorted. She immediately withdrew the pencil, however, and Stacey saw two prettily curved lips that parted now in a slight smile, all cherry and snow, as she asked in a smooth low voice .

"What can I do for you?" Stacy was still gazing with wondering and open admiration at the distracting face before him so that he nearly forgot what he did want. He answered unsteadily : 'Oh-er-a spool of thread please."

"What color !" sweetly. "Why-let me see. I have a piece ofof-gingham somewhere about me-where is the thing?" He pulled from out his pocket a big, snowy handkerchief, and with it came the scrap of foulard which she caught deftly as it fluttered over the count-The red lips parted this time in a real smile as she studied the pattern and shades and finally she said:

"What shade of this-gingham-shall I

match? The red?"
"If you please," with dignity.
She went off to the end of her counter where she pulled out a drawer containing myriad spools of thread of all the shades of red. After standing there uncertainly a moment she came back to him. Her eves were filled to overflowing with something

very much like fun.
"What number?" she asked with heartless indefiniteness.

Stacey gasped. What, under heaven, did she mean? He made a wild plunge. "Only one spool," he answered, trying to look cool and unconcerned.

"Yes," in a low, sober tone, and with eyes discreetly cast down. "But what num-"Oh-ah-it really doesn't matter, you

know. Well-what numbers have you?" The girl swallowed bard and her voice wavered slightly when she spoke : "Anything from 10 up to-say 500."

This immediately produce on Stacey mind a picture of an array of thread. No. 10 represented the tiny spools of cotton he had seen in Marie's workbasket and the 500 a roll of wrapping twine, and he believed himself safe in answering easily :

"Number 10 will do nicely, I'm sure." Two bright, surprised eyes met his for a moment, and then a low peal of laughter greeted his ears. The next instant she had dashed away to the open drawer again, where she stayed, it seemed to him, an hour. At last she came back, a tiny parcel of brown paper in her hand, her lips severely straightened, her eyes apologetic. She handed him the thread, saying demurely: "I beg a thousand pardons, sir, for keep- sold he saw a crowd of women gathered toing you waiting so long."

'And for laughing at me?" accusingly.

He was about to move away, but he tarried a moment longer.
"What was there so funny?" he asked

She was silent. "Tell me," he begged.
"Oh!" she choked back her laughter. Then she raised those glorious eyes again, so that his heart jumped, and said:

"Ask the woman you bought it for."
"Just the very thing I won't do," said
Stacey to himself, and then with one more look, in which the dark eyes laughed with

the blue, he moved away.

All day, which he spent in his office, he carried in his mind a picture of a girlish face with brownest hair and bluest eyes and whitest teeth, and in his pocket a spool of

At ten o'clock Marie's affairs were moving smoothly. Madam had started on the white wool house dress, had regained her composure and good nature and tongue, and was cutting, snipping, sewing rapidly withal.

"You will need a couple of yards more of this, dear. Yes, of the white. Did you she tried to give me her number, but was get it here in the city? Then I'd run right too weak—couldn't make it." down and get more while you can. And, by the way, Mr. Stacey didn't return with the red thread, did he? You might get a spool, yourself, then, and I will work on spool, yourself, then, and I will work on country somewhere and she lives in one

Consequently, at eleven, Marie was down town. She paused at the counter where her brother, some two hours before, had come to his confusion.

"Is there something I can do for you?" There was something in the sweet voice and still sweeter face that attracted the older, more fortunate girl's attention, and the two women, one in her trim tailor suit and costly furs, the other in her plain little shop gown that set her supple form so modishly, regarded each other with mutual-

ly admiring eyes.

"A spool of thread, please; number 60, and to match the red in this," and Marie handed to the clerk a sample of the red foulard. The girl's surprised, inquiring look, first at the sample and then at the face before her was quite lost on Marie. Another young woman at that moment rushed up to the pretty bride-to-be and a low, laughing, excited conversation immediately took place, while the girl behind the counter again matched the foulard, and then sent spool and money spinning away

above her head.

"Marie," exclaimed the richly gowned new comer, "you just must come home to have heard of J. P. Stacey?" lunch with me—please, dear. Just think I haven't seen you since before I went away this summer. Oh, but bother the dressmaker! She will keep, honey! Besides, I know she will accomplish three times as much if you are not there to bother her. Won't you come? That's a dear."

Marie yielded finally and, after taking the little parcel from the clerk, went slowly away with her friend. In a moment, however, she was back. "Would you be so kind," she said, "as

"What is the name and address?" asked

the clerk, preparing to write.
"Miss Marie Stacey, 538 L—Boulevard. Thank you so much." and handing her the small parcel containing the white wool goods and tucking the spool of thread into her chatelaine, Marie dashed off with her friend.

"That is his sister as sure as my name is Nan Hunter," said the clerk to herself as she followed the two with longing, sadden-hair left her mental vision. So like! So ing eyes.

At one o'clock Madam Dressmaker was, to speak plainly, at the end of her Nancy! Dear, dear little Nancy! rope, and she told Mrs. Stacey so in no uncertain words. "Miss Marie has not yet returned? Then

what am I to do? The white dress is she had played and studied together, when awaiting the extra two yards she was to the joys and sorrows of one had been the bring, and the foulard-if I only had that | joys and sorrows of the other; when life thread ! Dear ! dear !"

At that moment a maid brought into the room a small, soft parcel that proved to be the white wool. Mrs. Stacey was dressed

"I am going down town myself," she an-ounced. "If there is anything you need, nounced. I can get it for you."

"That gown seems to be fated," she went on to herself after the older woman had left the room. "Miss Marie probably nev-

er thought of that thread after she left the house.' So, at two o'clock, Mrs. Stacey, tall, dignified, her silk linings rustling softly, stood in front of the thread counter and handed

to Nan the piece of foulard. "Can you match that in red thread, my dear? Number 60, please." Nan smiled-she couldn't help it-and

the woman in the black silk raglan looked at the girl approvingly. "What a very pretty girl," was her men-comment. "And—her face seems so tal comment.

"His mother." thought Nan, and then as the stately woman walked away, "Now, if the Hon. J. P. Stacey would just step and let me sell him a spool of red thread, I think I would have the whole family sup-For the address given by plied." had divulged the identity of this family, one of the most prominent in the city on account of the father's fame as a lawyer and

financier. It was nearing the closing hour when Dick Stacey again entered the big store. The place was a glare of electricity, its aisles were crowded with women, tired but happy, and there was in the atmosphere the heaviness of perfumes and sweetmeats arising from the counters where these arti-

cles were sold. Into the blue eyes of the girl at the thread counter a great weariness had crept. It had been a hard and busy day, and she was tired, so tired that there were moments when everything in the great store seemed to be whirling about her head in a sickening, dizzying sea. Her face was very white and pinched, and she clutched the counter often to steady herself, while a sense of heart breaking loneliness overflowed her soul. If mother were only home! But she banished the thought as unworthy. Mother-bless her dear heart !- was so much better off with Brother John in the country (and a vision of John's cosy little hous arose before her) then there in the city where she would be alone all day. And

Dick came swinging through the store his hand on the spool of red thread in his pocket, and a white lie all ready at his tongue's end. He had lost the important spool of thread and wanted another. Furthermore, he had been studying the end of that perplexing little cylinder all day, and —she shouldn't make sport of him again. Not much. He knew what he wanted this time: "J. & P. Coates' Best Six Cord Cotton, No. 60."

As he neared the place were thread was gether and then he heard a man's voice.

'Stand back, please! Only one of the girls fainted. Let us pass, ladies, if you please."
And right at his feet in the broad open aisle was laid his little, blue eyed clerk, lifeless, white as death, the almost trans-parent lids drooping over her sunken eyes below which two dark bluish lines traced

themselves across her cheeks. "Better carry her to the hospital," said a woman clerk at the man's side. "I've sent for a stretcher,"

"But she mustn't lie here, man. I'll held you. Let's carry her."

Dick drew nearer. "I can carry herlet me," and, stooping, he lifted the little limp form in his strong arms and strode off, after the sensible looking woman to the

A half hour later a physician came out of the room reserved for such occurrences and Dick, waiting outside, looked at him anx-

"How is she, Doctor?" "Well, some better, poor little thing. She is completely worn out, though, and needs a rest and change and some good nourishing food. She hasn't really recov-ered from her faint yet, and I can't get much idea as to her home and whereabouts.

"Wait a moment." said Dick. "Is there a telephone here?" He was directed to one in an adjoining room and called up his mother. "Mother, may I bring a little sick girl home with me? Will you take her

"Why Dick ?" "It's all right, mother, You know I wouldn't ask you unless it were. She is all alone in the city, and the doctor says all she needs is rest and food. Food, mother! Do you hear?"

"I hear, dear. What is her name?" "I-O' wait a moment." He dashed into the other room. "What's her name?" he asked.

"Nancy Hunter," replied the woman. "Nancy Hunter, mother." He did not hear the little gasp that came over the 'phone and finally he asked again. 'May I bring her, mother? If you don't

"You may bring her, son," came faintly over the wire, and he rang off and went

The doctor nodded, surprised. "I am his son," and, ignoring the polite recognition, "I have just telephoned my mother asking her to allow me to bring

this-child-home to her for a few days at least. Will you go with me and satisfy yourself-",
"I will, indeed. It is just the thing," and the doctor set about his preparations

while Dick rang for a carriage. Meanwhile, in the mansion out on L-Boulevard, Martha Stacey stood in the fireto send this parcel for me? Yes, there is lit hall, her face pressed against the plateinst the one."

lit hall, her face pressed against the plateglass. The twilight was deepening into night. The house was quiet, warm, softly lighted; a wood fire crackled on the hearth, for the evenings were chill. A big bunch of pink carnations on the mantel above the fire shed their spicy perfume through the room. She was alone, and she was thinking. Not for a moment since she had walked slowly away from the thread counter that afternoon had a certain blue-eyed hair left her mental vision. So like! So like! She longed to hurry back and ask the question that was burning on her lips-Nancy! Dear, dear little Nancy! The lonely girlhood sunny! back again in the old days when Nancy and had flowed past them, a smooth, beguiling stream with little hint of the bitternes surging in its depth-for them both. Nancy een so pretty, such soft brown hair, such blue, blue eyes, like—— (She shivered slightly. Could it be?) Her eyes softened a second as she recalled the day fated for them both, with which had come dash-Madam Dressmaker snipped off a bit of the foulard. "Get me a spool of thread to match that, if you please." in love with Nancy, and then—could she have done it? The ing young Jack Stacey, who promptly fell - Ah. how could she have done it? The selfishness of her own love for the lover of ber little friend, her wilfulness and determination, her willingness to bend Nancy's life to her own purposes, all arose before her now, accusing, condemning, in the shape of a sweet, young face, pathetic in its weariness. And it was Nancy's face. She had not seen her girlhood's friend in all those years; but, long after her own marriage to Jack Stacey, she had heard of her marriage to a man by the name of Hunter who died two or three years later. Then came long years with no intelligence whatever. had not known that for fifteen years Nancy and her two children had been living in the same city with herself.

A carriage stopped in front of the house Dick stepped out, assisted his new-found protege to alight, another man followed, and the three, the girl in the middle, came slowly up the marble steps. Mrs. Stacey, herself, opened the big door and they en-

"Mother, Doctor Carter," Dick said, briefly, "and Miss Hunter." Mrs. Stacey They were all too intent on the business in hand to give much time to words.

'There, sit here," said Dick, hospitably, drawing a chair to the fire, and the exhausted girl sank gratefully into its depths.

"Best let her rest a few moments," said the doctor, "and then put her to bed immediately. Mrs. Stacey, this is most kind of you. I assure you the firm will appreciate such hospitality toward one of its force. Miss Hunter is one of their most valued employes, I understand.

am the physician for the firm." Mrs. Stacey was watching closely the pale face in the firelight's glow. Its white, drawn look, the tense lines about the mouth, the pain in the eyes, recalled her own little Nan's face the last time she had seen it. It was as if Time had fashioned a magic bridge across which the stately woman stepped into the land of her girl-hood, the land of her sin. For truly she had sinned against Nancy. Now she bent over the tired little figure, in the big chair and laid a soft hand on the ruffled brown hair. "I am very glad you came to us, my dear. Perhaps you remember—you sold me a spool of red thread this after-

Nan smiled wanly. Dick started and his hand touched the little spool in his The heavy curtains were pushed pocket. aside and Marie looked wonderingly at the

group about the fire. 'Mother! What has happened? Why It is the little girl at the thread counter !' "Yes, dear. She is sick and alone in the city so Dick and Doctor Carter have brought ber home for us to take care for."

Marie turned to Nan smiling. (Continued on page 6.)

State's Millions in Political Banks.

County Treasuries Suffer While Machine Uses Public Funds, -Men Who Hold the Surplus.-Republican Managers' Advantage Invariably Consulted in the Geographical Selection on Depositories of Taxpayers' Money.-Partisan Rules Mainstay.-Treasury Plum Tree Shaken for the Benefit of Men Who Lead Against All Movements for Honest Government.

Nearly fourteen million dollars of the taxpayers' money, not counting the three and three-fourths million in the state's sinking fund, were held by the Republican machine's favorite banks and trust companies, at the beginning of this month, for the mutual benefit of themselves and that machine. The exact amount was \$13,936,191.34, an increase of more than \$700,000 over the total amount in the 118 depositories a month before. And yet during September \$2,500,000 of the school appropriation was paid out. This vast diversion of the public funds as a matter of partisan favoritism and profit exceeds the record for any previous month in the history of the commonwealth and proves the timeliness of the Democratic state platform's condemnation of the financial system which "results in the accumulation of a large and unnecessary surplus in the state treasury for distribution among political or of favored banks and presents a constant temptation to extravagant appropriations and expenditures."

Apart from consideration of the taking of millions annually from the counties in license money, which the Democratic platform contends should be left with them to pay for local improvements and thereby reduce local taxation, this enormous surplus is used to maintain the machine which makes the public interest subsidiary to the purposes of a corrupt partisan leadership. Republican managers when accused of this have pleaded that the treasury must keep a great balance to meet such drafts as those made by the public schools. But the surplus grows steadily from a cause to which they never refer-the constantly increasing revenue which the state does not need. The manipulators of the fund trample upon the principle that the money the taxpayers pays to the tax gatherer should be as sacredly held in the keeping of the state for solely public uses as money put into the hands of a trustee for specific purposes and that any diversion of the public funds for personal or partisan advantage is a breach of

Treasurer Selects the Banks. The depositories favored with this money are selected by the state treasurer, with the approval of the revenue commissioners, one of whom is himself, the two others being the auditor general and secretary of the commonwealth. The maintenance of Republican control in the offices of the auditor general and state treasurer is a direct warrant from the voters of the state for the continued maintenance of these conditions. As the auditor general and state treasurer are to be elected next month the continued partisan control of the idle treasury surplus is directly involved in the result. Two trusted machine leaders have been named for these important offices. One of them earned his nomination by faithful support of obnoxious legislation. Both can be depended upon to maintain the present conditions. They will keep the state funds where they will do the most good for the machine. After studying results of the law requiring 2 per cent, interest for the state from all depositories except the five "active" banks, which pay on their daily balances only one and onehalf per cent., the late Governor Hastings publicly declared that it would be far better for the state to hoard its money in vaults and receive no interest upon it than to suffer the system which he saw continuing. He declared that the public funds were "used for political purposes by depositing them in favorite banks where such deposits are expected to yield returns in the shape of political influence." He denounced the empowering of "the state treasurer or any man or men controlling him to say what banks shall handle the millions annu-

ally paid into the state treasury." Bribed to Be Blind to Misrule.

The names of the depositories of the sinking fund are never disclosed, as the authorities say there is no law compelling such publication, and they are evidently glad to have that excuse for maintaining secrecy. Publication of all the other deposits is enforced, however, and it shows that most of the favored financial institutions have each one or more persons in the management who are either conspicuous machine workers or are in a position to command favors from the Republican leaders. The other depositories are practically bribed through the use of the state's money to be blind to machine misrule in Pennsylvania and to repel all efforts to win assistance from them in moves to make the government honest. These bribed depositories not only keep out of reform agitation themselves but also influence wide circles of friends and acquaintances to do likewise "for the sake of the bank."

The machine, in addition to thus providing that appeals from advocates of good government shall fall upon deaf ears, exacts financial tribute from depositories unable to supply much active work to maintain the power which purchases with the people's tax money the open or passive support of bank directorates. Among proofs of this is the case of an officer of a bank in a city on the Susquehanna river, who not long ago showed that he considered his institution highly favored

in having a state deposit of \$25,000 upon which he had to pay only 2 per cent. interest to the commonwealth. He contributed \$250 to the Republican campaign and covered it as an "expense" item of the bank. Men who know this fact observe that the "contribution" was exactly 1 per cent. of the deposit. They infer that the Quay machine, of which the state treasury and auditor general's office are the mainstay, considered 1 per cent. a fair offering from the class of depositories to which that bank belonged.

Banks' Political Connections. Collapses in recent years of institutions which the state treasury had specially favored uncovered proofs of cash returns to the Republican machine for deposits. Those disasters exposed also the details of Republican part leaders' methods of profiting personally from the influence that had shaken "the plum tree." Yet no change has been made in the corrupt system except to find means of swelling the surplus in order to satisfy demands from partisan henchmen for the favoring of additional depositories or the increasing of deposits in the old

favorites. In distributing the surplus there has been remarkable discrimination in favor of Pittsburg banks. No doubt this resulted from the Quay machine's anxiety to adjust factional troubles which had left Allegheny politics in a ferment ever since the enactment of the second class city "ripper." Last month Pittsburg alone had 32 banks. trust companies and savings institutions, more than one-fourth of all the depositories, holding more than five and a half million dollars of the commonwealth's money. That exceeds two-fifths of the entire surplus and shows one of the greatest obstacles in the way of Democratic efforts to improve governmental conditions in Allegheny and to ameliorate state affairs through the agency of that

Machine Leaders As Directors. Strikingly demonstrating how the machines of the principal cities are helped by the state treasury to thwart the "country's" move for honest government is the fact that all but a little less than two millions of the surplus was deposited in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Allegheny City and Harrisburg, in 53 institutions. The two western cities had nearly one-half of the fourteen millions. There was \$600,000 in the Colonial Trust Company, an "active" depository, of which ex-Senator William Flinn, the ripped-out, but recently reinstated machine leader of Pittsburg, is the most influential director. Other directors of the Colonial Trust include Flinn's son, George H. Flinn, and the Flinn-Magee confidential agent in big transactions, M. K. McMullin.

Robert McAfee, who, last spring, succeeded General Reeder as commissioner of banking, was a director last year of the "active" Allegheny National, which holds \$785,369.32. The cashier of the bank, William Montgomery, is Senator Quay's fiscal agent and handler of stocks. The president of the "active" Commonwealth Trust Company, of Harrisburg, in which the state has \$437,-757.14, is Major Lane S. Hart, formerly state printer, brother of the late Wm. B. Hart, who was the next state treasurer elected after Quay resigned from that office and left William Livsey to serve during the remainder of the term. The vice president of Major Hart's company is Judge John H. Weiss, of the Dauphin county court, a close personal friend of Quay, and the directors include Congressman M. E. Olmsted and another influential Quay worker, Charles H. Mullin, of Cumberland county. The law excludes judges from the directorates of banks, but not

of trust companies. Beneficiaries of Durham Rule. The largest of all the deposits in the state except that in the "active" Farmers' and Mechanics', of Philadelphia, is that in another "active" concern, the Quaker City National, of that city. It has \$864,500. Its president, Jacob E. Ridgeway, is in close personal and political relations with the principal managers of the Republican party, city and state. The chief leaders of the Philadelphia machine do their banking in the"Quaker City." Its directors included the late Alexander Balfour, whose conduct as an inspector of the Eastern Penitentiary brought him under fire, and also the late Congressman Foerderer, whose wealth financed the city machine at times.

Oil For the City Machine. The foregoing facts throw some light upon the resources and methods of the city machine, which, according to the leading Republican newspapers of the state, has included 80,000 fraudulent votes in its returns of a single election.

In Pittsburg the Freehold Bank, which was the late Chris. L. Magee's favorite institution, has a state deposit of over \$300,000. Its directors include Flinn and his son. Other state depositories there are the North American Savings Company, and has as vice president Francis J. Torrance, active in politics as one of Quay's principal friends; and the Anchor Savings Bank. of which Pittsburg's first chief magistrate under the "ripper," A. M. Brown, is president. H. C. Frick, coke and steel king, a proposed candidate for Quay's seat in the senate. is a director

of the City Deposit Bank, which has a snug deposit from the state treasurer. Similarly favored is the Exchange National Bank, of which one director, Calvin Wells, controls the Phildelphia Press, which swallows Press-Muzzler Snyder as a candidate for auditor general, although it maintained vehement denunciation of Pennypacker's gag even after the Republican state con-

Leading Politicians Favored. One of the old financiers of the Pittsburg Republican organization, T. Hart Given, is president of the Farmers' Deposit National Bank, in which is \$190 .-000. C. A. Muehlbronner, who introduced the Pittsburg "ripper" in the senate, is a director of the favored German National. Of another favorite, the Keystone Bank, W. C. Magee, a relative of the late chief political ruler of Allegheny, is a director. Director E. M. Bigelow, brother of the "ripper's" chief engineer, is a manager of the Liberty National, a state depository. Stephen Stone, United States marshal, and son of the ex-governor and the latter's political side partner, ex-Congressman W. H. Graham, are directors of the Mercantile Trust, which has a nice state deposit. Stephen Stone, as a director of the favored Prudential Trust, appears again, and he and Graham are also connected with another state depository, the Federal National.

H. C. Frick is a director and Attorney General P. C. Knox was until recently in the board of the Mellon National, which has a slice of the surplus. Of another Pittsburg depository, the Pennsylvania Trust, William B. Rodgers, city solicitor, who helped with "Quay reform" bills and the "ripper" in its original shape, has been the vice president. Ex-Speaker William T. Marshall is a director of the Public Trust Company. Quay's friend, Torrance, and William McConway, whom Flinn flatters, are directors of the Second National. In the Union Trust is a repetition of familiar names, including Attorney General Knox and Frick, Ex-Judge James H. Reed, who helps control the Columbia National, which has \$245,000 state money, is president of the Philadelphia Company, a monopoly of traction, gas and other public utilities of Pittsburg.

Fat Pickings For Serving Leaders. Of Harrisburg state depositories Adjutant General Stewart is an investor in the fortunes of the Commercial Bank. Lane S. Hart and Congressman Olmsted are president and director respectively of the First National, which holds \$293,667.45. Edward Bailey, member of the new capitol commission, is president of the Harrisburg National, with \$130,000. Bailey is president also of the Harrisburg Trust, which holds \$350,000 and has ex-Insurance Commissioner J. M. Forster as vice president.

Supreme Court Justice J. Hay Brown is a director of the Lancaster Trust. which has state money. Of other favored institutions fed and fattening on the use of the people's money, Shipbuilder John B. Roach, to whom State Senator Sproul is related by marriage, is a director of the Cheste Congressman Acheson is in the board of the Citizen's National, of Washington. Ex-State Senator C. C. Kauffman, formerly an insurgent, is a director of the Columbia (Lancaster county) Trust Company. Senator Matson is a director of the Commercial National, of Bradford. Elkin's chief lieutenant in the Republican gubernatorial canvass, T. Larry Eyre, and ex-Auditor General McCauley are directors of the Farmers' National, West Chester. Major General Charles Miller, of the National Guard, is in the board of the Franklin (Venango county) Trust Company. Representative A. A. Thompson, of Fayette, is an assistant in the Uniontown First National, which has \$100,-000, and his father, J. V. Thompson, Quay leader, is its president.

And They're All Republicans. The presence of Quay's personal and political friend, Samuel Moody, in the board of the Beaver First National, explains its favor from State Treasurer Harris. Other fortunate concerns are the Farmers' and Drovers' National, of Waynesburg, with ex-Senator Daniel S. Walton as a director; the Honesdale National, which has in its board Homer Green, member of the committee that prepared Quay's fake "ballot reform" bill; the Mercer County Trust, with State Senator James D. Emery, sponsor for one of the infamous Emery-Focht passenger railway franchise grabs, as president, and Lyle W. Orr, formerly employed in the state treasury, and Common Pleas Judge S. H. Miller as treasurer and director, respectively; the Grove City People's National, having as a director Representative H. K. Daugherty, chairman of the last house's judiciary local committee, who, at the close of the legislature, was appointed attorney for the dairy and food commission and drew a salary until Governor Pennypacker was reminded of the unconstitutionality of the appointment; the Union Banking Trust, of Dubois, with State Senator A. E. Patton as director; the Westmoreland Savings and Trust, in which one director is John B. Steele, unsuccessful Republican candidate against Judge Doty, four years ago, and the Warren Trust, in which State Senator H. H. Cummings is a director.

And so the list of politicians, all Republicans, connected with the financial institutions favored with the enormous, unnecessary surplus, might be prolonged.

This explains why the afflicted wards of the state in hospitals for the insane are compelled to suffer from crowding and lack of ordinary accommodation. Neither their health or comfort, nor the oppression of the farmers and other taxpayers, whose counties are practically robbed of license fees which would reduce their taxation, are to be considered by the machine when it wants to profit from millions in its favorite banks.