

LOOTING THE TREASURY

Trail of Blood and Boodle Through History of Spoliation.

Life and Honor Freely Sacrificed to Feed the Rapacity of Republican Machine Managers, Who For a Quarter of a Century Have Been Preying Upon the Industry and Energy of the People.

The history of the Pennsylvania state treasury is an ever interesting though essentially pride-chastening study for the people. For years it has been a prolific source of graft and from the time that the late Senator Quay became secretary of the commonwealth and ex-officio commissioner of the sinking fund, a "trail of blood and boodle" has marked its records. Vast surpluses were unknown a quarter of a century ago, the fiscal officers of the commonwealth having been capable if not always conscientious, so that the receipts and expenditures about balanced. But Quay soon discovered that the sinking fund was an available fountain of funds and by conspiracy with a subordinate official of the treasury he abstracted large amounts for use in speculative operations. Since the keen scent of cupid-ity discovered the possibilities that are in big surpluses, taxes have been multiplied to create vast balances.

In a speech delivered at Pottstown, September 23d, by Eugene C. Bonniwell, Esq., of Philadelphia, the shameful record of this pool of iniquity is fully revealed. Mr. Bonniwell said:

The supreme issue which concerns us today is honesty. Ours is the common standards ordinarily applied in society and business to be faithfully ignored in the conduct of public affairs, and the funds of the people of Pennsylvania placed at the disposal of corrupt politicians and stock gamblers? There can be no party lines upon this proposition. No citizen professing to be a Republican can support the so-called Republican ticket in this campaign simply because it is labeled Republican. John Jay, the first chief justice of the United States, aptly said that adherence to party has its limits, and they are marked and prescribed by that supreme wisdom which has united and associated with public duty, rectitude and self-respect.

The citadel which dominates the political battlefield of Pennsylvania is the state treasury. From its vaults have issued again and again the funds that have corrupted legislatures, debauched congressional committees, nourished bankrupt politicians and financed colossal gambles for the enrichment of so-called statesmen.

The citizen worthy of the name who proposes to vote for a Republican nominee for state treasurer must do so on one of two grounds—either the conduct of the state treasury in the past has been of so meritorious a character as to justify the continuance of Republican control, or the character of the Republican nominee is so signally inspiring as to make certain an honest conduct of the office despite his political affiliations. Tried by either of these tests the Republican organization hopelessly fails.

Record of Flagrant Dishonesty.

Least the flagrant trail of dishonesty and blood of wrecked homes and broken hearts has become less than a memory, permit me to recapitulate the known history of the state treasury. Within our own time when Samuel Butler, an honest man, was elected treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania, in 1879, he refused to accept of the assets of the treasury because of the fact that \$250,000 was represented by nothing more than promissory notes of certain politicians. It was never denied that this money was taken out by Andrew S. Quay, and lost in stock speculations. When exposure became imminent Blake Walters, cashier of the state treasury, shot and killed himself.

Amos C. Noyes, the retiring treasurer, a man of such unswerving honesty that he was known as "Senary Timber" Noyes, took to his bed and died within a few months of a broken heart, and nothing save the action of Dr. M. C. Carmon in contributing the \$260,000 in cash for political purposes, prevented a public scandal that should have driven the Republican administration from power. It was asserted that time Quay contemplated suicide.

Undeterred by the murder of these two men, in 1885 and thereafter, Quay having been elected state treasurer, he renewed his raids on the state treasury. Following his brief term W. B. Hart was elected state treasurer and his friends have always believed that his untimely death was caused by the frightful knowledge of the condition of the state treasury.

Livesy succeeded Hart. In 1888 another colossal raid was made on the state treasury. With the assistance of A. Wilson Norris, then auditor general of Pennsylvania, Quay secured from Livesy \$400,000 with which to purchase stock in a Chicago traction deal. So deeply did his connection with this case bear upon Norris that before the end of the summer of 1888 he had drunk himself to death.

The colored messenger of the state department, named Warren, who had helped Norris carry the securities to Philadelphia, was found drowned in the Susquehanna canal, and William Livesy, in 1891, fled from the state of Pennsylvania and has never returned.

Forced to Divide the Loot.

Before he died Norris left a letter addressed to Senator Quay, requesting him to see that his widow received the \$10,000 which was his share of this gigantic steal. When Quay refused Mrs. Norris placed the matter in the hands of Biddle & Ward, a distinguished firm of lawyers. The response was instant and it is a curious commentary upon the condition of affairs in Philadelphia that the gentleman who then stepped in as representing Mr. Quay, after forestalling a public scandal of overwhelming proportions, was the same gentle-

man who within a few months has sought to erect himself into a bulwark between outraged citizens and Philadelphia and demoralized machine politicians. That eminently respectable member of the Union League of Philadelphia, who settled the Quay case with Mrs. Norris, was Silas W. Pettit, chairman of the so-called Committee of Twenty-one, "pure and undefiled reformers within the party lines." Through all these years had run the minor thievery. Favored banks, offered by corrupt business men, could always secure a share of the state deposits by promising to re-locate a portion of them to the politicians who secured the deposits, and millions of the state's money has been for years in the absolute control of the political bankers of Pennsylvania without a return of a single cent of interest to the state treasury.

Criminal Episode of the People's Bank

In 1893 the People's Bank of Philadelphia, long known as a political institution, which served as a clearing house for machine politicians, closed its doors. Immense sums of state moneys had been placed there on deposit and loaned deposits to the bank with orders, as a clearing house for machine politicians, closed its doors. Immense sums of state moneys had been placed there on deposit and loaned deposits to the bank with orders, as a clearing house for machine politicians, closed its doors. Immense sums of state moneys had been placed there on deposit and loaned deposits to the bank with orders, as a clearing house for machine politicians, closed its doors.

The Philadelphia Press in 1885, in opposing the nomination of Quay for state treasurer, asserted it would take the lid from off the treasury and expose secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb. The lid has never been lifted. How much corruption seethes within its walls only the facile tools of the Republican machine could tell, unless the spectacles of Noyes, Walters, Hart, Norris, Warren, Hopkins and Haywood, driven to their graves by a burden of guilt too great to bear, lend circumstantial corroboration to the stories of plunder.

Treasury Balance May Be Fictitious.

The books of the state treasury have never been audited, although the paper statements show a balance of \$10,000,000 annually. No school appropriation in Pennsylvania has ever been paid until long overdue, and then only in heed of the clamoring of the district judges. Indeed, there is a grave doubt that the \$10,000,000 is in the state treasury, and it may be that the state of Pennsylvania carries as a portion of that asset the personal notes, the memoranda of indebtedness and the I. O. U.'s of politicians, many of them now outlawed beyond redemption.

If the state treasurer's accounts are straight, why deny inspection to the public? Why reuser that which every honest trustee demands, an auditing of his accounts? Why select the most pliant tool in the employ of the machine for this most responsible post? If any business man were contemplating the appointment of a treasurer to handle, uncontrolled, the receipts of a great business, what sane man would select J. Lee Plummer? Upon his public record his ability is so contemptible that he has never been admitted to the councils of the Republican organization, his disposition so pliant that he served that organization as a messenger boy without inquiry as to the rights or wrongs of the orders he delivered; his record, persistently adverse to every good measure, consistently favoring every corrupt measure. This man has made himself impossible to the most narrow partisan who holds a remnant of self-respect.

Supported Infamous Legislation.

He was an active supporter of the infamous Pull bill, designed to cripple law and order securities in their war upon the degrading forms of vice which menace our great cities; he was a supporter of the Ehrhardt bills which actually proposed to protect the unshakable white slave dealers in Philadelphia county. He supported the Susquehanna river grab; the Snyder water works grab; all three of the Philadelphia rip-off bills; the (brandy) status bill; the bill authorizing the county commissioners instead of the courts of Philadelphia to appoint election officers, to further debauch election conditions in Philadelphia. The chief bill to which he was recorded in opposition was the bill to increase allowances to the township high schools.

No statement that I have made regarding Mr. Plummer is taken from any other source than the legislative record of his acts. He stands convicted upon his own record of a moral feebleness and turpitude that can be equalled only by that of any free citizen who votes for him. John Fisk, the distinguished economist, shortly before his death bemoaned "the fallen state of Pennsylvania morals, sunk in bondage to petty tyrants as cheap and vile as ever cumbered the earth." What words could be used to depict the present leaders

of that once invincible organization?

Opposed to this character the honest citizens of Pennsylvania have united upon a man the antithesis of J. Lee Plummer; a man who is the head of a large and successful manufacturing establishment; an employer of labor whose voice has never been raised, save in the interest of honest government; whose character among his neighbors is so transcendent that the town of Chester, which in November, 1904, gave that magnificent president of ours, Theodore Roosevelt, a majority of 1800, elected this man mayor of that town in February by a majority of 600. That man is William J. Berry.

The Line-Up of Political Forces.

(From the Philadelphia Press, Rep.) On the one side is "Iz," he of the capacious pocket, and his business partner, "Jim," with a choice company of retainers-for-revenue-only, whose ranks have been seriously depleted because the presence of the faithful is required behind iron bars. The Martins, Salters, Smyths, Hills, Sters, et al., the gambling house keepers, the proprietors of disorderly resorts and speak-easies, the entire criminal population of the city, the corporation bribe-givers and law-making bribe-takers, all supported by one lone, doubtful "organ," which pipes in uncertain tones, makes up the Machine Organization.

On the other side are the president of the United States, the mayor of the city, the secretary of state, the secretary of the navy, all the respectable newspapers of Philadelphia, with the one exception noted, the national magazines and the press of the country generally, the Philadelphia preachers of all denominations, the Pennsylvania Bar Association, the leading business and professional men of the city, a splendid host of young men, fired with the glow of patriotism, and all the tried and proved leaders in movements for civic welfare and human betterment.

Blackmailing the Bankers.

(From the Boston Herald, Ind., Rep.) The Pennsylvania Republicans have been appealing to about 100 banks of the Keystone State for campaign contributions to meet the expenses of the election this fall. The banks selected for this "touch" are those that have been favored by deposits of the state's money. But is there not some limit to the amount such banks can afford to contribute for the sake of holding deposits of the public funds? If campaign contributions must be made each year, and if banks holding public funds must loan money to political bosses whenever they desire it, we should suppose that the outrage might be greater than the income. Presumably all the banks will not pull together in this matter. If they did they could refuse to be led for campaign contributions or to grant loans to political bosses; but there are those morally weak in business as well as in politics. That class will yield and share the profits they make from holding the state's money with those who are of service to them in obtaining this privilege.

FIVE SWEEPED OFF LINE

Wave Rolled Over Crowded Deck of the Campana in Mid-Ocean.

New York, Oct. 16.—Five lives are known to have been lost and more than 30 persons were injured, one of them fatally, on the Cunard line steamer Campana, when a gigantic wave rolled over the steamer and swept across a deck thick with steerage passengers. So sudden was the coming of the awful disaster and so great the confusion which attended and followed it that even the officers of steamer themselves were unable upon the vessel's arrival here to estimate the full extent of the tragedy.

So great was the volume and force of the rushing waters that a door in the rail was smashed, and through this opening five of the helpless ones who had been caught by the wave, were dashed against the rails and other like obstructions escaped death, but many of them received severe injuries. One young woman had both legs broken at the thigh, and several persons suffered broken arms and ribs, while more than a score were bruised and battered.

When the wave cleared the vessel the forward part of the deck was strewn with injured, and for hours Dr. Verden, the ship's surgeon, aided by a number of physicians among the cabin passengers, were busy in attending to their hurts. In the meantime an inspection of the steerage showed that five of the passengers were missing.

EDWARD M. PAXSON DEAD

Former Chief Justice of Pennsylvania Dies at His Summer Home.

Philadelphia, Oct. 13.—Edward M. Paxson, former chief justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania and one of the most distinguished jurists of the commonwealth, died at his summer home, Bycot House, Buckingham, Bucks county. He was in his 82d year.

Hyde Ready to Testify.

New York, Oct. 17.—James H. Hyde returned to New York city prepared to testify fully before the insurance investigating committee whenever he may be called upon to do so. There is now a perfect understanding between Mr. Hughes, counsel to the committee, and Samuel Untermyer, Mr. Hyde's counsel, and no formal subpoena will be served upon the Equitable's former vice president.

Heir to California Estate.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 14.—Some time ago Mrs. Levi Fink, of this city, received word that her uncle, Jacob Heigler, had died in Southern California, leaving an estate valued at \$8,000,000. A meeting of the heirs has been called to take place in Philadelphia.

MAKING PIPE ORGANS.

Interesting Work That Is Done in the Voicing Room.

Both the metal and wooden pipes of a pipe organ are made on the selfsame principle of the willow whistles that every man made when he was a boy, and so, after all, a pipe organ, the mightiest musical instrument yet invented, is but the evolution of that primitive pipe of Pan, the willow whistle.

The most interesting place in an organ factory is the voicing room. Up to the time the pipes enter this room they are as dumb as broomsticks. Here the breath of life is breathed into them, and they are made to speak, each in the voice intended by its maker. Here the big fat pipes are taught to thunder out their diapason and those scarce the diameter of a slate pencil and one-half an inch long to utter their shrill whistles and others the thousands of varying tones between. And not only must the pipes of one stop speak correctly as individuals and members of their own particular family, but they must be in accord with all the hundreds of others in whose midst they are to live. To see that they do this is the work of a man whose ear is keen to the slightest variation and who must know why a pipe does not speak as it should and how to make it. One by one the pipes are set upon the wind chest standing here, with the bellows and all the internal mechanism of an organ properly adjusted and with a keyboard in front of him the voicer tests each one. By changing the size and shape of the aperture through which the wind passes he governs the tone until it is exactly what it should be, a task which only a man with the nicest sense of sound can accomplish.

NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

Those Who Are Ambitious to Be Useful Rather Than Rich.

A young man of ability and great promise recently refused to enter a vocation which would yield him a large income, lest the temptation to become rich might eat up his desire to help his fellow men. He feared that the frantic struggle for wealth and self being waged by the majority of men with whom his position would force him to associate would insensibly draw him into the same vortex of selfishness. He felt that his ideals would become tarnished, that his aspirations would be starved in such an atmosphere, and so he chose a vocation which would enable him to render the greatest service to humanity.

It is a refreshing thing in a material age to see people who are ambitious to be useful rather than rich, who are more eager to help others than to make money. These are nature's noblemen; these are the characters which enrich life and which have pushed civilization from the savage to the Florence Nightingales and the Lineals.

One of the most promising things about our civilization today is that, side by side with the greed for gold, is the ever growing passion of humanity for good. The number of people who prefer to be useful to their fellow men rather than to make money is constantly increasing. This passion for good is the salt of humanity; it is what makes us believe in the future of the race.—Success.

Origin of a Phrase.

Many years ago the wild deer that roamed through the forests of England used to dig holes in the earth with their forefeet. They paved it out sometimes to the depth of several inches, sometimes a foot or more. These holes were called "scrapes," and travelers at dusk or night or those who were careless about their footing often tumbled into them. They were laughed at for their heedlessness when they came home covered with mud, and, as this frequently occurred after they had been imbibing a bit, they were said to have "got into a scrape." Some Cambridge students took up this expression, and thus it came to be applied to people who had got into difficulties of various sorts.

Cooked Under Water.

In 1706 one James Austin laid a wager of \$500 that he would cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames near Rotherhithe. The bet was readily accepted, and many people flocked to the appointed locale to watch this strange exhibition of the culinary art. Inclosed in a tin pan in the center of a sack of lime the pudding was lowered beneath the water, where for two hours and a half it remained. It was then taken up, unpartaken of by a committee, who declared that Austin had won his wager, the pudding being, if anything, overdone.

A Broad Hint.

"Mamma," said a six-year-old girl, entering the sitting room one morning recently, "don't you want some candy?" "The mother was writing a letter. 'Why, yes, dear,' she replied. 'Give me a piece.'" "I ain't dot any," came from the child, "an' I ain't dot any nickel to dot none."

She got the nickel.—Kansas City Times.

Morally Improving Habit.

The habit of dressing well grows on a man like the opium habit, but its consequences, instead of being disastrous, are delightful and socially as well as morally improving.—Sartorial Art.

Take Vin-te-na and the good effect

will be immediate. You will feel strong, you will feel bright, fresh and active, you will feel new, rich blood coursing through your veins. Vin-te-na will not act like magic, will put new life in you. If not benefited money refunded. All druggists.

NOVEL CALENDAR.

One Designed by Flammarion Would Answer For Every Year.

Notwithstanding the disastrous results attending the attempts of French scientists at the time of the revolution to reform the calendar, this subject seems still to interest certain individuals, and the most recent proposition comes from M. Camille Flammarion, the well known astronomer, who intends to recommend to the French chamber of deputies a bill to make compulsory a new calendar he has devised, says Harper's Weekly.

M. Flammarion would commence the year at March 21, the vernal equinox, and divide it into quarters, each containing two months of thirty days and one month of thirty-one days. Consequently the year would consist of 364 days and there would remain an extra or fete day which would not belong to any single month. Leap years would be marked by two such fete days.

The new calendar is so designed that the same dates would always occur on the same days of the week, and one calendar would answer for every year.

The Bargain.

Littleton—What under the canopy are you going to do with all that white satin? Mrs. Littleton—Why, it's for baby! It was such a bargain. I knew I'd never find any so cheap again, and it will be lively for her wedding gown.—Brooklyn Life.

He Knew.

"Come, Willie," said mother at the table, "sit up like a man." "Why, mother," replied Willie, "men sit down for their food; it's only dogs that sit up."—Exchange.

Medical.

WHY IT SUCCEEDS.

BECAUSE IT'S FOR ONE THING ONLY, AND BELLEFONTE IS LEVING THIS.

Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success. Doan's Kidney Pills do one thing only. They're for ailing kidneys. They cure backache, every kidney ill. Here is evidence to prove it.

Mrs. James A. Miller, of Tyrone, Pa., living at 1828 Columbia Ave., says: "My husband suffered from rheumatism for years, but it was only a short time ago that he began to complain continually about his back. It kept aching worse and worse until at last he had to lay off work and called in a doctor who told him he had lumbago. His physician gave him some kind of medicine but it did him no good. One day when he was lying on the lounge unable to move without screaming with pain, a neighbor who dropped in advised him to try Doan's Kidney Pills. He got a box and they certainly have given him surprising relief. They did him so much good that I know he has no hesitation in recommending them to anyone suffering as he did."

I have fewer no remedy to equal yours. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

PHILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDYS PILE SUPPOSITORY. D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. W. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarkburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 25 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists, and in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish, Call for Free Sample. 50-22-ly MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 28, 1904.

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