

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., September 13 1907.

Democratic Candidate for State Treasurer Officially Advised of the Honor.

Splendid Meeting of Democrats

Confidence in the Coming Victory the Feature of the Great Event—Berry, Black, Harman and Ikeler Make Eloquent Speeches—The Campaign Opened Auspiciously.

(Special dispatch)

Bloomsburg, Pa., Sept. 11, '07. The meeting to notify Hon. John G. Harman of his nomination by the Democratic State convention for the office of State Treasurer was held here this evening and it was an epoch in the political history of Columbia county. Mr. Harman was born and brought up in this town and it can be said that every man, woman and child is his friend. He is easily the leading lawyer at the bar but his splendid professional success has not changed him from the good natured, manly fellow that he was when his father was a mechanic in one of the industrial establishments of the community.

It is within the limits of conservatism to say that John G. Harman is the most popular professional man in Bloomsburg and one would take no great hazard in adding that he is the most admired citizen of this community. This was abundantly demonstrated by the meeting to-night for every man in attendance acted as if the honor bestowed on Harman there was a concealed compliment to the town and county. There was a practical suspension of business, the streets were crowded, the buildings were decorated and the people were in festive mood. The fine theatre in which the meeting was held couldn't have held a fraction of those who came from all sections of the county to participate in the ceremonies. But as many as could got in and cheered to the echo the eloquence of State Treasurer Berry, who delivered the notification speech and his successor in office John G. Harman, who responded.

There was something about the meeting to-night, indefinable, possibly, but palpable, which marked it as a peculiarly auspicious political event. Besides Berry and Harman, the present and prospective State Treasurer, the speakers were Jere S. Black of York and Fred T. Ikeler of this town. What memories of great achievements in politics and in jurisprudence these names arouse? Jere Black, the living image of his distinguished grandfather is scarcely less eloquent than that great jurist and statesman and Fred Ikeler is even more an orator than his father, who graced the bench of this county during nearly a full term of service when he "died in harness," so to speak. But the enthusiasm was more impressive than the eloquence. The people were the spirit of the occasion. The thousands who came from east, west, north and south of Columbia county made the event



JOHN G. HARMAN.

Mr. Harman's speech follows. Mr. Berry and Gentlemen of the Committee.

In accepting the nomination of which you, as the representatives of the late Democratic Convention, have come to officially advise me, I do so with some degree of personal satisfaction, but with a larger degree of pride and pleasure do I appreciate the honor from the fact that the great party which you represent saw fit to come to my native county of Columbia for its candidate to lead the fight for a continuation of the magnificent work just begun in this state by that sturdy and sterling citizen and official, William H. Berry. And from the fact that I have never asked but that I have received political endorsement from the people of my county I feel that I have the right to thank you in their behalf, as well as for myself, for the honor thus conferred.

I accept it too, with a profound sense of its responsibilities. Were I to consult my personal comfort, the arduous labor of a campaign would not appeal to me. But having been unanimously called by a party capable of polling upwards of half a million votes, at a time when the value to the Commonwealth of a free and independent exercise of the right of suffrage was never more thoroughly demonstrated than in the resolutely flowing from the last election for this office, no man has a right to shrink a call to duty such as this

In a brief and informal acceptance made on the day of my nomination, I stated I was in hearty accord with the principles contained in the platform adopted. I repeat it here. As the official utterance of a party in convention assembled it is a declaration of principles to the support of which every follower of the party can safely, and without the sacrifice of conscience or respect, subscribe. It is more than that. Its principals are a safe harbor for every man, woman or child of this plundered Commonwealth who earnestly seeks and desires a remedy for the conditions in this state which have attracted the adverse criticism of the press of the United States, and compelled even the party in power to cry out against.

Issues of the Campaign.

Mere issues, alone for political purposes, are not lacking on which to wage a campaign. If all the electors of this State heretofore should have been of one mind politically, sufficient justification for our platform coming into existence could be found in the single instance of the loot of the public treasury in the erection of a capitol building which instead of being, as was hoped, our pride, has become our shame. And yet my friends, the result to be attained in this election is more than a matter of mere party success. It means more to me as a citizen than my mere elevation to office. Should that follow it is but secondary. It means more to the people than a mere triumph of numerical strength between contending political forces. That is often the greatest calamity that can overcome a community or a state. But this election will determine whether we shall continue to keep the State Treasury out of politics, and beyond the reach of the political brigands who for years exploited it for their personal advantage and gain, or whether we shall restore the conditions which made possible our disgrace in the most monumental steal of modern history.

Happily the Democratic party is not so poor in issues that it must seize upon a single instance of dereliction of duty as its excuse for challenging the right of the opposing party to control the public treasury. Nor will it be driven from the fight upon the simple promise of a candidate for that office, backed by his party's platform, to punish official wrongdoing in that connection. We can turn the pages of history for forty years and show the record of Republican control of the office of State Treasurer to be a history, in many instances, of broken lives, and fortunes, and of self-slaughter. We can instance looted banks and trace the trail of political connection therewith from Allegheny to New Mexico. We can turn from this unpleasant canvas and show an aroused and outraged people regardless of political affiliation placing in that office for the first time in upwards of thirty years, a follower of another faith than that of his predecessors, with the result that a condition undreamed of was uncharted in the Treasury, and the schemes of a band of conscienceless rascals to extract from the State twenty millions more of our money was upped in the bloom. With such an object lesson as this, with such a record of manipulation of our Treasury in behalf of political interests as has been repeatedly charged and unproven, no further or better excuse or reason could be asked for or given for asking of the electors of this state a calm and sober consideration of the issue which confronts us.

In national politics, my friends, men may differ. On the great economic and fundamental principles of government constantly agitated in our national elections, it is not strange there should be honest conflict of opinion. But I take it we are all on common ground in declaring that that system which has resulted in our injury and damage and discredit (at home and abroad) in our own private state affairs should be eradicated. You ask me what "system" do I refer to and I answer that of keeping all the officials charged with the expenditure of the public moneys of one political faith, in the hands of another. You ask me the remedy and I state that I firmly believe the solution lies in putting into practical effect that plank in our platform calling for minority representation on the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings.

Had this been in effect but within the past few years, plaster and putty would not have been paid for by the state at the price of carved mahogany "Pennsylvania made" globes, good enough for us all, would not have been paid for to a principal contractor at a price which approaches larceny; three millions of our money would not have been spent without warrant of law; and eighteen prominent citizens of our state would not now be impaired on the sharp points of the civil and criminal law—with more to follow.

Relations of Treasurer and Auditor.

It is plain that it was never intended by the men who framed the provisions of the law creating the offices of State Treasurer and Auditor General that they should be conducted upon the "hand-in-glove" principle, but rather in a manner of watchful care—each over the other. The proof of this lies in the theory of the necessity for their existence, as well as in the statute law of the state. The Act of Assembly of March 30, 1811, provides: "The books and papers in the office of the State Treasurer and Auditor General shall be at all reasonable times open for the free inspection of each other." The same act in the fifth section gives the State Treasurer the right to refuse payment and question any account or claim against the State, whereupon with his reasons for refusing payment attached, the claim must be decided by the Governor and payment is made or withheld as he decides. With such safeguards around the Treasury we have seen successive administrations permit these laws to become dead letters upon the statute books, and millions of our money paid out without so much as a wink of the eye (or else with a very large one) until the very air in the Cassell-made cabinets

turned to gold to his unheard of profit.

We see the proposition we contend for in every day practice in the counties of our state in the law giving minority representation on the boards of County Commissioners. If the principle is right as applied to counties, we have abundant proof of the necessity for its application to our affairs of state. And so firmly am I convinced of the soundness of this principle that I have expressed my willingness to defend it, and my candidacy thereon, at any time and any place, as indicated by the following letter this day dispatched to the rival candidate for this office.

Challenge to Public Debate

Bloomsburg, Pa., Sept. 11, '07. Hon. John O. Sheatz, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir.—The platform of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, has invited the attention of the voters of the state to the question of the expediency and advisability of keeping a member of a minority party on the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings. Your election to the office of State Treasurer will result in that board being solidly Republican, my own election will mean minority representation as at present. To the end that there may be a full, fair and free discussion of this question for the information of all interested, I hereby invite you to public debate of this proposition at five, ten, or more, meetings to be arranged for that purpose in different parts of the state. You to have the privilege of naming dates and places.

The Trail of Crime.

It will not do for our friends, the opposition, to take refuge in the haven of night. The citizenship of this state has on more than one occasion shown itself capable of righting a wrong. Nor has any political party the right to ask a continuation in popular favor by excusing the system and blaming the individual. From the day when State Treasurer Kemble wrote his famous letter containing his reference to "addition, division and silence," everywhere accepted as the shibboleth of corruption, to the "plum tree" message of the late M. S. Quay, the connection between the State Treasury and politics was repeatedly charged and finally conclusively proven. And from the Enterprise Bank and the safe of its cashier, from the railroad of "Bull" Andrews to the present loot of the Treasury; from the "per pound" and "per foot" rule of measurement as a means of covering a steal to the absence from the state of many of those directly connected therewith, and the threatened indictment of every one high or low (with exceptions) responsible for the outrage, there is a logical and conclusive sequence of high smacks of guilt and collusion.

The conclusion is therefore irresistible that there is a weak spot somewhere in the system which produces these results, and it is but being fair to ourselves, and common business prudence prompts us, to seek a remedy, partially if not wholly effective, until something better is prescribed. In the event of Republican success the result will be acclaimed, of course, as an "organization" victory, with the old time party harmony restored on "the Hill," and however meritorious the career of a candidate may have been, I mean no personal reflection or discredit to my opponent when I answer that no political alchemist has yet produced in Pennsylvania a beneficiary of the "gang" completely independent of it after his election at their hands.

Not Pleasant But True.

These things, Mr. Chairman, are not pleasant to say. The pity of it is that under our form of government conditions should exist to invite such criticism. Nor should we be surprised in view of it all to meet with some criticism when we ask for an application of Holy writ to Pennsylvania politics. Certain it is that they have not been so clean but that an application of Holy writ or the penitentiary is needed. And we would shrink an imperative duty if we permitted the evil which we charge produced present conditions to continue to eat its poisonous way without challenging the right of its continued existence. If we are wrong in our conclusions I invite the argument of my opponent to convince us. One thing more in conclusion. My nomination for this office came unsought for and unasked. It carries with it no obligation to any one. If successful I will owe my election to the people of Pennsylvania to whom alone it will be responsible for the administration of the affairs of the office. To them I here pledge the work begun by Mr. Berry will not cease until the last stain is removed, and every stolen dollar recovered, in so far as I can assist therein. As trustee of the people I will render my account to them. For success I know of no other way than the concerted action of the enlightened citizenship of this State, confident that appeal will not be in vain. Awaiting your pleasure, I beg to remain. Very truly yours,

JOHN G. HARMAN.

SHEATZ ONLY A FIGUREHEAD.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The question is asked as to what Mr. John O. Sheatz has to say of the purpose of making the re-election of Boies Penrose the issue of this state contest. In fact, Mr. Sheatz, though ostensibly the figurehead of the machine campaign, is "not in it," so to speak. No matter how much he may squirm, he cannot escape from the issue, which is to determine not merely whether Boies Penrose is to return to the United States Senate, but whether his Machine shall maintain its prestige and power in the Commonwealth. That is the paramount issue. Should John O. Sheatz, who is but the king's pawn in this game, be elected State Treasurer the result would be justly hailed as a victory of Penrose and as a confirmation of machine rule. On the other hand, the election of John G. Harman would shatter the Machine, put an end to the career of Penrose and open the door to all Republicans in making a choice of United States Senator.

Active Enough.

Physician (reflectively)—H'm! The case is one, I think, that will yield to a mild stimulant. Let me see your tongue, madam, if you please. Husband of Patient (hastily)—Doctor, her tongue doesn't need any stimulating.—Pearson's Weekly.

MISERLINESS.

Starving and Saving For Others to Spend When You're Dead.

"I'm not opposed to a man saving money," remarked the undertaker, lighting a fresh cigar, "but I can't help feeling that it is wrong for one to do it by meanness and by denying oneself comforts. It is because I see so much of this that I feel this way."

"Whatever is the reason I must say that in my observation the usual result is that when one has saved up money by this self denial the ones who receive the money after death usually waste it."

"To illustrate this let me tell you of a specific case. A few years ago an elderly woman died in our city. I was called to care for the remains. I assured you that the room into which I went was one of the barest and most desolate places I ever saw. There was none of those little things which go to make a room comfortable and cheerful. I couldn't but help thinking that the poor woman's life had been a dreary one. In a way I still think so."

"She was a maiden lady about seventy. In the town was one woman who had been her friend. She sent word to me to bring the remains there. No one supposed the deceased had a cent in the world. When we were about to remove the body the people of the house called my attention to a small box which they said contained all the effects of the dead woman."

"When we opened that box we found that it contained \$5,000, the old lady's saving of a lifetime."

"In her efforts to hoard up this money she had gone without comforts and necessities; had denied herself every little luxury. What for? Answer it if you can. I can't."

"A relative, the nearest one and the only heir, came on from a middle Atlantic state and took the remains home with her for burial. She also took the money. On the day of the funeral she had several hacks at a cost of \$15 each, then she made the driver of each hack a present of \$5, gave the driver of the hearse the same sum and each of the two men who dug the grave \$5 and spent \$2,500 for a monument. The rest of the \$5,000 she blew. At the end of six months every dollar of it was gone."

"And that old lady had gone without necessities of life to accumulate it. "And, my friend, that is but one of several cases—yes, of scores of them—that I could recite to you did I have the mind."—Lewiston Journal.

BOOKWORMS.

There Are a Dozen Different Kinds of the Borers.

"One of the queerest superstitions," says a secondhand book dealer in this city, "is the idea that the bookworm commits immense ravages among printed volumes and yet has never been seen. People think it bores holes through books and eats out large cavities in the middle of a volume, then disappears, and the superstition even goes so far as to assert that the bookworm will eat a hole that would hold a marble right in the middle of a book, then vanish without leaving any exit."

"The plain truth is that almost any borers that infest wood will bore holes through books and also that cockroaches do about as much harm to books as any other insects. There are a dozen different kinds of borers that do more or less damage to books, and the reason why the insects are not more frequently caught is that they do their work and generally leave the book to enter the chrysalis state in other quarters. None of the boring worms are large, and even when a borer is actually at work the sudden opening of the book allows the insect to drop out unobserved."

"American made books, however, are very little troubled by borers. There are so many different kinds of chemicals used in the covers, bindings, paper and paste that boring insects generally get very sick at the stomach before they have made their way far into an American book. In southern Europe, however, great damage is often done to libraries not only by borers, but also by ants, which eat their way into the heart of a book and leave galleries and chambers easily mistaken for the work of the borers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Knocker That Meant Life.

So cruel were some of the punishments meted out to criminals in England centuries ago that it was small wonder the poor wretches claimed the "right of sanctuary." If they reached a church or some other privileged place the law could not touch them. A curious relic in connection with this custom exists today in the form of the quaint knocker on the door of Durham cathedral. The applicant having hammered at the portal, one of the priests inside would inspect him through the eyes of the copper mask above the knocker and after due parley would admit the frightened criminal.

Following Instructions.

"Here, my poor man," said a kind old lady, "here is a shilling for you. Now don't go and spend it in vile drink."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered the tramp heartily, "I'll not. I suppose you was a-refering to the wretched stuff they 'as at the Dun Cow, mum? Ah, but I'll go to the Black Bull. They keep the right sort there!"—London Spectator.

Active Enough. Physician (reflectively)—H'm! The case is one, I think, that will yield to a mild stimulant. Let me see your tongue, madam, if you please. Husband of Patient (hastily)—Doctor, her tongue doesn't need any stimulating.—Pearson's Weekly.

At the Spelling School.

By CAROLINE SPENCER.

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Burt Seymour, son of Farmer Seymour, had given a "sugaring off" party in the cap bush, and his invited guests numbered a dozen of the young men and girls of the neighborhood. Such parties are always given with the last run of maple sap and are simple affairs. The guests all gather at the sugar bush, where the sweet sap has already been boiled down to thick sirup, and seat themselves on a log while the sirup is boiled a little more and then served around on clean maple chips. There is snow yet left in the woods, and a dab of sirup dropped on the snow produces maple wax. There is a general stickiness, a general state of hilarity, and the girls go home with wet feet and the young men with wax on their chins.

In one sense this party referred to was a great success. In another it was a calamity. A sewing machine agent had been stopping at Farmer Halliday's for the last two weeks while he beat up the country. He happened to be a young man and a taking fellow, but there was no earthly reason for Burt Seymour to be jealous of him. Eunice Halliday and Burt had been engaged for three or four months, and while she was naturally flattered at the compliments paid to her by the agent, whose name was French, they didn't turn her head by any means. She saw from the first that Burt was inclined to be jealous, and she was therefore more circumspect, but Burt's jealousy still rankled. He took good care that the stranger shouldn't be invited to the sugar party, to which Eunice was duly escorted by the host, but cheek is a part of the stock in trade of agents of all sorts, and no one was greatly surprised when Mr. French showed up as cool as a snow bank and took the biggest chip in the collection.

As old Aunt Martha used to say, all girls, that amount to anything have a spice of devilry in their nature. Be they ever so sweet and nice, there are times when they like to hector. When Eunice saw, with all the others, that the coming of the agent annoyed her lover and that Mr. French was inclined to put himself out in another and more agreeable way to make things a success, she came as near flirting with him as she could and miss it. The harder Burt scowled and the more he showed his vexation the more reckless she became. She didn't intend to go too far, but just far enough to punish him. He would be sullen and sulkily going home, but she would make up with him before they reached the gate—that is, she thought it would be that way, but she was mistaken. Burt retired to the agent as a "sneak," a "spit" and several other things, and although she only defended mildly, it was sufficient to keep his temper hot. He announced that he had been disappointed in her; that there was no such thing as loyalty known to her sex; that a few compliments from a "masher" were valued by her more than his enduring love, and when the gate was reached she announced that she wouldn't submit to be browbeaten, and he flourished his arm in reply and exclaimed:

"Farewell, false girl! I have loved you as no man ever loved before, but you have let a fool part us. I may be sunstruck this summer or die of a broken heart or commit suicide, but 'twill not matter to you. You will have simply broken one more human heart—shattered the faith of another man in woman's integrity."

Of course Eunice went into the house prepared to brave it out, and of course it wasn't fifteen minutes before her mother suspected that something had transpired and whisked her into the family bedroom to say:

"Now, then, has that Hattie Jones been saying mean things about you again?"

"No, ma'am," replied the daughter as she burst into sobs.

By and by all the details were in the mother's possession. The girl did not deny that she had flirted a bit, but she had not really meant anything serious. She was deeply in love with Burt Seymour, and as she thought of his dying of sunstroke and going to his grave believing she cared for any other man, no matter how many sewing machines he could sell in a week, it almost broke her heart.

"Well, now, stop crying while I talk to you," said the mother. "You should not have flirted, and Burt should not have made a fool of himself. He's gone away to chew the rag, as your cousin Ben puts it. He thinks he'll get a letter from you in a day or two asking his forgiveness. Then he'll take a week before coming around and condescending to make up. First and foremost, you are not to write him a line. Second and hindmost, he's got to come to you if there is any coming about it. Your father was just another such idiot when he was running after me, and I made him crawl. That's why I have always had the whip hand of him."

"But you know how set Burt is in his ways," pleaded Eunice.

"But you can be just as set in yours."

"But suppose he's found dead with my photo on his broken heart?"

"Suppose our old dog should bark his tail off? You are going to do just as I say, and that ends it. I'm your mother, and I know something about men, and if I don't help you to bring that smart young man back within two

weeks I'll never darn another pair of socks for your father."

One event invariably follows the other in the country. After the sugaring party, about two weeks after, comes the last day of the district school, or the close of the term. Word goes out for ten miles around, and the 200 young and old who attend manage somehow to get into the schoolhouse. Then two persons choose sides, and the whole crowd lines up, and the schoolmaster pronounces the words. The spelling school for the Seymour district was announced for a date two weeks subsequent to the sugar party and the lovers' quarrel. No Burt called at the Halliday farmhouse to make up. The days passed, and poor Eunice went about with tears in her eyes. Even her father noticed that the daughter was looking red eyed and pale faced and asked the wife if a doctor had not better be consulted.

"Don't you worry, Joseph," was all the reply he got, and about all he expected, but to the daughter the mother said:

"Eunice, when the spelling school comes off I am going to bring that young man to the mark. He is one of the best spellers around here, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, so are you. Some folks say you are better than he is. If you are on one side and he on the other, you are going to beat him."

"But suppose I can't?"

"I'm just going to pray that you will."

"Then he'll be madder yet. Maybe he'll go right home and commit suicide."

"And maybe he'll go right home and get some sense in his head. I'm running this show, and I want you to do just as I tell you."

There was the usual big turnout when the evening came. The sewing machine agent had departed for other fields, and Eunice arrived at the schoolhouse in the company of her father and mother. Almost immediately she heard that Burt Seymour had come alone with his horse and buggy. She also heard that his misunderstanding was being gossiped about. The schoolmaster was well known to the Hallidays, and a few whispered words from Mrs. Halliday perfected her plans. It was announced that Mr. Burt Seymour and Miss Eunice Halliday would choose sides, and they found themselves at once the center of interest. Each sought to decline, but each was pushed forward. Each line when filled numbered eighty, and then the spelling began. The first five minutes did the business for twenty.

In a quarter of an hour there were only ten spellers on their feet. Five minutes later Eunice and Burt alone were left. They stood facing each other, though not looking into each other's eyes. Burt looked obstinate, and the girl had her chin in the air. It was called the greatest contest of the decade. For twenty minutes the teacher hunted out the hard words, but could trap neither. Then Burt was caught and went down, and the victory was awarded the girl amid cheers. Five minutes later the crowd broke up, and Eunice was hunting for her wraps when a hand was laid on her arm and a voice whispered:

"Eunice, how do you spell 'idiot,' 'forgive' and 'love'?"

"The simplest way," she replied as she turned to Burt.

"Then ride home with me. I brought my buggy on purpose."

"Of course it worked," said Mrs. Halliday that night to herself after making a cackling noise in her throat. "If it had been left to Eunice, now—but it wasn't. When a smart young man thinks he's smarter than an old married woman it's time he was spelled down a few and made to take a back seat."

Duel Averted.

Carducci, the great Italian poet, came near having a duel one day. He possessed a fine spirit of contradiction and had the characteristics of a fighter.

Once while traveling in Lombardy he was in a railway compartment with an army officer, who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions, and he spoke of a poem by the author of "Odes Barbabares," which had just appeared.

"This Carducci," exclaimed the officer, with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius, the greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself."

"Humph!" said the other. "A genius? That's too much to say. I find him mediocre."

"Mediocre, sir? You don't know anything about it?"

"Oh, you are incapable of judging."

"I?"

"You!"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

The officer handed his card to his disponent. The other smiled. "There's mine." And on it was the name "Giosue Carducci, professor at the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, politely bowed.—Le Cri de Paris.

Heirs of the Air.

The owls, solemn birds, strongly imbued with the obligations of the married state, mostly begin to sit as soon as the first egg appears, so that the eggs, having a fair field and no favor, hatch out in precisely the same order as that in which they are laid. With the majority of smaller birds another habit prevails, for these do not commence to sit in earnest until the full clutch, perhaps a dozen in number, is complete. This obviously means that the earlier eggs in the nest have had time to grow cold and must be warmed up again. As a result, the eggs are hatched out in the inverse order of laying. It is a good thing that bird life is devoid of litigation, otherwise what terrible arguments this difference between first laid and first hatched might lead to.