Democratic Hatchman

Bellefonte, Pa., October 29, 1909.

IS IT WORTH WHILE!

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother Bearing his load on the rough road of life Is it worth while that we jeer at each other In blackness of heart?-that we war to the

God pity us all in our pittful strife.

God pity us all as we justle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel When a fellow goes dows; poor, heart-broken

Pierced to the heart; words are keener than

And mightier, far, for woe and for weal. Were it not well in this brief little journey

On over the isthmus, down into the tide We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide For ever and aye, in dust at is side?

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain-Man, and man only, makes war on his brother, And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain-Shamed by the brutes that go down on the

-Joaquin Miller.

THE BLUE-CALICO LADY.

The town in this generation did not know much about her. She lived two miles down the river from the red mill, in that down all distances are reckoned from the mill, -and in a house so old that the unbewn logs were quite gray with moss.

market-basket.

She always were a dress of "Dutch blue" calico, with little white flowers. The skirt was short and very full; the gathers were not all huddled together in the baok, as is the wont of gathers in these days: they were evenly distributed all around. The skirt bulged a little on one side where her pocket was.

Sometimes the young clerk in the com-

Sometimes the young clerk in the com-Sometimes the young clerk in the comp'ny store—the one who was the first in town to sing "Sweet Marie," and also the first to wear a ring on his neck-soarf—sometimes he laughed and made funny speeches when the Blue Calico Lady left the store with her basket of groceries.

"Well," he would say, "if that don't beat the Dusch! Where in the dickers

does she stow them things away? Two packages of coffee, three dozen eggs, quarter's worth of sugar, and a can of baking powder. Say, that young clothes-basket she lugs around is plumb full. Lives all alone somewhere down the river, they say; not even a cat to help eat up them vice. not even a cat to help eat up them vic-tuals. And, by Jiminy ! she's back every Friday for another lay-out."

was heavy. Often she set it down and rested. Sometimes she picked a wild rose that houg over the fence, and tucked it in pleased. Sometimes she talked to herself possibly understand; but it seemed to please her mightily. She would smile and

ow in answer to her own remarks. She had not always been called the Blue-Calico Lady. Once some one bad called her 'dear Mary." That was 10 auother saw-mill town like this; only that one was in Wis-

John had the saw-mill blood. His grandfather was head sawyer in the first mill in the Green Bay Country. John's father stuck by the same mill until the timber was all out in the surrounding country and north into the heavier woods up toward the Canadian border.

The saw-mill day is ten honrs long, and after John's head-sawyer grandfather, the skill seemed to die out of the family. John and his brothers piled thick, green boards, soggy with sap, at ten shillings a day. A shilling in the vernacular of the mill town

is twelve and a half cents.

After a short time John and she married. About the time the second baby came there was a strike at the mill. John did not understand just what it was all about, but the vard foreman, who was bose, told him to quit work; so he did. It is the instinct of blind obedience that one whose fathers and grandfathers before him worked in the saw-mill or in the lamber

yard always obeys.

They migrated further west, leaving in Wisconsin behind them, and settling in Daluth. another saw-mill town west of Duluth The 'Gopher State Banner,' published weekly at the county seat, showed in its fearless illustrated editorials the members fearless illustrated editorials the members of the company that owned this particular mill bedecked with borns and tails. But the "Banner" man had his eye on the legislature, and was apt to exaggerate a bit. In reality the stock of the heartless corporation belonged chiefly to an Irishman who had no more education it an John, who worshipped his one child as John did his three, and who ate boiled cabbage with a knife. When he found himself rich, the heartless one moved back with a happy sigh to the Connemara patch in St. Paul's back yard. He dragged his son into an ex-pensive college by the hair of the head, and sported with disgust when that young man bolted to take the medical course at the State university. The rich man in the Con-nemara patch wanted his son to be a gen-

tleman, not a doctor. Although they never met, although the mill-owner had never heard of the Bluestrangely tangled together ..

Mary's eldest boy stood with a cant-hook at the bostom of the skid and pushed the logs from the jam in the water at his feet on to the sharp-toothed climbing-chain.

One day a log became loosened when half-way up to the saw, and Mary's eldest boy was killed. Some women give up their sons to die for their country; Mary gave of the demagogues by a tidal wave of publication.

The next Monday at seven the whistle blew just the same. Out of the high, black funnel came the smoke, filling the earth and the sky. It was one of the summer pointed to blow up the mill. days when Nature with a million voices lures her children to green fields; but more potent than Nature's call was the low buzz, buzz of the saws. Even John, whose father and grandfather had stared in stupid wonder at the lumber yard and the squat,

Marie married a sturdy young fellow who made four dollars a day filing the saws. Just before her baby was born they brought her husband home horribly man-

The baby was born dead. It is a common thing in mill towns. After a year or so, Marie left them all to go and find her little baby; and her husband, a fragment of a man, plunged deeper into the timberbelt, and they lost track of him.

All this time John went to work when the six o'clock whistle blew in the even-ing, and came back home through the meadow, his empty dinner pail on his arm, when the larks were singing in the morning. For John was one of the unfortunate

There was still one son, Rob. He was Mary's baby. Rob, too, had a night shift. With all the trouble, Mary was a very happy little woman in those days, singing at her work and proud to the verge of appeals.

Other women sent with their men cold dinners; not so Mary. No dinner can went It was the children who gave her the name, 'the Blue-Calico Lady.' They saw her only when she came to town with a big market-basket.

She always worse dress of 'Dutch blue'.

She always worse dress of 'Dutch blue'.

dinners; not so Mary. No dinner can went with a big with John or Rob of an evening. She carried the good things bot and steaming to them every night just in time for the half-hour rest at midnight.

She always worse dress of 'Dutch blue'.

and a pinch of salt in a scrap of paper, and It seemed as though one could not get three hard-boiled eggs. Then she put the away from it.

Friday for another lay-out."

He smoothed his hair with one hand and took the pound weight off the scale with the other. No one seemed to be paying any attention to him, so he finished to himself: "And I bet a ten-cent bill she don't weigh over seventy pounds, and she's on the shady side of sixty, if she's a day old. Where in Sam Hill does she stow away all that grub?"

But the Blue Calico Lady didn't care a mite what he said. She was walking slowly home with the basket on her arm. It save out a dieb. On Tuesday it was dried peaches. On Wednesday, dried apples, then for the remaining three days she re-

peated the program.

Up the pleasant meadow road she trudged every night, sniffing with the pure enjoyment of a country woman the breeze from the peppermint and the wild peas that tangled about the timothy stalks.

Out of the sweet, still dark of the sum mer night she went into the heat and glare of the thousand electric lights about the

Then she spread the lunches on pine stump and waited for the midnight whistle and her men folks.

It was very clean all around that stump In a lumber pile near by she had hidden a frazzled broom; after she picked up every crumb left over from the lunches and packed the remnants into the two pails to take home to her hens, she would sometimes brush over the sawdust with the

Rob always made fun of that broom, and said mother was playing "keep house," and then he would pull out little ourls from under her honnet-rim and kiss her and tease her, so she would have to call for leaning back against the stump and smoking his pipe in solid comfort.

It was the time of the trouble in the Cour d'Alene district. Men in Minnesota who sawed up trees talked hot and fast of men in Idaho who dug up gold. The "Banner" came out with graphic wordpictures of the Bull Pens. The air was charged with the electricity that one feels

before a storm.

When the storm finally broke, men and women waiting shout the comp'ny store danced and shouted and tossed little children into the air. A few full women like Mary oried when no one was looking because the mill had "sbut doawn" and ber

men folks would be worried. For of all the misfortunes that can come to the mill town, that is the worst. When they are sane, men with families will blanche with fear if even the word goes round, "The mill's goin' to shut doawn."
Through the mill comes to them life—and

When the strike was formally declared "on," long-haired men with dirty collars who popped up from no one knew where was popped up from no one knew where barangued the crowd with the greasy eloquence of patent-medicide fakirs.

A few men went back to work. The mob taught the children to call "Scab!

Scab !" at these few when they appeared

Then there came from St. Paul, via the "Banner," rumors that the militia was to be called out. That night the strikers held

It is true that the strike had been called by the local union officials, serious-faced men in whose hearts the inherent reverence for the law was constantly at war with their oaths to do the will of the men who worked day by day at their sides in

lic feeling.
So the long-haired ones took matters en-

live, red thing in the midst of it. He did not resent it. It just seemed strange to him that the mill should be running on that particular day. He wished there might be some other way to the cemetery: this going right by was pretty hard on Mary. He reached over to hold her hand. In the buggy behind, Marie the daughter rode with her lover. It was Mary herself who changed the name to Marie. She had bugged John till he nearly choked for insisting that the baby be called after her. She wanted the children to be different from her and John. She wanted them to be stylish. To that end she set the fashion in the house on the river of calling the little girl Marie.

In a logging town the destinies of all the

young girls are the same : they marry men who work in the mill and bear sons to succeed their fathers in the work.

Everywhere you go in the logging town even if it is to church to be married of

buried, you must pass the mill. Mary passed it this time in a carriage with a handsome young doctor at her side.

She called him John sometimes, and then again she called him Rob. She patted his bands and said to him things that the old Irish woman in the Connemara patch would never dream of saying to her gentle-

All the way she sat very quiet-all along the way up the meadow road where the timothy grew as high as a man's head; but when they crossed the bridge and rode into the shadow of the big smoke-stack, the crazy woman in the carriage sprang to her feet. The doctor tried to hold her, but she

py little woman in those days, singing at her work and proud to the verge of conceit of her "men folks."

Other women sent with their men cold dinners; not so Mary. No dinner can went with John or Rob of an evening. She care

At eleven she put the book away and went out into the "lean-to" they used for a summer kitchen. From a shelf she took two shining dinner pails. Preparing dinners in pails was a science with Mary.

Into the bottom of the can she poured coffee, very strong and very black. John liked it that way; it kept him awake when the heat and the song of the saws would lull one into dangerous stupor. Then she

It was night now. In the long, waving grass a mother bird woke and twistered foolishly, but mostly it was quiet, except for the mill. It was nearly two miles away, but even here it filled the night.

At the bridge the old woman laid down

that made her pooket bulge.

All the time she smiled and nodded pleasantly at the face in the glass. Then the moon went behind a cloud, and it was all black except where the mill furnace

threw out into the dark little spurts of blood-red flame.

She went right to the foot of the skidway. The skid does not run at night. No

one saw her at first. On the familiar pine stump that had served the three—once the four—as a table for their midnight feasts during the years, long past she laid the napkin and spread out the lunch.

Of course in time they found her. She nad fallen aeleep waiting for her men folks. She sat down on the saw-dusty ground, her face, brown and weather-stained, outlined in the moonlight against the white of the napkin. She did not look like a crazy woman. She looked like a child who had said early in the evening, "I will stay awake till they come"; and who had fallen asleep as she said it,

The clerk at the comp'ny's store had wondered what became of the groceries the little lodg bought.

His ouriosity might have been satisfied had he been at hand then when there sallied forth from the green water-soaked timbers of the mill foundation, a family of half a dozen "pack rats," all surprisingly plump. For everrbody knows it is better to be even the proverbial church mouse

to be even the proverbial church mouse than the Minnesota mill rat.

The exact moment of their venturing forth marked the bobbing upon a blue calioo breast of a tired old white head. The experience of many nights had taught the rate that this was the proper instant.

It was one of the night watchmen who found her. He did not wake her, but hurried away and brought back the fore-man. The two men bent over the old

"Why, it 's the Blue-Calico Lady!" the foreman whispered. "Ain't that queet? Why, my wife said they took her—"
The watchman nodded understanding-

Half an hour later, and the Blue-Calico Lady still elept on. Into the browd of half-frightened men gathered about her a buggy dashed, and the driver sprang out. He looked important. He was the village

Just as he was about to wake the woman, the crowd broke again. This time it was the handsome young doctor. He

had run all the way from town.

Now he laid one hand in a prote fashion on the arm of the poor little old woman who had given her all in his fath-er's mill. And he lied like a gentleman as he did it. And the delightful part was

"It's my mother," he said, "it was such a fine night, we were going to have a little pionic. She brought the lunch. She was waiting for me."

The constable stamped his foot. It was such a tremendous foot, one thought the earth must shake when he stamped it. "No, siree Bob; you don't work any such con game as that on yours truly. That party 's wanted right now by two fellows

THE TWO CANDIDATES FOR JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT



CYRUS LARUE MUNSON, ESO. OF WILLIAMSPORT.

Nominee of the Democratic Party, supported by the non-partisan movement.

awoke and took matters into her own hands. She seemed to notice none of them but the doctor. She smiled very prettily just as though

she expected him.

"Rob," she said, "there wa' n't no pie,
but I baked a layer cake. Ye made me
wait a long time to night, Rob," she scolded him lovingly.

Right before them all he said it,—they

tell about it even now, -right out loud so they all could hear: "Little sweet heart mother," he said. One by one the men, with puzzled faces, vent away, taking with them the important one with the big feet, and leaving the young man and the old woman alone. The doctor spread his coat for her to sit

on; than he began with the appetite of a country boy on the biggest slice of bread and butter. It was midnight, and for half an bour advantage of the silence; from the lumber piles came odors of pitch pine; sometimes from the meadow there blew in a sweet

breath of growing things. with gold in the moonlight.

And on the bank in the shadow of the mill the little Blue Calico Lady urged her son to eat the third piece of chocolate cake. just as she had done during uncounted

happy nights before.—By Florence Moloso Riis, in The Century Magazine.

Von Moschziskers Backers The staid Philadelphia Record calls the Contractors' Combine, which forced the Von Mosobzisker nomination in the Republican convention, "the bauditti," and goes on to speak of "the rule of the most ed a great city in the name of a great political party;" "the shameless maintenance of the infamous spoils system, in defiance of the Civil Service laws, which the Republican party has enacted for the municlevy of blackmail upon police men and firemen, and of the unscrupulous perver- that comes from representing a party, insion of the police power to shield oriminal supporters of the banditti as well as to bulldoze honest cieizens vibo dare to oppose their schemes of municipal plunder;" of the chicanery by which large municipal contracts are manipulated in favor of the brace of political bosses at the cost of hou est bidders and of the city treasurer." In was an active worker in the cause of the banditti, and to whose favor he owes every political advancement made by him. Could be, if he would, throw off the shackles of the habite of a lifetime, acquired in the service of a corrupt machine, these people was Von Moschzisker nominated, and by them his election is sought.

What His Neighbors Say.

The Williamsport Merchant's Association, in endorsing the candidacy of its townsman, Mr. Cyrus LaRue Munson, for Justice of the Supreme Court, urges upon the merchants of the State the importance

of electing Mr. Mnnson, and says: or and who had given her all in his fathr's mill. And he lied like a gentleman is he did it. And the delightful part was hat they all knew he lied.
"It's my mother," he said, "it was such fine night, we were going to have a little pionic. She brought the lunch. She was of the United States; as a good business of the United States; as a good business. man, actively engaged in the management of a number of the city's must successful of a number of the city's must successful industrial establishments, employing large numbers of men; as an employer of labor, Mr. Munson's influence and action have been on the side of equitable adjustment of the matters at issue, whereby he has personally prevented several strikes or lookouts, which would have been costly to our merchants; as one of the foremost citizens of our city ready and willing at all Some one whispered into his ear: "Say, you—you 'rea fool, you are. You 're bit our merchants; as one of the foremost to dry our own head. You just better shut up; she ain's never done you dirt like you 're trying to do her. Anyway, that 's the old man's son. He can fix you good and plenty 'f you get gay 'round him."

Just then the sabject of the discussion in discussion in discussion in the sabject of the discussion in discussion in the sabject of the discussion in discussion in the sabject of the discussion in the sabject of the discussion in discussion in the sabject of the bar of the

mittee pleasure to thus testify to the sterl- nomination of the unknown one could be

Munson and to tender him our support. The Justiceship of our Supreme court must go either to Robert Von Mosobzisker, a man whose early and later affiliations have been with the notorious Philadelphia Contractors Combine, or to Cyrus LaRue

Munson, of Williamsport, a gentleman of and successful experience at the bar, a business man actively engaged in the manageestablishments, and a public spirited citimoral and civic questions that must be met

zisker, of Philadelphia, is your only choice on election day for Justice of the Supreme court : which shall it be ? The one, a busy, absence, who will come to the beuch of our bigbest court, if elected, untramelled by promise, interest or faction; the other, a man trained in the Philadelphia school politics, who has come up through the pull that goes with those in the favor of the machine, whose nomination was unforecasted flagitions combination that every plunder- and unsuspected by a majority of the del egates assembled in convention a few hours before it was announced as the "slate." One who has had no great experience in the great business world, from which a majority of the issues that come before that cour! ipal government of Philadelphia; of the are recruited, and one whose every act must necessarily be tinged with the bias

terest or clique, and not the general good. The friends of Cyrus LaRue Munson, the Democratio, non-partiesu candidate for Justice of the Supreme court, are most sanguine of his election on November 2nd. From all parts of the State comes the "good people may be patient and long suffering believed, the people are again ready to rewhose systematic corruption of elections is of them, and November 2ad will see anothinfamous beyond the power of words? By er political whirlwind scattering the welllaid plans of those who would be masters of the political fortunes of the Common-

The Berry campaign of '05, promises to be repeated in this year of grace, by the election of Cyrus LaRue Munson, of Lycoming, over Robert Von Moschzieker, of Philadelphia. The one is the free-will nominee of his party, and comes unpledged and unbiased; the other is a nominee of boss dictation, and comes with all of the implied pledges that go with boss dominathe rank of the workers of an unscrupulous machine, to which he owes his every advancement. A vote for Mr. Munson will he a vote to save our Supreme court from

When the Republicanfconvention turned down that distinguished jurist, Chief Jus tice Rice, of the Superior court, who was

ing character and worth of Cyrus LaRue for but the one purpose-and that not the interest of the people.

OF PHILADELPHIA

Nominated by the Republican Party at the dic-

tation of Philadelphia bosses.

Ite this way: If the ticket nominated by the Philadelphia Contractors Combine is elected this fall, without too close a shave, the ticket nominated next year will be of their own sweet choosing; and there will be no Stuarts, Youngs or Sheatz's on it, scholarship and culture, a lawyer of wide either. If Von Moschzisker, Stoher and Sisson, or any of them, should be defeated, then we may expect better things from ment of large labor employing industrial them in the way of nominations. This was true after the defeat of Plummer in 1905. zen, active in the solution of the great resulting in the election of the present Governor, State Treasurer, and Auditor and solved. A vote for Mr. Munson will General, men hardly to be classed as the the mill would be quiet while the men ate. be a vote for a competent lawyer, a trained Across the river, in the swamps, frogs took business man, and a good citizen. The election of Cyrus LaRue Munson for To vote for Cyrus LaRue Munson, of Justice of the Supreme court will be a be made next year for the important office

> The committee of seven leading lawyers hustling lawyer and man of affairs, keenly of the Lycoming County Bar Association, interested in the questions of the day, who were appointed by their fellow memnominated without solicitation and in his hers to assist in the candidacy of Mr. Cyrus LaRue Munson for Justice of the Supreme court, are in earnest in their non-partisan efforts to elect him, say:

We believe that the character and abilities of C. LaRne Munson, together with the fact that his nomination was entirely voluntary and without any dictation, entitle him to the votes of the people of Pennsylvania.

Nominated when abroad, without solioitation or promise on his part, Cyrus RaRue Munson, if elected, will take his seat upon the bench of the Supreme court, unhampered by promise or obligation, and unbiased by any interest. It will be his privilege to pass judgment upon the facts and the law. A vote for him will be a vote for your own

May we ask who are supporting Cyrus LaRue Munson for Justice of the Supreme court, and we answer: Many if not the most word" that the people are aroused over of the lawyers of the State, who know both an atmosphere such as is here delinated, this matter of electing a Justice of the Sugrew up Robert Von Mosobzisker, who preme court, and propose to be heard in of our people, who believe that the election their own defence on election day. The of Justice of the Supreme court is not a perquisite of the machine, who nominated in matters political, but ever comes the ite own man, and that, too, in the face of last straw; and, if the indications are to be a strong sentiment throughout the State in favor of a juriet of the highest character buke those who would make a pack horse and long public service. We divulge no secret when we say that the friends of Mr. Munson throughout the State have a firm belief that his election is not only possible but more than probable. Why not join the procession for good government and a non-partisan Supreme court by voting for Cyrus LaRue Munson?

Pray, who brought the election of a Supreme court Justice into politics? Not Mr. Munson, whose nomination came unsought, and whose campaign, so far as he personally is concerned, was taken over by the Nonpartisan Committee of the Lycoming County Bar Association, who have conducted a tion, and biased by a life-long training in dignified campaign for their fellow townsman upon purely non partisan lines. On the other hand, may we ask, how was the nomination of Von Moschzisker procured? Who is asking you to support Von Moschzisker for Justice of the Supreme court on the ground that Senator Penrose was instrumental in raising the duty on hosiery, etc.? Yes, who brought this important question of the election of a Justice of the unquestionably the choice of a majority of Supreme court into politics? What the the members of the bar of the State and of friends of Mr. Munson have done, we have the great mass of voters, and nominated no hesitation in saying, is to bring the Robert Von Moschzisker, a Philadelphia gang-trained judge, the eyes of the people should have opened to the iniquity of the should have opened to the iniquity of the shigh pesition, and that too on a high