Bellefonte, Pa., July 19, 1912.

IMMORTALITY.

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf, By some strange accident in contact came; Their conversation, passing all belief, Was that same argument, the very same, That has been "proed and conned," from man

Yea, ever since this wondrous world began, The ugly creatures, Deaf and dumb and blind,

Devoid of features That adorn mankind, Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife, To speculate upon the future life, The first was optimistic, full of hope-The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed

Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation." Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates. And bar our entrance through the golde

gates. Suppose that death should take us unawar How could we climb the golden stairs? If maidens shun us as they pass by, Would angels bid us welcome to the sky? I wonder what great crimes we have co ted,

That leave us so forlorn, so unpitied? Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiv 'Tis plain to me, life is not worth the living.'

"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial one replied-"Let's take a look upon the other side: Suppose we cannot fly like moths and mil-

Are we to blame for being caterpillars? Will that same God that doomed us crawl the

A prey to every bird that's given birth, Forgive our captor as he eats and sings, And damn poor us because we have no wings?

If we can't skim the air, like owl or bat, The worm will turn for a' that." They argued through the Summer-Autumn nigh; The ugly things composed themselves t

And so, to make their funeral quite complete, Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet. The tangled web encompassed them fu

Each for his coffin made him a cocoon. All through the Winter's chilling blasts they Dead to the world, aye, dead as any hum

Lo! Spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;

She brings sweet justice from the realm She breaks the chrysalis-she resurrects the dead-

Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head. And so, this emblem shall forever be A sign of Immortality. -By Joseph Jefferson

LOVE AND THE TERROR.

reckoned, besides, upon the seduction of either case crying passionately, "I ain't the sight of her, he reckoned wildly. A ugly! dainty mite of a girl, in a crisp, white dress, a large, blue bow, perched like a butterfly on her short, blond curls, she drew near, and stood watching him with absorbed and respectful attention, he apabsorbed and respectful attention, he ap- of the situation. parently oblivious of her presence. 'I want to bury the bird," she mention-

Thomas Jefferson took no notice. "Boy," she said in a tone more peremptory, "I want to bury the bird."
He slowly and clumsily proceeded with

his task as if she had not spoken. "I want to bury the bird," with sudden tears; and then there dawned a faint, beatific grin upon Thomas Jefferson's chubby countenance, which was embellished by a large pair of steelrimmed spectacles with glasses so curious ly bedimmed with dirt that he was obliged to look around rather than through them-a necessity which imparted to his on a sinister quality out of keeping with his tender years.
"You are a cry-baby," he remarked

ionately. "I ain't a cry-baby," she wept so piercingly that her fond mother—an arrival of the day before—flew from the piazza and carried her off. And so ended the first chapter of Thomas Jefferson's first

It had already been a wonderful summer for Thomas Jefferson even before she came, one incomparably rich in human interest, to say nothing of the joy of strange food at unseasonable hours, of an unprecedentedly noble residence, and of undreamed-of opportunities of adventure. the hotel,—a building so new that clean curls of pine still strewed the ground around it,—and twice a day Thomas Jefferson, to the accompaniment of shrieks from the portico, crept under them to inspect the wheels, and was dragged forth. spect the wheels, and was dragged forth, with an impassive face, in the very nick of time. And there was always the river just at the back of the house; always the piazza railing for one to climb up on, to

the discomfiture of nervous lad "He is the most dreadful child!" was sure to be one of the first pieces of information imparted to every arriving visitor in a sibilant whisper, after a pre-liminary and entirely futile, "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" addressed to the immovably staring small son of the house. That of itself was something new—that perpetual "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" be called Isaac Brantley, be it said in passing, had been the cherished preroga-

staying. A wonderful summer, truly, even before she came-a summer of proud privilege, such as that of going to sleep in the middle of the room where they danced at night, casting upon the dancers the whole responsibility of avoiding one's prostrate form, instead of going prosaic-ally to bed; of having all the chicken heads for one's very own; of poking the pigs; of paddling in the famous sulphur spring which was the nucleus of the place; of playing in the fishermen's sacred minnow-buckets; above all, of ex-tracting from the people, under the slow torture of drawling questions, the richest variety of general information, incidentally evoking interesting reactions of ex-

fund of innocent entertainment—entertainment ranging from the absorption of hero-worship awakened by the more accomplished whittlers of sticks and chewers of tobacco among the gentlemen, to the deep joy of experiment upon the nerves of the old ladies; from the esthetic pleasure of haunting the side of lightrobed beauty, bread and molasses in hand, to the moral exhiliaration arising. hand, to the moral exhiliaration arising from perfect disregard of the dismissal attempted by attendant chivalry; from the calm philosophic delight of pursuing khowledge at the expense of the elder visitors, to the more stirring diversion of fighting the tender youth of the place.

A summer of summers, I repeat, it had already been to Thomas Jefferson. And then she came. Never in its brief history had there been anything like her at Elixir Springs, though to define the difference would have baffled the budding powers of Thomas Jefferson. Intrinsic or extrinsic, personal grace or unimagined daintiness of frill and furbelow pink of cheek or pink of stocking—what did it matter to cles. him? He only knew nebulously that there

was charm. She was different, entrancingly different; so much, at least, was certain-certain from his first sight of her after her emergence from the chrysalis of her traveling garb, in a little white dress setting out around her in a jauntily horizontal frill, displaying to advantage long, pink stockings and small, pink slippers to a vision unique in his experience; and then and there succumbed, had he but ings. But when could the masculine heart analyze the spell to which it yield-

She was different, amazingly different. accustomed to adoration as to pink stockings and slippers she had also, he was subsequently to discover, and white. And her attire was always like that of the flowers of the field. And the whole place did her homage, and sought her capri-cious favor. Only Thomas Jefferson held

aloof, though never far aloof. Feigning to ignore her presence, he turned somersaults before her—or came as near turning them as his imperfect ment or of derring-do to command him in femininity resides eternal mystery. to his fair. And yet, I repeat, he was not He had not yet, however, fully

resided, to his mind, a charm which age could not wither nor custom stale. If he could not without nor custom stale is not considered to the could not without nor custom stale. If he could not without nor custom stale is not considered to the could not without nor custom stale.

"An' I goin' to make the bears eat you up, an'-an' I goin' to make the rattle-smakes bite you," he would retort calm-

Miss Betty was a plump, little old lady who had retired with a modest compe tence from the career of milliner in a contiguous mountain town. This competence was in part the fruit of her own honest toil, in part the legacy of a recenty deceased brother, to whose memory she scrupulously paid the respect of invariably wearing a short, flounced, black moreen petticoat with the cream-colored lace-bedecked dressing-sack, or whatever else of quaintly cheerful adornment she permitted herself to assume for the evening. As part proprietor of Elixir Springs she made set and earnest apology to the small girl's mother (otherwise Mrs. Isaac Brantley) for Thomas Jefferson, and other things about the establishment open to criticism, eloquently disclaiming personal responsibility.

"If my angel brother could look down and see how things are run," she assured Mrs. Brantley, "I know he would tuck his head under his left white wing for

Mrs. Brantley attempted feeble pro-

"I know things are not like what you are used to," Miss Betty insisted. "They are not even like what I'm used to. I

gently, "that it wasn't greasy enough. In fact,"—she hesitated—"I don't see how things could possibly be any greasier. And the water is splendid—and the fishing. My husband is delighted."

Miss Betty beamed pleasure. "Ain't he a noble-looking gentleman!" she said, with enthusiasm—"especially before the sun peeled his nose that way.

"I call him Isaac," his wife said. To perpetual "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" passing, had been the cherished preroga-which added so much of pipuancy to tive of the eldest son in the main line of the Brantley family for at least two centuries.

"Isaac!" Miss Betty exclaimed blankly. "Isaac? I reckon you are joking, ain't you? I know his name ain't Isaac. He don't look like he was named Isaac.' "What does he look like he was named?" Mrs. Brantley not unnaturally inquired.

"He looks," Miss Betty replied prompt ly, "like he was named Augustus. Obviously, praise could no further go.
Nor was her friendliness limited to glowing words. To the best of her ability she served as bodyguard against Thomas Jefferson for the family she favored, and "showed the sincerity of her intention

their united plea. In the people, above all, I repeat, there resided for Thomas Jefferson an endless Gibraltar of his persistence.

Past-mistress of the art of yielding gracefully where yielding was inevitable, you!" she called ecstatically from the Mrs. Brantley, upon occasion, made gen-window to the little, pudgy, red-bloused, Mrs. Brantley, upon occasion, made gen-tle overtures to him, even inviting his attle overtures to him, even inviting his attendance, one morning, as guide to a store reputed to be in the near neighborhood—at which, she reflected, there might be procurable stores for a private larder bles, Thomas Jefferson," her mother said marked by a certain restraint in the over her head, touched with some vague matter of grease and soda.

"Don't you want to go with Fredericka and me and show us the way to the store?" she asked with a winning smile.

Thomas Jefferson continued his absorbing occupation of swinging a fishhead, tied to a string, in long, slow cir-

"No," he said composedly. Nevertheless, he sauntered behind when they set out under the escort of another—Willie White, her open slave, and a rival not to be despised; he being Thomas Jefferson's senior by three years, and richer than he by two imposingly large front teeth of the second issue. Thomas Jefferson, I say, followed, and not alone match the bow in her curly head. It was a vision unique in his experience; and tastefully embellished at the entrance because the store, picturesquely situated with a wooden box covered carelessly known it, to the rosy slippers and stock- with a pane of glass and containing two large and lively rattlesnakes, was to him an enchanting place—indissolubly asso-ciated with large, pale ginger-cakes of a brown-paper flavor, and sticks of candy The little girls whom he had known gorgeously striped with the rich red of habitually wore colors which would not aniline. Habitually he attached himself show dirt in shoes and stockings and to anybody who was going anywhere. dresses, and plaited their hair in tight And how much more to a party containlittle pig-tails, and held fast to the rule ing his small enchantress, in a little, skythat children should be seen and not heard; while she was a little queen, as old established sunbonnet of his experience as she herself was rare and exotic? He went as a matter of course, and so there befell to him the bitterness of hear-

ing Willie's boast:
"You love me the best of everybody here, don't you, Fredericka?" and her guarded concession, barbed for himself with a glance of scorn: "I love you the best of Thomas Jep'-

Ah, many a stick of the striped candy, acquisition of the accomplishment permitted. Puffing his cheeks like a young Boreas, he achieved painful snatches of her that he had "shown off" to the utter-Boreas, he achieved painful snatches of her that he had "shown off" to the utter-windy whistle. He threw stones with most, and not, as he might well have flatlarge intention, if not with conspicuously tered himself, wholly in vain? Had not certain aim. He ostentatiously paraded her bright eyes rained influence only that peripatetic feasts of his favorite bread, morning, as, kneeling beside a convenient rain puddle much frequented by the pigs envy, and took, for her astonishment, the of the establishment, he had made mud hugest mouthfuls possible for his powers to compass. He snatched off the caps of the power to make, rows of them drying babies in the laps of objurgatory nurses. at that very time on the edge of the He hit at unoffending small boys. He piazza, to say nothing of the pocketful already in active service? Had she not, with tears, begged to share the fruit of word he spared nothing of accomplish. word he spared nothing of accomplishof the common herd who surrounded with her the power of discourse. Disher with flatteries: When, upon rare occasions, he addressed himself to her, it was with a fine masculine scorn.

with ner the power of discourse. Discourse, but daining the partiality of addressing any particular member of the party, he remarked, on their homeward way, as to

"And my share," Mrs. Brantley inter-

forgot, even when in the form of irregular chunks dished up in soup-plates! No reason whatsoever was apparent to Thomas Jefferson then or subsequently. "I feel as if we were a party of canni-bals," Mrs. Brantley said to her husband. "And the cooking! And the flies! And

there aren't any children here now for Fredericka to play with-" "There 's Thomas Jefferson," he said. She disdained reply. "We have been here three weeks," she said eloquently.

"And now, if you are ready to go, I am."
Fredericka, on the other hand, was not altogether ready. I don't want to go," she said; "there 's so much nice dirt here-and Thomas

Jep'son."
"But he is always making you cry," her mother expostulated. And the child, debarred by inexperience of her own sex from the fair retort, "And what, pray, is that to the purpose?" was without answer.

All unaware of the blow impending over him, Thomas Jefferson made pies in his favorite mud-hole with a preoccupation the more intense, to outward seeming, as she approached in morning freshness of white frock and small, cerulean

"I'm going home to-morrow," she announced with importance. Already, with the volatility of her years and sex, she had passed from regret to rejoicing; and only pleasurable anticipation spoke in

Startled out of his constitutional composure, he paused at his task. "Huh?" he said.

"I'm going home to-morrow on the choo-choo cars," she vaunted. He turned upon her his red-calico shoulder, and dipped his hands once more deep in the plastic mud. "I don't keer 'f you are," he said val-

And in maintenance of the ghastly pretense, he disported himself in her pres-ence on the fateful morrow with un-wanted sprightliness: kicked at people and things with more careless daring, trod more pertinaciously upon the rockers of the old ladies' chairs, threw stones more wildly, breaking another windowhis fourth of the season. While others flatteringly lamented the departure of the family, he discoursed of indifferent matters in his own Socratic method; though it might be observed that it was her father that he forced into the role of respondent with particular pertinacity, folowing him about during his preparations for departure, stolidly propounding quer-ies relative to his every belonging, and the meaning and motive of his every act.

Solemnly, at last, wiping his heated brow, the man addressed him. "Boy," he said, "I don't want to go away from here a gibbering idiot. Ask me another question, and I shall."

pill as good as another. But there is progress even in pills, and at the front of this pill progress stand Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a scientific medicine in the pill progress. "Run along, Thomas Jefferson," his wife supplemented in the favorite phrase of the place, he sublimely disregardful of

To the last he clung to them, even to dress herself one morning and got her the very steps of the train, to which he clothes mixed. "Oh, mamma," she cried, ressed close with characteristic disre- "come and help me get unraveled."

Three mud marbles! "Thank you, Thomas Jep'son! Thank

pang of compunction.

But he paid no heed. The very kick more, and in all the fair mountain land-

scape there remained, to testify of it and her, only a thin trail of smoke.—By Annie Steger Winston, in the Century Magazine. A New Cure for Insomnia.

"I sleep fairly well," said a man, recently, "but seldom soundly, and I frequently wake in the morning with aches in my limbs, joints, and vertebræ. I never feel supple until I have had my cold bath and a brisk rub with a rough towel."

Sleep should be invigorating, not enervating, and the following theory was advanced by a man who, in his earlier days, had slept for many months under

the stars in veltd and jungle: "It is the mattress and the pillow that are responsible for half the troubles of the insomniac. The ideal resting-place is the ground, with its natural covering of soft grass. The next most comfortable bed is a wood floor overlaid with a soft carpet or rug. The yielding mattress does not rest the muscles, which remain all night in a condition of alternating relaxation and tension. When the sleeping place is fixed and hard they adapt them selves to it and remain quiescent.

"Furthermore, the spine and nerve cen-ters of the bed-sleeper are exposed all night to the heat of the mattress, which is the cause of the sense of enervation so commonly felt when one awakens.

"The pillow is even more enervating than the mattress. A well-stuffed saddle, whose cleft center permits the circulation of air, soft, yet unvielding, is the ideal head-rest. Next to it, perhaps, should be placed the Japanese neck-block.

"When the discomfort of the experiment has been overcome by a few nights of perseverance a wonderful improvement will be discerned in the quality of

There is a certain languid, dull feeling which overtakes an energetic man some times. He wonders what can be the matter with him. He has no ambition. He loses interest even in his business. In such a case the man usually stirs up his liver with the first pill or portion which and still have several unused recipes. ring up is not what he needs. He needs building up. Unconsciously he has put into his work more strength each day than could be made up by each day dinner, but it makes the hest part of the misunder stood foods. Many people think of mont, of 15. comes convenient to his hand. But stir-Before the long virgin-pine piazza of Elixir Springs Hotel upon which she sat, with a complement of unimportant adults, Thomas Jefferson busied himself with making a grave in the sand for the limp remains of a hawk—his choicest pimp remains of a health. It contains no alcohol. It is not a whiskey medicine. It strengthens the stomach, cleanses the blood, increasing

> -The Department of Agriculture has issued a Farmers' Bulletin No. 464 on "The Eradication of Quack-Grass." Based on the knowledge of the author's close study of the grass under field conditions has resulted in a complete, cheap and practical method of eradicating the pest. This bulletin can be had by applying to Senator, Congressman or directly to the Department of Agriculture.

The colored preacher who remarked Brethren, there is one place to which we can turn and always find sympathy-the dictionary," probably meant more than he said. Certain it is that about the only place to which some women could turn for the sympathy they need, would be the dictionary. The husband doesn't sympathize. The family whisper "Mother has one of her nervous the sympathic than the sympathy and the sympathy whisper "Mother has one of her nervous the sympathy which is the sympathy which has one of her nervous spells again." Everybody seems to feel aggrieved that Help is better than sympathy, and help for every nervous woman is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals and have deep skirts Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals diseases of the womanly organs which cause nervousness, and it nourishes the nerves themselves into strength. It does away with the "nervous spells" of women.

Some of these, in sirk, are sortly girdled and have deep skirts or peplums which flare or ripple a little, but this is trying to any but a very slenger figure—more trying than the panier.

Taffeta continues to claim first place

A Sustaining Diet.

These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sus-tained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic,—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

-Little Ruth was crying piteously because of an aching tooth, when her idea as a safe compromise between father said: "Ruth, I have been over to row and full skirts and have done a "Well," sobbed the little sufferer, "why

The conditions under which we live and work have made the American peo-ple a nation of pill users. Naturally many pills are put on the market that are simply made to meet the requirements of those to whom any pill is a pill, and one

didn't he send me some?'

-Louise, aged three, was trying to

which cures constipation, and cures it

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Heaven give our years of fading strength Indemnifying fleetness. And those of youth, a seeming length, Proportioned to their sweetness.

-Campbell. Mrs. Gesine Lemcke, the cooking teacher, is a strong advocate of a vegetable diet for the summer. She says the dishes included in a vegetarian diet are quite as nourishing as meat dishes and are dain-

tier to serve. "When you talk to women about the mitted that its cooking calls for a certain a new election was held. amount of care and dexterity in its prep-

of food which may replace chops and facts as they exist. steaks and chickens. There is rice, for The electoral co

Fruit salads, made from Iruits combined with lettuce or romaine and served with a French dressing, are finding great approval with American diners. They are refreshing, appetizing and quite as satisfying as the usual meat dishes at this Ohio, 14; West Virginia, 8, and Pennsylvania, 18, a total of 120 votes. If Wilson summer season, when the palate demands vania, 38, a total of 130 votes. If Wilson a change.

Bananas, which are among the most in all fruit salads. Oranges and grape-fruit appear among the best salad fruits; pears and apples combine delightfully salad, varied from day to day as to maceives a majority of the electoral votes, terials. It should be kept in a cool rethen the House of Representatives shall frigerator for an hour or so before being served, as this improves it largely in flavor.

"One of the 400 or 500 dishes made from eggs should appear at the no-meat vote, and in order to elect it is necessary dinner. In this country we associate for a candidate to have a majority of all eggs with breakfast, but the French cooks the States. As there are 49 States, it have taught us the delicious things that will require 25 to elect. may be prepared from eggs in combination with vegetables and sauces which make At the old Hoffman house they made a For Wilson—Alabama, Arizona a combination of a tomato, peeled and scooped out and filled with egg, baked Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missisand served with a bearnaise sauce. This was called eggs Benedict and was famous with epicures. But eggs and omelets offer an almost unlimited field for varying a bill of fare. You could serve eggs in a different style every day of a year

In spite of all examples of white and black, the fact remains that more colors than black are combined with white this season, says a New York Sun writer. There is a decided liking for the light clear greens with white, for blues of the cornflower class and even darker tones and for the violet, which has gained much prestige in Paris. In sheer stuffs over white these tones are very lovely, gay without being too vivid, and even in the heavier materials they are cooled and softened by the predominating white.

The French dressmakers are even sing rich orange shades of the tangerine class and with considerable success. A tangerine taffeta panier and draped back and bodice with a skirt, chemisette, big collar and short, wide undersleeves of linen a jour sounds startling but was picturesque, and a fanciful little coat of tangerine lace trimmed taffeta looked exceedingly well over a frock of sheer

Coats separate and en suite are important factors in summer dress this year and are more varied and attractive than they have been in many years. Every-thing ran to cutaway lines at the beginning of the season, but the more exclusive makers, tired, doubtless, of the cuttheir liberty to slam doors and romp around the house should be curtailed by the requirements of "Mother's nerves."

Some of these, in silk, are softly girdled

among the summer silks and it is said that its vogue, at least so far as house and evening wear are concerned, will hold over into the winter. Yes, already there is talk of fall and winter modes. There have even been a few fad openings for the trade.

These are interesting because they show on what the manufacturers are counting, but of course the model frocks exhibited merely serve the purpose of exploiting the materials. Sometimes they represent the guesses of clever folk and will doubtless be modish enough fall comes, but there is no way of knowing positively at this moment which way the cat of fashion will jump in the au-The designers of these far-in-advance

modes have taken up the plaited skirt idea as a safe compromise between narsee your Cousin Hugh, and he has the deal with plaited flounces and even skirts entirely plaited. As materials the manufacturers seem to have faith rough, loose woven stuffs and in the continued popularity of weaves on the tow-eling order, and also of the corded and ribbed diagonal woolens.

Colors show but a continuance of the

late season favorites, with emphasis placed, naturally, on the deeper tones. All the browns, especially on the ecaille shadings, are prominent, and certain deep reds are expected to do well, as are the warm deep blues and violets. The grays have found much favor this summer, though there are innumerable grayish mixture of the gray and white or gray and black order for tailored cost —Christian Science Monitor.

-For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

Deadlock on President and Vice President Not Improbable.

SITUATION UNIQUE.

No Candidate Has Majority of Electors or States as Far as Figured.

Out of the complicated political situation, as it now appears, may arise a dead-lock that will prevent the selection of either a President or vice President be-fore March 4, 1913. In that event the no meat dinners," said Mrs. Lemcke, to a functions of the Presidency would de-New York Sun reporter, "most of them volve upon the Secretary of State, who at once think of fish. Fish is a delicate would continue to act as President until and delightful food, but it must be ad-

This is but one of the knotty problems aration. When it is fried, rather than that have grown out of the involved situbaked or broiled, great care must be ation resulting from the determination of given to ventilation so that odors may be Colonel Roosevelt to head a third party movement. That it is a real possibility "But beyond fish there are many kinds is proved by an examination into the

The electoral college consists of 531 instance, which is not properly appreciated in this country, although the famous curry chef Joe, who was at Sherry's for several seasons, did much to popularize it.

There are the various paste foods

The electoral college consists of 531 votes, and a majority is 266. With Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson making a three-cornered fight, it is quite possible that neither will get the required majority. The States that can be counted as certain for Wilson are: Alabama, 12; Arioned by the Italians which are far more and a Arionese of Coloneda St. Flarings. used by the Italians which are far more in favor with Americans than rice. The da, 6; Georgia, 14; Kentucky, 13; Louisnatives of Italy are natural vegetarians, living largely on green salads, breads and Missouri, 18; North Carolina, 12; Oklavarious garden products.

"Fruit salads, made from fruits com- 12; Texas, 20; Virginia, 12. This gives fails to get 82 out of this 130 or else-where, the election is most certain to be nourishing of fruits, should have a place thrown into the House of Representatives, since the remainder of the States doubtless will be divided between Roosevelt and Taft.

with celery. Every no-meat dinner Under the provisions of the Constitu-should have a bountiful dish of fruit tion, if no candidate for President reproceed immediately to elect a President from the three candidates having the highest number of votes. In making this selection each State shall have one

According to the political and factional complexions of the delegations the

For Wilson-Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, sippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia, a total of 22.

For Tatt-California, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nevada, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming, a total

publicans.

The Constitution makes provision for a deadlock in the House over the election of a President by specifying that in such case the vice President shall act as President, and it provides for the election of a vice President by the Senate, requiring that the Senate take the two candidates having the highest votes and from them choose a vice President. Each Senator has one vote and it requires a majority to elect.

Under this provision the contest proba-bly would be between Marshall, the Democratic candidate for vice President, and either Sherman, the Republican nominee, or the running mate of Colonel Roosevelt, whoever he may be. As but two candidates can be voted for in the Senate, it would be a fight between a Democrat and a Republican, which would, at first, appear to simplify the situation. But under the existing conditions a deadlock would be just as probable here as over the selection of a Presi

As there are 96 members of the Senate, a majority would be 49. As now constituted there are 44 Democratic Senators and 50 Republicans, with two va-cancies. The Democrats are short five votes of enough to elect a Democratic vice President and if the Republicans were to vote solidly for the Republican candidate, they would have one more than enough.

But if Mr. Sherman would be one of

the two candidates receiving the highest number of electoral votes and should oppose Marshall, he could not depend upon receiving the full support of the Repub-lican side of the Senate. There are a number of progressive Republican Sena-tors openly committed to the candidacy of Roosevelt, among them Works, of Cal-ifornia; Bristow, of Kansas; Clapp, of Minnesota; Dixon, of Montana, the Roosevelt campaign manager, and Poindexter, of Washington, and it is fair to assume that they would refuse to vote for Sherman under the circumstances. Any two of them, by refusing to vote, could prevent the Republicans from elect-

On the other hand, if Roosevelt's running mate should be the candidate to oppose Marshall, there would, presumably, he plenty of Regular Republicans who would decline to vote and thus prevent an election. Many of them would prefer to see a Democrat occupy the office rather than have the Roosevelt ticket win. Under these circumstances a deadlock

over the selection of a President or vice President in Congress is a real possibili-ty. Neither President Taft nor vice President Sherman can serve a minute onger than noon of the tourth day of March, as the Constitution specifically

limits their term to four years. But the law provides for the succession to the Presidential office in the event of the "death, removal, resignation or inability" of the President and vice President and the Secretary of State is next in line after the vice President. Consequently, if the deadlock should extend beyond March 4, when the Presidential term expires, upon Secretary Knox would devolve the duties of and responsibilities of President, and he would serve in that capacity until the deadlock was broken. The term of the Secretary of State is not limited by the Constitution, but he serves until his successor is appointed and confirmed by the Senate.