Reform in the First

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4]

knew one or two Conway men who could be got very cheaply, but the boy shook his head-the reformer within him demurred—and yet he smiled sardonically at the reformer thinking of the primaries and the convention it-

Then Malachi Nolan caught the chairman's shifty eye and moved an adjournment until morning. But even as he spoke, Grogan scowled at Muldoon, shook his head at his followers, and the room rang with their hoarse

"No! no! no!" Heartened- by this confession of weakness on Nolan's part, they kept on yelling lustily:

"No! no! no!" They even laughed, and Muldoon mote the table, to declare the motion

On the forty-seventh ballot, one of the Simmons votes went over to Conway, and there was a faint cheer. On the forty-eighth, one of the Simmons votes went to Underwood, and parity was restored. On the forty-ninth, Underwood gained another of Simmons' votes-Nolan, it seemed, had promised to get him on the janitor's pay-roll in the state house—and the vote was tied. This ballot stood:

First Second Fifth Ward Ward Ward Total Conway 21

The Simmons men were holding out, chair leg and said:

"On this ballot Conway receives 32, Underwood 32, Simmons 5. There being no choice, you will prepare your ballots for another vote."

Just then one of the Conway men from the Second ward left his place, and touched one of Nolan's fellows in the First ward delegation-Donahueon the shoulder. Donanue started. The man whispered in his ear, and returned to his delegation, weeping his eye on Donahue. Underwood looked on breathlessly. Nolan, revolving slowly, held his hat for every vote-last of all for Donahue's. The man dropped his folded ballot into the hat and hung his head. Nolan calmly picked the ballot out of the hat and gave it back to Donahue, who looked up in affected

"What's the trouble, Malachi?" he said as innocently as he could. He was not much of an actor.

"This won't do," Nolan said, giving "It's all right, Malachi, honest to

God it is!" protested Donahue. "Thin I'll just put this wan in for ye, heh?" said Nolan, drawing another ballot from the pocket of his huge waistcoat and poising it above

the hat. The crowd had pressed around the First ward delegation. The convention had risen to its feet, craning red necks, and out of the mass Grogan

"Aw, here, Malachi Nolan, none o' that now!"

Nolan turned his rugged face to ward him and said simply: "Who's runnin' this dillygation, you

or me?" "Well-none o' your bulldozing-we

won't stand it!" replied Grogan angrily, his blue eyes blazing. "You get to hell out o' this." And

chair.

"Have you all voted?" inquired Muldoon "First ward!" the secretary called.

Nolan squared his shoulders, not having looked in his hat or counted the ballots there, and said slowly and impressively:

"On behalf av the solid dillygation av the First ward, I cast twinty-wan votes for John W. Underwood." "Misther Chairn an! Misther Chair-

man!" cried Grogan, waving his hand in the air, "I challenge that vote! I challenge that vote!"

"The gentleman from the Fifth ward challenges the vote-

"Misther Chairman," said Nolan standing with one heavy foot on his chair and leveling a forefinger at Muldoon, "a point of order! The gintleman from the Fifth ward has no right to challenge the vote av the First ward—he's not a member of the dilly-

"Let the First ward be polled," calmly ruled Muldoon. Nolan took his foot from his chair and stepped to Donahue's side. Every man in the First ward delegation, as his name was called from the credentials, cried "Underwood!" As the secretary neared the name of Donahue, Nolan laid his hand heavily on the fellow's shoul-

"Donahue!" called the secretary. The fellow squirmed under Nolan's

hand. "Donahue!"

some one from the Fifth ward.
"Vote as you damn please, Jimmie!" "T'row the boots into 'im, Donnie!" "Soak him one!"

"Take your hands off him, Bull Nogled. But the hand of Nolan, like the along under the wild, dazzling lights, hand of Douglas, was his own, and in two opposite, ever-passing proces-

the chairs for Nolan. The big saloonkeeper gave him a look out of his little eye. His left shoulder dipped, his left fist tightened. Grogan halted. "Vote, Jimmie, me lad," said Nolan,

in a soft voice. "Underwood!" said Donahue, in a whisper. His weak, pinched, hungry face turned appealingly toward Gro-

gan. His blear eyes were filmy with disappointment.

"He votes for John W. Underwood, Misther Chairman," said Nolan complacently. The vote was unchanged. The chairman ordered another ballot.

And then, all at once, as if a breath from a sanded desert had blown into the room, Underwood was sensible of a change in the atmosphere. The air was perhaps no hotter than it had been for hours at the close of that stifling day, no bluer with tobacco moke, no heavier with the smell borne in from Clark street on hot winds that had started cool and fresh from the lake four blocks away, a smell compounded of many smells, the smell ascending from foul and dark cellars beneath the sidewalk, the smell of stale beer, the ammoniac smell of filthy pavements, mingled with the feculence of unclean bodies that had sweated for hours in the vitiated air of that low-ceilinged, crowded room

A hush fell. Muldoon, his black, curly locks shining with perspiration, was leaning on his improvised gavel, his keen eye, the Irish eye that su readily seizes such situations, darting into every face before him.

And suddenly came that for which they were waiting. A man entered the hall and strode straight across the floor into the Fifth ward delegation. into the group where the Underwood men were clustered about their leader. He wore evening clothes, his waiting to throw their strength to the black dinner coat and white shirt boswinner. When the sixty-seventh bal- om striking a vivid note in the scene. lot had been taken, Muldoon, squint- He walked briskly, but his mind was ing in the miserable light at the sec- so intent upon his pose that it was not retary's figures, hit the table with the until he had removed his cigarette from his lips and had observed Underwood, that his white teeth showed beneath his reddish mustache in the Noon came, one o'clock, two o'clock, well-known smile of George R. Baliwin. He elbowed his way into the very midst of the Underwood men from the Fifth ward, and leading one of them aside, talked with him an instant, and then returned him, as it were, to his place in the delegation. Then he brought forth another, whispered to him for an earnest moment, and sent him back, with a smile and a slap on the shoulder. The third delegate detained him longer, and once, as he argued with him, the slightest shade of displeasure crossed Baldwin's face, but in an instant the smile replaced it, and he talked-convincingly, it seemed. Before Baldwin returned this man to his delegation, he shook hands with him.

The secretary was calling the result in his delegation. The Fifth you?" ward was a long while in preparing its ballots. There was trouble of some sort there, among the Underwood men. Nolan was urging, expostulating, cursing, commanding. The air was tense. It seemed to Underwood that it must inevitably be shattered by some moral cataclysm in the soul of man. Grogan's brow was knit, as he waited, hat in hand. The delegates voted. Feverishly, with trembling fingers, Grogan opened and counted the bits of paper. Then he sprang to his feet, with a wild, glad light in his

"Mister Chairman!" he cried, "the Fifth ward casts twenty-five votes for

Conway and four for Underwood!" The three bolters in the Fifth ward delegation sat with defiance in their faces, but they could not sustain the expression, even by huddling close together. They broke for the door, wriggling their way through masses so saying, Nolan dropped the ballot of men, who made their passage uninto the hat and turned to face the certain, almost perilous. A billow of certain, almost perilous. A billow of applause broke from the Conway men, and submerged the convention. Delegates all over the hall were on their Malachi Nolan's voice boomed heavily above all other voices. His fist was in the air above all other fists.

"Misther Chairman!" he yelled, "I challenge that vote!'

"Misther Chairman!" yelled Grogan, "a point of order! The gentleman isn't a member of the Fifth ward delegation and can not challenge its

vote! "The point of order is well taken," promptly ruled the chair. "The gentleman from the First ward is out of

order—he will take his seat." Men were screaming, brandishing fists, waving hats, coats, anything, scraping chairs, pounding the floor with them. There were heavy, brutal oaths, and, here and there, the smack of a fist on a face. In the tumult, the five Simmons votes went to Conway. Muldoon was beating the table with his club and crying:

"Order! order!" "To hell with order!" bawled some

one from the First ward delegation. "On this ballot," Muldoon was calling, "there were sixty-nine votes cast; necessary to a choice, thirty-five. James P. Conway has received forty votes; John W. Underwood, twentynine, and George W. Simmons"-he paused, as if to decipher the votenone. James R. Conway, having re-"Don't let him bluff you!" cried ceived the necessary number of votes, me one from the Fifth ward. this convention."

Underwood was stunned. He staggered through the horrible uproar toward the door. He longed for the air outside, even the heavy air of lower So they bawled and Donahue wrig- Clark street, where the people surged gripped fast. Grogan, his face red, sions. His head reeled. He lost the his eyes on fire, leaped from his place, sense of things, the voices about him in his delegation, and started across seemed far away and vague, he felt

himself detached, as it were, from all that had gone before. But as he pressed his way through the crowd that blocked the entrance, and plunged toward the stairs, he saw Balawin, mopping the red band on his white brow. Baldwin recognized him, and said, with his everlasting smile: "Sorry, my boy--next time!"

Probably Appreciated "Spread" Offered by Disappointed Hostess More Than the Expected Guest Would Have Done.

One evening my husband came home with the news that Dr. Baird of North Carolina was in town. I was delighted at the thought of seeing an old friend from my native place; so we called at once and asked him to stay with us while he was in the city. He could not conveniently accept the invitation, but as he expected to re main in town over Sunday he promised to dine with us on that day.

The thought of entertaining my good old family doctor filled me with happiness. I was determined to show him that I had not forgotten the art of southern cookery, although I was married to a northern man and lived in a northern city. So I planned a simple, old-fashionedd Carolina dinnes, and soon had grocers and butchers at their wits' ends trying to find me a genuine country-cured ham, white corn meal and real Virginia sweet potatoes

Frieda, my cook, yielded her place and I took entire charge. On Saturday I boiled the ham, and cooled it in its own liquor, into which I had dropped a gill of molasses and a hint of spices; it was delicious. On Sunday morning I did the rest of the cooking; the batter bread browned beautifully; the grated sweet potato pudding, with its quart of rich cream, was excellent; I did not forget the doctor's taste for gravy with rice, or

his favorite lettuce salad. When the table was set I was proud of it; the snowy linen, the shining silver and the pretty china and glass were certainly attractive. And then we sat down to watch for our guest. Noon came, one o'clock, two o'clock, and still no Dr. Baird. But at 2:15 of liberty. Yet she cannot altogether o'clock a leisurely messenger boy sauntered up and handed us a hastily penciled note. A telegram had come from home urging Dr. Baird's immediate return. In fact, he had left.

We ate in disappointed silence, and after dinner my husband went out for a few minute's walk. I went out to a rather dilapidated old colored man come up the street, picking his way carefully over the icy sidewalk. He stopped and I heard him ask my husband:

"Sah, ken you tell me whah a pusson might git a bite to eat? I's a stranger

in this heah town-' "Well," my husband said, "it depends on whether a 'pusson' likes rice Blood Humors wards, and Nolan had announced the and gravy and boiled sliced ham—do

> I does, sah; yes, sah." "And Virginia batter bread?" "Virginia batter bread?" the stranger repeated, gently. "Why, boss,

was brung up on that. Co'se I does." "How about sweet-potato pudding?" At this the old man laughed and shuffled his broken shoes in the snow. "Boss, you's just foolin'—I knows you

"No, I am not," my husband replied "See that house? Go round to the back door and ask the lady for a bite -it's all there waiting for you."

I turned and ran back to the dining room. "Frieda," I said, "make a cup of hot coffee." Then I added, "Man proposes but God disposes." Frieda did not understand, but I couldn't help saying it. In a moment I heard the old man's timid but hopeful rap. I asked him in, called him "uncle, after the southern fashion, and bade him sit down and have his dinner. I shall never forget the bewildered expression on his face as he dropped his shabby old hat on the floor beside his chair and looked over the table. feet, clamoring for recognition, but As I beckoned to Frieda, and we left him to his feast, I heard him say: "Well, bless Gawd!"-Youth's Com-

> Fire Prevention Responsibility. Woman as a factor in fire preven tion was an important feature of the organization work of the "Fire Show" which was given in Madison Square Garden, New York. Domestic fire prevention is rapidly being reduced to a science by expert specialists. Good housekeeping means neatness and cleanliness, and neatness and cleanliness should in themselves do away with those stacks of inflammable rubbish, in corners, closets and store rooms, that are the cause of so many fires. Some of the points emphasized at the show were that super-heated attics have caused many fires; ordinary matches will ignite at 110 degrees F.; fireproof installation of stoves means the saving of many child lives, etc.

The fire peril, it is contended, is just as great in many metropolitan residences as in suburban and rural homes because of conditions that intelligence and care would do away with. A special committee of women had charge of this department of the

Eighty-Three, and at College. One of the regularly enrolled students of the University of Wisconsin is Mrs. Amy Winship, aged eighty-three. She is known as "the oldest junior in the world." Some of her grandchildren got ahead of her in the winning of a college diploma, but she promises herself now that she will soon overtake them. "I can't remember when I did not believe in woman suffrage," she says.

Now Teach Boys to Cook. With the general complaint of the high cost of living the University Cooking and Food exhibition, which was recently held in London, attracted more than usual attention. Demonstrations were given each day by continental experts in foreign house-hold cooking. The London county council is training a number of chefs and waiters. That the experiment is proving a success was shown by a luncheon attended by more than a hundred guests, which was both cooked and served by boys who are being thus trained. The feature which distinguished the exhibition from all those previously held was the effort to give a practical demonstration of the low cost at which nutritious food, properly prepared, could be placed on the workingman's table. It was shown, for example, that a good soup for 50 people could be obtained for 58 cents, German pie for 50 people for \$1.09, and many other nourishing dishes were exhibited which were made from what in the ordinary household is thrown away as scraps or waste through ignorance of how it can be

Pineapple House Plant. Those who love the beautiful in na ture as well as something curious can easily have both in their homes with

but little trouble or expense. When preparing a pineapple for the table, cut off the top and place it in a jar of water for a few days. Curiously enough, it will put forth roots and grow for weeks, making a very handsome plant. It can be placed in a window or on a stand in the living room, and when grown with other varieties of house plants, produces a pleasing effect.

After it has become well rooted, it can be transferred to light rich soil in an ordinary flower pot, and it will continue to thrive for a long time, often through an entire winter.

Woman as a Slave.

In the far past woman was a slave, She held no rights and few privileges. slave superstitions. Even today many a woman believes that a period of monthly misery is a necessity, that she must suffer agony in attaining the dignity of motherhood. But it is not so. Half a million women and more have been em-ancipated from this idea by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It the porch, and as I stood there I saw heals diseases that affect the delicate organs. It does away with monthly suffering. It makes motherhood practically painless. Its mission is to make weak women strong and sick women well, and it fulfills that mission.

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They are expelled and the whole system is renovated, strengthened and toned by is renovated, strengthened and toned by Hood's Sersaparilla.
"My daughter had a breaking out on her body. I read testimonials of Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle. This did her so much good I got another bottle, and it cured her. She has never been troubled since." Mrs. Ella Condrey, Doniphan, Kan.

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The top of a pineapple planted in the garden in early summer will often take root and grow nicely during the entire summer. It is certainly to attract attention, as it is very pretty.

The Other Way 'Round. He was a narrow young man with a large pointed forehead, a slanting chin, apair of eyeglasses and a cane. His clothes were ultra-English. So was he. And as he stood gazing in rapt admiration as the monkeys in the cage his expression might well ders of the world. The monkeys scampered around,

swung on the trapeze, made faces and otherwise diverted themselves. "Isn't it wonderful," said the young

man, "what remarkable things these creatures with no sense can do?" "Not half as wonderful," he replied,

"as some of the things that creatures with sense will do."

It would be an interesting matter to trace, if possible, the relation of the prevalence of suicide to the prevalence of stomach trouble. There is no doubt in many cases such a relation. One of the common results of disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, is a condition of mental depression and despondency. And one of the common verdicts in cases of suicide is "Killed himself in a fit of despondency." The home was happy, there was money in the bank, but the man threw his life away. Despondent people should begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical the cage his expression might well Discovery by curing disease of the have constituted one of the seven wonnutrition, it removes the depression resulting from these diseases. It purifies the blood and increases both its quality and richness. It makes health of body and promotes happiness of mind.

> Harry is Worse than a Buzz Saw. Instead of helping himself out, Harry Thaw manages to get other people into

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