

"Bitter Root" Billings, Arbitrator.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4.) dream. I couldn't see her move none, though, and old man Badrich blowed again, expurgating himself of as nobby a line of cuss words as you'll master outside the cattle belt.

"Soak em, I yells. 'Give 'em all the arbitration you've got handy. If she don't open, we'll jump her,' and I lets out another notch, so that we went plowing and boiling toward the draw. "It looked like we'd have to hurdle it sure enough, but the police beat the crowd back just in time. She wasn't clear open, though, and our barge caromed off the spiles. It was like a nigger butting a persimmon tree—we rattled off a shower of missiles like an abnormal hailstorm. Talk about your coast defense; they heaved everything at us from lead mines to railroad iron, and we lost all our window glass the first clatter, while the smokestack looked like a pretzel with cramps.

"When we scraped through I looked back with pity at the Detroit's crew. She hadn't any wheelhouse, and the helmsman was due to get all the attention that was coming to him. They'd built up a barricade of potato sacks, chicken coops and bric-a-brac around the wheel that protected 'em somewhat, but even while I watched some Polack filtered a brick through and laid out the quartermaster cold, and he was drug off. Oh, it was refined and aesthetic!

"Well, we run the gantlet, presented every block with stuff ranging in tensile strength from insults to asphalt pavements and noise. Say, all the racket in the world was a whisper. I caught a glimpse of the old man leaning out of the pilothouse where a window had been, his white hair bristly and his nostrils h'isted, embellishing the air with surprising flights of gleeful profanity.

"Hooray, this is living!" he yells, spying me shoveling the deck out from under the junk. "Best scrap I've had in years." And just then some baseball player thrown in from center field, catching him in the neck with a tomato. Gee, that man's an honor to the faculty of speech!

"I was doing bully till a cobblestone bounced into the engine room, making a billiard with my off knee. Then I got kind of peevish.

"Rush street bridge is the last one, and they'd massed there on both sides, like fleas on a razorback. 'Thinks I. 'If we make it through here, we've busted the strike,' and I glance back at the Detroit just in time to see her crew pulling their captain into the deck house limp and bleeding. The barricade was all knocked to pieces, and they'd dunked absolute. Don't blame 'em much either, as it was sure death to stand out in the open under the rain of stuff that come from the bridges. Of course with no steering she commenced to swing off. I yells: "Grab that wheel! Grab it quick! We'll hit the bridge!" But it was like deaf and dumb talk in a boiler shop, while a wider howl went up from the water front as they seen what they'd done and smelled victory.

"We've got one chance," thinks I, 'but if she strikes we're gone. They'll swamp us sure, and all the police in Cook county won't save enough for to hold services on.' Then I throwed a look at the opening ahead and the pessimisms froze in me.

"I forgot all about the resiliency of bricks and the table manners of riots, for there, on top of a bunch of spiles, ca'm, masterful and bloated with perjuries, was 'Oily' Heegan, dictating the disposition of his forces, the light of victory in his shifty little eyes.

"Ten dollars and costs!" I shrieks, seeing red. 'Lemme crawl up them spiles to you.'

"Then inspiration seized me. My soul riz up and grappled with the crisis, for right under my mit, coiled, suggestive and pleading, was one of the tug's heaving lines, 'bout a three-eighths size. I slips a running knot in the end and divides the coils, crouching behind the deck house till we come abeam of him; then I straightened, give it a swinging heave, and the noose sailed up and settled over him fine and daisy.

"I jerked back, and 'Oily' Heegan did a high dive from Rush street that was a geometrical joy. He hit kind of anaesthetic, doing what we used to call a 'belly buster' back home, but quite satisfying for a maiden effort, and I reeled him in astern.

"Your Chicago man ain't a gamy fish. He come up lame and squirting sewage like a disolute porpoise, while I played him out where he'd get the thrash of the propeller.

"'Help!' he yells. 'I'm a drown'ing.'

"Ten dollars and costs," says I, letting him under again. 'Do you know who you're drinking with this time, hey?' "I reckon the astonishment of the mob was equal to Heegan's. Anyhow, I'm told that we was favored with such quietness that my voice sounded four blocks, simply aching with satisfactions. Then pandemonium tore loose, but I was so engrossed in sweet converse I never noticed it or noticed that the Detroit had slid through the draw by a hair and we was bound for the blue and smiling lake.

"For God's sake lemme up," says Heegan, splashing along and looking strangely. I hauls him in where he wouldn't miss any of my ironies.

"I just can't do it, 'Oily.' It's wash day. You're plumb nasty with

boycotts and picketings and compulsory arbitrations. I'm going to clean you up,' and I sozzled him under like a wet shirt.

"I drag him out again and continues; "This is Chinamen's work, 'Oily,' but I lost my pride in the bridewell, thanks to you. It's tough on St. Louis to laundry you upstream this way, but maybe the worst of your heresies 'll be purified when they get that far.' You know the Chicago river runs uphill out of Lake Michigan through the drainage canal and into the St. Louis waterworks. Sure it does. Most unnatural stream I ever see about direction and smells.

"I was getting a good deal of enjoyment and infectious out of him when old man Badrich ran back enameled



"'Oily' Heegan did a high dive," with blood and passe tomato juice, the red in his white hair making his top look like one of these fancy ice cream drinks you get at a soda fountain.

"Here, here! You'll kill him," says he, so I hauled him aboard, dripping and clingy, wringing him out good and thorough—by the neck. He made a fine mop.

"These clippings," continued "Bitter Root," fishing into his pocket, "tell in beautiful figures how the last seen of 'Oily' Heegan he was holystoning the deck of a sooty little tugboat under the admonishments and feet of 'Bitter Root' Billings of Montana, and they state how the strikers tried to get tugs for pursuit and couldn't and how all day long from the house-tops was visible a tugboat madly cruising about inside the outer cribs, busting the silence with joyful blasts of victory, and they'll further state that about dark she steamed up the river, tired and dragged, with a bony looking cowboy inhaling cigarettes on the stern bits, holding a three foot knotted rope in his lap. When a delegation of strikers met her, inquiring about one D. O'Hara Heegan, it says like this: "And Billings read laboriously as follows:

"Then the bronzed and lanky man arose with a smile of rare contentment, threw overboard the cigarette and, approaching the boiler room hatch, called loudly, 'Come out of that!' and the president of the Federation of Fresh Water Firemen dragged himself wearily out into the flickering lights. He was black and drenched and streaked with sweat; also he shone with the grease and oils of the engines, while the palms of his hands were covered with painful blisters from unwonted intimate contact with shovels and drawers. It was seen that he winced fearfully as the cowboy twirled the rope end.

"He's got the makings of a fair fireman," said the stranger. 'All he wants is practice.'

"Then as the delegation murmured angrily he held up his hand and in the ensuing silence said: "Boys, the strike's over. Mr. Heegan has arbitrated."

Trinidad's Asphalt Lake.

In "The Path of the Conquistadores," Lindon Bates, Jr., tells of the famous asphalt lake of Trinidad. He says:

"The straggling village at its edge is an extraordinary spectacle. Not a house but is twisted out of plumb. The land is the source of never ending litigation, because the slowly shifting currents of the pitch bottom in a few years move yards and gardens on to other men's property, distort boundaries into every possible shape, carry landmarks a hundred yards away.

"The abomination of desolation is this lake. In spots a palm killed by the asphalt droops disconsolately. A few tufts of grass have secured a footing in places. But for the rest it is a solid mass of black, dull, evil smelling pitch, with pools of water here and there, in which swim little parboiled fishes. Against any of the hot spots in the world, bar none, this can be backed.

"A wicked looking blacksnake, six feet long glides into the bushes near the margin of the lake. It has been sunning itself on the asphalt. No wonder the serpents are supposed to be creatures of the devil. As for ourselves, fifteen minutes' stay takes away every bit of vitality we can summon. Not enough interest is left in life to inquire what the negroes bewing with water-ticks at the asphalt receive in wages. They earn the pay, whatever it is.

"The lake is ninety to a hundred acres in extent now, but it is gradually shrinking with the removal of the enormous quantities that have been taken out."

"THE PEOPLE ARE THE STATE"

Good Roads Will Repopulate Abandoned Farms, and Bring Prosperity to All Pennsylvania.

"The people are the State." What ever affects one is the concern of all, in that larger equation that considers the general welfare. The prosperity of any special class adds to the general prosperity. An advantage extended to any line of industry is an advantage, not only to the community where that industry is located, but to that assemblage of communities which constitute a commonwealth.

To repopulate the seven thousand abandoned farms in Pennsylvania will add to the material interests, not only of the counties and townships in which those farms are located, but of the State as a whole. The return or replacement of the 100,000 people to the 22 counties whose population shrunk by that number between 1890 and 1900, and of the 32,000 people to 19 counties the population of which decreased to that extent between 1900 and 1910, will not only mean a larger local production and consequent increased local business activity, but will also be indicated in the greater figures of the general welfare of the state.

Properly cultivated, and with proper facilities for marketing, there is no more productive state in the Union than Pennsylvania. With its large cities, its mines, and its extensive industrial and manufacturing interests the demand for food products from the farms is insistent and constantly growing. All that is needed to bring the producer and consumer together to the great profit of both, is a ready means for the transportation of the products. That means can only be provided by improved highways over which it will not cost so large a percentage of the value of the produce as is now the case to transport it from the place of its growth to the place of consumption.

The area of farming land in Pennsylvania which can profitably be devoted to market gardening may be trebled or quadrupled when the roads are improved with a hard surface and with easy grades; and market gardening is away and by far the most profitable use to which farm land can be put; and land that is available for such use is invariably saleable at a much higher price than that which, by reason of the inaccessibility of markets, must be devoted to other purposes.

A close study of conditions in Pennsylvania, and of results achieved in other states, indicates that the increase in value of property caused by the improvement of a road will amount to twenty-five dollars an acre for a distance of a half mile each side of the road so improved. There are ten thousands miles in the State Road system, and by the time that is completed there will be ten thousand miles of State Aid county roads also built, making a total, not counting state aid township roads, of twenty thousand miles of well graded, drained, hard surfaced roads.

A strip of land half a mile wide along each side of these roads would make a total of twelve million, eight hundred thousand acres; and the increase in selling value, at \$25 per acre, will amount to the enormous sum of three hundred and twenty millions of dollars. And the land will well be worth the increase, by reason of the greater opportunities for profitable production and cheaper marketing. Lands further from the main highways will also greatly increase in value, according to the distance and the improvement of the township roads.

The scenery in the mountains and hilly regions of Pennsylvania is unsurpassed. Wherever it has been advertised or exploited, as has been done by some railway companies, it has attracted attention throughout the civilized world, wherever railway advertisements reach, and that is nearly everywhere. But for every single scene that has ever been photographed and exploited there are thousands equally fine which have never seen the lens of a camera, and are unknown to fame. There are trout streams, and waterfalls, and forests, and rocky ledges, and canyons, and all the other wild and picturesque elements which are restful to tired denizens of cities, who seek solace in summer in sylvan shades.

Increasingly, year by year, the people of the cities who can afford to do so get out for a season into the hills and mountains of recreation and rest. They buy land, in large or small tracts as their means and inclinations suggest; they build summer homes; some large and pretentious; some quiet and modest; some bungalows, and some of the shack or log cabin order. And some carry tents, and make camps in which to recuperate for the arduous duties they must soon resume. Other thousands go where they can find summer hotels, and boarding houses which are within their means.

There can be no finer locations for such summer homes and summer resorts than in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where the elevation is such that the nights are always cool, where the water is always sparkling and pure, where the air is fresh and invigorating. And all that is needed to bring the people to these mountains is a system of improved roads over which they can travel in comfort, and enterprising real estate men, and hotel men and others experienced in catering to this special class will do the rest, and make local markets for farm products in the deepest recesses of the hills and mountains.

Millions of dollars of Pennsylvania

money is spent every summer by those who go from this state to the mountains of New England or to the Adirondacks, or Catskills, or elsewhere. Those states have built roads looking particularly to the comfort and convenience and encouragement of this class of people, and have profited greatly thereby.

With improved roads reaching into and through these sections of Pennsylvania, as the State Road system does reach, only waiting improvement, not only will thousands of Pennsylvanians take advantage of the opportunities presented, but other thousands, from other large cities in surrounding states, will also be attracted and the people and state will profit enormously.

These and many other planes of development are open to the people of the State of Pennsylvania by the building of good roads throughout the state. And the people will vote for or against the measure which will accomplish these results at the November election.

NO TIME TO KNOCK.

This is not the time for the friends or enemies of any administration to attempt to "get even" for any real or fancied grievance by standing in the path of progress. Under different administrations the work of road building must go on, as provided by law. There will be other administrations, and if one does not suit the people it can be changed two years afterward. But the work of building the roads should not be interrupted. Every interest in the State, agricultural, commercial, social, educational, demands that highway construction continue until the State and State Aid road systems are finished.

Unless the amendment to the constitution authorizing the bond issue be carried at the coming election road construction in the State will progress very slowly. Work on the State Road System had to stop on August 1 of this year because of the inadequacy of the appropriations. To relieve the situation, and make such conditions impossible in the future, all parties and interests should work together for the amendment.

Only by carrying the bond proposition at the coming election can the work of completing the State and State Aid road systems go forward. And the building of these roads means much to every resident of the State. It means for the farmer an improved road from his farm, or near it, to his county seat or other market-point; it means additional facilities for village and city merchants in the distribution of goods; it means for every class increased advantages, increased prosperity and comfort.

SHALL OUR PROGRESS CONTINUE

Road Improvement in Pennsylvania is the Next Step Forward.

It is within the memory of Pennsylvanians not yet too old for active and progressive work, when there were no typewriting machines; no telephones; no electric lights; and when letter postage was three cents for a half ounce. They have seen the revolution in commercial and social affairs brought about by the installation of these facilities. Now we have the Rural Free Delivery and the automobile truck, with the auto-bus lines making their appearance to the end that mankind may be happier, more prosperous, and better. It is all in the line of human development; the growth of ideas, of ideals, and of morals.

The roads of Pennsylvania must keep pace with the general development. The longer their improvement is delayed the more remote becomes the prosperity which is due the state and the people.

A vote for good roads at the coming election is a vote for progress, for prosperity, for the well being of the state as a whole, and of every individual within it.

Let no one be sidetracked by any side issue. If good roads are defeated this year it will take practically five years to get the proposition again before the people. There is no other issue. He who is in favor of Good Roads will vote for good roads.

The improvement of the roads of Pennsylvania depends on the votes of the people of the State in November. It is inconceivable that persons of intelligence should fail to be in favor of the proposition.

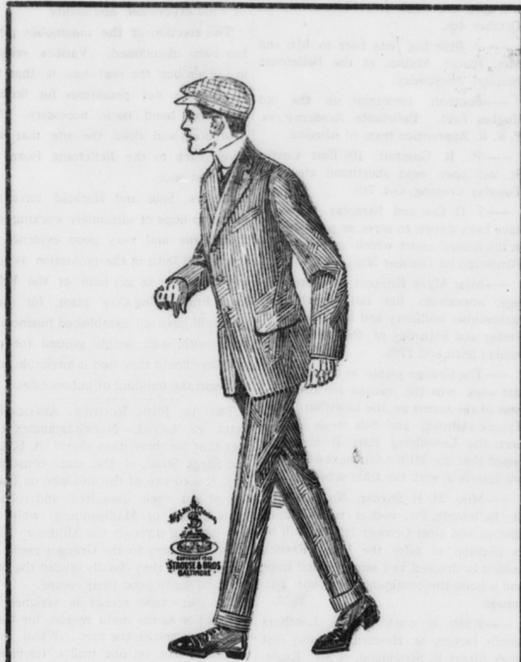
Carrying the constitutional amendment does not create a debt. It only gives the right to create one to get funds to build roads with, if the Legislature think best to do so. Through our system of electing a new legislature every two years the people have continued control of the debt proposition.

The building of the roads comprising the Sprout State Road System is essential to the welfare of the State as a whole, and to the people of every section of the State.

A Little Too Large. Massillon, O.—D. R. Akey built a chicken coop in spare hours in his fish market. He worked with hammer and saw until late at night, and was inflated with pride, when he exhibited the piece of architecture to his friends. They thought it wonderful until Akey undertook to remove it from his market, when he found that it was too large by several feet to go through the door. Akey was forced to call in carpenters, who removed part of the side of the building before the chicken coop was finally liberated.

When a woman grows nervous and irritable, she says and does things which cause her untold suffering. She says something unkind to her husband, boxes her child's ears, and then shuts herself in her room to weep and wonder why she is so "ugly." To an experienced physician the reason is not far to seek. There is local derangement of the womanly organs and the nerves are strained to the limit of endurance. The suffering woman is not to blame for lack of self-control. The cure of nervous disorders which result from disease of the womanly organs, is one of the special features of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals inflammation and ulceration, cures female weakness and the backache, headache, and nervousness caused by these diseases are cured at the same time.

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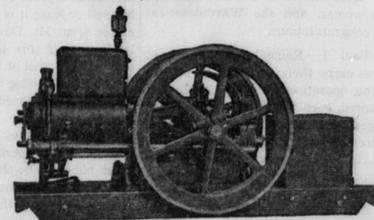
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