

Bellefonte, Pa., March 12, 1920.

ARE YOU A CANDIDATE?

H. I. Phillips in the Oil City Blizzard.
Elections never bother me—
There's no place I would "rawther" be
Than some place else when candidates
are spouting;
But this year I am in the race—
I'm running for a public place—
Upon a platform all my own I'm shout-
ing:

CHORUS.

I want to be ambassador
Where the sweet rye highball blooms
And the barboys have a certain open
manner;

Where people never pass a door
Of a place where drinking booms—
Oh, I'm out to be the envoy to Havana!

No public office have I sought,
No nomination have I bought
Throughout a life that's spotless white
—or nearly;

But now my hat is in the ring—
In politics I'll take a fling—

I see a post that's suited to me, clearly.

CHORUS.

Make me ambassador
Where a corkscrew's not a crime,
And the rye plant has replaced the fair
banana;

Where they never serve you water
Nor pinch barboys for manslaughter—

I'm a candidate for envoy to Havana.

My platform's merely "Drink 'em down"
(I'll buy most every other round),

I'll promise all the drinks are well se-
lected;

And my password will be, "Brother,
In Havana have another"—

That is, of course, sir, if I am elected.

CHORUS

Make me ambassador
Where a man can take a drink
Without a long prescription from a doc-
tor;

Where one can jazz some more,

Where the tinkling glasses clink—

'Tis there I'd be ambassador or proctor.

A RACE WITH A FLOOD.

The Sumpscott Valley Railroad—
people called it the Valley Road for short—is an electric line that connects Ayresboro, where the great cotton mills are, with Summerfield, seven miles below. For the first two miles below Ayresboro the electric railway follows the northern bank of the Sumpscott, but at Smith's sawmill it crosses the river on a bridge just below the dam, and continues on the southern bank. The bridge below the dam was of wood until a flood made room for the present iron structure.

Charlie Clark's father was the superintendant of the Valley Road, and Charlie took a lively interest in it. He lived at Summerfield, but went upriver every day to the Academy at Ayresboro. He was supposed to study on the cars, but in such circumstances a twelve-year-old boy of high spirits and an inquiring mind finds time to become acquainted with the conductors, the motormen, and with such facts as that No. 11 is a hard car to make time on, and that No. 14 is the easiest-running car in the barn.

Sometimes, on the level stretch of track below the bridge, where there were no houses and few stops the motormen let him run the car until they reached the long, descending grade outside Summerfield. That, of course, was against all rules, but exceptions are easily made in favor of the "super" son. Charlie soon became fairly expert in managing the car.

"I'm going to be a superintendant myself some day," he informed big Jack Floyd, the driver with whom he generally made the afternoon trip, "and of course the super ought to know just how to run a car."

The old power station of the company was at Ayresboro, but they were building a new one down river, about a mile above Summerfield, in a wild spot where the river brawled over stones and ledges through a narrow gorge. There the dam had been laid the year before, and now, in the middle of March, the walls of the power house were completed, and workmen under the direction of the superintendent were putting in the pipes.

For several days it had been raining hard, the air had been unreasonably warm; and the ice in the Sumpscott had broken up, and the river was roaring at freshet pitch over its stone bed. It had submerged the new dam, and the yellow spray from the torrent there splashed against the brick walls of the power house. Ice cakes, tree trunks and debris of every description were hurrying down to the sea.

The superintendent, at work on the new downriver power house, looked at the flood with some anxiety. "It's pretty high," he said, "but I don't think it will rise any farther. We must get that No. 2 dynamo set up to night at all events."

And so, when the gray day grew to dusk, half a dozen electricians were busily at work in the power house, and Charlie Clark's father was with them. He had told his wife that morning in Charlie's hearing that he should not return home until the next morning.

Charlie was delayed at the academy that afternoon by a rehearsal for the prize speaking, and when it was over he found that he had missed his car; so he made his way to the house of his Uncle Robert and had supper there.

"It's a bad night, Charlie," his aunt said. "Hadn't you better stay with us tonight?"

"Thank you very much, auntie, but I guess I'll take the seven o'clock home with Jack Floyd. Mother might be anxious. The telephone wire's down, so I couldn't let her know."

Charlie was soon jolting and rattling on his way down river to Summerfield. Looking out the window of the car, he could see the broad reaches of the stream, filled with broken ice, hastening onward almost as fast as he. On the front platform Jack Floyd's broad back loomed up, clad in glistening rubber.

"Looks bad, Charlie," said the conductor. "They say that Smith's dam is likely to go out. If it does, the bridge will be carried away. It may not be safe for us to cross it."

"What a lark!" exclaimed Charlie. Then he stopped in dismay. "My father! My father's in the power house, bossing the men. If the dam goes, they will all be caught and drowned! Oh, do something, quick!"

The conductor stood with his mouth open for a moment. "If we can cross the bridge at Smith's," he said to Charlie after he had recovered from his dismay, "we may get down in time to warn the men!"

Then he flung open the front door of the car and said, "Jack, the super and the gang are working in the new power house—Charlie, here, says so. If the dam at Smith's goes all of a sudden,—and them not expecting it, they'll be caught like rats in a trap."

Big Jack instantly gave faithful old No. 14 more "juice," the speed increased, the car swayed round the curves, and the trolley overhead buzzed like hives of swarming bees.

The few passengers who had boarded the car at Ayresboro had left it before it stopped at Smith's. There an agitated group of men with lanterns surrounded the car. "It's no good. You can't cross the bridge!" they cried. "The dam will go any minute. It's cracking already, and the ice and logs jammed above it will take the bridge sure!"

The roar of the angry waters nearly drowned their voices, and a fierce gust of wind blew Charlie almost off his feet. But he was heedless of the wild elements. In his mind's eye he saw his father and the men, unconscious of danger at work in the power house.

"O, Jack," he cried, "please go on! We've got to get to my father and the men."

"I'd try, Charlie," Floyd replied, "but it would be of no use. Even if the car did get across, the bridge will go soon, and that will snap the wire. Can't run without power."

He was interrupted by a shout: "There it goes!" and everyone rushed up the bank to witness the catastrophe. But it was a false alarm. The strong fabric of the dam still resisted the tremendous strain.

Charlie left to himself and his thoughts, suddenly came to a resolve: He would try to save his father! The chance was only a slender one, but a chance is a chance. Springing upon the front platform, he kicked loose the racket that held the brake and turned on the power.

Instantly No. 14 ran toward the bridge. Faster! A hurricane of wind and rain and spray almost blinded the boy. He heard shouts behind him, but did not heed them. The next moment No. 14 was rumbling over the planks.

Charlie dared not look up the stream toward the huge face of the torrent that threatened to crush him. He imagined that he heard the dam cracking under the flood, and he turned the power lever as fast as it would go. Faster and faster! What if that wall of water behind the high dam should roll down now? But it was only half a minute before the car was safe across the bridge.

Charlie looked back, the dam was still holding, and every second gained was a reprieve.

For half a mile the track was an upgrade. Then came the level, and then the long incline. One advantage that the boy would have in a race against the flood was that the road ran in a nearly straight line, while the river bed wound in several long bends. But of course if the bridge should go, the power would go with it, and the car would stop. But at present No. 14 was speeding along gloriously. It was a bad "rail," as motormen say, since the wheels never slipped once.

At last the car came to the long level stretch and flew faster than ever. Still its lights burned steadily. At the occasional turnouts Charlie did not slacken his pace, but sent the car pounding ahead at full speed. It was a marvel that No. 14 kept the rails.

Blaze and bitter was the lonely road. In the intervals of the gale the growl of the river sounded menacing. Not aware that his hands were white with cold and that he was drenched to the skin, Charlie stood at his post and peered anxiously ahead.

At last he drew near the long down grade to Summerfield. He could already see the great elm that marked the place where the motormen "shut off the juice." If he could only pass that before losing power! But he could not. In an instant the electric lights of the car went out, and the peculiar rattle of the motors told him that the power was gone.

Charlie screamed and twisted his lever helplessly. He knew that the dam had gone, and that terrible fury of water was roaring after him at race-horse speed. But in the very midst of his blackest despair came a ray of hope. Perhaps the momentum of the car would carry it over the brow of the hill.

Running through the car to the rear platform, Charlie caught the wet trolley rope, pulled it down, hand over hand, and tied it to the brass rail of the dasher. That lessened the friction a little. Back he flew to the front platform. The speed was slackening, but the big tree was close at hand.

He ran breathlessly to the rear again, and, jumping to the ground, pushed with all his strength. Perhaps those few pounds of additional energy won the day. Just as No. 14 was coming to a standstill, Charlie gave one desperate heave, and then—O joy! —he felt the speed increase. Still pushing, he went from a slow walk to a fast, and then to a trot. Swinging himself aboard, he seized the brake handle; he was in control of the car again.

But the race was far from won. The power house was two miles away. While Charlie was covering that distance, the raging flood would have to cover only five miles of twisting river.

The car, now fairly launched on the down-grade, rushed over a high causeway overlooking the Sumpscott far below. Above the increasing roar of the wheels Charlie heard a dull boom behind him. The water was coming with appalling speed.

Unchecked by the brake, the car swooped down the hill. Its wild plunges almost threw Charlie from the platform. One second he saw a bug in his path; the next he had sped past it, with only a few inches to spare, and heard the cry of the frightened driver far behind him. Sweeping round a curve, he saw the lights

of Summerfield glittering in the distance.

Here the river made a wide bend, whereas the car line ran straight. The new power house was not far ahead, and Charlie intently watched his landmarks. Two long houses flashed by, and then the boy applied the brake with all his force. He threw his full weight against the handle, and soon No. 14 was sliding more slowly over the wet rails.

As he passed a high bluff, Charlie made a flying leap into the dark and fell sprawling in the mud. Down, down, flew the car as he picked himself up and rushed toward a flight of temporary stairs that wound down the bank toward the river. It was pitch dark, and he went three steps at a time.

Mr. Clark was studying a plan and the men were working busily when they heard outside a shrill boyish cry: "Father! Father!"

"Why, bless me! It's Charlie!" the superintendent exclaimed.

"O father, come up, quick! Run! It's a flood—the dam has gone and it's coming! Quick!"

They understood instantly. The men dropped their tools and ran for their lives. Up the shaky stairs they clambered, helter-skelter, and never stopped until, out of breath, they reached the top of the bluff. Last of all came the superintendent. He held in his arms a dripping, muddy bundle, from which a white face looked up to him.

"My boy! My brave boy!" was all that he could say.

Three minutes later the dreadful contorted wall of water and cakés of ice, logs and wreckage thundered through the gorge. It plucked at great trees and tore them up by the roots; it rolled great boulders as easily as chips; it struck the power house and battered it for a moment. Then the structure collapsed and vanished as if it had been built of solid sugar blocks. At that place was the culminating might of the torrent. Below the ravine it spread out, expanded its violence on the meadows and did no harm to the town.

"Father," said Charlie as he sat before the open fire that night, toasting his toes, "I guess I broke the rules of the company by running away with No. 14. Must I go to prison?"

"Not this time," answered his father, smiling. "In view of the fact that this is your first offence the directors will overlook it, I am sure. Besides, I can't spare you at all."—Yours to me.

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHPLACE.

The birthplace of St. Patrick still continues a subject for dispute, and the historians cannot agree as to the country to be honored. "Iveragh," writing in the New York Sun, thinks it is doubtful if St. Patrick's birthplace can ever be fixed with certainty.

All the historians who have written of St. Patrick agree that he was born in Ireland connected with France; that his mother was a sister of the Bishop of Tours, and that he himself received his first training for the priesthood from his uncle. It is a fair inference that St. Patrick was a native of Gaul.

A study of Irish history dealing with the period immediately preceding the conversion of Ireland to Christianity gives strength to this theory. Irish adventurers pushed into Gaul, and it is recorded that in one of those expeditions King Dathi was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. The adventurers carried home to Ireland numerous captives and rich booty, and it is not improbable that St. Patrick was brought in the train of those christian captives.

At the same period Ireland and Scotland were known as Scotia. Under those circumstances could a native of that portion of Scotia north of the Sea of O'Moy be captured and sold by foreigners as a slave to a people who lived directly across a narrow channel?

Lastly, would St. Patrick if he were a native of Scotland or Britain neglect to begin his missionary labors at home and devote his life to a people having less claim on his charity? It is conceded that the successors of St. Patrick established Christianity and learning in Scotland and northern and central England.

A work entitled "St. Patrick's Confession" has often been quoted as an authority on St. Patrick's life. This work, however, has not been accepted as authentic, as it was not known until several centuries after the death of St. Patrick.

To assert that St. Patrick was born in any particular place or country in which the person making such a statement is indifferent to accuracy.

HISTORIC ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Boston has a large percentage of Irish American residents, who have a double reason for celebrating March 17. Not only is it the day of the patron saint of Ireland, but it is also the anniversary of the evacuation of Boston by the British soldiers in 1776.

Here is the story of the historic St. Patrick's day as told in the diary of Timothy Newell, a selectman of Boston:

"17th, Lord's day. This morning at 3 o'clock, the British troops began to move. They all embarked about 9 o'clock, and the fleet came to sail.

Every vessel which they did not carry off they rendered unfit for use. Not even a boat to cross the river left.

"Thus was this unhappy, distressed town (through a manifest interposition of Providence) relieved from a set of men whose unparalleled wickedness, profanity, debauchery and cruelty is inexpressible, enduring a ray of hope. Perhaps the momentum of the car would carry it over the brow of the hill.

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A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

At the last graduation exercises of the English High school, of Providence, R. I., Miss Sadie Wunsch, a girl of 18, read the following essay on "What I Owe to My Country."

There is one race which owes more to America than any other. That is the Jewish people, who have been for centuries tortured and driven wherever they have tried to establish themselves. To them America is Paradise. Here they breathe the pure air of freedom, and are allowed that which is dearest to the human being, Liberty.

My earliest experience of reconnection is of a small hut with thatched roof in a village across the Atlantic. This hut was scantly furnished and contained a living room, kitchen, and two bed-rooms. Surrounding the house was a small plot of land from which we earned our livelihood.

Groups of men gathered about our house and talked of the "Golden Land" where one could make money easily and their children have great educational opportunities.

Many times I would picture that land and hope that I might live there. I could not hope even to enter school in my native land. Girls did not need an education; if they could do farm work and house work that was sufficient.

When I was seven years old we sailed for America. We set out with small means but big spirits. How distinctly do I remember that last night aboard the ship. Almost all the passengers were assembled on the deck with happy thoughts of arriving at our destination. People of all nationalities were there, all with earnest gaze towards the land that promised.