

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., September 16, 1921.

A PRAYER.

Lord, let me live like a Regular Man,
With Regular friends and true;
Let me play the game on a Regular plan,
And play it that way all through;
Let me win or lose with a Regular smile,
And never be known to whine,
For that is a "Regular fellow's" style,
And I want to make it mine!

Oh, give me a Regular chance in life,
The same as the rest, I pray,
And give me a Regular girl for a wife,
To help me along the way;
Let us know the lot of humanity,
Its Regular woes and joys,
And raise a Regular family
Of Regular girls and boys!

Let me live to a Regular good old age,
With Regular snow-white hair,
Having done my labor and earned my wage
And played my game for fair;
And so at last when the people scan
My face on its peaceful bier,
They'll say, "Well he was a Regular man."
And drop a Regular tear!

—Berton Braley.

IN THE PANHANDLE.

"Say Jim the ducks have come—I can hear 'em overhead," said Bailey Conlon, who stood at the stable door, Jim, who was working inside, came out quickly at his brother's call. Cocking his ears, he looked into the dense smoke overhead. For some days prairie fires had been rampant over in Kansas, and the smoke from them had settled like a blanket of fog over all the Panhandle country.

"You're right!" Jim said after a minute. "We'll go to the bayou after 'em as soon's I get these manglers done."

There was nothing urgent for the two boys to do at home. The fall work was nearly completed, and what little grain they had saved was safely housed. Their father and mother had gone thirty-five miles to the county seat and would not be back until the next day. They had taken the work team, and only Morg, the Conlons' one saddle horse was left.

A little before noon the brothers armed with their shotguns, set out for Catfish Bayou, an arm of the Canadian river, about a mile distant. On the river, they several times heard the vibrant whistle of wings; and once a flock of mallards passed within view through the smoke, low enough for a wing shot. The brothers did not fire, for fear of putting to flight the flocks that they felt sure must be feeding on the reaches of the bayou and the stream.

When the boys came to the bayou, however, they found no waterfowl there. Evidently the ducks, taking advantage of the favorable breezes, were all gone to Gulfward. Jim and Bailey followed the inner reach of the bayou around to the river, where they hoped to find ducks. Carefully working their way through a swamp of tall bottom grass, they approached the bank. As they were passing through a low cluster of willows they heard the subdued "whicker" of a horse apparently from the river channel just below.

With aroused curiosity, the two boys cautiously moved down to the lower edge of the willow growth and peered out. Tied to straggling willows almost beneath their feet were four ponies standing in shallow water. One of them was loaded with boneless strips of fresh meat. Another had numerous strings attached to its saddle, evidently awaiting a similar lading. The other two carried ordinary Indian saddles; and to the pack strings of one were tied a stout Indian bow and a quiver of arrows.

Bailey and Jim exchanged looks of excitement, for they realized that here was the solution of a mystery that had given great trouble to the settlers along the Canadian. Without a word they sank down among the willows and waited.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed when an Indian, in half-civilized dress, came wading round a curve of the bank, bearing a freshly rolled cow's hide upon his shoulder. The brothers again exchanged glances. Without question it was those raiders, from across the Indian Territory line, who had done the cattle killing that for more than a year had been laid to the new settlers along the Canadian, and that had caused the bad blood between many of them and the range cattlemen.

It was this business that had taken the boys' parents to town. Six weeks before, a herd of range cattle had broken into the Conlons' field one night and destroyed almost half of the growing crops.

Only a week later a range steer was killed in a swale near their field. The bones of the skeleton had been picked before it was discovered; but the men of the Bar-Y-N, the nearest ranch, had bitterly charged the Conlons with having killed the steer. Many animals of the range had been killed along the river settlements, and cattlemen generally accused the "nesters" of keeping "ragged, no-good fences," and then, when their crops were injured, of killing cattle.

Shortly after the Conlons had been accused, posters appeared along all the highways, in which the Panhandle Cattle Company offered five hundred dollars reward for information that would lead to the arrest of a cow killer. Peter Conlon had gone to the county seat to seek legal advice on what course he should take to protect his family from false accusations.

Jim and Bailey breathlessly watched the raider tie his roll of hide upon the meat pack. Then the man waded back out of sight the way he had come. There would be no telltale tracks, or marks of dripping beef, along his trail. Undoubtedly he had a partner near at hand, and the fellows had chosen this smoke-befogged day on which to do such work and make their "get-away."

The brothers quickly decided that Jim should spy upon the marauders. Taking off his shoes, he crawled through the marsh grass round to a

hummock that overlooked a drop in the river flat. As he had expected, the Indians, two of them, were near at hand; they were at work on the second of the cows they had killed. In the second man Jim was astonished to recognize old Hokshima, a Pawnee Indian, who while hunting the small white-tailed deer had twice stayed over night at the Conlons' house.

Jim came to a swift decision. He made his way quickly back to his brother.

"Go home and get on Morg," he whispered. "Ride as fast as you can and bring somebody—even if it's only the cook—from Bar-Y-N. I'll stay by to see that the dogs or the coyotes don't disturb their leavings. The rascals have guns, and we can't take them without a fight; and, with rifles, they'd have the best of us."

Bailey nodded approval and got away as silently and swiftly as he could. Meanwhile Jim stole along the bank of the bayou to the point where he could with safety overlook the cattle killers at work.

All too quickly they finished their task of skinning and cutting up the cow. He who had acted as packer carried loads of meat and hide up the river. Old Hokshima now took his butcher knife and began to cut bundles of dead willows and slough grass. These he piled on each of the ragged beef carcasses, from which no more than two-thirds of the meat had been taken.

So they intended to use fire to cover their knife marks, and to leave burnt-over ground behind them! On that smoky day no one, except possibly a stray traveler, would discover the fire before the cattle killers had left its smoke far in their rear. Wondering what he might do to defeat this scheme, Jim watched the Indian, well knowing that his partner was now leading their string of ponies down the shallow current of the river to some distant point of landing.

Hokshima finished his work of heaping dead willows and grass upon the beaves; then he turned and strode out toward the far end of the bayou. Instantly Jim understood the meaning of this move. He would start a fire where the slight wind would send the flames into the loop between the bayou and the river! His fire would thus run only for a short distance before the breeze and then would slowly backfire on the short grass land. The settlers would not discover it for some hours.

Jim determined at all costs to prevent the marauders from carrying out their plan. Making his way hurriedly along the edge of the bayou, he reached the outer limit of the slough at the edge of the tall grasses ahead of the Indian. In a dip, at the edge of the water, he rose and, with the gun on his shoulder, walked carelessly over a slight rise. Before old Hokshima had reached the rim of the high grass, Jim came face to face with him.

"How! How!" Jim cried, in a tone of surprise and pleasure, holding out his hand.

If old Hokshima felt disturbed by this meeting, he gave no sign. "How!" he said. "You huntem duck? No duck today. Him all go solongva wind."

He swept his hand skyward and toward the south.

"Yes," Jim readily assented, "no ducks today. Deer over on hills." He pointed to the north. "You got horse? You git—come long me—we eat dinner, heap pork, bread, potato, coffee and sugar."

Hokshima looked at the boy keenly for a moment and considered.

"Good," he said finally. "You go on house—me git hoss—come quick."

"No, me go with you—tired—ride on horse behind," Jim insisted.

The Indian had already started. He now halted. "Hoh!" he said. "Oder Injun gotem hoss—tie him way off while we huntem deer. Him come, too, now."

He raised his voice in a long-drawn, shrill cry, like the quavering yelp of a coyote. Presently the other answered from not far away.

When the second cattle killer appeared, he showed no more surprise or other emotion at meeting the white boy than Hokshima had shown. Jim noticed that, like Hokshima, the younger Pawnee was now armed with a modern breechloader. They had killed the cows with bows and arrows; the guns were unquestionably for defense.

The Indians spoke together for a moment in their own tongue; then they turned and accompanied Jim.

A walk of fifteen or twenty minutes brought them to the Conlons' house. Jim seated his guests in the kitchen and fell to work at getting dinner. They lighted their pipes and filled the room with the smoke of cheap tobacco. Greedily they watched Jim boil the potatoes, fry the pork, cut generous portions of bread, and brew a big pot of coffee.

Both had set their guns against a wall behind them. When they were invited to sit at the table, the younger, as if by instinct, carried his gun and leaned it against a window sill close at hand. Jim, without design or thought, sat near the wall, so that his father's gun rack and rifle hung just above his head.

The trio fell to and ate—the Pawnees greedily. All this time Jim had talked off and on, showing the utmost good nature and such pleasure in serving his Indian guests as doubtless they had seldom known outside the walls of an Indian mission. When they were midway of the meal, Jim began to wonder what he should do to hold the Pawnees after the dinner. He had determined that finally he would insist upon going back to the river with them, to show them the tracks of deer that he had seen in the mud of the bayou.

His planning was unnecessary. Suddenly the Pawnees both started slightly. Each stiffened in his chair, with his face tense. In a second or two Jim's ear detected the cause of their alarm—the muffled pounding of hoofs at a distance. The Pawnees exchanged swift glances and looked their host keenly in the face.

"Hoh!" exclaimed the boy, trying to speak carelessly. "My folk go to town—mebbe now they come back."

Jim could hardly conceal his elation, and his voice doubtless betrayed that emotion.

"You lie!" shouted the younger of the Pawnees, and his hand went out for his weapon. Both Indians sprang to their feet together. But Jim was ready; he, too, was on his feet instantly, and his right hand swept his father's rifle from its rack.

"Sit down!" he commanded fiercely leaning toward the pair. "You kill cows! Me saw—send for men—fight no good now!"

For an instant both Indians glared savagely at the boy. Jim did not flinch; and then, as the pounding hoofs drew nearer the younger laughed hoarsely; old Hokshima grinned in a sickly manner, and the two sank back on their chairs and stoically resumed their eating.

A minute or two later Bailey, with three cowmen from the Bar-Y-N, came in.

"Good!" cried the ranch foreman, for he it was with two of his line riders. "Good enough! Dinner's handy and enough for us all. Wal, young feller," he said to Jim, "we found the reds' hosses, and your brother guessed where the beggars was; and now if you don't mind, we'll sit down and eat with you as neighbors and friends."

They all ate heartily. The Indians sat nonchalantly and continued to eat as long as any victuals were to be had. At the end of the meal the Pawnees submitted quietly and with their ponies and booty, were taken to the county jail.

Some days later a letter came addressed to "James and Bailey Conlon." It contained a check for five hundred dollars signed by the president of the Panhandle Cattle Company.—The Youth's Companion.

PROFILE NOT THAT OF INDIAN.

Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen, who lived and died in Philadelphia, came nearer being the queen of the American Mint than any other woman who ever lived. With the exception of Queen Victoria, whose image was engraved on every coin of the British and Indian Empires, Mrs. Keen was first in the number of her metal photographs. Her face as a girl of twelve summers is to be seen on every American cent issued since 1836 up to the coming of the Lincoln cent from Uncle Sam's coin factory.

It is usually assumed that the face on the head side of the copper is that of an Indian, but a close look will reveal that of a Saxon profile. Just borrow a cent and look at it. The setting is that of an Indian.

Between 1828 and 1840, James Longacre was the chief engraver in the United States mint in Philadelphia. In 1835 a competition was opened for sketches and engravings for the new copper cent that was to be issued and which has since been in service. There were a thousand designs offered. The prize was a good one. Longacre racked his brains for some original and singular design that would strike the judges, but for months he failed to satisfy himself, says the Detroit News-Tribune.

One morning a number of Indians with their chief, who had been to pay their respects to the great white tribe in Washington, came to the city and were shown through the mint. They were introduced to the white chief's picture maker, who was just then showing his young daughter, Sarah, the great concern. The old chief was attracted by the sweet faced maiden and her interest in his feathers and paint. She childishly wondered how she would look on the feathered headgear. This was told the chief, who solemnly divested himself of his feathers and had them placed on the girl's head. The effect was so striking that the father took time to make a sketch of the picture, finishing it afterward for his own amusement.

At the last moment of the period given for sending in the designs he thought himself of the possibility of the combination of Indian feathers and Saxon sweetness. He got it in, and much sport was made of the child at the time in the city of the incident. The sketch passed through the seventh shifting and finally reached the last round. By one vote it won, and ever since Sarah Longacre's young face has served for the humblest of coins, than which no other coin in the world has such tremendous circulation.—Philadelphia Record.

Building Moved While Tenants Work.

The sensational sight of a modern eight story office building being moved to a new location while several hundred tenants went on with their daily work was recently presented in Pittsburgh. It was one of the few cases in which such an undertaking had been attempted, though transportation of small brick or frame structures is, of course, an old story.

The office building, which weighs 4000 tons, had to be moved 40 feet to make way for the widening of a downtown street. While a crowd watched proceedings with interest, the structure was slid over special tracks formed by heavy steel rails on a foundation of 100,000 feet of 12x12 inch timbers.

"Half-inch steel plates were laid between the base of the building and the rollers," comments Popular Mechanics Magazine in reporting the incident, adding: "The motive power was 12 10-inch jackscrews, held horizontally and blocked forward as the building moved. The rhythmic operation of these jacks, which was very essential, was regulated by signals by a whistle in the hands of the man in charge." The building made the trip with part of the sidewalk attached to it, nothing inside being disturbed.

For the Heathen.

Two beggar women met on the street the other day. "Fine coat you have got there. Where did you land it?" said the first one.

"Old Mrs. Gobsa Golde gave it to me," said the second beggar woman.

"Is that so? I've begged at Mrs. Gobsa Golde's a hundred times and she never gave me a cent. How did you work her?"

"Well, you see," said the first beggar woman, stroking her new coat complacently, "I didn't tell her I was begging for myself. I pretended I was begging for the heathen."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

BIDDING FOR A PASTOR.

Novel Plan of Church Leads to Inquiry About Yankee Cuteness.

Have Yankees forgotten how to drive bargains, to meet an offer with a better one in order to secure what they have set their hearts upon? asks the Providence Journal, then it tells the reason why.

An advertisement in a Boston paper, together with the explanation of it, causes the query. The congregation of a church in Manchester, New Hampshire, wants a pastor. It wants one, it advertises, who "has been successful as a preacher, pastor, organizer and church executive." It offers a "good salary and an attractive edifice centrally located."

Such advertising is rare. But it appears that the church was forced to do because, after selecting a minister two months ago, it lost him to a church in Kansas City, which not only met its offer of \$5000 a year and a parsonage, but also beat it by throwing in an automobile.

The question is, did the Manchester congregation feel that it had reached its limit in its offer or did it simply curl up and withdraw when it heard of the motor-car? Wasn't some mem-

ber generous enough and determined enough to win "an up-to-date, live-wire pastor" to furnish the money for an automobile that would put the Western machine to blush? Was the old Yankee spirit lacking?

CONSTANCY.

From the New York Herald.
In the morning early
Love went laughing by
Down the road to Arcady,
And rosy was the sky.

Eager arms I lifted,
Eager was my call—
Love went laughing down the road
And did not heed at all. * * *

Now love's steps are lagging,
Now he waits me long;
But I stay within the house
And sing a little song.

Sing a careless song, Love,
Gay I seem and free—
Oh, I dare not let you guess
The heavy heart of me!

Do not be too patient,
Come and storm the door!
You will find me waiting you
As eager as before.

—Abigail W. Cresson.

Election Proclamation!

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.—I, Harry Dukeman, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid that an election will be held in the said county of Centre on the THIRD TUESDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1921, being the

20th of September, 1921

for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, to wit:

One person for Representative in Congress at Large.

Proposed Constitutional Convention.—Shall a Constitutional Convention be held in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two as provided in the Act of Assembly, approved the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one?

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding elections in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the County of Centre is as follows:

For the North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the Logan Hose Co. house on east Howard street.

For the South Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Undine Fire Co. Building.

For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuiston, in Bellefonte.

For the borough of Centre Hall, in a room at Runkle's hotel.

For the borough of Howard, at the public school in said borough.

For the borough of Millheim, in the school house, now the Municipal building.

For the borough of Milesburg, in the borough building on Market street.

For the First Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, in the Bellance Hose house.

For the Second Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Presqueville streets.

For the Third Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, northeast corner of Seventh and Pine streets.

For the borough of South Philipsburg, at the City Hall in South Philipsburg.

For the borough of Snow Shoe, in the borough building.

For the borough of State College, East Precinct—on College Avenue at the Old Fellows Hall.

For the borough of State College, West Precinct—on Frazier street, at the Firemen's Hall.

For the borough of Unionville, in the Grange Hall in said borough.

For the township of Benner, North Precinct, at the Knox school house.

For the township of Benner, South Precinct, at the new brick school house at Rockview.

For the township of Boggs, North Precinct, at Walker's school house.

For the township of Boggs, East Precinct, at the hall of Knights of Labor, in the village of Curtin.

For the township of Boggs, West Precinct, at the school house in Central City.

For the township of Burnside, in the building owned by William Hipple, in the village of Pine Glen.

For the township of College, at the school house in the village of Lemont.

For the township of Curtin, North Precinct, at the school house in the village of Oriskany.

For the township of Curtin, South Precinct, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the township of Ferguson, East Precinct, at the public house of J. W. Kepler, in Pine Grove Mills.

For the township of Ferguson, West Precinct, at the school house in the village of Baileyville.

For the township of Ferguson, North Precinct, at the store of H. N. Musser, one mile west of State College, at Struble station.

For the township of Gregg, North Precinct, at Murray's school house.

For the township of Gregg, East Precinct, at the house occupied by William A. Sinkabine at Penn Hall.

For the township of Gregg, West Precinct, in Vocational School Room at Spring Mills.

For the township of Haines, East Precinct, school house in the village of Woodward.

For the township of Haines, West Precinct, at the residence of E. A. Bover.

For the township of Halfmoon, in the I. O. O. F. hall in the village of Stormstown.

For the township of Harris, East Precinct, at the building owned by Harry McClellan, in the village of Linden Hall.

For the township of Harris, West Precinct, at the Boal Hall in the village of Boalsburg.

For the township of Howard, in the township public building.

For the township of Huston, in the township building erected in the village of Julian.

For the township of Liberty, East Precinct, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Liberty, West Precinct, at the school house at Monument.

For the township of Marion, at the Grange Hall in the village of Jacksonville.

For the township of Miles, East Precinct, at the dwelling house of G. H. Showers, at Wolf's Store.

For the township of Miles, Middle Precinct, in Mrs. Jacob Gephart's residence in Rebersburg.

For the township of Miles, West Precinct, at the store room of Elias Miller, in Madisonburg.

For the township of Patton, in the shop of John Hoy at Waddle.

For the township of Penn, in the building formerly owned by Luther Guisewitz, at Coburn.

For the township of Potter, North Precinct, at the Old Fort hotel.

For the township of Potter, South Precinct, at the hotel in the village of Pottery Mills.

For the township of Potter, West Precinct, at the store of George Mess, at Colyer.

For the township of Rush, North Precinct, at the Township Poor House.

For the township of Rush, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Cassanova.

For the township of Rush, South Precinct, at the school house in the village of Powelton.

For the township of Rush, West Precinct, at the school house near Osceola Mills, known as the Tower school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Clarence.

For the township of Snow Shoe, West Precinct, at the house of Alonza A. Groe, in the village of Meshannon.

For the township of Spring, North Precinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mullinger, in Pleasant Gap.

For the township of Spring, South Precinct, at the township building erected near Mallory's blacksmith shop.

For the township of Spring, West Precinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mullinger, in Pleasant Gap.

For the township of Taylor, in the house erected for the purpose, at Leonard Merryman's.

For the township of Union, in the township public building.

For the township of Walker, East Precinct, in a building owned by Solomon Peck in the village of Huston.

For the township of Walker, Middle Precinct, in Grange Hall in the village of Hubbersburg.

For the township of Walker, West Precinct, at the dwelling house of John Royer, in the village of Zion.

For the township of Worth, in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in the village of Port Matilda.

MEDICAL.

Words from Home

Statements that May be Investigated. Testimony of Bellefonte Citizens.

When a Bellefonte citizen comes to the front, telling his friends and neighbors of his experience, you can rely on his sincerity. The statements of people residing in far away places do not command your confidence. Home endorsement is the kind that backs Doan's Kidney Pills. Such testimony is convincing. Investigation proves it true. Below is a statement of a Bellefonte resident. No stronger proof of merit can be had.

M. H. Daley, railroad man, 213 E. Lomb St., says: "My back and kidneys were in a very serious condition, when I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They gave me great benefit and I was more than pleased with the results. I recommend Doan's whenever I have an opportunity."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Daley had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 66-36

For the township of Miles, West Precinct, at the store room of Elias Miller, in Madisonburg.

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For the township of Worth, in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in the village of Port Matilda.

List of Nominations.

The official list of nominations made by the several parties, and as their names will appear upon the ticket to be voted on the 20th day of September, 1921, at the different voting places in Centre County, as certified to respectively by the Secretary of the Commonwealth are given in the accompanying form of ballot, which is similar to the official ballot.

First Column

To Vote a Straight Party Ticket
Mark a Cross (X) in this Column

REPUBLICAN

DEMOCRAT

SOCIALIST

PROHIBITION