

INK SLINGS.

Trouble always runs on hard tires and in high gear.

Again let it be recorded that the local authorities are about to enforce the traffic ordinance of the town.

Lots of fellows would leave their foot prints on the sands of time if some one else would furnish the sand.

If you want to pick up five hundred dollars just tell the County Commissioners who murdered George W. Marks, of Taylor township.

The crickets are singing. The frost will be on the pumpkin ere you know it. And you'd better get on your knees and pray for an end of the coal strike.

Slowly but surely we're drifting back to the time when music, not gymnastics; when grace not control of the muscles of the abdominal regions counted most.

Anyway Governor Sproul would not have sent the militia into the strike areas if he had been sure the strikers would let other people and their property alone.

The big trout are back at the falls in Spring creek, so the boy who took them out with a throw net a few weeks ago has his alibi established once again, already, still yet.

It may never be possible to find out exactly what is the matter with Kansas, but it is reasonably certain that one Kansan, William Allen White, is suffering with swelled head.

McSparran and Pinchot are to be at the Granger's picnic on the same day, and we'll bet Mac will say more honest to goodness stuff in a minute than Giff will in his whole campaign.

The Altoona Tribune thinks that the Senate of the United States should never be made a harbor for fanatics or crooks and it thinks straight now, though it didn't at the time its party was trying to seat Newberry.

Of course we have been busy as a hen with one chicken for several months past and haven't had much time to give to our friends, but really we're concerned about the whereabouts of Vance McCormick and Mitch Palmer. Does anybody know where they are?

Germany's greatest financier, Hugo Stinnes, says that trade with the reds of Russia is hopeless. If all that we have read of Stinnes' business acumen is true then this ought to be enough for any one who has entertained a thought that the Bolsheviks are worth wasting a thought on.

We notice that the Florida farms are to be confiscated and sold after they have been thoroughly plowed and all the buried "hootch" turned up. How foolish! Every furrow that is turned knocks off about ten or twelve dollars on the price that some of our thirsty friends might pay for the first.

Since getting back to the mechanical end of the business that we thought we had parted company with twenty-six years ago we have grown so lame in spelling and expression that we are going to present the brown derby to the first person who finds the misspelled word in this paragraph.

Recent reports are to the effect that Democracy in Huntington county is coming to life again. The Monitor announces that "quite a sprinkling" of Democrats gathered in Huntington last week to put pep in the organization and let us hope that by fall this "sprinkling" will be a torrential rain that will deluge Huntington with votes for McSparran and the whole Democratic ticket.

Arthur H. Sprague, died at Redding, California, on June 16th, at the age of seventy-four. Arthur never did much to merit this belated notice of his demise other than grow the biggest head that hat-makers make any record of. When they quit making hats for him the block was eight and three quarters and Arthur and they thought that was some head, but they had never heard of a few mortals that we are laying up tribute for.

The weekly band concerts will never be a real success, that is a pleasure to those who want to hear them and a justice to the musicians, until the leather lungs of a lot of those who cluster around the band stand are plugged. Why not suspend the concerts until that part of the audience that can't stop talking long enough to give the musicians a chance realizes how unfair it is to those who really do want to hear.

If Secretary Hoover can actually carry out his threat to withhold cars from profiteering coal operators the industry will owe him eternal gratitude. There are a lot of things in the coal business that the public knows nothing of. One of the ones that the public suffers most from is the operator who doesn't play fair either with his fellow operators, or the public. He uses every subterfuge, and there are many, to evade "fair price" regulations and getting higher prices for his coal he induces miners to leave other pits by offering bonuses that operators who adhere to the "fair price" rule can't meet and the result is disorganization and under production, with the consequence that the public suffers and the honest operator, usually the big producer, gets the blame.

Good night! It's eleven-thirty Wednesday and we're going to pussyfoot for the hay.

Democratic Watchman

STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION.

VOL. 67.

BELLEFONTE, PA., JULY 28, 1922.

NO. 29.

Honors in England and Here.

In London society, according to a correspondent of the esteemed New York World, commotion has been aroused by the sale or bestowal of titles. Since Lloyd George's tenure as Premier 108 peerages have been created and bestowed upon more or less deserving favorites of "the powers that be," and some of them have gone to persons who do not stand well in public opinion. It has become a rule over there to distribute these favors at certain periods and levy a fee on the recipient, the money to go to the campaign fund of the dominant party. It is alleged that Premier Lloyd George has established the custom of selling the favors to the highest bidder, which is the present cause of complaint.

It may be only a coincident, but it is significant nevertheless, that the peerage gift concerning which the greatest amount of complaint has been made cost the recipient precisely the same amount of money that Mr. Gifford Pinchot and his amiable and ambitious wife paid for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. No name is given in the interesting narrative of this transaction but it is said that the recipient "paid the equivalent of \$125,000." According to Mr. Pinchot's sworn statement that is about what he paid for the honor bestowed upon him. It is true that he stands to get \$72,000 back in the form of salary for the four years' service, if he is elected, and we have no information that can be relied on as to the profits of peerages.

Taking a rough guess at the problem, however, we are inclined to believe that comparatively speaking the British peerage in question was cheap enough. When you get a peerage you've got it and when you get a nomination there is always more or less uncertainty about the election, and after spending as much as the nomination cost the election may never come. Senator Newberry paid more for his nomination than Pinchot, but even after the election he narrowly escaped a prison sentence and his title is anything but a badge of honor or a source of comfort. Pinchot may be equally disappointed in the result of his investment but his money came to him easily and he will have plenty left.

Padrewski has given up politics and returned to his piano. He wants harmony and incidentally the big profits of an American tour.

Pepper Unfit to Serve the People.

Mr. George Wharton Pepper was appointed Senator in Congress after the death of Senator Boies Penrose under alleged orders from Mr. Atterberry, vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad. There were other aspirants for the favor but the corporation in question desired a man who would serve it faithfully and capably. The Republican machine had interests to be served in the selection, also, but Mr. Pepper was satisfactory to the leaders. He was willing to vote for Newberry or support any measure the organization favored. Since his induction into the office Senator Pepper has fulfilled every expectation of those responsible for his appointment. He spat "in the eye of the bull dog," and knelt at the feet of Vare.

Mr. Pepper spent some \$70,000 to secure a nomination for a full term in the office of Senator in Congress. The Pennsylvania Railroad company can't elect him. The result of the primary vote shows that the Republican machine can't elect him either. If he is elected, therefore, the votes must come from the people. What reason can he give that the people should so favor him? What has he done for the people of Pennsylvania that deserves such a reward? He voted for Newberry but that was for the political machine. The people of Pennsylvania didn't want a convicted criminal to be confirmed in a title he had acquired in violation of law. In Indiana and North Dakota the people resented such action.

Will the voters of Pennsylvania stultify themselves by endorsing and rewarding that which the voters of Indiana and North Dakota condemned? If Mr. Pepper were a novice in public affairs he might be excused on the ground that he did not understand. Probably he didn't understand. His vote for Newberry was the first vote he cast in the Senate and he had not time to analyze the subject. But he is a lawyer and ought to know that a conviction in court after a prolonged trial establishes a presumption of guilt which should be carefully considered. But he gave the matter no consideration. He voted as he was asked to vote and a man who thus uses the power of a great office is unfit to serve the people.

The tariff bill may worry through but when it emerges from the Senate its own father won't know it.

Mrs. Olesen May Win.

The true sentiment of the Republican machine on the subject of women in politics was expressed by Senator McCormick, of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Senatorial campaign committee, the other day. "Persons might vote for a woman for superintendent of schools or for the town council or other little jobs like that," he said, "but when it comes to the Senate of the United States, they simply will not do it." He had reference to the candidacy for Senator in Congress of Mrs. Anna Olesen, of Minnesota, Democratic nominee for Senator in that State. Obviously "the wish was father to the thought," Senator McCormick would greatly regret the election of Mrs. Olesen.

In the matter of fitness for the great office to which she aspires Mrs. Olesen is far away beyond Medill McCormick, the millionaire of Chicago. She is a woman of brilliant intellect and splendid achievement, who has accomplished much in the way of civic improvement, not only in the State in which she lives but in other States in the middle west. Unlike Senator McCormick she was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth but has grown up to a helpful prosperity and practiced a life of usefulness to the men, women and children of the country. Her activities in politics have always been in the interest of good government and as chairman Hull, of the Democratic National committee says, her election will be "the greatest triumph for women since the beginning of suffrage."

Minnesota is a strong Republican State and party prejudices hold fast in that section of the country. But the Democrats elected a Governor in 1904 and there is a deep feeling of resentment against Senator Kellogg because of his vote to seat Senator Newberry, of Michigan. The people of Minnesota are men and women of a high standard of morality and they have no sympathy with corruption in politics or public office. Senator Kellogg had stood fairly well in public estimation until he yielded his convictions to the party necessity of supporting Newberry and since that he is not on a firm basis. Mrs. Olesen, on the other hand, enjoys the full confidence of the people and her election is possible.

Prohibition enforcement will be more successful when it becomes more sincere. Most of the enforcement officers in commission are crooks.

Scandal of the State Treasury.

That very amusing little farce comedy entitled, "An Investigation of the Accounts of Harmon M. Kephart," former State Treasurer, which was staged at Harrisburg during the primary campaign for the benefit of Mr. Gifford Pinchot and abandoned later, was resumed at the State capital on Monday with banker John A. Bell, of Pittsburgh, in the leading role. It will be remembered that Mr. Bell was a strong favorite of the machine during the period in which Senator Crow and Mr. Kephart were in control of the organization and was slated for any official vacancy that might happen from ward assessor to Senator in Congress or Governor. It also appears that he was the "fence" in all financial operations.

Mr. Bell's testimony on Monday indicates that while he was a somewhat slovenly banker he was a trusting and convenient friend. He gave Treasurer Kephart blank checks signed by himself in any number desired and trusted a subordinate in the bank to keep track of the operations upon a system of book-keeping invented by himself and based on a blunder. Fortunately the checks were all rounded up, the accounts balanced and the only loss was to the State which suffered to the extent of \$11,800 in interest which would have accrued if the funds had been properly deposited to the credit of the Commonwealth. Who got this money has not been revealed but presumably it was equitably distributed among those concerned in the transactions.

Singularly enough another dead man was introduced into the cast at the session on Monday. During the former hearings in the matter the blame for most of the irregularities was placed upon a treasury clerk named Klop who has since died. The error upon which the blank checks were based is ascribed to one Anthony Tarter, a clerk in the Carnegie Trust company, of which Mr. Bell is president, who has since died. Thus the grim reaper performs his friendly offices in politics and business and buries in obscurity the mysteries of manipulation. But in spite of all the fact remains that the Republican machine was behind all these irregularities, which shout an admonition to "turn the rascals out."

Blackberries are now coming into market and the crop is reported as quite large.

Mr. Pinchot Over Confident.

The confidence which Gifford Pinchot and some of his friends express in his election is amusing as well as absurd. In fact Mr. Pinchot has already begun the exercise of functions of the office as if the ballots had been cast, counted and certified in his favor, the commission issued and the oath of office administered. An alleged political expert writing in the esteemed Philadelphia Ledger appears to be equally assured. "When Mr. Pinchot enters upon the duties of the office of Governor," this gentleman writes, "which he is certain to do," certain things will happen. This is certainly counting the chickens before they are hatched. Mr. Pinchot is not certain to be elected.

For more than a quarter of a century the Republican machine has enjoyed uninterrupted control of the government of Pennsylvania. During that period the expenses of governing the State have quadrupled and the burden of taxation increased in equal ratio. Yet the State has been defaulting in payments of current expenses until now with an empty treasury it is confronted with a deficit of more than \$40,000,000. The same machine is still in control of the party organization and gives no promise of change of methods. In fact, for at least one-third of that period Mr. Pinchot has been a supporter of the machine and for nearly four years a participant in and beneficiary of the looting operations.

It has been said, and it is literally true, that a State may have exactly the sort of government the people want. Since 1897, when the late Governor Pattison retired from office, the people of Pennsylvania have been having rotten government for the reason that they have continued the Republican machine in control. Now that the State is on the verge of bankruptcy the people are beginning to reflect upon the causes of their troubles. If they want the looting operations to continue they will vote to retain the machine in authority by electing Gifford Pinchot. If they want honest administration they will vote for John A. McSparran and all the people are not fools all the time.

The "Watchman" was extremely fortunate during the past three weeks of July in having two expert workmen helping out in its job department in the persons of William J. Gibson, of Crafton, and Frank Swales, of New York city. Mr. Gibson is an old hand at the printing trade having worked at every branch of the printing business from devil to editor, so is right at home in any office. He is a brother of Robert M. Gibson, of Pittsburgh, recently recommended for the appointment of federal judge in the western district of Pennsylvania. A few years of his early life were spent at State College and he has a number of relatives in Centre county. As a side issue he sells roofing paint of a superior quality and succeeded in securing a number of orders in Bellefonte. Frank Swales, the other man who helped us out in an emergency, is an expert pressman and is able to make a press do about everything but talk.

During these days of strikes galore, with much of the industrial world in turmoil, it was rather refreshing on Monday to read the news item that the Midvale Steel company had announced an increase of four per cent. in wages, effective August 1st. The Midvale company is working to capacity filling orders and has a bright outlook for the future, which is probably the main reason for the increase in wages. In the final conclusion wages, like most everything else, are to a great extent regulated by the law of supply and demand, regardless of strikes and counter-strikes.

The prohibition enforcement officers stopped a Long Island funeral the other day, and opened the coffin in search of hootch but found nothing of that kind on the person of the corpse. This was enterprising beyond question but some persons may think it was going a step too far even in law enforcement.

Mr. Bok, of Philadelphia, appears to take himself entirely too seriously. The sequentennial will probably survive, however.

Young Mr. Ryan seems to have gone out too far on the limb of frenzied finance and the result is what might have been expected.

Experience is a dear teacher but it is the only school in which Harding could have learned the tribulations of a President.

The tile have finally arrived for the floor of the new porch at the Elk's club, on High street.

Mr. Pinchot's Confidence.

From the Philadelphia Record. There are two reasons why Gifford Pinchot expects to be the next Governor of Pennsylvania. Neither of them is flattering to the voters.

In the first place, Mr. Pinchot has superb confidence, based on experience, in the persuasive power of money. He invested heavily in the primary election, and got results. Large as were his expenditures in the preliminary campaign, they by no means represent the limit of his financial capacity. He has the biggest barrel, and he can see no reason why that should not mean the biggest vote.

In the second place, Mr. Pinchot understands the value of the Republican label in Pennsylvania. The State Government has been operated under Republican auspices with disastrous results. An enormous revenue has been dissipated and a staggering deficit rolled up. Despite enhanced income and new sources of taxation, the State cannot meet its current expenses without checking against the future. There has been extravagance and waste, but this alone does not account for the condition of the State Treasury. There has been graft. The Treasury has been plundered.

All this has happened under a Republican Administration. In most other States abuses perpetrated under the auspices of one party would inevitably result in the dismissal of that party from power and the election of officials of opposite political faith having no possible interest in the continuation of the abuses or the protection of guilty individuals through partisan influence. But Mr. Pinchot figures that in Pennsylvania the voter has not sense enough thus to protect his interests. He relies upon the hidebound partisanship of the residents of the big cities, particularly Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, to reward an unfaithful party organization with a vote of continued confidence.

Mr. Pinchot has been a part of the Republican State Administration whose malfeasanances constitute a national scandal. He has been an active participant in and personal beneficiary of a discreditable scheme to violate the spirit and intent of the Constitution. But he has money, and has bought a Republican label, and he thinks he will be the next Governor. John A. McSparran hasn't a barrel; he hasn't even a keg; and he is a Democrat. That is the only stain on his good name.

Wouldn't it be wise to elect an honest and capable Democrat to the Governorship, after so many disappointing experiments with Republicans? Wouldn't it be a good joke on Mr. Pinchot to demonstrate to him that he can neither buy the State with his ready cash, nor scare the voters into connivance with the hollow pumpkin-head bugaboos of the horrors that would result from Democratic rule?

Coal Pools Will Help.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Secretary Hoover proposes to take the available coal now being mined or in storage and pool it. The government will scoop it out of these district pools, giving the railways, the public utilities, producers of necessities and public institutions priority, in the order named.

This action cannot be taken too quickly. While there is coal enough in sight to get along on for some weeks, we are beginning to get to the bottom of the bin. Some of the railways are cutting their schedules, not so much because of the shopmen's strike and any lack of rolling stock, but because they must save coal. It is imperative that we do this now to avoid "lightless nights" and the "heatless days" later on. This ties up with the Administration efforts to get coal out of the ground. It is expected to check further "run-away prices" and make easier a situation that is, at best, going to try the temper and the patience of the Nation for the next ninety days.

Scrap the Tariff Bill.

From the Boston Transcript. Economic conditions in Europe are in such a chaotic state that even the best experts here or there are unable to tell what our tariff schedules should be a year hence. On this account the present is a bad, if not an impossible, time to frame a tariff bill. On this account the Administration would be well advised, would be widely supported, would show political sagacity, if it reconsidered its decision to force tariff revision through at the current session of Congress. By putting over until another session all tariff legislation the party in power would spare the people the oppression in the pending bill.

Congress Dead to Rebuke.

From the New York Herald. What better proof than the continuing record of the contests at the primaries does the machine control of Congress need to convince itself that its reactionary, selfish, stubborn, defiant legislative course is alienating the American people? Or must it go on in blindness to the last deadly stroke?

Twenty-nine and nine-tenths of the population of this country in 1920 were farmers, and that is a considerable proportion to be sacrificed to feed the cupidity of manufacturing barons.

SPAWLS FROM THE KEYSTONE.

Seized with a fit last Friday as he was standing near a large water trough, John Smith, aged 28 years, of Churchville, Bucks county, fell into the trough and drowned before aid reached him. Smith was a hired man on a farm near Churchville and had been employed at the place about two weeks.

"Let him take her and keep her, treat her well and make a good home for her," Charles P. Bastian, a prominent Milton man, is alleged to have said when his wife was arrested at Berwick for eloping with Charles Herrold. They were taken to Sunbury for a hearing, but the husband declined to prosecute.

C. C. McCarty, of Williamsport, has been reappointed district deputy of the eighth Pennsylvania district, Knights of Columbus. This district includes the counsils in Williamsport, Lock Haven, Renovo and Bellefonte. McCarty is one of the youngest district deputies in the State, having conducted major degree work before his thirtieth birthday.

A few minutes after Mrs. Roy Houch, of Gettysburg, had taken her baby boy from its crib in a second-floor room last Wednesday afternoon the boy tore through the plastered wall, knocked the crib aside, burned a hole in the carpet and splintered the floor. Other queer pranks were played by the electrical storm, which was very severe.

Ralph Kohler, a telephone lineman employed at Lewisburg, narrowly escaped death on Saturday. He was up a high pole when he lost his hold. Rather than fall to certain death on a high-tension wire, he threw himself out of its way, preferring to take the chances in the fall. As he fell, he caught a set of secondary wires with one arm and hung until aid reached him.

Northumberland county commissioners are not satisfied with an order of the State public charities board directing that each of the county jail cells be equipped with fire extinguishers. They assert that it is not necessary, although the order will likely have to be complied with. The top, sides and floor of the cells are stone, joined together with cement, while the doors are of iron.

Roy Williams, aged 16 years, fell from a diving board on which he was swinging to a platform twelve feet below at a Sunday school picnic of the Poplar valley Methodist church at Saylor's lake, near Allentown, on Saturday, and died instantly from a fractured skull and broken neck. The boy's body rolled into the water, and swimmers pulled him from the lake and called a doctor, who pronounced the boy dead. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williams, of Allentown.

While playing in a twilight game of baseball at Houtzdale last Thursday evening the bat slipped from the hands of Foxy May while at bat and hitting Eddie McDermott, a catcher, killed him instantly. The game was between amateur players and McDermott, who was one of the best local ball players in that part of the State, was standing on the sideline watching the game. May swung at a pitched ball, and missing it the bat slipped from his hands and hit McDermott square in the face, crushing in his face and fracturing his skull at the base of the jaw. Death was instantaneous.

Fifteen hundred threshermen have been notified by the State Department of Labor and Industry that they are violating the workmen's compensation law by working threshing rigs without taking insurance on their employees. They are subject to a fine of \$1 a day for each employee not insured. Most of the violations are said to be due to a prevailing opinion among threshermen that the workmen's compensation act does not apply to farm labor. The letter informs the threshermen that operating a threshing machine on a farm other than their own or operating a sawmill or performing a logging operation for some one else bring them within the scope of the law.

Judge Bechtel, of Pottsville, on Monday ordered the immediate closing and abandonment of the phosphate factory at Fountain Springs, Schuylkill county, owned by Jacob Reichert, and threatened indefinite imprisonment for Reichert and all his employees if they continue to do any work there. The closing order was made on petition of Dr. J. C. Biddle, superintendent of the State hospital at Fountain Springs, who was in court with almost his entire staff of nurses and physicians to prove that the stench from the factory was so great as to overcome patients. "To name a crazy man would build a phosphate factory near a hospital," said Judge Bechtel. "This is the fourth time Mr. Reichert has been before me on this charge, and the next time he and his entire force of employees will purge their contempt in jail."

Rocco di Crippio, of Pittsburgh, wanted by the police of that city to face thirty-eight grand jury indictments, was arrested at Wilkes-Barre on Saturday night after a transcontinental chase. Di Crippio, alias Roxie Long, was indicted several months ago for obtaining money under false pretenses, burglary and other charges, and fled the country. Detective Moran caught him in France and brought him back to Pittsburgh. He escaped while closeted with his bondsman, and Moran was dismissed from the police force. To vindicate himself Moran traced the fugitive to Steubenville, Ohio, and then to Wilkes-Barre. Di Crippio had opened a grocery store there under the name of Mike John and was conducting a profitable business. He was taken to Pittsburgh on Monday.

Mrs. Frank Yoder, forty years old, the mother of twenty children, fifteen of whom are living, is probably the busiest woman in Somerset county, yet has time to enjoy life, according to her own story. Mr. Yoder, who is employed on construction work and only able to spend the week-ends with his family, is forced to throw the burden of caring for seven acres of land, fourteen hogs and two cows on his wife and children. The eldest child is a son, twenty-five years old, while the youngest is a girl of four months. One of Mrs. Yoder's chief duties is baking thirty loaves of bread every other day for her children. In addition, she sews all their clothes and does the family cobbling. Mrs. Yoder declares that big families are as easy to handle as small ones, if one uses good judgment. "All the children who are old enough must do their part, and we have no trouble," declared Mrs. Yoder. "We produce much of what we eat right here on the farm, and life with a big family is not such a burden as some people imagine."