

Bellefonte, Pa., October 30, 1925.

HIS KINGDOM.

Beyond the yard he takes the cows. Into a pasture red with clover. He walks a king under the boughs While birds are going gravely over.

He makes a whistle from a tree, To match the matchless whippoorwill. The cows stir small bells placidly, An echo lunges from the hill.

Then, where the brook curves to the corn, He sits beneath the willows green A king as sunny as the morn

-By Harold Vinal, in Everybody's Maga-zine.

THREE OLD-TIMERS.

A Story of Loyalty.

lips-Garrity hills back of Main Street, Little Mrs. Gill was almost seventy, and yet, she told herself as bravely as for gold; now it claimed a hundred souls, and was falling to pieces block she could, she had always been sharp pert enough—until Candless by block, wall by wall. Gold Bar had once known life at and came! flood, when romance tinctured every

Candless! Dimly-for the big man's loud voice, his positive ways, his rapid words, tangled and portentous, seemed to have been the very origin of this confusion of her mind, this blurring of thought as though to have been the very origin of this confusion of her mind, the bad words of the bad wo thought, as though he had created a rooted to the spot by sentiment, livmist about her brain—dimly she re-called his first coming. called his first coming.

It had been two years after Nort's in miniature. It was furnished in the death, when she had come into the garnishments of the Sixties-faded, death, when she had come into the property that lay between the two deep canyons, Fish Creek and Cascade River, with its four thousand acres of timber, its quarry site, its upland meadows, dotted with springs. Candless had "dropped in." He had said that he had wanted to take care

of her and her interests, for the sake of his old friendship with Nort. She had burros tied to the old rack by the Bothought that strange; she had never remembered having heard her hus-munching straw, Doc Winship filled band speak of him.

As for being taken care of, Nancy Gill had wondered then, and wondered in his cracked voice: when the mist cleared a her brain she felt that she "Yes." uneasily now, if she needed taking care of. little from her brain she felt that she was amply able to take care of herself, as she had done before. No; Candless had insisted. She was

"New provisions. About the same old law, Doc." to go where she could be comfortable, waited on-"seen to!"

ting around it, if you know where to look for them." Her hands locked and unlocked "That's correct, is it?" Doc Win-ship's face brightened. "Reckon there is some lawin'll have to be done!" "For yourself, Doc?" themselves in her lap as she considered all of this.

Looking out from her bay window. where the winter sun shown brightly, Mrs. Gill saw Candless's big machine disappear over the Plumas road. She sighed. The tenth of May, he had said. There were some legal formalities to be seen to.

She had not understood. She did not understand now. She only thought that, if she could clear her brain, she might be able to think of some of Network of the she could dear her brain, she Nort's old friends, and hers-some of smoked on. those early Californians-to whom she could turn.

The Plumas County folks were without speaking. The name carried eighborly and pleasant; but they a faint clue. Yes, there were they

man who took things so quietly, as he ten the hapepnings of the last quarterdrove his team and battered wagon up and down—up and down. The thin smallest details of those before. "Pifog rose across her mind, like breath on a mirror. on a mirror. There was Candless * * * coming back * * * on the tenth of May. The little man burnished his pipe bowl in his knee. "There was Norton Gill, Jedge," he Three diminutive burros, wearily dragging a rattletrap of a wagon, said. with an old man hunched on the sagwith an old man hunched on the sag-ging seat, and with two buckets The judge looked at him sharply at the mention of this fourth name. swinging from the rear axle, were "And his wife, Nancy," he added turned from the highway at the gently. summit and began to descend the "You and I met the stage with Nort where lay Gold Bar. where she came in from Indianny to marry him," Winship remarked. Their driver was a small, bent, wiry old man, with thin shanks and arms, strong, bronzed hands, and gray eyes old man, with thin shanks and arms, strong, bronzed hands, and gray eyes squinting a little from looking at the sun and facing rain and wind and snow. The old man seemed to belong to his wagon, his wagon to the country, a sindivisible parts. For thirty years that, and I can't be sure." as indivisible parts. For thirty years he had been traveling thus, trading, "You know Nort did "You know Nort did himself good peddling, carrying messages, doing er- up there? Land, and timber, and so rands, and acting as intermediary in a job-lot of deals for the isolated in-"Yes. He must have been well off habitants of mountain, desert, and up-land stretches that ran three hundred when he died." "He was. And left it all to Nance." Doc Winship smoked a moment, in a silence that began to be troubled. "All to Nance. She was always trusting—easy put under. Rememmiles north and south, and extended from the Nevada line on the east to San Francisco on the west. Upon his annual pilgrimage he made a circuit that, through the years, ber?' ber ?" The judge leaned forward . "Then there's something wrong, Doc?" he asked. "That's what I've drove two hun-dred miles out of my time to see you about, Jedge." He drew from an inhad become as fixed as an orbit; cal-endars could be corrected by Doc Winship's visits; some said that watches could be set by his infrequent but exact arrivals and departures. It was precisely because of this latner pocket a long envelope, and took ter fact that Judge Ezra Marker, seatfrom it a newspaper clipping. "I got ed on a low wall in the historic ceme-tery of Gold Bar, basking in the first al. Second day I went into a lib'ary tery of Gold Bar, basking in the Hrst warmth of the spring sun, doubted his eyes when they were caught by the flashing reflection of two buckets swinging back and forth from the rear axle of the equipage that came over the summit and heren to descend the axle of the equipage that came over the summit and began to descend the but not seeing it. grade. The judge read slowly, his large ruddy face intent—coloring a little grade. "Cherries in January next!" the judge exclaimed, aloud. "Now what can bring Doc Winship to Gold Bar in he had finished he was quiet a mo-he had finished he was quiet a moment, drumming a slow measure on the desk with his finger tips. Then he It was, of course, something extraordinary; the judge rearranged the bunch of half-wild pink roses he had gathered at the abandoned Wilkins 'Do you know who less is, Doc?'' "Do you know who this P. M. Candless is, Doc?" place on the way up, touched the warm, moist mound gently, tenderly, laid the roses there, and stood up. Tall, broad, and vigorous, despite "Not personal, I don't. But I've seen his tracks before. Varmint tracks!" The judge considered. his seventy-five years, he lingered for a moment, looking down at the head-stone that bore the name of his wife. With a dignity that was beautiful, he took off his broad black hat. "You mentioned Piney Johnson." The doc spoke apologetically. "Wasn't aimin' to belittle you, Jedge -nor the law. But sometimes, as I rec'lect back, the law was a leetle slow!" He cleared his throat. Then, returning his hat to his head, at that slight angle-inimitable-at "It was. Perhaps even slower now which he had always worn it, he walkwhich he had always worn it, he walk ed down the cemetery road at a good pace, swinging his cane, to intercept the burro-drawn wagon of his old "The drifts will be bad, and it's eighty miles, just about." He paused. "There Doc. You're right. Go ahead for Pi-Doc Winship, squinting ahead, rais-ed a cracked shout. "Come to fetch you, Jedge!" he called. "Git, jack-asses!" Doc Winship rose, putting on his

maybe-the smart alecks!" He crosslittle, as though protesting at this vied to the door. "I'll see you in Pluolence to their common custom. "You old fraud, you!" the judge cried, reaching up for Winship's hand. mas County.' "I'll be there on May tenth, Doc!"

that durn blanket over-there!"

"If it isn't your will, Doc, what is

Winship shook his head. "Wait till we get set in the office, edge. What's the news here in Gold

The town, the shell of a town, into

which they were descending, had once boasted a population of twenty thous-and; but that had been in the days

when the hydraulics were tearing the

vitals from the Rincon and the Phil-

"New laws all the time, eh?"

Winship snorted.

"New ways to get around it, too?" "Yes. But old ways to prevent get-

"Huh! No." He puffed a moment.

"Californy's changed, Jedge, since our day. The smart alecks run things

"Piney Johnson?" The judge look-

ed out of the window for a moment

rod

it ?'

"I figgered you would, Jedge." A slow smile came on his face. "It's a hundred mile, and hard travelin'," he observed. "Not many men'd try that journey in May—for the widder of an old friend!" What are you doing here in April? Have you come to draw your will?" "Will?" Winship snorted. "You'll be under the sod a long time before I'm ready to make my will, Jedge. Climb up—and look out for Henry Grosbeck's silk funeral hat! Kick old friend!"

The judge colored, then laughed resonantly. "You go to blazes, Doc!" he cried, and The burros started again, old Pete

switching his tail vigorously. The rickety wagon creaked, swayed, joltblew his nose violently. ed. Judge Marker clung to the top

Piney Johnson, a long, thin, dark man on whom Time had tried vainly to leave his marks-an indomitable old man whose spirit and strength denied the passing of years—stood in the doorway of his crude cabin in a lost valley in the heart of the deep mountains, looking across the wastes of snow to observe the slow approach of a traveler driving a packed burro. The sight was unusual; perhaps three times in a winter-when Johnson hibernated like a bear, trapping, mending gear, cleaning his gunssome telephone company lineman, a trapper, or one of his far-scattered carry it with them until after its close. neighbors would drop in for an hour In camps, in stores and every place or a night. Therefore the old man sportsmen gather there are invaria-watched the approaching visitor keen-bly arguments over this or that fealy, gazing over the glare with unwink- ture of the law. And it is surprising ing eyes. Finely he grunted and turn- how many things we know when we ed into his cabin again, where he aren't asked about them and how unshook up his fire, added wood, and set certain we are of our knowledge when forward his coffee pot and a mess of it is put to the test. Therefor we sug-

down at his bench and took up again the dressing of the pelt of a silverybellied fisher. The coffee was boiling and the beans simmering when Doc Winship stood in the door.

"Well, Piney, you old wart-hog!" he cried.

Johnson, scraping the inside of leg skin, did not look around. "'Lo, Doc," he replied quietly.

Where'd you drop from ?" "Cisco. Um-m! Beans an' coffee, eh? That's prime! Any dry feed for the burrow?" "Lean-to." Johnson jerked a thumb. and lighted his pipe, puffed a few min-utes to order his thoughts, then said,

"Dry your blankets in here." "Ain't figgerin' to unpack, Piney. Got to be goin' soon's I've et."

"Suit yourself, Doc." When Winship returned, the beans and coffee were on the table, flanking hunks of Dutch-oven bread, and Piney was opening one of his hoarded cans of peaches. He did not turn his head. "Slick up an' set, Doc," he suggest-"Basin's under the bench." ed.

Winship used the basin, soaping himself generously, flinging drops of water. When they were seated at the table, neat and inviting with its spot-less red cloth, Piney Johnson folded his hands before him, glanced at his guest, then bowed his head.

self some beans, Doc."

hungry, Piney Johnson incurious, season; wild geese, five in a day, 60 in a patient. Reaching for a second help-a season; brant, five in a day, 30 in a ing of the gleaming yellow hemis-pheres of fruit in their thick, clear

couple o' years back?" Johnson flashed a look at him.

(ep.

was the man she dreaded. Her mind, that had been almost orderly for a few moments, became a whirling jumble, clouded—fogged. Little old Mrs. Gill raised her hands nervously to her

-Vote for William Groh Runkle for District Attorney and secure to the county an experienced man for that important office.

HELPING THE HUNTERS

TO KEEP WITHIN THE LAW. Three times this year we have pub-lished the game and fish laws of Penn-

sylvania. Almost daily we have inquiries from readers as to this, that or the other changes that have been made in the laws.

The season is at hand and it is possible that now since the thought of sportsmen are concentrating more on the woods they will clip this out and beans, already steaming and fragrant. gest that you cut out the following So much done in preparation, he sat and keep it handy for reference:

Blackbirds and upland or grass plover, August 1 to November 30.

Rail and reedbird, sandpiper, cur-lew or any other kind of shore bird, except elsewhere designated, September 1 to November 30.

Woodcock and Wilson or Jack snipe, October 1 to November 30. All birds known as wild waterfowl,

coots or mud hens and gallinules, October 1 to January 15.

Raccoon, October 1 to Jaunary 15. Wild turkey, ruffed grouse (com-monly called pheasants), male ringneck pheasants, Virginia partridge, commonly called quail, Gamber quail, valley quail and Hungarian quail, and grey, black and fox squirrels, Novem-ber 1 to November 30.

Red squirrel, November 1 to August 15 next following. Wild rabbit and hare, November 1

to December 15. Male deer with two or more points

to one antler, December 1 to December 15.

Bag limits are fixed as follows: Wild turkey, one in a season; ruffed grouse, three in a day, 15 in a season; male ringneck pheasants, two in a day, six in a season; quail, known as partridges of the combined kinds, eight in a day 25 in a season; woodcock, six in "We're giving thanks, Lord, for your lovin' kindness and bountiful goodness. Amen. * * * Lift your-day, 20 in a season; squirrels, in-cluding fox, black and grey, six in a day, 20 in a season; wild rabbits, five in a day, 30 in a season; hares, three They exchanged fragmentary bits in a day, 15 in a season; wild ducks, of news for a time, Doc Winship combined kinds, 15 in a day, 60 in a season; bear, one in a season; bear by hunting party, four either in a day or in a season; deer, one in a season; deer, one in a season; deer, by a hunting party, six in a day or or six in a season; either by individual hunter or by hunting party.
 THE FISHING CODE.
 The new fishing code for the State of Pennsylvania, which becomes effective January 1, has a number of changes as follows:
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 Inter State of Pennsylvania, which becomes effective January 1, has a number of the township of Huston, in the pennsylvania, which becomes effective January 1, has a number of the township of Huston, in the pennsylvania, which becomes effective Janu sirup, Doc asked, offhandedly: "D'ye rec'lect my mentionin' that I'd cut Perry Candless's trail up north, counde c' work head?"

Sheriff's Election Proclamation.

God Save the Commonwealth. I, E. R. Taylor, High Sheriff of the County of Cen-tre, 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

FIRST TUESDAY IN NOVEMBER, 1925, being the

3rd OF NOVEMBER, 1925.

for the purpose of electing the several per-sons hereinafter named, to wit: One person for Judge of the Superior Court.

sons hereinafter named, to wit: One person for Judge of the Superior Court.
One person for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.
One person for District Attorney.
One person for Jury Commissioner.
I also hereby make known and give no-tice 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 North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Undine Fire Co. building.
For the South Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Carriage shop of S. A.
McQuistion, in Bellefonte.
For the borough of Centre Hall, in a room at Runkle's hotel.
For the borough of Millheim, in the school house, now the Municipal building.
For the borough of Millsburg, in the borough building on Market street.
For the Berond of the borough of Philipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Presqueisle streets.
For the Third Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, north-east corner of Seventh and Phine streets.
For the borough of South Philipsburg, at he City Hall, in South Philipsburg.
For the borough of South Philipsburg.
For

For the borough of State College, West Precinct—on Frazier street, at the Fire-men's Hall. For the borough of Unionville, in the

Precinct-on Frazier street, at the Fire-men's Hall. For the borough of Unionville, in the Grange Hall in said borough. For the township of Benner, North Pre-cinct, at the Knox school house. For the township of Benner, South Pre-cinct, at the new brick school house at Rockview. For the township of Boggs, North Pre-cinct, at Walker's school house. For the township of Boggs, East Pre-cinct, at Walker's school house. For the township of Boggs, West Pre-cinct, at the hall of Knights of Labor, in the village of Curtin. For the township of Boggs, West Pre-cinct, at the Grange Hall 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 Pre-cinct, at the school house in the village of Orviston. For the township of Curtin, South Pre-cinct, at the school house near Robert Mann's. For the township of Ferguson, East Pre-

For the township of Currin, South Fre-cinct, at the school house near Robert Mann's. For the township of Ferguson, East Pre-cinct, at the public house of R. R. Ran-dolph, in Pine Grove Mills. For the township of Ferguson, West Pre-cinct, at Baileyville school house in the vil-lage of Baileyville school house in the vil-For the township of Ferguson, North Precinct, at Grange Hall. For the township of Gregg, North Pre-cinct, at Murray's school house. For the township of Gregg, East Pre-cinct, at the house occupied by William A. Sinkabine at Penn Hall. For the township of Gregg, West Pre-cinct, in the Vocational school room at Spring Mills. For the township of Haines, East Pre-cinct, school house in the video of Wead

The official ballot. Notice is hereby given that every person excepting Justice of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States or this State, or of any city or in-corporated district whether a commission-ed officer or otherwise a subordinate offi-cer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judi-ciary department of this State, or of the United States or of any city or incorpor-ated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of

appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such elections, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer. For the township of Haines, East Pre-cinct, school house in the village of Wood-

trockattication.
 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 Marlon, 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 Bank building, at 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 Potter, North Precinct, at the dwells of Potter, South Precinct, at the hotel in the village of Potters.

For the township of Potter, West Pre-cinct, at the store of George Meiss, at Col-

For the township of Potter, West Pre-cinct, at the store of George Meiss, at Col-yer. For the township of Rush, North Pre-cinct, at the Township Poor House. For the township of Rush, East Pre-cinct, at the school house in the village of Cassanova. For the township of Rush, South Pre-cinct, at the school house in the village of Powelton. For the township of Rush, West Pre-cinct, 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 bouse of Alonza A. Groe, in the village of Moshannon. For the township building erected near Mallory's blacksmith shop. For the township of Spring, South Pre-cinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mulfinger, in Pleasant Gap. For the township building at Cole-ville. For the township of Spring, West Pre-cinct, in the township building at Cole-ville.

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

For the township of Union, in the town-ship public building. For the township of Walker, East Pre-cinct, in a building owned by Solomon Peck in the village of Huston. For the township of Walker, Middle Pre-cinct, in Grange Hall, in the village of Hublersburg. For the township of Walker, West Pre-cinct, 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.

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 3rd day of November, 1925, at the different voting places in Centre County, as certi-fied to respectively by the Secretary of the Commonwealth are given in the accompa-nying form of ballot, which is similar to the official ballot.

"You ain't seen him since—your dealin's with him?" "Ain't wanted to!"

"Never got anything more out of him, did you?"

"No." The old wagoner shook his head.

Artlessly he asked: "Remember Nort Gill, Piney?" Johnson nodded, rolling a cigarette smoothly. "Died up in Plumas County I heard." "Yes. He was real, old Norton Gill

was." "Certain!" Piney Johnson said,

roundly. Doc Winship withdrew from his coat pocket the envolope and news-paper clipping, handing the latter across the red tablecloth. He poured himself a third cup of coffee and began to drink it, without looking up.

Doc Winship spoke casually: "I come by Gold Bar on the way in. Jedge Marker's goin' to look after the

lawin' end." Johnson spoke sharply for the first

time. "Can't law a cantamount like Cand-

"Can't law a cantamount like Cand-less!" he snapped. The old doc wagged his head. "That's what I figgered," he said. "It's why I'm here." Johnson rose. He crossed to the stove, removed the coffee pot, and set it aside. He closed the drafts of the stove carefully, pulled to and latched his windows, tacked his fisher skin to a board, and began rubbing it with a compound of salt and tannic acid. Doc Winship, finishing the peaches, got up also, and readed up the dishes.

Before he was through, Piney Johnson had pulled on a heavy mackinaw coat and a skin cap. Then he reached

for his snowshoes. "Stay's long's you like, Doc," he said, stooping to the thongs. Doc Winship looked at him.

"Ain't you goin' back with me?" "Nope. Goin' down the river and

out Sacramento way." "But that's sixty mile fa'ther!" Johnson straightened, stamping his

feet to fit them to the clumsy webbed

shoes. "My best shootin' gun is loaned out," he explained. "I'm goin' by for it." He rose and shuffled across to the or. "Tenth of May, he said?" "That's what's in the paper." door.

"I'll be there."

"The jedge and I'll be mighty oblig-ed to you, Piney," Doc Winship observed.

"You go to hell!" Johnson replied, and turned westward down the little valley, lifting his feet with a drag and slide—pulling up his collar.

The big automobile seemed to leap over the hill summit like some great faintly to Nancy Gill's ears, heighten-ed the similarity. As the machine ap-proached she could see the breath coming from the driver's lips like steam, and a smoky black nume are Doc Winship, squinting ahead, rais-ed a cracked shout. "Come to fetch you, Jedge!" he called. "Git, jack-asses!" They came up, with a flourish, only old Pete, the offside, holding back a

changes as follows:

1. Reduction in the age limit under the resident fisherman's license from 18 to 16 years.

2. To non-resident fisherman's law is made reciprocal but in no instance is the license to be less than \$2.50.

3. Fishing devices are restricted to two rods, two lines and one hand line. 4. Special devices for which permits are issued have been done away

with entirely. 5. The season on bass, pike, perch pickerel, muscallonge, etc., will close the first day of December instead of

the 30th. The creel limits have been changed with the exception of the trout.

-Vote for William Groh Runkle for

District Attorney and secure to the county an experienced man for that important office.

VEGETABLE GARDENERS

Vegetable gardeners and fruit growers of Pennsylvania will have four big days of good things at the second Horticulture week of The Pennsylvania State College, November 17 to 20. While many of the sessions will be for both fruit and vegetable growers, the two groups will discuss problems peculiar to their own lines in separate meetings.

discussion of better varieties for qual-ity products on the very first day of the program. Seeds and greenhouses will come in for their share of con-

sideration, too. New methods in irrigation, rotation, cover crops, fertilizers, controlling in-sect pests and diseases and blanching celery are promised a thorough going over by the participants. A whole session will be taken up with market-ing and storage problems. All of the questions will be discussed in an in-formal manner. There are to be no set leafures or proceeding. Provide a proset lectures or speeches. Practical experiences will contribute much to the

perishable freight inspection of that road will be present to demonstrate proper and improper loading, good and poor packages, and other prob-lems of the transportation of fruits

The recreational side of the week

SPECIMEN BALLOT

To vote a straight party ticket, mark a cross (X) in the square in the FIRST COLUMN, opposite the name of the party of your choice.

A cross mark in the square opposite the name of any candidate indicates a vote for that candidate.

To vote for a person whose name is not on the ballot, write or paste his or her name in the blank space provided for that purpose. This shall count as a vote either with or without the cross mark.

To vote for an individual candidate of another party after making a mark in the party square mark a cross (X) opposite his or her name.

For an office where more than one candidate is to Le elected, the voter, after marking in the party square, may divide his or her vote by marking a cross (X) to the right of each candidate for whom he or she desires to vote.

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

Republican

Democratic

Labor

Socialist

Prohibition

TO ENJOY BIG PROGRAM.

The garden men will launch into a

discussions. Several refrigerator cars will be furnished by the Pennsylvania rail-road and members of the division of

and vegetables.

Judge of the Superior Court (Vote for One) Republican Jesse E. B. Cunningham Socialist Prohibition Democrati William A. McGuire Labor

| Harry Keller | Republican |
|--------------------|-------------|
| W. Harrison Walker | Democratic |
| Arthur C. Dale | ∫ Socialist |
| | Prohibition |

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