

THE VOTING MACHINE.

At the presidential election in November of this year, electorate of the State of Pennsylvania will vote on the Voting Machine amendment, and if ratified will authorize the Legislature to make optional the use of machines in any community.

To assist voters in casting an intelligent vote on this amendment, a State wide voting machine educational program is being conducted and through the efforts of a ballot reform committee, 60 of these machines were placed throughout the State for demonstrative purposes.

This mechanical contrivance, which insures secrecy of the ballot, absolute secrecy, easy and speedy voting, elimination of spoiled and defective ballots, immediate election returns, a permanent record and a substantial curtailment of election expenses, is built like a metal filing cabinet, with inclosing curtains and stands about six feet high. The machine is of the utmost simplicity, as one official has stated "so simple that a child of five can operate it."

The cost of the machine is \$960. Where election expenses are considerable, it soon pays for itself and in all sections will eventually pay for itself besides eliminating all chance for error and fraud and saving much time and personal energy, with returns available as soon as the polls close.

There are now voting machines installed in more than 1,800 communities in different parts of the United States, which are used by 4,000,000 voters.

It is in the great congested sections that ballot box stuffing and election frauds of various kinds exist but the vote of the rural electorate in favor of this reform must be obtained to counteract the voting against the amendment which will be bound to occur in great centers of population. All other reasons for its introduction save the one of fraud elimination, is as pertinent in rural as in urban communities.

When the machine is not in use, it is in plain view of voters and election officers. When the election officer raises the entrance knob, the voter enters the space in front of the machine, on the face of which appear the names of all the candidates, those of the same party in one row and at the left a series of levers beneath the names of the leading parties.

The voter, having entered the voting space, swings the curtain lever overhead, to the right, closing the curtains and at the same time unlocking the machine for use. If he wishes to vote a straight party ticket, one turn of the lever underneath the name of that party and the swinging back into place of the overhead lever

er accomplish it. If he desires to split the ticket but vote for a majority of the candidates of any given party, he must turn the party lever at the left, which automatically turns down all the little levers under the names of the favored candidates. The big overhead lever is then swung into place and the voting is completed in not more than 2 1/2 or 3 minutes at the outside instead of the usual five or ten minutes consumed when the paper ballot is used. If there are questions to be voted upon, they are placed on the face of the machine with levers "Yes" and "No" beneath and are voted for in the same way. So long as the voter remains in the curtained booth, he may change his vote or rectify his mistake, as no votes are recorded until the curtain lever is returned to the left side. One conversant with the use of the machine, can vote in 30 seconds.

When the voting is completed, the counting is done. This benefit of the machine is cherished by the voting public, the contestants and the newspapers. Only the totals are disclosed on the registering counters on the back of the machine and all the election officers need to do at the close of the polls is to transcribe the totals on the statement of canvass. The machine remains a permanent record of the returns until it is time to put it in use again.—Wellsboro Gazette.

Beautifying School Grounds.

The Department of Public Instruction and the Department of Internal Affairs at Harrisburg are co-operating in the preparation of a bulletin on beautifying school grounds and plotting these grounds for play activities.

A study of the school plants over the State reveals that in a great many communities the most unattractive spot is that of the school grounds.

The purpose of this bulletin is to inform school authorities and others interested in the schools on the basic principles of landscape architecture. It will contain numerous illustrations of what has already been accomplished in this field in various sections of the State. Some of these will show the grounds before and the same grounds after the landscape architect's suggestions have been applied.

The Department of Public Instruction is making the beautifying of school plants its chief objective in a state-wide program for the spring Arbor days, April 6 and 20.

Outdoor Lighting.

Copper is a favorite metal for exterior lighting fixtures such as porch lanterns, entrance lights and exterior garage lights because of its well-known ability to successfully withstand the destructive action of snow, sleet and rain. When exposed to these elements, copper takes on a protective green coating which is an added charm.

A LATE AUTUMN ROSE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

AS CASSY BARTLETT turned from the street to enter the house she heard a swift fall of steps behind her and a panting voice:

"Wait, Cassy! I want to see you!" It was Elly Marsh, who doubtless had seen Cassy passing by, had thrown a shawl over her head and run out to intercept her.

"I was watching for you and called to you," Elly said, "but I guess you didn't hear. I've got something for you. There!" She pressed a small package into Cassy's hand. Then in answer to Cassy's astonished look, she added: "You know what it's for, don't you? Your birthday."

"Oh, yes! This is my birthday, isn't it? Do you know I couldn't think for a minute. How good of you to remember it, Elly! And thanks for the gift. You always are such a darling. Elly. If—if we weren't standing here in the street with Miss Piper watching us from her kitchen window, I should certainly kiss you."

"It isn't anything of great value, only a remembrance," Elly said. "And now I must run or my potatoes will burn."

She was gone, and Cassy went into the house. A smell of turnip met her in the hall. Upstairs she could hear Miss Frost and Miss Marx, two other boarders who had got home ahead of her, talking through open doors as they prinked for lunch. There was no one in the sitting room, and Cassy went in there to open her package. Her birthday! She had forgotten all about it; her thirty-sixth birthday! She almost wished Elly had not remembered it. What had Elly given her? What could any one give her that could brighten the fact of her being thirty-six, alone and obliged to work hard for her living?

Without expectation or thrill Cassy opened the little package and found a delicately hand-made handkerchief wrapped about something thin and hard. A card? No, a picture—a photograph of herself. Now, where had Elly got hold of that, and what did she mean? Cassy turned the photograph over and found that Elly had scribbled on the back: "This is the way you looked at twenty. Compare it with the way you look now, and be thankful for your thirty-sixth birthday!"

A smile twitched at Cassy's lips as she gazed at the little picture which recalled to her an almost forgotten self at twenty. Hair dragged back from a forehead into a high pompadour, built up over a scratchy jute pad, exposed ears, collar straining her neck, huge sleeves—how funny! And her face was long—she had been thin at twenty. "Looks as if I could have eaten oats out of a churn, as grandmother used to say," she commented with amusement. And yet, too, she felt a curious bit of sympathy for the girl with the pompadour who had been herself sixteen years ago. What a fool the girl had been, to think that Enoch Morrow could care for her! She could understand now, looking at the little photograph, why he hadn't; why he had married Alice Stimpson and gone away into a life unknown of the Castle Creekers.

The lunch bell was jangling, and Cassy, tucking the picture away inside her blouse, went into the dining room. About the huge square table gathered seven people besides Cassy. Mrs. Higby sat at the head, Mr. Higby at the foot, and on either side were ranged the boarders. Cassy sat between Mrs. Pike and Mr. Horton, who was staying there while his wife made her annual visit to her old home.

"I snan't be here after today, folks," Mr. Horton announced. "Got a letter from Molly this morning and she says she will be home tonight."

"Sorry to lose you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pike in her stiff way.

"Sorry to go," rejoined Mr. Horton. And as Jenny just then came in with the roast, conversation subsided for some minutes.

Cassy hurried through lunch in order to have a moment at Elly Marsh's before she had to return to the office. And Elly, taking her by the shoulders, marched her up to the big mirror, triumphantly.

"Now that you have seen the way you looked at twenty, I want you to see how you look now," she said.

Cassy looked, rather shyly. She saw a woman who appeared younger than she was, a woman charmingly plump and rosy, who had an air of well-being and style. The memory of the little photograph was still with her and she smiled.

"Well—I certainly weigh more," she admitted.

"I should say so! You were skin and bones when that picture was taken—grieving yourself to death over Enoch Morrow. Now you don't look as if you had ever had a physical or mental pain in your life. Talk about late blooming! You are an autumn rose all right."

"Oh, Elly! You flatterer." But Cassy kissed her and went on her way, happier than she had been in months. Life wasn't altogether bad, although you were thirty-six, had seen home and fortune evaporate, and had been forced to earn your own living.

"If I am as good looking as that, I need a new hat," Cassy thought on her way home from work that afternoon. She had paused to glance into the window of that smart little shop

known as "The Mary Louise." There was just the hat she wanted, agreeably marked down, too! Why should she not get it? "I will," she decided. "That last rainstorm I was caught out in nearly finished this one."

Twenty minutes later Cassy came out of "The Mary Louise" wearing the little new hat with its bright ornament and the clever twist to the brim, which showed the waves of dark hair above her left ear.

As she entered the Higby house, a smell of soup met her, adding itself to that earlier odor of turnip, which still lingered. This was her first impression. Her next was of a man who was kicking off his rubbers at the hall rack, with his back turned to her. He was tall, heavily built with gray hair, a little thin at the top. A new boarder, in Mr. Horton's place! Mrs. Higby never had to wait to fill her vacancies.

As Cassy approached the hall rack the man turned and she found herself standing face to face with Enoch Morrow.

There was the slightest pause, during which she realized that he did not know her, then she spoke as casually as she could:

"Why, how do you do, Enoch? Have you forgotten Cassy Bartlett?" "Cassy Bartlett! It can't be possible!" He held out his hand.

They had time for but the briefest handshake before the dinner bell went jangling. At the table he had Mr. Horton's place. Cassy sat next to him.

Mrs. Pike, always inquisitive, found out a great many things about Enoch Morrow before the meal was over. His wife was dead, he was alone, and he had come back to Castle Creek to sell some land he had been holding on to in order to get a higher price. Every one he knew had gone or changed about and he felt himself very fortunate to be able to find a place at Mrs. Higby's. He had his own car and was thinking of driving it clear through to California, where he intended to spend the winter. He had been working pretty hard and needed a rest.

Cassy, hearing these things, sat very quiet and tried to eat her dinner, but she was aware that Enoch looked at her often in a puzzled, wondering way.

Afterward, in the sitting room he made her sit down and talk to him. "You don't know how pleasant it seems to find you, Cassy," he said. "All the old crowd has drifted away. Sixteen years is a long time to be away."

Then he told her how Alice had had pneumonia the previous winter and had died. There were no children—only a dog, and I have given him away. I could get him back though, if—if I had a home to take him to. But I have only a house, a big one, and a man makes pretty poor work of living alone, don't you know it?"

Three weeks later Elly made Cassy another present. This time it was a wedding present.

Growsome Objects in Room of Archeologist

No more fearful and wonderful objects exist than those astounding turquoise skulls, some of which I saw in Mexico, which are real human skulls solidly paved with turquoise chiefly than obsidian and other stones.

And that reminds me of one of the most amazing men I ever knew—Eugene Boban, who did more than any other one man to show us the wonders of Mexico.

Skulls are dreary things at the best, even if studded with gems, but to Boban, so saturated in archeology that I have no doubt he thought, when he saw a pretty woman, what a beautiful skeleton she would one day make—to Boban a skull was merely an interesting ornament for a room.

"I shall never forget my first visit to his home, where I went to see a wonderful sacred painting depicting gems, the marriage of Joseph and Mary, in life size, which he had unearthed for me from an ancient Mexican church. Boban's room! A tiny cot placed between two mummified women which he had dug out of the walls of that same church, and at the foot of this bed, that he might, on retiring and rising, contemplate its never-ending archeological wonders, the head of a man, which, during burial, had been transformed into adipocere, a sort of natural hard soap.—Dr. George Knuz in the Saturday Evening Post.

Tactical Answer

A taxi driver picked up a fare who appeared to be slightly unsteady on his feet. He asked to be driven "to the end of the rainbow."

The taxi driver humored the man, and off they went, but suddenly he began to wonder whether his fare had sufficient money to pay. He pulled up and opened the door.

"Here you are, sir!" he cried cheerfully.

"Is this the end of the rainbow?" asked the fare. "I can't see it anywhere."

"Well, we aren't quite there," agreed the taxi driver. "The end is just a few yards up the road, but the street's up, and you'll have to walk the rest."—London, Answers.

Newfoundland Airport

So many planes have visited or passed over Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, in their trans-Atlantic or coastal hops that an airport has been established to facilitate refueling and repairs. It is situated on a hill and is visible for 30 miles. A runway has been built and hangars and lights will be provided later.

Small Bank Accounts

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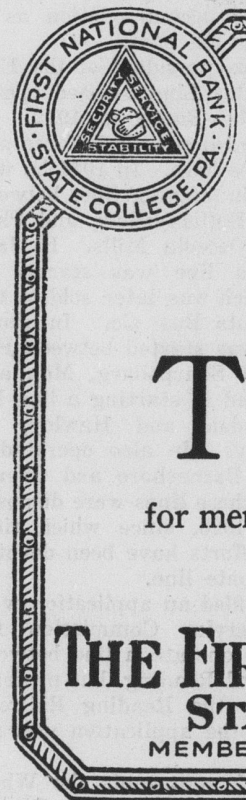
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EAGLES ATTACK PLANES OF BRITISH AVIATORS.

Eagles, startled by invasion of their aerial precincts, have become a menace to fliers in Europe.

Bird Societies of the British Isles and associations of airmen alike have set out to collect information which it is hoped will help aviators to protect themselves from danger of attack by the birds.

Some of the adventures of aviators with eagles have been harrowing in the extreme, even to the point of fatality. The eagle seems to have no fear of an aeroplane much bigger than itself.

A British aviator was flying high over a chain of hills in misty weather when he saw a great bird dashing straight at his plane. Without slackening speed the eagle dove for the plane and collided with the propeller, breaking it to pieces. The eagle was killed, but the airman was in great difficulties in having to make a forced landing in awkward country.

Another British pilot encountered a huge eagle over a mountain range. The eagle flew around the plane in circles, growing ever less in diameter, evidently trying to pick out the most vulnerable part of the plane for an attack. The pilot moved his head and caught the eye of the eagle, who prepared for the sweep. The pilot remembered a pistol in the locker near his seat. He drew it and fired. He did not hit the eagle, but he frightened it, and the big bird flew away.

The mountains behind Athens contain eagles of particularly pugnacious character. An aeroplane was flying over the mountains recently when several eagles swooped down and attacked it simultaneously. Their dashes at the machine so crippled it that the pilot was forced to descend quickly, and landed so badly that he and a passenger were injured.

A pilot flying from Paris to Madrid met an eagle which apparently challenged him to a high flying contest. The bird soared and so did the plane. Higher and higher they went, until the eagle's wings began to flag and its strength failed. The eagle suddenly stretched out its wings and sailed away to earth, leaving the plane master.

Even smaller birds, such as swifts, evidence no fear of a plane, according to other British pilots.

Mt. Lindbergh in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania is to have a Mount Lindbergh.

Dr. George H. Ashley, State geologist, has been authorized by the State Geographic board to seek a mountain peak along the United States air mail route formerly traveled by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh which is to be named in honor of the intrepid Lone Eagle.

The board declined the suggestion of the Alpine club of Potter county that they name a peak there in Col. Lindbergh's honor, choosing rather to select a peak along the route Lindy followed in the air mail service.

PENN STATE HONORS MEMORY OF DR. PUGH

The 100th anniversary of the birth of the first president of the Pennsylvania State College, Dr. Evan Pugh, was observed on Wednesday, February 20, by the students and faculty of the college and members of the Central Pennsylvania branch of the American Chemical society.

In a large measure the college of today owes its existence and service to the Commonwealth to Dr. Pugh. With possibilities of a brilliant future as an agricultural research chemist before him, Dr. Pugh in 1869, at the age of 31, elected to give up offers of high salaried research posts to direct what was then known as the Farmers' High School. Largely because of his own efforts he obtained the approval of the Pennsylvania Legislature to make the institution the Pennsylvania land grant college under an act of Congress. The strain was too much even for the robust young giant, and overwork brought about his untimely death after five years as president, his death occurring in Bellefonte in 1864 at the age of 36.

After four years of chemistry studies in Germany and France, the first Penn State president was regarded as one of the foremost American chemists of his day. He had made a specialty of plant life growth and culture and was the ideal man to direct an institution of the type that the college represented in its earlier days. At a centenary memorial meeting on the 29th at State College, Dr. Erwin W. Runkle, college historian, will speak on the life and work of Dr. Pugh. The meeting is to be held under the auspices of the American Chemical Society branch, of which Professor R. Adams Dutcher, head of the agricultural chemistry department of the college is president. Chemists of the central part of the State will be in attendance.

Hope for Agriculture.

Figures compiled by Dean R. L. Watts, of the Pennsylvania State College school of agriculture, show that 29 per cent of the graduates of agricultural courses at that institution return to the farm. This exceeds the average for 19 State colleges, which is 27.8 per cent.

Eighteen per cent of the Penn State agricultural graduates are teaching, 15 per cent in agricultural extension work, 7 per cent in research work and the remaining 31 per cent in miscellaneous pursuits. The figures for the country at large in teaching, extension, and research are 24, 8.4, and 5.8 per cent respectively.

Leading institutions are Kansas, with 24 per cent engaged in business farm, Florida with 12 per cent in research, North Carolina with 37 per cent teaching, Georgia with 26 per cent in extension work, and Texas with 24 per cent engaged in business-related to agriculture.

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