

—Within half an hour after taking a pledge to abstain from liquor John Regan dropped dead in New York. The moral is

—Anyway, the late spring will save us from the blah of the fellow who some times has potatoes out of his own garden on the Fourth of July.

—Jim Heverly got the consolation prize. He won the Prohibition nomination for Assembly. But that is far from being a ticket to Harrisburg and if Jim really wants to go down he'd better start walking now.

—In his speech to the Democracy of Ohio Senator Jim Reed said: "I won't say Coolidge knew of the oil deal, for I'd never say that Coolidge knew anything unless I knew he knew." Now, wouldn't that send Cal's nose a few tilts higher?

—Will someone please explain to us why Capt. Fitzmaurice, the Irish aeronaut of the hour, always appears in high rubber boots when he has his picture taken. Are they ceremonial foot-gear in Ireland or does Fitz expect to have to wade home?

—Was it Jack Sharkey's soporific punch that flattened Delaney Monday night or was "Bright Eyes so well greased" that he slipped and fell down? It was one or the other and, unfortunately for professional boxing, many are of the opinion that the knockout was "famed."

—Several weeks ago the Watchman pulled a good one that we expected to be razed about, but since nobody else seems to have noticed it we reproduce it here just to see whether you get the smile we got out of reading it. In telling of interesting spiritual services held in the county jail our co-worker, C. L. G. said: "they were greatly enjoyed by all those who had the privilege of being present."

—Incidentally, we shall jump off on another mental tangent long enough to ask the West Penn Power Co., what's the use of that Milesburg emergency plant if it won't emerge. We have a hazy recollection of having O. K'd for publication a story sent out by that corporation some time ago that contained what now appears to have been a lot of "bull" about how quickly the Milesburg reserve plant could be fired up and put into service in just such an emergency as was that of last Saturday.

—A ten thousand ton Diesel engine propelled ship will cost \$2,150,000 if you buy it in an American ship yard. A ship of the same specifications can be bought in a British shipyard for \$720,000. What accounts for the difference in cost. Probably wages for some of it, but, certainly, not all of such a vast disparity. Keep these figures in mind when someone gets to arguing with you that a ship subsidy bill should be passed by Congress so that a great American merchant marine can be built up. What they want ship subsidy for is to build up the American shipbuilders.

—Hoover has the Republican nomination for President about cinched. He is the choice of the financiers and the corporations, but from what we hear the agricultural classes are not turning handsprings over the prospect of his nomination. They figure that he did them a great injustice during the war when he fixed the price of wheat. The farmers would not feel as they do if Mr. Hoover had put the same curb on other products of American industry, but he didn't and they are so sure that any Democratic nominee stands a good chance of carrying several of the Republican western States.

—So far as we are concerned we're off Mayor Jimmy Walker, of New York. Up to Monday we had thought him a very colorful and interesting personage, with a mind of his own and the courage to assert it. But Jimmy isn't what we thought him to be. He's afraid of his wife. When the charming looking Mrs. Koel publicly osculated the dapper Mayor, on Monday, someone in the crowd yelled to him to slip a kiss to Mrs. Fitzmaurice. The news doesn't reveal that she reacted in an unfavorable manner to the suggestion, but Jimmy flinched. No man who isn't afraid of his wife would do that.

—Always, there's a fly in the ointment. For years we have believed that "the wet spring of '37" summed up everything that was bad in weather. Often we have used it as a marker of time, just as you probably use "before the war." Then came the big snow of April '28 and we thought we had moved up into modern times with an event and date so unusual that everyone would know just what we meant when we might have occasion to say "we haven't had a pair since the big snow of April, '28." The big snow of April '28 doesn't seem to have been a big snow at all. Capt. Fry told us, on Sunday, that in the middle of May, 1856, there was a three-foot snowfall. Oats and corn had both been planted and up nicely, had neither been hurt. All wild birds perished, however. We can't corroborate the Captain's story, of course, but we believe him, just the same, because he said they had had the logs cut for a barn and as a little boy he drove one of the teams that dragged the logs to the sawmill on that snow. We believe the Captain because we have seen the log barn he says was built of the logs he hauled on a May snow.

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Colonel Stewart "Vindicated."

Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, like Mr. Harry F. Sinclair, of Teapot Dome fame, has been vindicated. That is he has been assured, for the present at least, of immunity from jail sentence for contempt of the Senate. Mr. Stewart was associated with Mr. Sinclair in the operations of the Continental Trading company, of Canada, which is believed to have stolen from the shareholders of the several concerns they were managing some \$3,000,000 by a crooked deal. When the Senate committee investigating the matter asked Stewart how the profits were divided he swore positively that he had received no part of them and hadn't made a cent out of the transaction.

Having acknowledged the deal and admitted participation in it the committee reasoned that he must know something about the distribution of the profits and insisted upon answers. But the haughty Colonel was obdurate, protested that the questions were irrelevant, and indignantly denied the right of the Senate to "pry into his private affairs." The result was a citation for contempt and subsequent indictment by the grand jury of the District of Columbia Supreme court. Meantime the committee continued the investigation in other directions and discovered that he had been cashing the coupons on the bonds in question. This disclosure brought him to terms and he offered to "tell all."

Accordingly the committee subpoenaed him to appear again and he acknowledged that he had received one-fourth of the tainted profits but set up the surprising alibi that he had deposited his share in trust for the company which had been cheated by the operation and that since his indictment for contempt he had actually made a legal transfer of the bonds in question. That releases him from the custody of the court but convicts him of perjury in his previous statements. Possibly that will satisfy the wealthy gentlemen with whom he is associated in business, but it will impress indelibly on the minds of all honest people that, like his partner in the crime, he has escaped just punishment.

According to Associated Press dispatches the Senate has already taken steps toward testing the question of culpability in the courts. It has certified to the court parts of his testimony on each occasion in which he contradicted himself "for study to determine whether a jury charge should be lodged against him." There can be no doubt as to the result of this analysis. He deliberately lied on one occasion or the other, and obviously for the purpose of deceiving the committee. Uttering a falsehood with the purpose to deceive is perjury, according to the literal definition. Legal technicalities or interpretations may twist definitions but to all intents and purposes it is a case of perjury.

—Claude G. Bowers, who will be "keynoter" at the Houston convention, is a newcomer in Democratic councils but he moves with surprising speed and terrific force.

George Washington Rumberger.

Glancing at the volume number of the Watchman, in the heading above, readers will see that the paper is seventy-three years and eighteen weeks old.

At his home in Unionville, yesterday morning a gentleman who had read the first copy of the Watchman and every succeeding one, up until the time his sight failed, passed to his last reward.

In the heyday of his physical and mental activity George W. Rumberger was a great man in Centre county. Great in a way that has left a more lasting impress, perhaps, than if he had achieved nation-wide eminence in public affairs or amassed great wealth. Great, because he had the heart to be kindly and the will to let it find expression in friendly service to all humanity, high and low, rich and poor.

The imaginary flights of "Domino" in his aeroplane are ended but the soul of the revered author is a-wing to the haven of eternal rest.

—"Swearing she'd ne'er consent" France has agreed to pay the United States \$11,250,000 on her war debt in June. France is wise as well as wicked.

Germany is willing to sign a multilateral or any other kind of a pact to outlaw war, which proves that "the world do move."

—A double row of Norway spruce trees is being planted along the Snow Shoe highway, which in due time will act as a snowbreak and take the place of the temporary snow fences erected for the winter season.

Mr. Sinclair Needs a Guardian.

Something ought to be done by somebody to conserve the financial interests of Mr. Harry F. Sinclair, of Teapot Dome notoriety, for the protection of his family. It is true that he is a very wealthy man and his estate could stand a good deal of "drainage" before the wolves would be attracted to his door. But recent incidents in reference to his habits of life reveal such a degree of carelessness in the disposal of assets or prospects as to suggest mental infirmities of so grave a type that no fortune, however fabulous, is secure. Of course it is not proper for a rank outsider to intervene but somebody might find some way of protecting him from an obvious danger.

The other day a distinguished officer of the United States navy testified before the Senate committee on public lands in Washington that in a poker game staged in his apartment in a Washington hotel Mr. Sinclair "laid down a winning hand." This, in itself, could not be interpreted as an indication of mental weakness. The participants in the game were guests whose friendship and favor he was trying to acquire. In such circumstances the "laying down of a winning hand" may have been a very wise thing and the fullest measure of diplomatic finesse. The beneficiaries of his generosity could hardly be inensurable to the favors thus magnanimously bestowed upon them.

But another incident more recently developed by the testimony of unwilling witnesses before the same tribunal is of much graver importance. It was testified that Mr. Sinclair had paid to Secretary of the Interior Fall \$233,000 in Liberty bonds and \$25,000 in cash for a third interest in a ranch the assessed value of which is only \$125,000, and the real value about \$200,000. Even if the purpose had been to purchase property no sane man would have paid more than double the value of the entire tract for a one-third interest. Besides Mr. Sinclair, according to the evidence, neither asked for nor received any title deed or other evidence of ownership. Clearly there is a mental delinquency.

—The Spirit of St. Louis, having carried Lindy 40,000 miles through space and into the hearts of millions of people, is now an antique in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Secretary Mellon to Support Hoover.

The primary elections, held in April, have not given Mr. Herbert Hoover a guaranteed title to the Republican nomination for President, but they have made it practically certain that all he needs to secure it is the support of Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. The result of the vote in Ohio and Massachusetts has brought him to within a few votes of the necessary majority. The seventy-six votes of Pennsylvania, which Mr. Mellon "carries in his vest pocket," will serve the purpose. Mr. Mellon has not yet indicated his preference among the candidates. He would undoubtedly be for President Coolidge if that gentleman were inclined to take a "third cup of coffee."

Mr. Mellon has developed a great fondness for public life. Entering politics late he has found it a vast reservoir of pleasure and profit. With all his wealth and commercial prestige in Pittsburgh he probably never dreamed of controlling or influencing important legislation until after he became Secretary of the Treasury. According to his own statement, it cost him only \$200,000 dollars, in the form of a contribution to the campaign fund in 1920, to acquire that office and within a few years he was able, by influencing Congress in framing the income tax law, to save himself \$800,000 a year ever since. It was probably one of the most profitable investments he ever made.

Naturally, in view of these facts, Mr. Mellon is anxious to retain the office. It gives him vast power over the financial activities of the country, which is flattering to the vanity of a man whose whole life has been dedicated to banking and corporation projects. He was for Coolidge because his re-election would have made Mellon's reappointment certain. He can be induced to support Hoover by an assurance that he will be continued in office and his support carries the full strength of the Pennsylvania delegation in the Kansas City convention. It remains to be seen how Mr. Hoover, according to gossip, but the will treat the problem. We predict that Mellon will support Hoover.

—Mayor Mackey, of Philadelphia, is making great promises of reform now to create a smoke screen for the iniquities to come later on.

—If Congress continues to award medals at the present rate the making of medals may become a promising industry.

Mr. Ford's Inconsistency.

Henry Ford, said to be the only billionaire in the world, who is now enjoying the time of his life, hobnobbing with Kings, princes and potentates in Europe, addressed a meeting of business men in London, the other day, and threw a surprise into his audience by declaring that he "doesn't believe in anything else but free trade all around. I don't know what a tariff means except it means giving one crowd an advantage over another." This recalls to mind that some twenty-five or thirty years ago, while the Payne-Aldrich tariff law was in the making, Mr. Ford protested against levying a tariff tax on automobiles, though at that time his enterprise at Detroit was, in fact, an "infant industry."

At that time Senator James Couzens was treasurer of the Ford company and took no part and had little interest in politics or public life. But he had brains of his own and faith in the head of his enterprise. With Mr. Ford's consent and encouragement he went to Washington to propose a proposition to tariff tax foreign made automobiles and before the Committee on Finance of the Senate, to the dismay of the tariff-mongers in control, declared "that tariffs meant waste, inefficiency and nepotism in every business that was covered by them, since it gave a margin under which the business could be carelessly or lavishly operated and still make money." It seems that Mr. Ford is still of that opinion.

The old-time advocates of prohibition, when that service was performed by sincere teetotalers, were accustomed to urging men who professed sympathy with the cause, to "vote as they spoke." In other words they could discover no value in lip service in favor of prohibition legislation by persons who habitually voted for representatives in Congress and Legislatures who opposed such legislation. The same objection may be raised against Mr. Ford's support of free trade. He talks right but usually votes wrong, for while eulogizing the economic systems with his mouth he opposes it by voting for men who are opposed to them. This is made plain in his support of President Coolidge.

—The wise politician will spend as little money as possible this year and that little with infinite discretion.

Borah Invents a Comparison.

Senator Borah has again proved himself the most consummate humbug in public life. Posing as a great lawyer and master of forensic art he professes sublime independence of action and thought, but invariably invokes contemptible partisan tricks to serve the purposes of his political masters. Having been mentioned by some admirers as a suitable candidate for President he has completely lost all sense of proportion and indulged in absurdities which would "make angels weep." His proposition to "lift an obligation of shame" from his party by presenting Sinclair with a considerable fortune was bad enough. But it was not the worst of his partisan follies.

The other day, in addressing a Republican club in Chicago, he described the sort of man his party must nominate for President this year by giving a pen sketch of himself as he sees himself in his mirror. He must be "courageous and clean," in order "to demonstrate that the Republican party belongs to neither crooks nor cowards." If the party fails to nominate such a man "he will not be responsible for the result." This leaves the party in a bad plight. Mr. Borah is fully persuaded that he is the only Republican in the country who measures up to that standard, and he employed all his eloquence to induce his audience to adopt the same view of the subject.

Having thus set the pattern Mr. Borah dismounted from his high horse and set about to convince the Chicago politicians present that he is quite equal to Big Bill Thompson in demagoguery. He resorted to the methods of the frontier pettifoggers by comparing the oil scandals in Washington with a recent incident in Queensboro, New York. In that case it is alleged that a ward politician, by sinister means, had himself elected to a municipal office and betrayed his trust. The oil scandal involved three or four cabinet officers and several leaders of the Republican party. The Queensboro culprit was promptly repudiated. The oil swindlers were vigorously defended. Where is the parallel?

—Some politicians are bold enough to say that Coolidge couldn't get the nomination now if he tried.

—Speaking of Presidential candidates, "many are called but few chosen."

Two Brave Men of the Air.

From the Pittsburgh Press. No cleaner, brighter page of heroism and sacrifice stands in the book of aviation history than that on which is written the story of the death of Floyd Bennett. Though he died in bed of pneumonia, Bennett gave his life for his comrades of the air, the crew of the German Bremen, as certainly as if he had crashed on the bleak shores of Greenly Island.

Interwoven in the story of Bennett's fight for life is the bold flight of Lindbergh from New York to Quebec with serum with which it was hoped to fight off death. The Lone Eagle's feat was rendered futile by the development of the disease which gripped Bennett. But not even the epic flight of Lindbergh to Paris was so challenging to the world's thought as his unplanned trip of mercy yesterday in the teeth of a snow-laden gale up to the Canadian city.

Commander Byrd, with whom Bennett had flown to the North Pole, and with whom he was to fly to the Antarctic late this year, sailed up from Boston to be with his mate of the frozen spaces while the battle for life went on. With one of their own in desperate plight, the man-birds of the air went to him by the upper roads he himself had helped to chart, spanning the miles of ether as casually as one would walk across the street to a hospital.

Bennett was ill when the word came to Detroit that a rescue plane was needed to carry supplies to the Bremen, and permit it to rise from Greenly Island and complete its flight to New York. He should never have started on the trip. But he knew from experience the hazards of the air in the frozen north, his airmanship might prove the difference between success and failure for the venture.

So unquestionably he stepped into a plane with Bert Balchen and hopped off. With less than half the distance completed he became so ill that he was forced to come down. He was taken to a hospital in Quebec, pneumonia gripped him, and death came in its trail.

There have been more spectacular flights, other adventures in the air which caused the world to take a deeper breath, but none which hold a greater element of drama or so challenge admiration as the last sacrifice of Bennett and the daring effort at aid by Lindbergh. It is the stoic heroism of such men, their unassuming challenge to peril, not for "stunting" or glory but for the carrying on of the world's work, which advances aviation.

The world will stand in tribute to two brave men, the living and the dead.

A Real Show Place.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph. State Librarian Frederic C. Goddard and Boyd P. Rothrock, curator of the State Museum, display real vision in plans announced today for the transformation of the museum into a real historical show place.

To visualize for all time the lost arts of early Pennsylvania is to perform a real service. The time to do it is now, for in a few years the material for the reconstruction of those Colonial households, farm and trade scenes will have disappeared forever. Even now the tools and appliances are scarce and hard to find.

The proposed display is of interest especially for the reason that when the early settlers went into Penn's Woods they were able to carry little with them and means of transportation were so crude that few tools or pieces of apparatus could follow them. But necessity is the mother of invention and they soon learned to devise the appliances they needed for their homes, their farms and the trade that sprung up to meet the needs of the people. Many of these were of original design, display inventive skill and mechanical dexterity. They have been pushed into the discard by modern factory products. But no historical collection would be complete without them, and to display them as they were actually used adds a great educational feature to the work.

Nor is Mr. Rothrock's natural history display, each group of birds, reptiles and mammals in the actual surroundings from which they were taken, of any less importance.

Hundreds of thousands of people visit Pennsylvania's capitol. The business of visualizing the history and the wild life of the State for their benefit is a great piece of advertising, the value of which, apart from its educational importance, cannot be over-estimated.

—Wall Street is offering odds on Hoover according to gossip, but the wide open spaces in the west tackle the subject from a different angle.

—Lindy is to fly to Europe again. We are fearful every time the idol takes to the air, for his good luck can't follow him always.

—The Senate committee on public lands will have a job for life if it undertakes to investigate all oil leases and contracts in the Salt Creek field.

—The Watchman gives all the news while it is news.

SPAWLS FROM THE KEYSTONE.

—Stricken with apoplexy while beating a carpet for a neighbor, Michael Volki, 64 years old, died the same night in the Sacred Heart hospital, at Allentown. Volki lived alone in Rittersville, but said he had a wife and several children in Europe.

—Six persons were drowned early on Tuesday when a small boat was overturned in the Monongahela River between Masontown and Greensboro, Fayette county, when a floating log crashed into it. The boat was used to ferry passengers across the river and carried nine persons.

—An 11-year-old West Leasport youth made a gruesome discovery early Tuesday evening when he returned to his home, in Berks county, to find his mother had ended her life by hanging. The suicide was Mrs. Clayton Davis, aged 39, mother of four children. She had been in ill health for six months.

—Twenty ham sandwiches in 20 minutes flat is the record of Michael Harvan, of Westmoreland county. He performed this feat when challenged to eat the sandwiches in 30 minutes. Although he won his \$10 wager, Harvan said he has just about lost his appetite for ham. He is proprietor of a garage at Hecla.

—Prisoners at the Snyder county jail will earn their board and clothes in the future. The county commissioners have decided to hire out the men as common laborers, and any funds received from their services, beyond their keep at the jail, will be applied to the maintenance of the prisoners' dependents.

—While his wife was driving him home from a school entertainment, at Lewis-town, Monday night, Dr. James W. Mitchell, 38, member of the State Legislature in 1920-21, died of a heart attack in his own automobile. When he became suddenly ill his wife volunteered to drive the machine. Upon arriving home she found Dr. Mitchell dead.

—Mrs. Adah Kauffman, recently convicted of embezzlement of funds of the Exchange Bank and Trust company, of Franklin, and sentenced to ten months in the county jail, was placed on trial, last week on a charge of making false entries in the bank's books. John A. Kauffman, husband of the woman, is yet to be tried on charges of complicity in both cases.

—Shot in the neck by a .38-caliber bullet from his own gun, which was discharged when it fell from his pocket, Albert W. Thompson, paymaster at the Cameron colliery for fifteen years, is in the Shamokin State hospital fighting for his life. The accident occurred when the floor was preparing to alight from a touring car in which were thousands of dollars he was guarding.

—Terminating 25 years of service, county engineer Charles S. Sanders resigned, on Tuesday, to enter the real estate development business. He erected more than three-score concrete bridges in Berks county, in the last decade, among them the Lindbergh viaduct, about to be thrown open in the city of Reading. In the town; structures over the Schuylkill at Birdsboro, three at Reading and another at Hamburg.

—Milton Meekley, 35, and W. F. Mattern, 40, of Franklin, were instantly killed, last Friday, when they fell 100 feet from the roof of a tank at the Franklin steel works. A post erected in the center of the tank and supporting a scaffold on the outside collapsed, throwing the men to the ground. Meekley and Mattern suffered fractured skulls and broken arms and legs. William Rhoades, working on top of the tank, was narrowly missed by the flying end of a broken guy wire.

—Injuries sustained by a Pittsburgh woman when an artificial leg when her good leg went through the floor of a moving picture house are valued at \$300,000 in a suit filed by Mrs. Mary E. Abraham against Nathan Rosen and Abraham Joseph, of the Model theatre. Mrs. Abraham says that on February 4, as she was leaving her seat in the theater, her left foot sank through a decayed board in the floor. She claims she had to spend \$200 for a new artificial leg and was permanently injured.

—Shoemakers, at McAdoo, Pa., had the thrill of their lives when John Mehalicks, a tunnel worker, dashed, half-dressed and with the grime of the mines still on his face and hands, through their shops, examining old shoes. His boarding mistress, in sending his shoes to be soled, had included one pair that was his "bank." All his savings were in them and when Mehalicks came home from work and found them gone he started a tour of all the shops. He found the shoes in the last place visited and the money was all there.

—So that retailers may be put on notice before laying in their stock of Fourth of July fireworks, Mayor Jacob E. Weaver, of York, last week issued a proclamation to the effect that he will this year place an absolute ban on the retail sale of all fireworks for use in that city. The police department will be utilized in enforcing the edict. In past years the city ordinance prohibiting the sale of fireworks for use in York has been rather loosely enforced, but Mayor Weaver intends that this year its provisions shall be carried out.

—A State Treasury voucher made in 1861 for \$2500 has been found in the home of Dr. P. T. Fitzpatrick, at Lancaster, and will be presented to the State Treasurer for payment. The voucher, hidden away in an old pocketbook, was found by Dr. Fitzpatrick's sister. She was about to toss the yellow paper into the fire when she discovered its value. The voucher was indorsed by the owner to the father of Dr. Fitzpatrick. It is doubtful whether Dr. Fitzpatrick will be able to collect interest, but if State records are intact he will be able to collect the face value of the security.

—Suit for \$100,000 damages was started in common pleas court, at Doylestown, on Saturday, by Mrs. Rosa Fekete and her husband, Ernest, of Wismer, Bucks county, against John Funk, of Plumsteadville. An alleged fist fight over a crate of chickens led to the suit. Mrs. Fekete alleges that Funk, through another party, purchased a crate of chickens at \$1.40 a bird. When the chickens were placed in an automobile, the woman alleges, Funk jumped from a hiding place in the truck and handed her \$2.40 for the lot, saying it was the difference between a sum of money due him by the plaintiff and the value of the chickens. Mrs. Fekete alleges when she held onto the crate Funk struck her with his fists and knocked her unconscious. She is asking \$75,000 damages for injuries and her husband seeks \$25,000.