

# Democratic Watchman

## INK SLINGS

Theatrical business is bad and the P. R. R. is "begging people to ride on our trains" but every once in a while the "S. R. O." sign is being hung out at the diminutive railroad station here. Again we suggest to Kiwanians that they keep an eye on things.

To the correspondent from York, Pa., who wrote to "kid" us about our marmota monax faux pas last week we want to say that he did see his shadow on Sunday, but if he had waited until we invited him out of his hibernation he wouldn't have seen it. In consequence we feel that we did our best to avert the six more weeks of winter that his untimely appearance threatens us with.

We have no alibi to offer for the awful "bull" we pulled last week when we set groundhog day back to last Tuesday. We can't explain just how we did it, but we're glad, nevertheless, for our inadvertence gave so many people pleasure in calling us. Since "calling" is the thing we enjoy little else but, it is just compensation when we blunder into the shoe on some other observing person's foot.

The resignation of Chief Justice Taft and the appointment of Charles Evans Hughes as his successor on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States has been the outstanding event of the week. We believe that Justice Hughes is the better lawyer of the two, but it isn't always the better lawyer who makes the best Judge. Hughes cannot bring to the highest tribunal of the land the confidence that is begotten of a feeling that there is a human side to great jurists such as Mr. Taft inspired. Who ever saw Charles Evans Hughes smile?

We have always believed that an organization without a fight in it couldn't survive long. Just as we have always believed that a real man develops the most there is in him under a load of debt. Being a Methodist and feeling always that our church could have given both Newton Baker and Josephus Daniels pointers in 1917-1918 as to how to fight we are delighted that the local Episcopalians have developed belligerency and threaten to become militant. Last Monday night at Council meeting we saw the spectacle of their bell wether, their "good angel" and their "sweet singer in Israel" coming in conflict. Stand up, everybody, and sing the Doxology. When the Episcopal church gets a real fight started it will fill its pews with partisans far faster than it can with saints—and the same applies to every other church.

Mr. Roscoe R. Koch, a deputy Attorney General for Pennsylvania, has just handed down an opinion that employment of boys under fourteen years of age as caddies on a golf course is in violation of the child labor act of May 13, 1915. Doubtless Mr. Koch knows his law. But what a law! A boy under fourteen on a farm may put down hay for the cattle, carry heavy buckets of swill for the pigs and do many other chores that would bend the backs of many of their town or city seniors, yet a boy under fourteen may not go out into the pure, open air of a golf course on Saturday afternoon and earn a few pennies for the movies by ambling around a beautiful bit of countryside, carrying clubs and hunting balls for a couple of wheezy, near-sighted old gentlemen whose pace would make that of a snail look like Lindbergh in flight. If such interpretation is to be put on the law we suppose we'll have to stop giving kids a dime to carry a letter to the post-office for us.

The local political pot is beginning to boil. Senator Scott has announced that he would like to succeed himself and also be the State Committeeman of his party from this county. Phil D. Foster has announced that he would like to be the chairman of the Republican county committee. The Hon. Holmes would like to be our Member in the Legislature for another term. Charles P. Long would like to go to Congress and the dear only knows who wouldn't like to be a paster and folder or any other old thing that pulls down a maximum of pay for a minimum of work. Such is politics. It would be sweet as mother's love if it were as unselfish, but—it isn't. Senator Scott has to kill off Charley Long because Centre county can't have both the Senatorial and Congressional candidates. Phil Foster has to harpoon that grand old veteran of Republicanism, Wilson I. Fleming. And the Hon. Holmes has to fool the Prohibition folks and the P. O. S. of A. once again. Mitch Chase will help Harry rip the budding ambition of the retired merchant of Spring Mills. Mr. Dorworth mobilized the State's steam rollers last Saturday night and supplied the gas for Phil Foster to step on in his attempt to flatten out the Flemings in Centre county. As yet we haven't heard what the W. C. T. U. and the P. O. S. of A. are going to do for the Hon. Holmes. We surmise, however, they'll spread penance all over him for what they failed to do for Phil Johnston—You know election day to the P. O. S. of A. and the Prohibition fanatics is like "roodles" in a poker game—all rules are off.

In view of President Hoover's first appointment to the Supreme court bench the fact that he may have several other appointments to make is just cause for alarm.

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