

FARMING THE FUNDS IN STATE TREASURY

The Vast Surplus Used By Machine Politicians In Various Kinds of Private Enterprises and Personal Operations—State Deposits In Consideration of Hazardous Loans.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ARE UNEARTHED

Homer I. Castle, Esq., is a Pittsburg lawyer of considerable distinction. He is a partner, in professional practice, of former Governor William A. Stone, and the Prohibition nominee for Judge of the superior court. He has been making a most vigorous canvass on the stump ever since the opening of the campaign, and challenges the contradiction of the startling charges he has made and reiterated a dozen times.

State Funds For Penrose.

During a speech delivered in the court house in Harrisburg on the evening of September 20, Mr. Castle stated that a bank near Pittsburg, of which he was at the time a director, and for which he was solicitor, received a state deposit of \$20,000, under an agreement that \$10,000 of the amount would be loaned to Senator Penrose. That was in 1897, and the money was used by the senator in paying the expenses of his first election to that office. Mr. Castle added that the interest not having been paid promptly the loan was called, and immediately after it was paid the deposit of the state was removed. Senator Penrose at first denied the statement, whereupon Mr. Castle supported it by a chain of evidence, and the senator admitted the principal point, but asserted that it was purely a business affair.

In a speech delivered in Greensburg a few days later, Mr. Castle charged that a bank in Pittsburg had secured a state deposit of the amount of \$200,000 in consideration of a loan to former State Senator William H. Andrews, now delegate in congress for New Mexico, of \$75,000. The note was indorsed by Francis J. Torrance, a Pittsburg politician, and secured by bonds of a New Mexican railroad which Andrews has constructed on paper. Another Pittsburg bank had been offered the deposit on the same terms, but declined to make the loan and failed to get the money. Replying to the letter of the bank official, State Treasurer Mathews wrote as follows:

"I am of the opinion that there are already too many depositories in the west and too much of the state funds are deposited there; and at the present time I do not feel disposed to increase the same. If, however, I shall change my mind I will be pleased to take into consideration the bank you are interested in.

"Very respectfully yours, W. L. MATHES, State Treasurer."

Soon afterward, however, the money was deposited in another bank, which loaned the money to Andrews. This charge was vehemently denied by Penrose, Andrews and the newspaper press supporting the Republican candidate for state treasurer, Mr. Plummer, and its author denounced as a falsifier and defamer.

The failure of that bank—the Enterprise National of Allegheny—only last Wednesday, and the suicide of its cashier, confirmed every statement made by Mr. Castle, and showed even a worse condition of affairs—a more reckless and vicious use of state funds than he had intimated. It disclosed the startling facts that the bank had been supplied with \$782,000 of the funds belonging to the people of Pennsylvania—\$50,000 of which was deposited in it by the present machine state treasurer, Mathews, only the day before it collapsed—that \$400,000 of this deposit was represented by worthless bonds of a New Mexico railroad, projected and controlled by "Bull" Andrews, former machine state chairman, and was loaded with an additional \$300,000 note signed by machine politicians who are striving for the election of another machine state treasurer, in the person of J. Lee Plummer.

Building Breweries With State Funds. In a speech delivered at Titusville on the evening of October 10, Mr. Castle declared that a brewery had been organized, built and brought to completion with state money taken from banks favored with deposits in consideration of such favors. This was an Allegheny county enterprise, in which William H. Andrews was also concerned. Of it Mr. Castle said:

"A bunch of state politicians had themselves incorporated, and without land or financial timber of any kind issued bonds. These bonds were placed in a bank, into which a state deposit had been turned, and with the proceeds they built a brewery.

"After a certain time their property was turned over to a brewery combine and the politicians pocketed the proceeds."

At another meeting Mr. Castle told of the organization of a bank in Pittsburg, the principal assets of which was a state deposit. It was called the Mortgage Banking company, and John I. Shaw, who was endorser on the Penrose note in the Turtle Creek bank, was made president. He had only a nominal interest in the bank, but enjoyed a strong pull on the state treasury surplus. State Treasurer Harris and Auditor General Hardenburg, both in collusion at the time, each held 100 shares of the bank stock, and Harris became a director in the concern. Anthony Schwab, another director in

the bank, has explicitly corroborated Mr. Castle's statement of that affair. In another speech Mr. Castle said:

"I see that there is much speculation as to whether the \$10,000,000 cash balance of the state of Pennsylvania is real money or 'cats and dogs.'

"Let them make an investigation and they will find that the greater part of that \$10,000,000 is in securities of such a character that scarcely a bank in the commonwealth would touch them. 'Bull' Andrews is not the only man who has been using the state money for his own personal benefit. There are many others, some of them a great deal higher in state politics than 'Bull' Andrews.

"I am after no particular individual in this fight. I just want the people to get their eyes open to the true condition of affairs. It will hurt some innocent people. I cannot help that. It may result in the financial crash of several institutions. It is not my fault. I am going to lay this thing open, no matter whose toes I may trample upon."

Another Substantial Witness. John Marron, Esq., is easily among the leaders of the Pittsburg bar. Like many busy lawyers, he is not active in politics, though sensible of his civic obligations. He addressed a meeting in the Sixth Avenue Theatre, Beaver Falls, on the evening of October 2, and said:

"And suppose you found that the officers of the bank in which you have your money deposited here, were handing that money out practically without security to a chain of adventurers. You wouldn't stand for that, would you. Of course not—you'd go first thing in the morning and get your money out. And I'd be willing to wager that if any of you had your money deposited in a bank whose accounts had not been audited for two or three years and you discovered this fact you'd kick in the bank's doors tonight and look over the books.

"Of course you would, yet here are the books of the state treasury that have not been audited for 31 years, with admitted cases of misapplication of the state's funds and with you and I and everyone not in the treasury ring in absolute ignorance of the treasury's condition. Now I wonder who is in charge of this. Pennsylvania will do the stupid thing again?"

"Do you know," he continued, "that with your money speculations are and have been carried on in Mexico and goodness only knows in what other far-off places, and that some of the speculators who have almost unlimited access to your money are on the verge of bankruptcy? That's true.

"Why, it is an open shame fact that our treasury has the most disgraceful record of any state in the Union. Its doorstep is bloody with three lives at least. Its control by the ring has left a trail of murder, suicide, wreck and ruin. The honor of thousands has been sacrificed, a frightful story of blood and hope and dishonor has been written. Surely the money in the state treasury of Pennsylvania has been the root of all our political wrongs. Only recently one of our United States senators presented the frightful picture of 'pleading the statute of limitations in connection with a criminal charge of misuse of the public funds.'

"Here is something I want you to think about, because it shows just how far this crowd will go," said Mr. Marron earnestly. "Do you know that two years ago this treasury ring went so far as to hold up education—the common school system—for the benefit of these ring speculators? The school teachers of the state were denied their pay, the appropriation was held back for 90 days, although it had been regularly deposited in these favored banks we are learning so much about. And where was the money? It was out of the treasury at right, for the teachers couldn't be paid. Well, it was out in Mexico. So, I repeat, the pirates went so far as to hold up education in their greed."

Farming the Funds the Rule. Recalling the original witness in the matter of "farming the funds," Mr. Homer I. Castle, in a speech delivered at Union City, Erie county, said, and declared that he is able to prove the statement:

"In Pittsburg there is an institution known as the Mortgage Banking Company, and I have not a word to say about its solvency or its responsibility. Some time ago this institution entered into an arrangement with John I. Shaw by which he became its president. The contract providing for his selection as the bank's chief officer stipulated that the institution was to receive a certain amount of state funds, and that Shaw was to receive, and he did receive 2 per cent, for securing the deposits of state money. Now, is that honest?"

"This is the Shaw who entered into a deal with Boies Penrose by which the Turtle Creek bank was to receive \$20,000 as a state deposit. If I don't advance Penrose and Shaw half the amount upon receiving it and this Boies Penrose is one of your United States senators, head of the Republican machine. Farming Out May Be General. "Now it has been charged that there exists an arrangement all over the state whereby the banks are made to pay certain ringsters a percentage for all state moneys deposited with them, though at this minute I am not able to prove this as a condition existing generally. I know the facts, in connection with the Mortgage Banking company-Shaw case, however, and you can draw your own conclusions as to whether the practice is generally carried on.

Healthy money again? I have you to your own interest in considering the whole affair; I am making no charges except those I am prepared to substantiate in detail. Penrose is boss of the Republican machine. He controls this man Plummer, who is running for state treasurer, and if Plummer is elected Penrose will be the treasurer. That is an encouraging effect, when we have here letters the machine is sending out to the banks holding state money. They call loudly for campaign contributions and promise the bankers that there will be a great change in the method of running the treasury if Berry is elected. You bet there will be, and I say that is why I want the ring driven out. We want this farming out of our money stopped. We want a square deal in the treasury, so we want this change that the ringsters fear so badly."

IS THE SURPLUS REAL?

Significant Inquiry of a Newspaper Correspondent.

There is a Growing Impression That the Boasted Balance is Largely Made Up of I. O. U.'s and Other Evidences of Debt.

The Harrisburg correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch, an Independent and conservative Republican newspaper, writes as follows: "Is the \$10,000,000 'cash balance' of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania real money, or 'cats and dogs'?"

Has the state a vast surplus of actual money available for emergencies, as so glibly alleged in the "literature" of the Republican state machine, or is this "surplus" made up, in part at least, of the "paper" of irresponsible or dead politicians?

These startling questions are likely to figure very prominently in the campaign for state treasurer during the remaining six weeks of the year. The managers of the anti-graft campaign profess to be convinced that if once an untrammelled state treasurer could get his hands on the innermost records of the finances of the commonwealth, he could uncover a mass of affairs as would tremendously shock the people of Pennsylvania, accustomed as they are to revelations of mismanagement in public office.

Keeping Things Quiet. This phase of the anti-graft campaign has been held back apparently until such time as its presentation to the people will permit of its being kept fresh in the public thought right up to the opening of the November ballots. Prior to this publication only the slightest hint of it has been given. That was in the address of Charles Heber Clark, the distinguished Montgomery county author and authority on civic affairs, before the meeting at which the Lincoln directory this campaign several weeks ago, party was organized.

How far the anti-grafters will be able to go toward convincing the people that the very welfare of the commonwealth demands a thorough scrutiny of the public assets, remains to be seen. The present delay, however, keeping their own counsel as to the "surprises" they are going to spring later on.

One thing is fairly certain: They should experience little difficulty in proving the significant fact that nearly all the state treasurers of recent years, including the present incumbent, the machine, have held off for weeks before accepting the conditions found in the office and assuming responsibility therefor.

Is the Surplus Real? When it is considered that the state treasury has been absolutely in the hands of the "machine" for well on to half a century, it is not surprising that actual evidence for or against the substantiality of the "\$10,000,000 surplus" or of anything else concerning the treasury, for that matter, is decidedly scarce.

At the elder Cameron's time, all down through the Cameron and Quay "dynasties," there has been greater care exercised by the bosses in the selection of candidates for state treasurer than for any other state office, the governorship not excepted.

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Castle Paving the Way. The revelations made this week by Homer I. Castle, of Pittsburg, apparently are designed as paving the way in the public mind for the still graver statements that are expected to follow concerning the management of the public funds. Mr. Castle has shattered the long-established theory of the gentlemen who deal in state deposits, that there need be no fear of publicity where only the parties directly involved in the deal are in a position to give any information concerning it.

On the same basis the millions of state appropriations to public and private charities and educational institutions were for years bartered off at a 10 per cent. rate-off rate until, finally, Professor Davis, in the Clarion State Normal School case, had the courage to tell what was going on. Notwithstanding some of the hurried denials, Mr. Castle has presented facts enough to convince most men who do not prefer to believe otherwise, that many of the state's millions are regularly dealt out to banks that are willing in return to finance the precarious fortunes of a select few of the political "insiders."

FOR THE "MOTHER LODE"

Many a Prospector has Gone to His Death Seeking It.

THE SEARCH FOR GOLD

The Theory Seems a Plausible One—Lem Hollister's Lifelong Search—From California to the Klondike—Victim to Its Fascination at Last.

"One of the points on which many of the most level-headed and experienced of gold miners have a weakness," said a man who had seen the gold-hunting game in all its strenuousness in California, South Africa, and the Klondike, "is the search for the mother lode, as it is called. It is a search, which, if successful, would mean unlimited wealth for the lucky finder. There is something in geology and more in dim historical traditions to lead men into such a search, but its results so far have been loss of money, health and life. Yet when a miner goes the 'mother lode fever,' he is apt to continue the search until death, and generally death in some tragic form puts a permanent end to his wanderings and struggles.

"The theory of the mother lode seems a plausible one in many ways, and even scientific research has not been able to decide definitely as to its truth or falsity. In California, the Klondike and most other gold districts the first finds of the precious metal are made in the rivers and streams which run down from some adjacent mountain range. It is known, of course, that this gold comes from the mountains and that it was placed there by great convulsions of nature in former geological periods.

"One of the most persistent advocates of the mother lode, and in the end a victim to the fascination of the search for it, was old Lem Hollister, whom I first met in California just about the time when the placer mining game was beginning to fall off in profits. I don't know where he picked up the theory, for in those days it was a comparatively new one. But he certainly had it in the most malignant form. He would work at placer mining until he had made a fair stake. Then he would sell out his claim, regardless whether it had been worked out or not. And then he would mysteriously disappear. With most of that old crowd of miners it would have been a safe wager that they were in San Francisco spending their stake in the many ways open to a man with a goodly accumulation of the precious metal. With Lem Hollister it was different. The hunt for the mother lode was to him what dissipations of various sorts and kinds were to the rest of the boys. He might be gone weeks or months, according to how long his stake held out. In the end he would return to placer mining, broke, no nearer the object of his search than he had been at first, but with his hopes of finding the great source of all California gold still undimmed.

"When the rush for the Klondike came Lem was among the pioneers. I met him at Cape Nome. He had made a good thing of placer mining there, was gathering in a good amount of gold from his daily washings and there was no reason why he should not in a short time put by enough to keep him comfortably to the end of his days. But he never even dreamed or thought of such a sane proceeding. He was more eager to search for the great central lode than he had been in the days of California placer mining. And he wasn't the only one with that idea. In California he had been almost alone in the existence of a mother lode, or at least in the belief that the search for it was a practical matter. But there were lots of men that held the same belief in that early Klondike crowd.

"But the search for the mother lode in the freezing Klondike is a different proposition and a much more tragic one than a similar search in California. Many an old miner was lured by it into the more desolate and dangerous recesses of the northern ranges and perished from exhaustion or cold or hunger. The Klondike is full of tragedies of that sort, and the death of old Lem Hollister was only one of many.

"The last time I saw Lem was in Dawson City. He had sold his claim, and with the money from the sale and the gold dust he had accumulated had bought an outfit. He was just on the point of starting out again on the search which had filled his dreams and sapped his energies for so many years. I tried to dissuade him, and pointed out the terrible risks he was running, for the short summer season was almost at an end. Of course, I simply wasted my words. He had searched for the mother lode for years, he said, and now he was on the point of finding it. He pointed out the reasons why the great lode would exist in the Klondike rather than in the California ranges which he had wasted so much time in exploring. He was confident that this search would be a short one. If it was not, he could take care of himself even through a Klondike winter. I hated to see him go to what I felt sure would be his death. Finally he promised me that it would be the last trip of the kind he would undertake. It was his last trip, for he never returned. The mother lode had claimed another victim.—E. J. W.

History repeats itself—You cannot find the age of a woman in the Bible. If you think life is a dream you had better wake up.

STOMACHS ON STILTS.

The man who puts on stilts does not increase his actual stature. He only feels taller. Stimulants are the stilts of the stomach. They make a man feel better for the time being, but he feels a great deal worse for them afterward.

The need of the man whose stomach "wobbles" is not stimulation but strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery perfectly answers that need. It contains no alcohol or whisky. It cures the weak, foul stomach with its attendant bad smelling breath, coated tongue, bad taste, poor appetite and kindred symptoms.

"In the year 1899 I had an attack of indigestion and got so bad that my home doctor said he could not do me any good," writes Mr. G. A. Trent, of Gordonville, Texas. "I wrote to you and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, so I bought six bottles, and when I commenced using it I was so weak could hardly walk about the house. By the time I had used one bottle my stomach and bowels commenced to heal. There were strips of the lining of my stomach or bowels (I don't know which) as large as a man's two fingers passed and I had a good deal of misery in my stomach and bowels, and also in the rectum especially. I could not eat anything without having much distress afterward, but by the time I had taken eight bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery I was sound and well, and could eat anything I pleased without suffering in the least. Could also do as much work in a day as I ever could. I have not suffered from the trouble since, and it was four years ago that I was so sick."

The sole motive for substitution is to protect the dealer to make a little more profit. He gains, you lose. Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Where River Coal Abounds Coal Digger Returns From Up Stream—Mr. LeDuc's Successful Season

The Danville Morning News says: After an exceedingly successful season E. J. LeDuc has brought his coal digger down the river and it is now moored below the Water Works. Mr. LeDuc took his craft up the stream last spring, putting in nearly the entire summer on the river just above Bloomsburg where many thousand tons of coal were extracted, all of which was disposed of at points nearby.

The river in depositing the coal is bound by no rule whatever. While last year it left several fine deposits in the river below Danville this year it seemed to unload nearly all its cum above Bloomsburg. Over the river bottom were scattered bars of the valuable deposit and about all that remained for the diggers to do was to go out and get it. It was quite a usual thing for Mr. LeDuc to fill his flat boat twice daily, which meant an accumulation of some twenty-five tons. The price commanded by the coal on the river bank was \$1.25 per ton. Beside Mr. LeDuc other men were extracting coal near Bloomsburg and it was only last week that an additional coal digger from Sunbury steamed up by Danville and entered the field. The best is now taken from the stream at Bloomsburg and if Mr. LeDuc spends any more time digging coal this year he will probably try the river below this point.

River coal is not suitable for all purposes, but while inferior to coal from the mines the price is in its favor and it is generally all bought up. Sales, however, for a while were slow last summer, but Mr. LeDuc's pluck did not desert him. More than once there was a big supply on hand but he stuck to it with the result that by the time he was done digging, the coal was almost all disposed of.

Speaking of the endless chain the Eldorado, Kan., Republican says: "Every farmer boy wants to be a school teacher, every school teacher hopes to be an editor, every editor would like to be a banker, every banker would like to be a trust magnate, and every trust magnate hopes some day to own a farm and have chickens and cows and horses to look after. We end where we begin."

HUMPHREYS'

Specific cure by acting directly on the delicate parts without disturbing the rest of the system.

- No. 1 for Fevers. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Teething. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 7 " Coughs. No. 8 " Neuralgia. No. 9 " Headaches. No. 10 " Dyspepsia. No. 11 " Suppressed Periods. No. 12 " Whites. No. 13 " Croup. No. 14 " The Skin. No. 15 " Rheumatism. No. 16 " Malaria. No. 19 " Catarrh. No. 20 " Whooping Cough. No. 27 " The Kidneys. No. 30 " The Bladder. No. 77 " La Grippe.

In small bottles of pellets that fit the vest pocket. At Druggists or mailed, 25c. each. Medical Guide mailed free. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Streets, New York.

A THRESHOLD GREETING.

The Careless Waving of a Newspaper Meant to Them a Welcome.

An Italian emigrant steamer, every available foot of its deck space crowded with seafaring passengers, steamed into New York harbor, and was making its way up to a North River dock. Just in midstream a double decked ferryboat, laden with commuters from New Jersey suburbs of the big metropolis, slowed up to allow the steamer to cross its bows.

For a moment or two the commuters, most of them New York business men on the way to their offices, stared with cool indifference at this shipload of peasant foreigners, many of them fresh from the slavery of Sicilian sulphur mines, others from the worn out, tax ridden fields of Calabria. In mute wonder, much as might so many round eyed oxen, the immigrants gazed at the prosperous looking inhabitants of the new land to which they had come.

Then a young man on the upper deck of the ferryboat, prompted perhaps by nothing better than a spirit of fun, waved a newspaper. That was enough. Those 2,000 voyage-worn peasants, who had cut all ties of home and country, who had braved all the terrors of a trip across the big ocean to try their fortunes in a strange land among a strange people—they understood. The careless waving of that newspaper meant to them a friendly welcome from the kinfolk of their adoption; it meant a cheery greeting from the land of the free.

And how they did respond! In an instant the crowded decks blazed with color, became alive with motion. A thousand gay hued neckerchiefs were in the air, a thousand battered hats were waving. High, shrill and clear lifted the joyous shouts from the crowded decks. There were smiles and jests and laughing. The New World had recognized them, had greeted them in friendly manner. Hurray! All was well now.

Across the narrow strip of water separating the two boats leaped the enthusiasm. It spread among the commuters. Cold indifference gave way to good natured interest. Brokers, merchants, bankers, clerks, young women stenographers—all caught the spirit of the moment. Silk hats, dresses and white handkerchiefs were waved in answer to the salute of the poor immigrants. Between the two sets of passengers, of course, was still a wide social gulf, but for the moment humanity bridged it clear and fair.

If the immigrants went on to meet the vexations awaiting them at Ellis Island with cheered hearts, so several hundred New Yorkers took up the worries of a business day with the vague consciousness of having participated in a kindly act.—Youth's Companion.

"AS WEAK AS A CAT."

Another Adage Founded on the Mistake of a Fact. Of all the animal adages founded on the mistake of a fact, "as weak as a cat" is the most absurd. Really the cat is a most muscular animal. The lion, the tiger and other so-called "big cats," as you already know, are of the same family with our common house pussy; we shall not speak of them further. "As weak as a cat" is applied to the house pussy; but to say "as weak as a kitten" is truer. One may then mean the newborn kitten, which comes into the world blind, softer and more helpless-looking than even the blind puppy; but which, however, is not so helplessly weak as the puppy, the kitten having sharp claws, which the puppy has not. You know so much of cats; do you not, young people?

The cat's muscles are extraordinarily large and powerful in proportion to the animal's size. Then again those muscles are attached to the bones, fitted together at such angles as to make "the finest system of springs and levers," says Dr. Huidekoper, "known in the whole group; the claws are sharper and are curved into stronger hooks than in any other mammal, and by the action of special muscles are withdrawn under the protection of sheathlike pads, that they may escape wear and injury when not in use." The slender, supple form of the cat makes it capable of the highest activity. The heavy boy, you may have noticed, is not always the strongest; the thin active boy is the fastest runner and the quickest at games which need both strong and limber muscles.

The shoulder-blade, the arm and the fore arm, the thigh, the leg and the foot of the cat lie at what the veterinary surgeons call "closed angles." That peculiar conformation shows that the enormous jumps which the cat can take to the envy of any athletic boy are due to the great power and the closed angles of the joints; but the conformation of the legs make the cat's stride at a walk, a trot or a run remarkably limited. The cat moves, therefore, with wonderful quickness, but with no great speed. The boy who says he feels "as weak as a cat"—if he is at all like the cat—should be splendidly muscular. The truth is that, in proportion to the size of his body, he can never hope to be as strong as a cat.—Our Animal Friend.

The Bishop's Pass. In this country free railway passes are not often met with; and certainly the one owned by the venerable Bishop of Gloucester is unique. It is of gold, in the first place, and extends from end to end of the Great Eastern Railway, in the second place. According to a story told by the Rev. J. A. L. Alroy, it forms a souvenir of the kindly ministrations by the Bishop to the sufferers by a railway accident which occurred on the system many years ago.—London Daily Times.