

# The Centre Reporter

CENTRE HALL, PA.

## WORTHLESS READING.

"Worthless reading makes worthless people." Put that in big letters and hang it up in your sitting-room, where you can see it every day, and where the young people can see it. Maybe it will call their attention to the books they are reading, which are uplifting or degrading, says the Ohio State Journal. They are one or the other. Parents don't seem to realize this. Nine out of ten of them do not seem to understand the significance of a book. An education amounts to nothing if a boy or girl turns it into shallow reading. Their minds are filled with trash and their thinking is weak, when they read the kind of books that are mostly read these days. It is a sad mistake to allow this matter to go at random, and to allow the youth's taste for reading to grow rank and wild. The highest triumph of an education is the desire and habit to read good books. It makes no difference how well a boy gets along in his mathematics or language, if he has no taste for good reading it is all waste. Parents will take great interest in the marks their child gets at school, but they are hopelessly careless as to what those marks mean for him in his after life. It is time they were giving attention to this subject.

For at least four hundred years journalism has been a profession without academic recognition, in that a course of study was required to enter its portals. The late Joseph Pulitzer felt that it should be raised to the proper rank, and he founded and endowed a college, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. To the headship of this new institution is called Dr. Talcott Williams of this city, one of the deans of American journalism, and one whose experience, travel, accomplishments and scholarship make the selection wholly admirable. Journalism is not wholly taught. It receives more recruits than almost any other profession, and most of the postulants fall by the wayside. It is a trying-out process which results in successes in many directions other than newspaper work. To fit into the peculiar niche which makes journalism so important is given to few, but it is certain that no young man ever entered journalism and left it without carrying away valuable lessons.

The claque has never flourished in England theaters, but is a powerful institution in France, where a "chef de claque" enjoys a recognized status and makes a comfortable income. It is a mistake to suppose that the only duty of claqueurs is to applaud. A well organized claque includes some members who have cultivated the art of infectious laughter. These "chauffeurs" attend the lighter forms of drama and laugh so heartily and naturally that their neighbors join in, and leave the house, convinced that the play must be a funny one. Then there are the "pleureuses," who are paid to shake with sobs at the right moment during melodramas. These are the real dramatic critics.

A scientific assertion is produced to the effect that there are no germs in the telephone mouthpiece. Those receptacles of language must be sterilized by the heat of the messages poured into them by some unfortunate who has waited 15 minutes to get the curt information that "the line's busy."

A Pennsylvania judge has decided that a girl is entitled to keep an engagement ring after the engagement is broken. It isn't likely, however, that many of the girls who have been keeping engagement rings would have returned them, even if the Pennsylvania judge had decided the other way.

The whole family feel the throb of spring within their veins. Young hopeful hunts up his old baseball glove, sister has a new beau, father is getting out his fishing tackle and mother has begun to recount the number of years she has worn the old bonnet.

Back to nature's heart is receiving a new and practical application in New York, where a farm is to be established for bad boys now sent to a reformatory. Plenty of good, hard farm work will remove the objection of work from other and objectionable quarters for idle hands.

Chicago's police force lately developed the fact that it had a member who indulged the eccentricity of always paying for his drinks and cigars. He was permitted to resign, as such unprofessional conduct is not likely to spread.

The salary of the president of Switzerland is only \$4,000. But then he does not have to keep up an automobile; all he has to do is step out of the front door and slide.

# SERIAL STORY

## No Man's Land

A ROMANCE

By Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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### SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accedes, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast falls to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuij. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuij dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuij. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen burying a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him to the Echo in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. Coast is anxious to fathom the mysteries of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a shield of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life or her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard and the Echo disappear. Coast assures Katherine of his protection.

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

She shut the door and saw Coast. In an instant her face was bloodless; only her gaze leapt to his eyes like a leveled flame. Her hands moved suddenly toward her bosom, hesitated half-way, and fell slowly, fluttering. She sighed profoundly. Then abruptly, as she recognized that he was frightened for her and in another moment would hurry to her side heedless of consequence, she resumed command of herself with an astonishing effort of will; the small hands tightened at her sides, she lifted her head, closed her lips tight, and stood momentarily at attention, listening to some noise beyond the door.

The silent moment ended in the crashing of the wireless. At the report, as if released from a spell, the woman moved quickly over to the door. Her hand closed imperatively round Coast's forearm.

From colorless lips her voice came low but clear. "Listen, Garrett—don't interrupt. . . . Something has happened; we are to leave the island tonight! . . . Hush—don't speak; his hearing is abnormally sharp; when he stops sending. . . . He has just told me. A boat will come for us. He didn't say when—after dinner, sometime, I gathered. He has just told me to pack up a few necessities. . . . The noise of the wireless ceased, and she stopped speaking in the same breath. Immediately, in the hush, they heard the hiss of the switch thrown out to divert the current from the sending apparatus to the detector.

"He's fishing for the answer, now," Coast ventured in a guarded tone. "Hush!" she told him sharply, whispering. "Wait! . . . She inclined her head, sedulously on guard, and for a while seemed to hold her breath. The hand upon his arm was trembling violently; he put his own palm over it with a strong and reassuring pressure. "Steady, dear!" he murmured. "Don't be afraid. . . . She shook her head with a futile effort to smile bravely. "Only be quiet. . . ." she begged. A minute passed, and another, and yet another, the pause filled with the dull drone of the dynamo and the steady humming of the gasoline motor. Then again the spark began to talk—crash-crash-crash-crash—!—and once more it was safe to speak.

"He warned me strictly to say nothing of this either to you or to the servants, but told me to go and call both you and Chang—that he wanted you at once." "No explanation?" "None; he seemed to think it superfluous—with me."

Coast's fears conjured up a miscarriage of Appleyard's plans. Somehow, perhaps, the little man had failed to regain Quick's Hole in time to prevent the escape of either the Corsair or her crew. In such case the latter would seek the quickest mode of communication with No Man's Land.

But speculation was just then outside Coast's concerns. His first, his whole only duty was to Katherine. "Don't worry," he begged her in a hurried whisper; "we'll find some way out. Appleyard won't fail us—and if he should I'll manage to steal that

boat and get you off. Either that way or another. . . . Now go, while I see what he wants of me. I'll say I met you on the way. Go quickly—we've delayed long enough. . . . heart of my heart!"

This last was in an undertone as the woman, taking fright because of a brusque cessation of the wireless racket, disengaged her hand, and with the briefest glance by way of adieu, hurried toward the farm house.

Alone, he lingered for a little where she left him, striving to collect and train his faculties against this unanticipated turn of events. Thoroughly mystified, disturbed and depressed, he drifted into a deep and sombre reverie which might well have endured beyond his knowledge had not the stationary motor chosen an early moment to choke up with a series of guttural snorts and stop dead. The unlooked-for suspension of its contented working song led a distinctly audible void in the stillness, in which the key of the droning dynamo ran down the scale to a sour whine ere it ceased altogether. Roused by this, Coast pulled himself together and hurried round the building, listening with shameless elation to the storm of anger which followed Blackstock's recognition of the mishap.

A chair scraped roughly on the floor and fell with a crash; something else was thrown violently down; Blackstock got his breath deliberately and—the doors and windows of the operating room became jammed with blasphemy. Discreetly Coast paused and

was conscious of the uneasy sensation of being watched—which, of course, was absurd, the man's affliction brought to mind.

"Well . . . ?" "Haven't located it yet," said Coast, though this was not strictly true; he could already hazard a shrewd guess, with the confession of neglect to guide him.

"Mmm. . . . Look here, what d'you suppose became of the Corsair?" "One guess is as good as another, isn't it?" "What d'you mean by that?" "That I don't know."

"You'd think Finn 'ud've managed to get her off by this time—eh? Wouldn't you?" Blackstock grumbled. "Without outside help, I'd judge it a pretty tough job."

"Well, but with help . . . ?" "Not so easy to get, under the circumstances. That wind was enough to clear the Sound of ordinary traffic, and even today, up to some time after noon at least, there'd be a fairly rugged sea running to keep smaller craft at home."

"Oh, you think so, eh?" commented Blackstock with an accent of irony that made Coast straighten up and look over his shoulder. But the man was not even facing him, and he could gather little from his expression. "That's all very well," he continued, "but it happens I advised Voorhis of their fix last night, and he sent a tug down from Vineyard Haven this morning. The tug reports no sign of the



Thrust It Up Smartly.

waited until the man's tongue began to falter, until the oaths escaped from him a trickle rather than a deluge, until he stopped short, his system wrung dry of profanity. Then Coast advanced.

He found Blackstock striding to and fro and mulling a cigar, the scowl that darkened his countenance suggesting a state of perturbation and anxiety no less acute than Coast's. Even without Katherine's warning, and ignoring his pettish rage over the balky motor, Coast would have been quick to guess that something had happened seriously to complicate the man's schemes. He flew every sign peculiar to one who to the physical unhappiness following a night of disipation has had added grave reason for mental disquiet.

As the younger man drew near Blackstock stopped short, facing the door with a lowering look. "Who's that?" he demanded sharply, with a nervous gesture plucking the unlighted cigar from between his teeth. "You, Handsyde?"

Coast entered. "Mrs. Black said you wished to see me. . . . I would to God I could!" Blackstock cried wrathfully, dashing the cigar upon the floor. He lifted his clenched hands and shook them above his head, while his features twitched. Abruptly he dropped them. "Here," he said curtly, "what d'you know about stationary motors? Everything, I suppose?"

"Not quite," returned Coast pacifically. "Then what the devil are you doing here?" "I'm supposed to be a wireless operator—"

"Oh, yare, eh?" "Not a skilled mechanic," Coast continued evenly. "Still, I know a little something about motors. Anything I can do?"

"You can take a look at that damned engine, if you don't mind. It faltered dead just now. It hasn't had any attention since Power quit and left in the lurch, hang him! I don't know whether it's oil or gas or water it needs. Perhaps you do."

"I'll see," said Coast. With an impatient grunt Blackstock resumed his walk, guiding himself in and out amongst the furniture and machinery clattering the room with his habitual but still extraordinary ease. The sound of Blackstock's footsteps ceased behind him, while he was bending over the machine, and he

Corsair. Now what d'you know about that?" "It's not easy to explain," said Coast in perhaps too placid a tone. It was difficult to subtract from his voice the exultation he felt. So Appleyard had been successful, after all! That was a motley of news to cheer his heart wonderfully. He ventured an obvious and irritatingly stupid observation: "Then they must have got off somehow, during the night."

"Looks that way, doesn't it—even to a blind man? But then—?" "Perhaps some accident to the machinery—"

"Finn never permits an accident to machinery under his care." "You never can tell—"

"Finn can," Blackstock snapped decidedly. "You ought to have him here, then," said Coast disgustedly, turning the conversation of deliberate intent, by now fully convinced that Blackstock had been talking to kill time—or else to make it, for some occult purpose. "You've about ruined this machine, as far as I can judge. The lubricating tank's dry as a bone, the bearings so hot I can't bear my hand on them, and the chances are the connecting-rod babbit has burned out. I can't tell how bad it is without taking the motor down, and that's an expert's job. Where's your cylinder oil? A good dose of that will ease matters a bit until I can investigate without blistering my hands."

"Over there—that large can in the corner," Blackstock indicated. To reach it Coast had to pass between the man and the door; as he did so, temporarily off his guard, Blackstock stepped suddenly to his side. Grasping Coast's right wrist with his left hand, he thrust it up smartly, interposing his shoulder to prevent it from coming down as he released it and simultaneously passed his own right arm across Coast's chest, seizing and pinioning his left. Having him thus helpless in one of the simplest of Jiu-jitsu holds, Blackstock thrust his left hand into Coast's pocket, withdrew the automatic pistol and let him go with a shove that sent him reeling and staggering back against the wall.

"I've been wanting this toy ever since you mentioned it last night," he said calmly, balancing the weapon in his palm. "It's one of my rules that no arms shall be carried on this island."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# NEWS OF DISASTER WAS WITHHELD

## Chief Admits Advising Operator to Hold Back.

## BALTIC LEARNED THE DETAILS

Senate Committee Adjourns Inquiry to Washington and Will Make It Mor. Thorugh—Titanic Had Warning of Bergs.

New York.—The startling disclosure was made through the publication of three wireless dispatches sent by T. W. Sammis, chief engineer of the Marconi Wireless Company, to the operator on the Carpathia, that the former had cautioned the young man to "say nothing, but to hold your story for dollars in four figures." In other words, the news from which the whole world waited with breathless interest and agonizing suspense was deliberately kept back from mercenary motives.

Mr. Sammis admitted sending the dispatches and said he believed it proper for him to get as much as possible for the operator.

Hardly less amazing was the disclosure that the White Star liner Baltic learned all the details of the disaster by wireless on Monday morning from the Carpathia, and that the steamship Frankfurt, a freighter, was in communication by wireless with the Titanic just after she rammed the iceberg and that, instead of going to the aid of the wrecked vessel, she continued, presumably, on her course.

## Probe Will Go Deeper.

Determined at all hazards to fix the responsibility for the false messages which were sent out announcing the safety of the White Star steamship Titanic hours after she had disappeared beneath the icy waters of the Newfoundland banks, and to ascertain every fact connected with the fatal crash of the vessel, the Senate committee which is investigating the disaster will continue exhaustive hearings in Washington and will cross-examine J. Bruce Ismay, president, and P. A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, as well as all the officers of the Titanic and many of the American passengers. It is likely that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who has practically recovered from the shock of her ordeal, will be one of the witnesses.

The sensational point in the proceedings came when Harold T. Cottam, wireless operator on the Carpathia, swore that nothing had been flashed from the Carpathia which could have formed the basis for the alleged wireless dispatch stating that the Titanic was safe and that she was being towed to Halifax by the steamship Virginian.

## Bride Pathetic Picture.

Mr. Bride, the youthful operator, weak from his experience in the wreck and with both feet bandaged because of injuries sustained during a long wait on a partially submerged raft, made a pathetic picture on the witness stand. He is a Marconi operator and all the time he was being questioned the celebrated discoverer of the Marconi wireless system sat beside him, as solicitous as a parent.

He told a dramatic story of his efforts to get in communication with other craft when he was told that the vessel was filling with water and certain to go to the bottom.

## Burden Of Testimony.

The burden of the testimony thus far presented emphasizes the unquestioning faith of the Titanic's officers in her unsinkable character, the recklessness of steaming full speed through a sea where dangerous icebergs were known to threaten and the remarkable calmness with which passengers and crew faced the last moments of the sinking ship.

## TORNADO IN OKLAHOMA.

Lives Lost and Four Houses and Villages Wrecked.

Oklahoma City, Ok.—Three persons are known to have been killed, at least a score injured and many farm-houses and village dwellings were wrecked when a tornado which formed in the vicinity of Yukon, near Oklahoma City, swept in a northeasterly direction through the counties of Oklahoma and Logan. Fifty houses were demolished at the town of Hennessy. Mrs. Mary Holmes and another woman whose name cannot be ascertained were killed.

## Labor Unions Adjust Differences.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The differences which have been the source of controversy between the American Flint Glassworkers' Union and the Glass Bottleworkers' Union for almost 10 years, were adjusted here after a conference of national officers of the respective organizations covering five days. Among the representatives of the Flints was President Clark, of Toledo, O., while the bottle blowers were led by President Dennis A. Hayes, of Philadelphia.

# COMMERCIAL

## Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "The principal industries and trades maintain their recent gains in activity and an amount of business is carried on, which, although still below the full limit of capacity, shows, nevertheless, a distinct advance and is on the whole very satisfactory. The good spring weather generally prevailing is producing renewed activity in building operations, which creates a larger demand for the various building materials. It also facilitates the distribution of merchandise, both wholesale and retail."

Bradstreet's says: "Trade and industrial developments are largely favorable and conservative optimism predominates. Jobbing trade reports include advices of a quieting of spring demand at large Eastern centres, with attention turning to late summer and fall trade, but of an improvement at nearer points of final distribution, except, as in the lower Mississippi Valley, where high water holds back agricultural operations and retards sales to country merchants."

## Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 109 3/4 elevator export basis to arrive and 12 1/2 f o b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 121 1/2 f o b afloat, opening navigation. Corn—Spot firm; export, 84c nominal f o b afloat. Oats—Spot strong; standard white, 63 1/2 c in elevators; No. 2, 63 1/2; No. 3, 63; No. 4, 62 1/2; natural white and white clipped, 62 1/2 c on track. Cheese—Skimms, 4 1/4 c. Butter—Creamery specials, 33c; extras, 32 1/2; firsts, 31 1/2; seconds, 30 1/2; thirds, 28 1/2; state dairy finest, 32 1/2; good to prime, 30 1/2; common to fair, 25-29. Poultry—Alive dull; Western chickens, 15c; fowls, 16 1/2; turkeys, 15. Dressed barely steady; Western fowls, 14 1/2; turkeys, 13-22.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat firm 1c higher; contract grade No. 2 red, in export elevators, 101 1/2-102. Butter unchanged. Eggs 15c per case lower; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, f c, \$6.30 per case; do, current receipts, f c, \$6.10 per case; Western firsts f c, \$6.30 per case; receipts, f c, \$6.00 per case. Cheese 1/4-1/2c higher; New York full cream fancy, 20 1/2-21c; fair to good, 19-20.

Live poultry steady; fowls, 16-17c; old roosters, 11-11 1/2; young, do, stagsy, 12-13; spring chickens, 16-17; ducks, 15-16; geese, 12-14. BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red Western, 106 1/2; contract, 105. The closing was firm; spot and April, 104 1/2; May, 105 1/2; July, 102 bid. Corn—Contract, 81. The closing was inactive and higher; spot and April, 81.

Ohio—No. 2 white, 60c; standard white, 62 1/2-63 1/2; No. 3 white, 61 1/2-62; light and medium weight white oats are bringing a premium over the heavier weights. Butter—Creamery, fancy, 33 1/2-34; creamery, choice, 32-32 1/2; creamery, good, 30-31; creamery, imitation, 26; creamery, prints, 23-25. Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 22c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 20c; Western firsts, 20; West Virginia firsts, 20; Southern firsts, 19; guinea eggs, 9-10; duck eggs, 23. Live Poultry—Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 16-16 1/2; do, small to medium, 16-16 1/2; winter, 2 lbs. and under, 22-25; old roosters, 9; spring, 16-14 lbs., 35-38. Ducks—White Pekings, 16c; Muscovy, 14-15; puddle, 14-15. Pigeons, per pair—Young, 25-30c; old, 25-30. Guinea fowl, each, 25c.

## Live Stock

CHICAGO.—Cattle—Market strong to 10c higher for heaves, but cows and heifers weak. Beaves, \$5.50-8.70; Texas steers, \$4.70-6; Western steers, \$5.50-7; stokers and feeders, \$4.20-6.60; cows and heifers, \$2.60-6.90; calves, \$5-8.35. Hogs—Market slow, but generally 5c under last night. Light, \$7.30-7.70; mixed, \$7.40-7.75; heavy, \$7.40-7.80; rough, \$7.40-7.55; pigs, \$4.80-7.15; bulk of sales, \$7.50-7.75. Sheep—Market weak, 10 to 15c lower. Native, \$4.25-6.25; Western, \$4.40-6.85; yearlings, \$5.90-7; lambs, native, \$5.50-7.75; Western, \$6-8.10.

NEW YORK.—Beaves—Dressed beef steady, 9 to 12 1/2c. Exports none. Calves—Receipts, 831 head. Market full steady. Veals, \$7.10; culls, \$5-6; buttermilks, \$5. Sheep and Lambs—Unshorn sheep, \$4.50-6; clipped culls, \$2.25-3; unshorn lambs, \$6.50-8.60; unshorn culls, \$5.50-6.20; clipped lambs, \$5.50-7.25.

PITTSBURGH.—Cattle steady, supply light. Choice, \$7.25-8.10; prime, \$7.70.