

The Centre Democrat.



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The Centre Democrat.

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Editorial.

Who killed the poor house? Pennsylvania came in solid against it.

BOB PATTERSON run once too often. We are sorry, but he should have known better.

WILL Bellefonte have an investigation of the Overseer of the Poor department. We believe it needs it.

CONGRESS has a few more days to remain in session, and when it disbands the country will take a breathing spell.

EDMUND A. BIGLER, of Clearfield, was recently appointed Internal Revenue collector for the 23rd. district. Clearfield has been faring well of late in the line of federal appointments.

It is simply amazing the amount of bills offered in the legislature to get at the State revenues. There are enough now, if only one-half were passed, the State would soon be bankrupt. It seems as though every member wanted a slice.

GOVERNOR HASTINGS took occasion Tuesday to warn the legislature that the state treasury cannot stand the extraordinary draft which will be made on it should all the bills increasing salaries, creating new offices and enlarging appropriations to state institutions become laws.

THE inquisitorial income tax collector is at work just now. Men who have an income of more than \$1,000 are expected to contribute a small portion of the same annually to pay the soldier and widow pensioners. It may annoy some, but it helps many a needy veteran. This democratic scheme is not so bad after all.

THE inflated schemers from the South and West, both republicans and democrats, could not force through cheap money legislation, during the last session of congress. The country is to be congratulated that we have a man with the honesty and firmness of a Cleveland at the White House to preserve the nation's credit.

ELECTION OFFICERS PAY.

The election boards of the North and South Wards of Bellefonte refused to accept the customary salary of \$1.50 per day, claiming that as they worked until after midnight they were entitled to two days pay. The commissioners refused their demand. We understand that they have engaged counsel and will test their claim in court.

In refusing this claim, the commissioners acted in accordance with custom and upon the advice of the County Solicitor, D. F. Fortney, Esq. Mr. Fortney informed the writer that the opinions of many Common Pleas Courts sustain him, and that they are simply carrying out their instructions. If these two boards are entitled to additional pay, under the law, the county commissions will be found willing and ready to accede to any just demand; and under the circumstances they are not deserving of censure.

The abusive article that appeared in the *Daily News* recently, and very likely written or directed by an election official, shows that his gentlemanly instincts are somewhat blunted and his side of the story was greatly weakened by use of such invectives, because others have an honest difference with him.

It is generally claimed that these election boards loitered about in their work, with the purpose of continuing in session until after midnight. They are accused of this; true or not, we can not say. But such things frequently occur.

The result of this case will be watched with much interest, as it will establish a precedent for others.

Cheering News for James Kerr.

Clerk of the House Kerr, of Clearfield, received two pieces of news Tuesday that made him feel very proud as a father. One was that his son Fred had been appointed a cadet at West Point by Congressman Kribbs. The other was that his son Albert, now a student at Yale, had been chosen one of the editors of the college monthly after a hot contest. Fred Kerr is captain of the high school cadets, a crack military organization of Washington city.

FOR SOCIETY SNOBS.

FARAWAY MOSES ON WARD McALLISTER.

A Ringing Rebuke to the Worthless, Useless, Thoughtless drones of Society.—Snoobs in every community.

A few weeks ago Ward McAllister, the famous leader and dictator of New York's most fashionable society, was called to his reward. He was a noted man, for in him was vested the authority to select who should and should not be among the "best set." Before this man the snobs of society worshipped to gain an entrance to the "select few" or more properly the exclusive "400." In last week's issue of the *Grit*, Faraway Moses pays his compliments to the memory of Ward McAllister and the society snobs with which every community to a certain degree is infested, and from which we make the following extracts:

A few days ago society was shocked to the extent of 399 on learning of the death of that noted cad, Ward McAllister. The whole world was shocked on hearing of the event, but not enough so's you could notice it. Had his death occurred in corn cutting time, the corn crop would have been shocked—(!!!!)

His death should be a warning to society people that they can't fool with the fool-killer all the time without finally getting the mortal starch squeezed out of them.

Ward was a very useful man on earth, but of what use he will be in the next world is more than I can guess. Society up in the New Jerusalem is not composed of silk, satin and smirks, nor of gall, glitter and gush, so Ward will be compelled to seek a calm retreat for his select 400 in another place, where we sincerely hope they will soon meet with their great leader, and go simpering through all eternity with him.

Now, I wonder if there would be a chance for an old duck like me to get the vacant chair left empty by poor Ward? I believe I could soon become a leader of society, as I have led milk cows to pasture, and mules to water and never had any trouble at all, and I believe I could lead these society cattle into new pastures, as I am sort of a cattle myself, in the singular number nominative case, according to rule 89 in McSquirkum's new grammar, to wit: cow, singular; oxen, plural; cattle plural; cow-boy rural; Jackass-to-be-sure-al, etc., etc.

And then, on several occasions, society has had serious notions of following me with a gun and piece of inch rope; but their minds being quite leaky, they lost the idea and went back to their usual habit of chewing gum and rolling up their "pawnts" when the sprinkling "cawnt" is abroad in London.

If I was the leader of New York society I would lead them down through poor quarters where the tenement hells are, and the sweat-shop, death-breeding, moral-destroying, God-forsaken, toll-killing inquisition of man's inhumanity to man, in full blast; and I would tell them and show them where most of their, boasted income came from.

And I would load each one of them by putting a poor consumptive or scrofulous-eaten victim on their back, and then lead them back to their gilded churches, and parade them before God with the victims of their greed upon their sinful shoulders.

Of course I couldn't appreciate all their exquisite and rare flowers with the same aesthetic taste of an old society fraudsman, but I could tell them more about the people who wear patches on their clothes, more about the wrongs of these people, more about their trials, sufferings, outrages, their joys and sorrows, hopes and dreams, than they ever heard of before.

I would take them from their overheated and artificial-smelling ball rooms, where the women appeal to the sensual nature of man with their bare shoulders and naked busts, and lead them out into the sweet smelling country where the birds are singing, the flowers blooming, the barn yard cock crowing, the cow bell tinkling on a thousand hills, the bees humming on every flower, and the jolly farmer following the plow or cultivator until he passes over the gentle brow of the nearest hill, and the two moon-sized patches on his rear horizon passing out of sight in that pathetic manner mentioned in scripture, where the doves went forth from the ark and were lost in the mist which still hung over a drowned world; and I would convince them that God made the country, while the devil and the real estate dealers built up the city on sham.

But we ought to thank God that there are only 400 in each city who consider themselves too inhuman to belong to the general herd of God's creatures, and that the fool-killer's arm has not grown weary in well-doing, and will ultimately knock the mortal duodenum out of the whole mob, and return them back to the nothingness they were before nature called them into existence without giving them any gray matter in their spoon full of brains.

But it is a sad and lamentable fact that we find symptoms of the sacred 400 in almost every little town and village. Sometimes this symptom amounts to only one or two families, according to the size and wealth of the place. Sometimes the symptoms run out into the farming districts, and the farmer who lives on sandy soil imagine that he is a great deal more human than his neighbor who lives on clay soil, and, therefore, feels himself socially above his poor clay soil neighbor, and wouldn't let his daughter marry a clay soil son, unless that clay soil boy accidentally fell heir to quite a gob of boodle through the death of a relative who was raised on sandy soil potatoes.

But it's something great to be a leader in society. Why good lands of brass knobs on a horned toad, I have seen wives and mothers neglect their families for the mere sake of following along at the tail end of society, and getting a chance to talk scandal with the banker's wife, or the daughters of the men who accumulated a fortune through usury and fraud.

Ward McAllister must have been raised on the richest sandy soil, for I never heard of any other prominent virtue in his character, or merit in his soul, to boost him up so high in the empty estimation of his brainless followers. He certainly had no clay stain on his character, or it would have been discovered at some unlucky moment, and the poor man pulled down from his high pedestal and trampled under the iron heel of brainless aristocracy.

Still, I have an aching desire to take Ward McAllister's place at the head of New York's 399 lost sheep, just to experience how it feels to acquire gall enough to set one up in his own estimation as one better than the balance of God's two-legged creatures. Seems to me I would die with an overdose of bile in less than two weeks, as I have always been awfully bilious ever since I got it into my head that I am just as good as any other man fed on clay soil potatoes. I haven't had the courage to equal myself with sandy soil people, because I get scared when I get the least extra glob of bile and call in a doctor.

And the experience in the next world of a society leader must be exciting. It must require a very gally soul to go up to the gates of paradise and face St. Peter, without a single deed of charity or stroke of labor to elevate the lonely and weak of this cruel corner of a cold cheerless world to its credit. It must take a whole soul full of immortal gall to stand before St. Peter and confess that his whole life has been squandered in sensual pleasure—in eating, drinking, dancing, dressing and gossiping, and living on the toll of those whom political power has placed within the cruel hands of the rich and arrogant.

Ah, good lands of cheek on the face of a brass clock, it must take an awful gob of gall for a society leader, or even a society follower, to put on the pious look of a church member and pretend to follow in the footsteps of one who was born in a stable and never wore a diamond pin or a dress coat, nor lived off the rental of tumble down tenement hells or gilded saloons.

It must take gall to squander brain and muscle, and life, and opportunity to do good in a world of misery—to despise the honest hand of toil and the noble heart of domesticity—to live the vain life of animal sensuality and uselessness, and pose as the especially favored of a great and just God, and then lay down and die without having produced one single iota of that which feeds and clothes hungry humanity.

Such a man has died and gone back to ashes, having done less to benefit his race than the ignorant and illiterate inhabitant of Terra del Fuego, who earned his own subsistence by fishing for crabs on the bleak shores of his barren island home, and ate his grandmother when she became too old to eat tough clam.

And yet men will sigh to take his place, and his imitators will teach their children to ape after his teachings, and our wise (?) statesman, and even our president, will feel honored to receive an invitation to attend a ball given by these worthless, useless, thoughtless drones, while the real bone and sinew, soul and mind of the republic are tolling in the shops, mines and fields to support the fashionable corruption.

FARAWAY MOSES.

DEATH OF PHILIP COLLINS.

On last Saturday evening the venerable Philip Collins died at his home in Ebensburg, Pa., after an extended illness with rheumatism and kidney affection. About a week previous his brother Thomas Collins, of Bellefonte, received a telegram, summoning him to Ebensburg at once where he went and remained by the bedside of his brother until the end came.

As Mr. Collins was a prominent man and identified with important enterprises in this section of the state, the following brief sketch of his interesting life is given:

Philip Collins was born in Cambria county and was one of a large family, being survived by two brothers, Thomas, of this place, and Peter, of Philadelphia, and three sisters, Mrs. Ellen Shoemaker and Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Collins of this place. Early in life in company with his brother Thomas, under the name of Collins Bros., he launched forth as a railroad contractor and has built more roads than perhaps any other man living. The firm's first contract was on the old Portage road in Cambria county, and since that time they have built and helped to build the Pennsylvania lines, the West Penn, the Southern Pennsylvania, the Beech Creek, Bellefonte Central, Lewisburg and Tyrone many miles for the Lehigh Valley, and minor roads. The celebrated Sand Patch tunnel, near Cumberland, was one of their greatest and most successful undertakings, many contractors having previously lost fortunes in their attempts to build it. About six years ago they undertook the contract of building the great Brazilian railroad and, owing to the failure of the Government to supply the money, the scheme collapsed and both Philip and Thomas Collins lost their fortune in the enterprise. But they were full of pluck and enterprise and at once went to work with a will and succeeded in accumulating a second fortune almost equal to the first.

Mr. Collins was one of the projectors and founders of the Philadelphia Times, he having, in company with Col. A. K. McClure and Frank McLaughlin, started that paper, and also continued as a stockholder in the company up to within a few years ago.

In politics he was staunchly democratic, always adhearing and supporting the party of his faith, but never asking favors nor accepting public office. Mr. Collins was twice married, his first wife being a daughter of Judge Newman, of Cambria county, and his second wife, to whom he was united about six years ago, a Miss Scammon. He is survived only by his second wife and brothers and sisters.

The interment occurred at Ebensburg, Pa., on Tuesday morning, at 10 a. m. He was a faithful and consistent member of the Catholic church. His age was about 74 years.

Case of Apoplexy.

Mrs. Stover, an aged widow, had a stroke of apoplexy, Thursday morning, Feb. 21, at the home of her son-in-law, H. A. Kaufman, near Centre Hall. Seemingly well she ate her breakfast, left the table and walked to the window and dropped over unconscious. She lingered until evening when death relieved her.

Her home is at Zion, Pa., where her husband Joseph Stover, died some years ago. She was about 70 years of age. Three children survive her: Isaac, Zion, Pa.; Noah J., Bonaccord, Ks.; and Mrs. Kaufman, Centre Hall. The interment occurred on Monday at Zion.

Woman's Paradise.

A woman's paradise exists in the Indian ocean. The tiny island of Minicoy, midway between the Maldives and Laccadive group, is entirely under feminine rule, the men humbly taking the second place on every occasion. The woman is the head both of the government and of the home, and when she marries her husband takes her name and hands over all his earnings throughout his married life. Silk gowns are the universal wear, the upper classes donning red silk and earrings, while the lower ten appear in dark striped silk of coarser quality.

For Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Congressmen Sickles of New York, has introduced a bill in the house providing that military organizations furnished by Pennsylvania under the President's call of June 15, 1863, which rendered actual military service, shall be considered to have formed of the military establishment of the United States. The secretary of war is authorized to issue certificates of discharge for all honorably discharged members of the organizations referred to, but no person is to receive any pay, pension bounty or other allowances by reason of this act.

SHOULD INVESTIGATE.

THE POOR DEPARTMENT IN BAD SHAPE.

Let the Boro Auditors Audit as they should—An Investigation Needed—McClure's Political Anxiety.

The election is over and it is well to reflect upon some of the results and causes that led thereto. In Bellefonte we had an unusually interesting contest, and none more striking than that for Overseer of the Poor.

For years the Overseer of the Poor department, in Bellefonte, has justly been the object of grave suspicion. When candidates would spend large sums of money to corrupt the vote it was evident that that department was worth seeking for—something in it. While for years past this department has been notoriously rotten to the core, yet no one has succeeded in fastening any guilt upon the officials by legal proceedings. They have always been cunning enough to cover over their work. At the same time we have a known indebtedness in this department of about \$8,000, and the community can look for a surprise when the outstanding orders are brought in and the real amount is made known.

When James McClure became a candidate for re-election, some of the more thoughtful people in the republican party took council. For the good of the community they thought a change would be desirable. McClure became desperate; his beneficiaries were aroused, an advertisement was inserted by him, in the papers, offering 300 loaves of bread, on the Saturday of the republican primaries, to the poor. This buying of votes by the use of public funds so disgusted the public that he was defeated for nomination by his party.

At the election, McClure became exceedingly active to defeat Ed. Chambers, the republican candidate for Auditor, and H. H. Harshberger for Overseer of Poor, and he succeeded. These men expressed a desire to be elected to the offices of Auditor and Overseer for the purpose of investigating that department. They now claim that they were defeated for that very reason. They attribute the defeat as follows: McClure induced nearly every pauper or beneficiary, and there are 100 in the borough to vote against Harshberger and Chambers to prevent an investigation. It is known that many republican merchants, and democrats as well, joined with McClure for the same reason. They have accepted McClure's orders and don't want too much light turned on. For days and nights McClure worked to avoid the election of these two men. There certainly must have been some object in it.

The fact that Isaac Miller, the other overseer, and who enjoys the reputation of being honest and upright, stoutly opposed McClure's election was sufficient to cause suspicion. The above comments were given to the writer by a prominent republican of Bellefonte, as his reason why the public should, at this time, demand a thorough and complete investigation of the Overseer of the Poor Department.

There is no question but that the people look upon McClure's administration with much suspicion. Mr. McClure knows that well enough, and if he can stand such an investigation, he, before all, should invite it, so that he may enjoy the confidence of the public in the future. If his conduct will not bear inspection, he naturally would oppose it. Some one will say, we have a Board of Auditors for that purpose, but the fact is they seldom audit. So often they are simply men of clerical ability, who will only add up a row of figures and strike a balance—too often they simply do clerical work instead of auditing. An Auditor should examine into every account—Inquire after, investigate; see that the vast expenditures of that department are made according to law. That is what we need. That is what the present Board of Auditors should do. Employ able council to assist them, and the taxpayers of this community will heartily endorse them.

Do they have the courage to act? It remains to be seen.

Mr. Hepburn the newly elected democratic official should insist upon such a course so that the people may know the exact condition of things when he begins. Otherwise the wrongs of a predecessor might be loaded upon his shoulders.

Let there be a clearing up of the poor department.

—"Charley's Aunt" is a sure cure for the blues, if you go to the opera house on Saturday evening.

THE MUCH-VILIFIED.

The popular pastime of republican organs of late has been in turning their attention to abuse of President Cleveland. There is nothing too mean or contemptible; but towering high above these party spitlicks, an occasional independent republican paper has the courage to speak the truth. We take the following from a recent issue of *Harpers Weekly*:

"Republican speakers and republican newspapers have long been in the habit of emptying on Mr. Cleveland's head all the vials of their wrath and ridicule. They have denounced and vilified and lampooned him without measure or mercy. To believe them, he must be one of the most contemptible Presidents we ever had. Now, we do not by any means belong to Mr. Cleveland's blind admirers. He has done things that we have found fault with, and not done things that we think he ought to have done. But in contemplating the exhibition Mr. Reed, one of the bitterest scoffers, has made of himself, we remember that the time when the last Presidential election was approaching it was generally thought Mr. Cleveland could easily obtain the democratic nomination for the Presidency if he would only do something to conciliate the very powerful silver sentiment in his own party. He was told so by influential democratic politicians every hour in the day. What did he do? At the critical period a mass-meeting was held in this city to protest against silver inflation, and Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter to that meeting in which he unequivocally, defiantly pronounced for sound money. He virtually, took the nomination for the Presidency out of his pocket and shook it in the face of his party, saying, 'You can do with this thing what you please, but here are my views of the public interest, from which I shall not budge.' And he was nominated and elected. And ever since, when the country is in peril of financial collapse and disgrace, it turns to the much-vilified Cleveland with absolute confidence that he will exert his utmost power to save it; and that confidence is always justified no matter whether he has any party support or not, or whether Congress is for or against him."

A Middle Penitentiary.

A bill was introduced in the legislature on Monday by Mr. Page, of Dauphin county, to create a middle penitentiary district including the counties of Potter, Tioga, Bradford, Sullivan, Lycoming, Northumberland, Columbia, Montour, Fulton, Bedford, Cumberland, Franklin, Adams, Somerset, Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Union, Lebanon, Perry, Juniata, Mifflin, Clearfield, Clinton and Centre. The penitentiary to be located at or near the city of Harrisburg. The bill provides for the appointment of a commission to select a site, and appropriate \$100,000 for the purchase of the same, etc.

Fine Stock.

On Thursday March 21st, Mr. Adam Yearick, of Jacksonville, will offer his farm stock at public sale. Among his stock are two Jersey bulls, well bred and six milch cows crossed with Jersey stock and are considered the best to be had. He says there is no better or more profitable stock.

GREATEST SALE OF FINE FOOTWEAR

This is a chance of a lifetime to buy

Good Shoes

Poor Shoe Prices!

These goods are of STANDARD MAKES and in the height of Fashion; Prices cut to one-half their value at

Mingle's Store.