

Short Tales of Big People

Henry W. Taft's Adroitness - Governor Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota.

Gompers and Cannon. J. Adam Bede Met His Match as a Punster. Thomas L. Lewis.

HENRY W. TAFT, younger brother of Secretary Taft and a leading member of the bar of New York city, is a tall, broad shouldered man, with deep chest and fine figure, but none of the leaning toward avoirdupois of the famous cabinet member. At the Chicago convention he was usually surrounded by a crowd of men who seemed to think him a good person to cultivate. One day he was introduced to a delegate who apparently did not exactly apprehend his identity.



HENRY W. TAFT.

"Whom are you for?" asked the new acquaintance.

"I'm for the winner," answered Mr. Taft, smiling and adroitly sidestepping.

"Why don't you come out openly for Taft?" asked the questioner.

"Well, didn't I?" was the response. And then a friend of the questioner "put him on."

William Dean Howells' daughter when a very little girl made a childish literary venture in the form of a book of verses. The lines were copied out in a round, unformed schoolgirl hand and the sheets sewed together, a labor of weeks. The volume was put on sale at a church fair. The day after the fair the little girl sought her father to tell her experience with heartbreaking sobs. She had stood all the day watching the book. A few had glanced at it, but no one had bought it. Mr. Howells soothed her.

"My dear," said the distinguished novelist compassionately, "you are becoming acquainted too early with the woes of authorship."

In the talk about candidates for the vice presidency on the Democratic ticket the name of Henry Watterson of Kentucky has been suggested. But "Marse Henry" is a pessimist on the subject of his own qualifications for this post, for when the Omaha Bee asked, "What is the matter with Bryan and Watterson for the Denver ticket?" Colonel Watterson's paper, the Louisville Courier-Journal, replied:

"Nothing except that he doesn't want it and that nobody wants him and that because he wore a gray jacket his nomination would defeat the ticket and at the same time disgrace him by giving the lie to his profession of disinterestedness."

On the subject of Prohibition in the south the colonel is also pessimistic since he heard the returns from the primaries in Georgia, which showed a little reaction against "dry" legislation Mr. Watterson's paper remarks:

"The new south," says the Washington Star, "turns its back upon the toddy and the julep." True, alas, too true! In Georgia they are drinking straight from the jug at present."

As president of the United Mine Workers of America, successor to John Mitchell, Thomas L. Lewis is waging war against child labor in the mines, and he knows what he is talking about. He went to work in the coal mines himself at the tender age of seven. Ambition to mount higher than the average digger of coal caused him to obtain an education, and he got it in the face of big obstacles, mostly by study at night. He went to night school while other boys of his age were playing, and from his small wage he saved \$105, with which he obtained seven months' instruction in the National university at Lebanon, O. Thus meagerly equipped, Lewis began reading law. His friends seldom heard him talk about his "mission" or ambition, but the ambition existed to such an extent that he has never been content to remain at a stationary level.



THOMAS L. LEWIS.

Lewis neither drinks, uses tobacco nor swears. His honesty in official positions with the United Mine Workers has never been questioned. He is of Welsh parentage. His father was Thomas John Lewis, who before he came to this country to work in the mines was a miner in the Dawlads district, in south Wales. His mother was Mary Jones, also Welsh. The elder Lewis on coming to this country began working in the anthracite region in Northumberland county, Pa., and there knew John Siney and other pioneers in the labor movement. Into the Lewis family came fourteen children, well balanced, seven boys and seven girls. Tom was born in Northumberland county in 1865. Starting as a breaker boy, he worked up to be mule driver, track layer and pick miner. He early

became prominent as an organizer of mine workers and in 1900 was chosen vice president of the body which he now heads.

Governor Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota, who has defeated Senator Kittredge in the primary elections in his state to determine who shall be chosen to the United States senate by the legislature, figured in the contest at Chicago over the adoption of the Republican platform, being on the resolutions committee. The governor is the sixth executive of his state and was born at Volney, Ia., in 1858. He graduated from the law department of the University of Iowa in 1882 and the next year removed to Pierre, S. D., which is still his home. He was successively a state attorney, member of the lower house of the legislature, state senator and attorney general. In 1906 he was elected governor.

On a platform declaring for a primary elections law and regulation of corporations. Under his initiative the legislature of 1907 passed a primary law, anti-lobby law, anti-pass law and several other acts affecting railways.

With two big political conventions on his hands it has been a busy time for President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. He has been fighting to get as much as possible in the interest of members of his organization from the platform builders at both Chicago and Denver. At the former city he went up against Uncle Joe Cannon, who, though usually good natured, can get swearing mad when anybody essays to lay down the law to him.

Though head of a big organization, Mr. Gompers is not imposing in physique.



UNCLE JOE CANNON IN ACTION AGAINST GOMPER'S. SAM GOMPER'S WITH HIS PLEASANT EXPRESSION.

On one time at a gathering of reformers and philanthropists in New York a delegate asked to have Mr. Gompers pointed out to him, and the request was complied with. He looked at the small, sturdily built man indicated and said:

"That Mr. Gompers! Surely you're mistaken. I thought he would be six feet high."

"Yes," said his informant, "and that man sitting beside him is Senator Clark of Montana, the man of millions." Senator Clark is smaller than Mr. Gompers, and the visitor nearly

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collapsed. When he had talked to both Mr. Gompers and Senator Clark he admitted that size didn't mean much when it came to brains.

J. Adam Bede, humorist of congress, met his match at the Republican convention at Chicago in the person of Cy De Vry, custodian of the things that walk and crawl and fly and creep in Lincoln park. Cy wandered into a leading hotel and mixed in with a few genial souls who love him for his prowess in his old field of endeavor. He was telling a story about the zoo hyenas when Mr. Bede drifted up and was introduced.



J. ADAM BEDE.

"First," said Cy, "we'll have to understand that a hyena is the meanest thing that grows—meaner 'n a chicken hawk, meaner 'n a smartweed, meaner 'n—well, a hyena is so blame mean that we don't even give him a name. Just call him the 'hy' and let it go at that. Well, on the day I was speaking of—"

Here the irrepressible J. Adam Bede seized his chance. Why should any one be talking of hyenas on a day when the elephant was supposed to have the center of the stage?

"Excuse me, Mr. De Vry," broke in the congressman, "but, as an expert in animal matters, can you tell me why the pachy derms?"

Cy caught his breath, blinked, gulped twice, then, quick as a flash, shot this back:

"For the same reason, as every one ought to know, that the elephants."

Then it was Mr. Bede's turn to blink, and he did so copiously.

The Only Way He Could Help.

Justice Matthews, while presiding over the supreme court at Washington, took the several justices of the court for a run down Chesapeake bay. A stiff wind sprang up, and Justice Gray was getting decidedly the worst of it. As he leaned over the rail in great distress Chief Justice Matthews touched him on the shoulder and said in a tone of deepest sympathy, "Is there anything I can do for you, Gray?"

"No, thank you," returned the sick justice, "unless your honor can overrule this motion."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Eating House Language.

It takes the frequenter of New York's cheap restaurants quite awhile to become familiar with the language in which his orders for edibles are transmitted to the cook. He soon learns that "Beef and" means beef and beans and that "Ham and" refers to ham with the same nutritious vegetable.

Before long he grasps the fact that "Draw one" is an order for coffee; "Draw one in the dark" meaning black coffee; that "Brown the wheats" is the correct command for buckwheat cakes, and that "Hush in the steamer" is the open sesame to the supply of corned beef hash.

Perhaps you may know eggs, fried on one side, are ordered in Bowery eating houses as "White wings, sunny side up!" Recently a visitor ordered fried eggs and gasped half a minute before he could answer the darky waiter's polite query: "Yes, sir. Will yo' hab dem blind or lookin' at yo'?"

Poe's Fame.

Many years ago an admirer of Edgar Allan Poe boarded the stage to drive to Fordham, then a suburb of New York city, where, in a small cottage, Poe wrote many of his famous tales.

"Why are you so anxious to go to Fordham?" asked the stage driver.

"Because Poe lived there."

"Poe wouldn't ha' been much thought of if he'd only lived at Fordham. It wasn't on that account he's famous. It was on account of them there poems and tales."

Restores Life

Professor Poe's Artificial Respirator Which Prevents Death In Cases of Drowning and Asphyxiation. Recent Experiments on Dogs, Rabbits and Human Beings.

THE possibilities in the machine known as the artificial respirator, invented by Professor George Poe of Virginia, are almost boundless. At any rate, it is difficult to say what seeming miracles might not be wrought by its use. While its inventor does not claim for it the powers of Gabriel's trumpet in the awakening of the dead, he does maintain that it is possible through its timely use to resurrect people who but for its aid would never again show life. In other words, where there is suspended animation that ordinarily would end in death the restoration of normal breathing through the application of the respirator brings the person who has apparently lost life back to activity and usefulness. Many successful tests have been made with the respirator on animals, and it has now been used in several instances where human life was in jeopardy. It has even been applied for the purpose of promoting respiration in cases of premature birth where the infants came into the world asphyxiated, or born dead, as would ordinarily be said. One such baby, which had no life seemingly when the doctors first saw it, was alive and kicking after the respirator had been applied to its lips for a time. The mother's life was in jeopardy, too, but she and the child are both doing well now—in fact, the latter has developed into a fine, healthy youngster.

Although Professor Poe makes no miraculous pretensions, he is sometimes asked to perform acts which could be done, though indeed probably him a miracle worker. For instance, a little eight-year-old girl, daughter of a Virginia miner, wrote him preferring the request that he bring back to life her baby brother, who had been dead six months. She had read of his raising the dead by a "machine" and thought he would take pity on her mamma and herself. "Mamma has \$150 we made by picking berries and her washing," she wrote, "and you can have it all if you will only help us. I know you must charge much more for doing such a wonderful thing, but that is all the money we have."



RESUSCITATING AN ASPHYXIATED RABBIT.

At a test given in New York before a branch of the Red Cross society recently Dr. William Harrison and J. P. Jackson "killed" a dog and then brought him back to life by the use of the respirator. The audience watched the convulsive twitching of the dog's muscles as he was slowly deprived of air, and every person present leaned forward eagerly when one of Dr. Harrison's assistants lifted the limp body in the air to show the watchers that no sign of life remained.

A physician in the audience accepted an invitation to examine the animal and declared that, while there was life yet in the body, the dog would die without the aid of artificial respiration. Then the machine was attached to the dog's mouth again and oxygen pumped in. The chest began to heave, a little more working of the handles and the dog kicked once or twice feebly, and in about ten minutes staggered to its feet, tottered as though suffering from a drug and finally ran away. In another experiment upon Socrates, a pet rabbit from the Poe farm, Dr. Harrison administered to the animal two grains of morphine, enough to kill a man, and after that four ounces of ether. The machine was applied, and after three minutes the effects of the poison and anaesthetic were drawn off, and Socrates jumped from the table and hopped away.

A humorous experiment in restoring a drunken man to his senses by drawing the alcohol from his system suggests the idea that it might be a good thing if wives whose husbands occasionally take too much would supply themselves with the machine and use it at the proper times in place of the time honored curtain lecture.

This might prove a more popular method with the neighbors than the more noisy way of domestic reform.

The respirator is a combination of suction and pump and alternately exhausts the foul air in the lungs of a person or animal nearly dead and pumps in fresh air or oxygen. Professor Poe, who is now blind and a paralytic, but who was for many years a government chemist, conceived the idea of the apparatus when he saw a relative suddenly revive within two hours of the time set for his burial. He worked for thirty years on his invention before perfecting it.

What He Needed.

Chauncey Olcott once visited the wishing well at Kilarney with two plain, elderly spinsters. Beside the well sat an old woman, who looked up into Mr. Olcott's face and asked:

"'Phwat are you wishin' for?"

"What do you think I wish for?" he good naturedly inquired.

"Och, for a beautiful young swateheart, of course."

He pointed to the two spinsters, who stood at a little distance.

"Don't you see I have two with me?"

"Ah, thin, it's the grace o' God you're wishin' for."

A Good Reason.

The late King Oscar of Sweden once took part in a discussion when traveling incognito in the smoking room of a Wiesbaden hotel. A Republican took the floor and felt that he had convinced everybody except a certain white bearded old gentleman sitting at an adjacent table. He turned upon him. "You don't seem convinced by my arguments, sir," he said. "Perhaps you are a Monarchist."

The white bearded old gentleman admitted that he was.

"Then, sir, would you mind giving your reasons for preferring a monarchical form of government?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, who was none other than Oscar II. "The first and foremost reason is that I am myself a king."

Systematic Abbreviation.

"There's the laziest man who ever signed a hotel register," remarked the hotel clerk.

"It's a drummer, and his name is Samuel Parker Sedgewick Elliott. Ten years ago he used to sign his full name in a very deliberate and careful manner, using considerable flourish. Then he began to abbreviate it slightly, like this:

"Samuel P. S. Elliott."

"Then I noticed on the register 'Sam'l P. S. Elliott.'"

"The following trip disclosed a further slight elision, 'S. P. S. Elliott.'"

"Coming in one night rather late, he took the proffered pen and wrote 'Sam Elliott.'"

"On his arrival here last week I saw he had the habit incurably. Here is what he scrawled: 'S. Elliot.'"

The Champion Ham Eater.

Bandmaster Sousa says a southern negro is responsible for the following story:

"Down on our farm we've got a man named Jim. Jim's de champion ham eater of all de country roun'. Unc' Henry hed ch'arge o' de fahm, an' when Unc' Henry tol' any of us to do anythin' we jus' done it, 'cause we had confidence in him.

"Folks come 'om all de country roun' jus' to see Jim eat ham, fo' de way he could tuck ham away was amazin'.

Jim set by de fence one day a-eatin' one ham after another like ez ef dey was cakes or biscuits! 'Twas ez easy to him as pickin' teeth. He'd got down eight hams an' de ninth was a-follerin'.

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