



## Shifting Scenes In Politics

**A**FTER the 4th of March next there will be considerable shifting of the scenes in the world of politics, even though not as much as if the recent election had resulted in a change in the administration from the Republican to the Democratic party. Some of the veteran politicians will retire, some will change places, some new men will come to the front. Curious situations have been created, too, by the results in some of the states, such as Indiana, where a Democratic governor and legislature were elected, though the electoral vote of the state will be cast for Taft, and Missouri, where the Democratic majority in the next legislature probably means the choice of William J. Stone, Democrat, as senator despite the fact that Taft carried the state and Herbert S. Hadley, Republican, won the governorship away from ex-Congressman Cowherd, Democrat.

There is much interest among aspirants for cabinet and diplomatic honors under President Elect Taft in the question of what Elihu Root, secretary of state, is going to do. It is understood that Judge Taft would be pleased if Mr. Root would continue in his present post. If he decides to retire to private life and resume the lucrative legal practice he gave up to become Mr. Roosevelt's secretary of state it may be that Dr. David Jayne Hill will take the vacant post. There



DAVID JAYNE HILL.

In talk of both Dr. Hill and Secretary Root in connection with Thomas C. Platt's seat in the senate, which will be filled by the legislature chosen at the recent election. If Mr. Root retires or is chosen senator Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, so political gossip says, may become the next head of the state department. In that event it is probable that Vice President Fairbanks will take Mr. Reid's place as ambassador at the court of St. James. It is said that he covets this honor and that the president elect would be very glad to give it to him.

The record made by Dr. Hill in the various posts abroad to which he has been assigned under recent administrations has won him an exceptionally high reputation as a diplomat, a scholar and an authority on international law. His present post of ambassador to Germany is one in which he has thus far given much satisfaction despite the rather embarrassing incidents that occurred in connection with the retirement of his predecessor, Mr. Tower.

William Joel Stone, ex-governor and present United States senator from Missouri and probable choice of the legislature to succeed himself, is a shrewd politician and a great fighter. As leader of what is known as the "Stone faction" he has bobbed up serenely time and again when the so-called "reform faction" thought they had him buried deep and out of the way for good.

Despite the almost gnited opposition of the entire Missouri press Stone has battled successfully against such odds as would make a weaker man throw up his hands.

Even shortly prior to his election in 1902 to the governorship Stone was thought to have been relegated to the rear, and so again in 1902 when he was elected to the senate to succeed George Graham Vest, which term of service will expire March 3, 1909.

Senator Stone is a graduate of Missouri university, which institution conferred on him the degree of LL. D. He is a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar in 1869, and was vice chairman of the Democratic national committee, 1900-4.

When chief executive of the Iron Mountain State it was his usual custom to leave the executive mansion in Jefferson City for the capitol building by passing out the back way.

One of the most notable surprises of the recent elections was the victory of Herbert S. Hadley, Republican, elect-

ed governor of Missouri by a comfortable plurality over his Democratic opponent, William S. Cowherd. Mr. Hadley is the first governor of the Iron Mountain State elected on a straight Republican ticket since 1869, when Joseph W. McClurg gained the office. B. Gratz Brown and Silas Woodson in 1871 and 1873 respectively were elected on what was known as the "Liberal Republican and Democratic" ticket.

As attorney general of Missouri Mr. Hadley distinguished himself and was a national figure during the Standard Oil hearing conducted in New York in the effort to oust the alleged combination of oil interests from the state, he represented.

After one day's hearing H. H. Rogers, who was forced on the stand following much diligent pursuit in the effort to serve a summons, took the reporters into his confidence and informed them that the whole inquiry was for a political purpose, its object being to make Attorney General Hadley governor of Missouri.

Personally Herbert S. Hadley is an undersized man, thin, with the appearance of being undernourished. He was born at Olathe, Kan., of Scotch ancestry, on Feb. 20, 1872.

### Salt Lakes.

The Great Salt lake is gradually drying up, and the inhabitants of Salt Lake City seem quite surprised. They ought not to be. All salt lakes owe their salinity to the fact of their having no outlet, and a lake without an outlet is a dying lake.

Nor is death usually long delayed, speaking geologically. Lakes Koko Nor and Lob Nor were undoubtedly extensive inland seas not so very many decades ago, yet Sven Hedin found them reduced to mere acrid puddles set in the midst of well high limitless salt deserts that once were their beds.

The terrible Taklamakan desert, too, in which Hedin nearly died of thirst, was once the bed of just such a lake. So also were the salt deserts of Persia. Northern Tibet is studded with salt lakes in process of desiccation. The Aral and the Caspian seas were at one time far more extensive than is now the case, proving that they, too, are undergoing the inevitable process of desiccation to which all such bodies of water are sooner or later invariably subjected.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### Negro Eloquence.

Some years ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen who is now dead was passing along a street in Dallas when an old colored man who had once belonged to him approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:

"Marster, gin de old man 50 cents."  
"Dan, you are a robber."  
"How?" asked the astonished dandy, opening his eyes, around which rough shod age had walked.

"Didn't you see me put my hand in my pocket?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."

The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:

"Marster, wid-wid such a heart as you hab and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side I don't see what can keep you out of heaven."

### Sitting Bull.

To look at Sitting Bull one would say that he was always quiet and self contained. In fact, he did usually keep himself under control, but he was cruel and almost heartless. He had practiced cruelty to animals and men from his childhood and as long as he lived; he was full of passion and often very angry. He was always imperious and insolent toward our generals, the Indian agent and other friends of the great father at Washington, whom he claimed to hate. He had great talent and ability to plan campaigns and battles and wonderful influence in bringing Indians together. Notwithstanding all this, he was afraid of death, and, though he planned the greatest victory which the Indians ever gained over white men, Sitting Bull himself was a coward and disgraced himself even before his own people by running away in the very face of success.—General Howard in St. Nicholas.

### Ambiguous.

Parishoner (a little worse for liquor)—I hearse you preazh las' night.  
New Minister—You didn't hear much, I fancy.

"Thaz what I thought myself."—London Pick-Me-Up.

### Inquisitive.

"One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives," observed the moralizer.

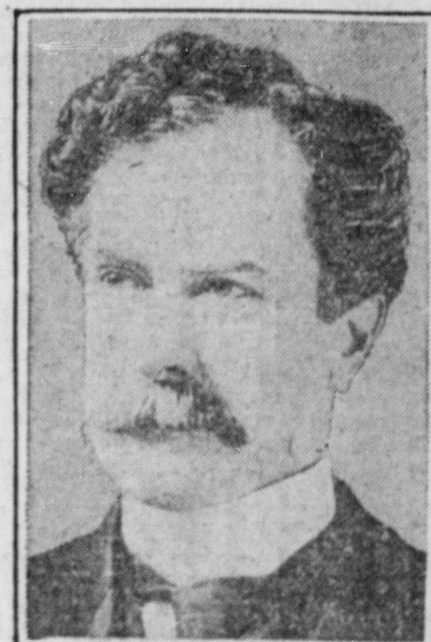
"How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Gossyp.—Lippincott's.

### CARMACK A GREAT WIT.

**Assassinated Ex-Senator One of South's Most Brilliant Representatives.**  
"When Robin James Cooper, son of Colonel Duncan Cooper, shot to death in the streets of Nashville ex-Senator Edward W. Carmack he shattered the most brilliant brain in Tennessee, he ended the life of the most brilliant man the south has sent to the senate these twenty years," remarked a senator who knew Carmack well.

In all probability Carmack was the wittiest man who ever entered the United States senate. His wit was not forced, as the wit of so many congressional humorists is.

When Senator Taylor ran for Carmack's place in the senate ex-Governor Benton McMillin, having gone to Mexico for a few months' vacation, returned to Tennessee with an announcement that he was out for Carmack's seat, that his health was fine that he had taken a bath every day and sometimes twice a day and was in great shape physically. This report was carried to Carmack for a reply.



SENATOR CARMACK AND SCENE OF SHOOTING.

"I am doomed," said Carmack. "A hatred for me that would cause Benton McMillin to take a bath every day, let alone twice a day, must be as bitter as fate and as unrelenting as death."

Ex-Senator Carmack's reputation among his colleagues, however, did not rest on mere wit. On both sides of the senate he was regarded as one of the most capable, thorough, solid men that the south has ever sent to congress.

### Pagopago.

Pagopago is on the route from San Francisco to Auckland, from Valparaiso to China and from Panama to Sydney. It is about 2,000 miles from Australia, about double that distance from the Philippines and about 5,000 nautical miles from the Pacific coast and San Francisco. In all respects it is an ideal base for almost any naval operations this country may find necessary in the south seas or in the orient and could answer its purpose no better if it had been made to order.

### Folklore Stories.

The Journal of American Folklore has some interesting folk tales of the Nez Percés Indians:

"Once the sun fell down from the sky just about sunrise. Mole caught it and held it up until people got there and helped him to shove it back. The sun had meant to roll along on the ground instead of in the sky. It was from holding up the sun that Mole's hands are bent so far back.

"Coyote and Cloud ran a race. Cloud bet storm and Coyote clear weather. They started far away to the south, and for awhile Coyote was in the lead. Then Cloud made fruits of all kinds to grow in front of Coyote, and he looking back and seeing Cloud far behind, stopped to eat. In this way Cloud caught up and won. This is why we have storms in winter time."

### Long Suffering Bill.

A correspondent sends the following to a remote rural organ of the people: "Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. William M. Puckleton, has had several new 'No Trespassing' signs erected on his place. We have had the pleasure of perusing the one facing the Hedgeville pike. It reads:

"Notis.—Trespassers will be persecuted to the full extent of 2 mean mongrel dogs wich ain't never ben overly hoshibil with strangers an I dubbel hari shotgun wich ain't loaded with no soft pillers dam if I ain't gettin tired of this helrain on my property. Yurs respectful."  
—"BILL PUCKLETON."

### Current Literature.

In the Customary Place. A well known English bishop some time since lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?"

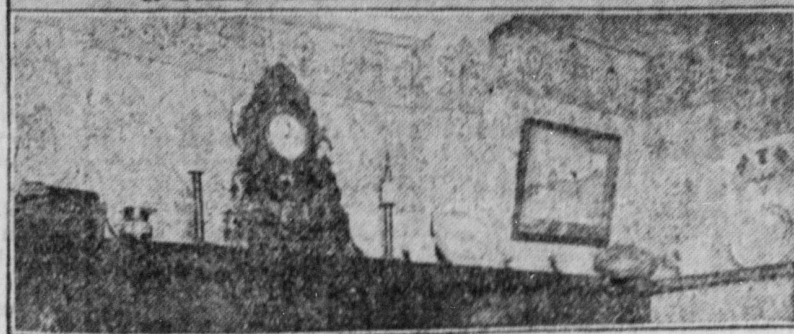
"Well, sir," replied the verger. "I don't know for certain, but he most likely buries 'em at Brompton."—Detroit Tribune.

### Trus Both Ways.

"The die is cast!" hissed the villain. Then, shaking their gold locks, the chorus bounded on.

"It seems," the critic murmured, "that the cast is dyed too."—New York Press.

## THANKSGIVING AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD



**T**IMES have changed greatly since the pilgrim fathers in situated in Massachusetts Thanksgiving observances which have since become annual customs throughout the land. But the heart of the nation has changed little since the good old days in New England when the hardy pioneers gathered their families about their rude but bounteous boards and praised the Almighty for a good harvest and the opportunity to live upon a free soil. Their descendants maintained the customs of Thanksgiving in their original spirit. Modern innovations have effected the observance of other national festivals, but it is the old fashioned Thanksgiving which reigns supreme in the hearts of the people today. In the big cities some may sit down in palatial hotels or fashionable restaurants to enjoy all kinds of luxuries with French names and prepared under the superintendence of a professional chef. But, no matter how many costly courses are served at such a meal or how many dollars are charged per cover, it never tastes as good to the average American as the mince and pumpkin pies and roast turkey and cranberry sauce made in old fashioned kitchens in the old fashioned way at the old homestead. How the mouth waters at the very thought of those pumpkin pies that grandma made! Grandma used to say: "Now, my boy, will you have mince, pumpkin or apple?" And, not being able to decide which to leave out, wanting all three, the answer would come from childish but hungry lips, "A little piece of each, grandma." And



MAKING THE GRAVY.

grandma, knowing a boy's falling, would cut those "little" pieces big enough to fill a very empty stomach.

Nowadays mince pie is looked upon as rather a strenuous diet for a people who are getting dyspeptic in their hurry to get rich. But grandma's mince pies never gave a boy a stomach ache unless, of course, he ate so much that his poor little abdominal organs were stretched to the bursting point. And some way a boy's stomach will take in a remarkable quantity of assorted food products before that point is attained. It seems to be especially elastic at Thanksgiving time. How it happens that a youngster of eleven or twelve can eat as much at Thanksgiving as a big 200 pound man could on ordinary occasions has never been satisfactorily explained. For instance, how is it possible for one boy to put in his stomach at one sitting and without a disastrous aftermath two drumsticks, with lots of dressing, potatoes and turnips and onions and celery and cranberry sauce and libitum, marmalade and mince jelly, lemon and apple and quince and apple pie, cheese, apples and oranges, nuts and cider? But anybody who has attended the reunions at the old homestead knows that this is no extraordinary feat for a healthy youngster. The multimillionaire whose digestive organs have been impaired in the feverish race for the almighty dollar wishes at the Thanksgiving feast that he could eat like that again. But, alas, there is a fatal antagonism between the ways of the simple life and of high finance, and he who chooses the latter must forfeit the humbler but more satisfying pleasures which go with a mode of living based on the old fashioned plan.

Really, now, what made the meals served at the old homestead so good? Was it the cooking alone, or was there something else, some peculiar appetizer that one does not have in these days? To be sure, the mothers and grandmothers on the farms were splendid cooks, and they are still. On that subject they can't learn much from the Roosevelt farm life commission. But if they were to serve exactly the same food, mince and pumpkin pies and all, cooked in exactly the same way at some other place than the old homestead, probably the peculiar flavor of olden time would be gone. The cooking had a good deal to do with it, but it wasn't all. There was the healthy farm life—lucky are those that have it still—and there was the vitality that chased away the germs folks have to fight so much if they live in cities. And, then, it was the old homestead. Nowhere else could anything be so good. The man or woman

who has no memories of an old home, the dwelling place of father and mother, of grandfather and great-grandfather perhaps, be that home in country



PEELING APPLES FOR PIES.

or city, has missed some of the fond est and most sacred associations of life.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight! Make me a child again Just for tonight.

These are the lines that recur on the eve of the Thanksgiving festival, especially if, as with so many, there is no old homestead to go to now.

### Full of It.

Mrs. Caterby—In a short time now we will do all our heating by alcohol. Caterby—That's good. All we'll have to do will be to connect your Uncle Jake to the furnace and range.—Life.

### Foolish Question.

"Why, my boy, did you fall in that open coal hole?"  
"No; course not. I wuz in here, an' they built pavement over me."—Illustrated Bits.

Few things are impossible in themselves. It is not so much means as perseverance that is wanting to bring them to a successful issue.—Rochester Herald.

## Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Closing His Mouth. A very sensible bit of advice expressed in homely language was given by a man not long ago to an excitable and quarrelsome friend. It was in a brickyard, and two of the workmen had engaged in an angry dispute which culminated in a fierce encounter. In the skirmish one of the combatants was nastily hurt on the head, and the employer, who happened to come on the scene of action when the fight was finishing and was a man of more temper than discretion, advised the injured one to get a warrant for the other's arrest. While the matter was being discussed by a number of workmen who had gathered round a big, burly fellow who had heard everything and seen the whole affair made his way to the man with the damaged cranium and said:

"You don't want to get no warrant, Bill. You just go to the chemist's shop and get yourself two pieces of plaster—good big ones—and put one piece on yer head an' the other on yer mouth, an' you'll be all right."—London Mail.

Conflicting. "There is safety in numbers," quoted the wise guy.

"And yet we are told that too many cooks spoil the broth," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Just Goes Out. Juvenile—Mamma, when the fire goes out where does it go? Mother—I don't know, dear. You might just as well ask where your father goes when he goes out.—Town Topics.

Isn't This Rough? Ella—A poet wrote a sonnet on my face the other day. Stella—Did he write it on the lines?—Bohemian.

## For Croup Tonsillitis and Asthma



A quick and powerful remedy is needed to break up an attack of croup. Sloan's Liniment has cured many cases of croup. It acts instantly—when applied both inside and outside of the throat it breaks up the phlegm, reduces the inflammation, and relieves the difficulty of breathing.

## Sloan's Liniment

gives quick relief in all cases of asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, tonsillitis, and pains in the chest. Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

## Special Sale!

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.

Men's Fleece-lined Shirts and Drawers, 50c quality, Saturday only, 35c  
Men's 75c Rubbers, 50c  
Ladies' 75c Rubbers, 48c  
Children's Rubbers, all sizes, 39c  
Ladies' Furs, from \$1.25 up  
Quilts and Blankets from 48c a pair up

BARGAINS ALL OVER THE STORE.

Workmen's Bargain Store  
BELLEFONTE, PA.