

The Centre Democrat

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SWORN CIRCULATION OVER 5,500

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EDITORIAL

The Reformed Presbyterian Synod has fixed \$900 as the minimum salary of a preacher. Generous indeed; a mason can earn that sum in half a year and Caruso in half an hour.

Under the Taft Administration the Department of Justice has spent \$845,000 for the employment of special counsel, but not one responsible man is in jail for violating the Anti-Trust law.

Alluding to the shameful signature of Governor Tener to the Tustin partisan registration bill, the Altoona Tribune, rep., makes these sensible allusions: "No legislation enacted for the purpose of securing partisan advantage for one side or to injure another ever worked out the way its authors supposed it would. It always acted as a boomerang. The future will not be different. Fairness is a qualification of the good citizen and also of the successful politician, who should always be a good citizen."

HIS GREATEST AMBITION.

"Col. Roosevelt's greatest ambition," said Greenwood, "is to be shot on the field of battle."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Nonsense! Col. Roosevelt's greatest ambition is to be a one-man war." "He wants to be the commanding general on both sides, standing calm and collected in front of his tents while the wireless spits out its reports from the front, while the telephones clatter and the telegraph clicks his orders to his corps commanders."

"He wants to be the general staff of both armies, scrutinizing the monster maps of the field of operations and shifting the pins that mark the positions of the opposing forces."

"He wants to be the trusty scout dashing up breathless from the firing-line."

"He wants to be the rear of the armament; the battle of the small arms and the flashing detonations of the smokeless powder."

"He wants to be the last desperate charge upon the batteries, sabring himself at the guns."

"He wants to be the rear guard that bravely covers the retreat, and the smashing attack of the reserves which turns defeat into rout."

"He wants to be the dead and dying on the field of battle, who have yielded up their lives as a last sacrifice to their beloved country."

"He wants to be the dust-stained correspondents painting his countless acts of heroism in words that will never perish."

"He wants to be the commission that negotiates peace with honor, and, lastly, he wants to be the grand review at the close of the war, standing silently in front of the flag-draped stand, saluting himself as he marches past and placing medals of honor to his dauntless breast."

"That is what the colonel wants. To be shot on the field of battle," is only one of the minor incidents of his great ambition."—New York World.

A NOTEABLE EVENT.

The assembly at Harrisburg last week, for the organization of a Federation of Democratic Clubs, was one of the most notable events of an outpouring of the true friends of clean politics and real Jeffersonian Democracy, imbued with the pure Jacksonian spirit that right shall rule. Some fifty clubs from all over the state were present, and founded a Federation that will be of lasting good for the people of this brigand ruled state. The grafters and hoodlers of the two parties were absent and that fact made the gathering of the clubs a most signal success. The adherents of bootlegism operating in high places, and the smaller attachments of machine politics, were conspicuous for their absence. For those the hand-writing is on the wall. Penrose and his willing tools in the democratic party, could read the writing. The Hicksites that were in secret cabot with the Philadelphia and Pittsburg gangsters, from the counties, hired out to do the dirty work of the Jacobins, by a betrayal of the party and the public, in secret, these saw in the Federation of Democratic Clubs, no encouragement for the servants of the gangsters. The result of the election in this county last fall, and in the Keystone state, as well as in a score of states, was a stern rebuke of machine politics, bossism and its shirt tail appendages in the counties. The good fruits—only the beginning—is to be seen in the good work by the lower House at Washington, last winter.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

The Pennsylvania Democracy is on the right track. The organization completed at Harrisburg last week will have an influence for good by awakening every honest Democrat in the State and starting the party on the road to triumph at the polls remarks the Pittsburg Post. New life-blood is beginning to course through the party's veins. Voters who have been apathetic are coming to the front; those who have been discouraged are beginning to realize that hope is not dead and their oldtime enthusiasm is reviving; party men in all sections of the State will respond to the work at Harrisburg and the battle lines will be re-formed for aggressive action. The Democrats of Pennsylvania may indeed rejoice.

The circulation of the Centre Democrat is over 5,500 each week.

THE REASON WHY.

Why has the government been unable to control the trusts?

While this question has not as yet been definitely answered, the House investigating committees are bringing out testimony which tends to throw light on the subject at least to the end of showing that the great trusts of the country have at some time or another had most of the government prosecutors on their payrolls.

United States Attorney General Wickensham heads the list. Under oath he admitted that the last thing he did before taking charge of the prosecuting machinery of the nation was to draw down his share of a \$25,000 fee from the sugar trust as a member of the New York law firm Strong and Cadwalader.

Henry P. Taft, brother of the President, is still a member of this firm whose specialty is to show the sugar trust and other great industrial corporations how to evade the law and escape prosecution.

That Frank B. Kellogg, special counsel to the United States and widely advertised by the Republicans as the great trust buster, has received thousands of dollars from the government at the same time that he was receiving big fees for acting as attorney for subsidiary concerns of the steel trust, was developed in testimony before the Stanley committee.

It appears that Mr. Kellogg, besides pocketing the \$30,000 recently paid him by the government for serving as "trust buster" under Roosevelt, also received from the steel trust \$15,000 for extra compensation for legal services rendered to his corporations.

On Oct. 29, 1907, Mr. Kellogg as proven by his own testimony and documentary evidence in possession of the committee to have received a second \$15,000 for extra services.

These sums were received by him in addition to the regular salary received by his firm from the trusts for many years past, and the last payment was made in the midst of the panic and only on three days before the famous conference of Gray and H. C. Frick (ruling spirits of steel trust) with President Roosevelt, whereby they gained the permission of the President to commit criminal violation of the laws of the United States by absorbing the Tennessee Coal & Railway Company, thereby exterminating their principal competitor.

This situation becomes still more remarkable when it is recalled that the man who appointed Kellogg-Philander C. Knox, now secretary of state—was the man who went from the employ of the steel trust to the office of attorney general and who refused in 1901 to prosecute the steel trust when convincing evidence of its violations of law were laid before him by the anti-trust league.

WHY EXTRA SESSION WAS CALLED.

The following is an extract from the speech of Champ Clark, delivered at the great democratic reorganizing convention at Harrisburg:

Speaker Clark with his usual forceful manner drove home the record of the Republican machine and compared its false pretenses with the honest practical results already accomplished by a Democratic Congress.

In the following homely but stirring phrases he aroused the audience to great enthusiasm: "I will give any man a suit of clothes who can tell me why Taft called the extra session of Congress. The Republicans rubbed their hands in glee and said it was giving the Democrats a chance to go to pieces. We are still together."

"It is written: By their fruits ye shall know them. We accept that measure, because by it we stand or fall. We are fighting the good fight; we have kept the faith."

"I would rather be accused of horse stealing than running on one platform and then hopping to another. I am not afraid to stand up and be counted with the crowd I belong to."

"The only United States senators opposed to amending the constitution to give the people the right to elect them by popular vote are those who are afraid of the people. I am not so sure you don't have one from Pennsylvania among these."

"Yes, two," the crowd yelled. "They are a good pair to draw to," suggested the speaker.

"There is no more reason why the people should not vote for United States senators than for congressmen, justices of the peace or constables. Labor creates all wealth, pays all taxes and foots all bills. The best description of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was that applied to a horse thief—he is bad in some respects and a damn sight worse in some others."

"May this magnificent Commonwealth so long cursed by Republican rule move into the Democratic column."

A PITIFUL EXHIBITION.

Governor Tener's signing of the amended and vitiated registration act is another illustration of his moral flabbiness and utter unreliability. He assured those who went to Harrisburg and protested against this very serious change for the worse in the registration law that the bill contemplated that he would do everything to protect the ballot and keep it pure and not be a party to any arrangement that will make it possible for any man or set of men to deprive the voters of their full rights. The bill deprived a large and important party from representation on the registration boards, yet the Governor believes his promises and gives it his approval.

The above is the skinning the Philadelphia Press, a leading republican organ, gives Governor Tener. It is well deserved and his signing of the Tustin bill proves he and the Penrose gang, with Donnelly and Ryan, and Guffey and Hall are in league, as they have been for years.

VERY TRUE.

In accepting the honor of presiding officer of the convention of Democratic Clubs of Pennsylvania, Congressman Wilson gave the deliberations an auspicious opening by quoting, amid applause, Edmund Burke's famous words: "When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall one by one an unprincipled sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." "There's no question in the minds of any student of the political situation in Pennsylvania," he said, "that there has been a combination of bad men, to the detriment of the State and the degradation of its name. It is in such a meeting as this, actuated by the spirit and the determination shown here, that the good people of the State take inspiration and hope the better things."

From congressman Wilson's remarks at the Harrisburg Democratic Re-organizing Convention.

BAIT FOR THE TROUT.

It Was Taken, Hook and All, but Not by the Innocent Fish.

Senator Frye of Maine, who is an ardent devotee of the piscatorial art, loves now and then to relate a fish story, and he once told of a memorable trip on which Senator Spooner joined him at his choicest trout stream. They had it all arranged, after having called into counsel a reliable fish dealer and a trustworthy expressman, that a box of trout should arrive every other day at Senator Frye's home to indicate the success with which they were casting the fly.

The plan worked beautifully—"of course we caught some, and some we didn't"—but the expressman was fairly regular in the weight of fish forwarded, and the prepaid charges were about the same from day to day. All went well until one day a dispatch came from the Frye domicile:

"Rush two more boxes smoked herring. They are great. Are the salt mackerel running also?"

There was a busy time with the wires just then, for the fish dealer had got his orders mixed, and instead of shipping fresh trout to Frye's home he had sent herring, thoroughly smoked. But the senator was equal to it. Camp supplies had been mixed with the fish caught that day, of course. He hastened his reply:

"You received the bait by mistake. Nothing but smoked-herring will ever catch fresh trout, you know."

Senator Spooner concluded the tale truthfully by giving the return message:

"Received the bait and have taken it, hook and all."—National Magazine.

A Jolt For Whistler.

When Whistler, the famous artist, dropped into an English country inn the landlord became very much interested in him. He felt that he had "a somebody" in his house. Whistler noted his host's concerned interest. "And who do you suppose I am?" he asked at length.

"Well, I can't exactly say, sir," was the reply, "but I should fancy you was from the music hall!"

Too Eager.

Sir Henry Irving once had an amusing experience in Glasgow. For the part of the young prince in "Charles I" a little Scotch girl had been engaged. She had been carefully coached, and all went well until she appeared in the poignant scene where Mr. Irving as Charles has an agonizing leave taking with his wife and children and goes out to execution. "Promise me,"



She had been carefully coached.

Charles says to the little prince, "that you will take care of your mother. And swear that you will never let them make you king while your brother Charles is alive," to which the child is supposed to reply, "I'll be torn to pieces first."

On this dreadful night, however, Mr. Irving only got as far as "promise me that you will take care of your mother" when out piped shrilly the annihilating reply, "I'll be tor-reen to pieces first!"

Where They Belonged.

"You can't always break the speed limit with impunity," declared a mag neto expert. "A bait has to be called somewhere. St. Peter was standing by the gate when a ninety horsepower car came up with the speed of a comet and halted in a cloud of dust with such suddenness that the good guardian was greatly startled. He held up his hand and waved the party away."

"Boys," said he, "if you want to scorch you'll have to go down below."

He Sang Them Out.

A new porter was put to work at an Irish railway station and was instructed to announce distinctly the destination of each train as it came in. Shortly after there was an arrival and the porter lustily yelled: "Changeer for Limerick! waiyanmayo."

The station master, who was standing near, reproved his subordinate. "Haven't I told you," he said, "to sing out the names of the stations clearly and distinctly? Bear it in mind. Sing 'em out! D're hear?"

"I will, sor," replied the porter, and the passengers in the next train that arrived were considerably astonished to hear the new official singing. "Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro change here for Limerick, Galway and Mayo!"

The Scrap Book

Still In Suspense.

Private Donahue and Private Leahy were the best friends, but when Private Donahue became Sergeant Donahue, Private Leahy saw the fallings of his former companion with amazing clearness.

"Sergeant," he said one day after long fixed gazing at his superior in rank, "if a private shteppe up to a sergeant and called him a constated little monkey, phwat wud happen?"

"He'd be put in the yardhouse," said the sergeant.

"He wud?"

"He wud."

"But if the private only knew the sergeant was a constated little monkey and said niver a wurd wud he be put in the yardhouse for that?" inquired Private Leahy.

"Av course he wud not," said the sergeant loftily.

"Well, thin, for the present we'll l'ave it go at that," said Private Leahy.

A Beautiful Hope For You.

Every day is a new beginning; Every morn is the world made new. Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning. Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over. The tasks are done, and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover. Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled. Are healed with the healing which night hath shed.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain. And spite of old sorrows, older sinning. And puzzles foreseen, all possible pain. Take heart with the day and begin again.

Only the new days are our own. Today is ours, and today alone. —Susan Coolidge.

The Doctor's Twins.

An Irish doctor while enjoying a holiday in the country took the opportunity, along with a friend, to go fishing. During operations the doctor's sinker came off and was lost. Here was a dilemma—no sinker, no more fishing that day. Happy thought—he had a bottle in his pocket. The bottle was filled with water, carefully corked and sent down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval the doctor had a bite and pulled up his line at racing speed, finding a fine pair of fish, one on each hook.

"Ha, doctor, twins this time," exclaimed his companion.

"Yes," quoth the doctor, "and brought up on the bottle too."

Changed His Mind.

Practicing law at Newton he fell out with the district judge over some trivial matter. One day the court wanted him as a witness in a case and sent the sheriff after him.

"Just tell the judge to go to —," said Brown when the sheriff told him to come to court.

"All right," said the sheriff.

The latter wheeled around and started toward the courthouse. Brown turned and looked at him. The longer he looked the more convinced was he he had made a mistake. So he started after the sheriff. But the sheriff was too fast for him and reached the courtroom un molested.

"May it please the court," said the sheriff, "Mr. Brown told me to tell the court to go to —."

Just then Brown rushed through the door to the courtroom, and before anything could be said or done by the judge Brown remarked:

"May it please your honor, I have changed my mind. You needn't go. I'll testify."

The incident caused so much merriment that the staid old judge forgot the insult and ordered Brown to the witness stand to testify.—Kansas City Journal.

The Lawyer's Business.

A Scotsman got himself into some legal difficulty and went to consult a solicitor. After he had heard his client's story the solicitor was still doubtful whether he had got all the facts.

"Now, are you sure you've told me the whole truth?" he asked.

"Ay, oh, ay!" was the reply. "I've tellt ye the hale truth. I thocht ye'd be better able to put in the leas yersel!"

Queer Handshakes.

Joseph Jefferson and Wilton Lackaye were one season in the same company. It was the custom of Mr. Jefferson to take curtain calls and make a speech to the audience. He liked it, the audience liked it, and everybody but Lackaye liked it. Lackaye contended that no actor should step out of his part and make a certain speech.

One night Mr. Jefferson made his speech and afterward happened to pass Lackaye as he was going to his dressing room.

"Well, Wilton," Jefferson said, "how did I do tonight?"

"Oh," Lackaye replied, "it was the same old story. You went out there and made the usual blunder."

"Blunder?" Jefferson exclaimed. "What blunder did I make?"

"Why," Lackaye replied, "you said, 'As I look into your faces I feel that I should like to shake hands with each and every one.'"

"What's wrong with that?" Jefferson demanded. "Wrong with it?" Lackaye retorted. "It's absurd. John Drew's face is the only one I ever saw that you could shake hands with."—Saturday Evening Post.

RECENT DEATHS.

SEIDLE—Mrs. Howard W. Seidle, of Milton, Pa., died in the Bellefonte hospital on Wednesday morning, after having undergone a serious operation. The body was sent to her home for interment.

GRIMES—Charles Grimes, an old resident of Miles township, died on Friday at his home at the north end of Millheim Narrows where he lived many years. His wife died over twenty years ago. Funeral on Monday morning in the Heidelberg cemetery. He was in his 87th year, and well known in that section of the county. He lived the life of a good, peaceable, christian citizen.

DORMAN—Alice, wife of Milton B. Dorman, of Lamar, died at her home Tuesday morning, 13th. She was aged 52 years, 1 month and 7 days. Mrs. Dorman had long been a sufferer from cancer. She was the daughter of the late Philip Isabella Royer and leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, and two children, Florence, about 14 years of age, and John, two years younger. She is also survived by her mother and five sisters.

OCKER—Died at her home in Lewisburg, last Friday morning, after an illness of spinal trouble, Miss Chestie, daughter of George Ocker, Mr. and Mrs. Ocker, nee Gramley, were natives of Miles township, from whence they moved to Centre Hall, and later to Lewisburg. Miss Chestie was a model young lady, and at the time of her death was a music teacher in the seminary. We did not learn the age of the deceased young lady. She was a sincere member of the Lutheran church and was in high esteem at Lewisburg and in her previous homes.

CRAFT—The family circle of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Craft, of Snow Shoe, was broken for the second time on June 12th, when the guardian angel called from their midst the dear beloved son Mahlon W. Craft, who was born April 21, 1907, and died June 12, 1911, he was aged 3 years, 1 month and 21 days. Mahlon was the youngest of seven children, four brothers and one sister surviving him. He was a child beloved by all who knew him, and the bereaved parents have the sympathy of their many friends. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. A. Meredith, interment being made in the Askey cemetery.

KERN—William Robert Kern, an aged and well known resident of Centre county, died at Tusseyville on Thursday of last week of diseases incident to old age. Mr. Kern was born in Clinton county and was aged at the time of passing away, 71 years, 1 month and 6 days. He is survived by the following children: Mrs. Harvey R. Stine, of State College; Miss Louise Kern, of Indiana; Mrs. Milton Straub and Mrs. Walter Haney, of Bellefonte; he also leaves one brother, John Kern, of State College. Deceased was a kind-hearted and generous man, and leaves many friends to mourn his death. The body was brought to Bellefonte for burial on Saturday, and interment was made in the Union cemetery.

TAYLOR—The home of R. B. Taylor, on Spring street, was saddened on Tuesday evening last, about 8 o'clock, by the visit of the death angel, who removed from this life to that of a brighter one, the wife and mother, Mrs. Margaret Cunningham Taylor. For a year or more Mrs. Taylor had been a patient sufferer from diabetes, but because of a cheerful disposition and a wonderful power of will her friends were ever led away from knowing her true condition. Just a few days ago, blood poisoning developed, and it was only then that those who were nearest and dearest to her were apprised of the nearness of the end. She was a daughter of the late Mertie and Elizabeth Cunningham, and was born in Bellefonte about forty years ago. Fifteen years ago she was united in marriage with R. B. Taylor, the contractor, who, with the following little children survive: Anna, Eleanor, Robert and Bettie. The following brothers are also left to mourn the loss of an only sister: Frank Cunningham, of Chicago; Edward, of Linden Hall; J. Mitchell and George, of Bellefonte; Mertie, of New York and William, of Beaver Falls. The religious faith of the deceased had always been that of a devout Catholic, and in the Roman Catholic church, of this place, the funeral services will be held on Saturday morning at 10:30.

An item printed, sent us, that the church at Rock had been struck twice by lightning during a thunder storm a few evenings ago, reported by citizens from that place to be unfounded.

PIN A ROSE ON THIS COPPER.

His name is Edward Sweeney. His beat carries him over Brook avenue, New York City. The other night Patrolman Sweeney—fine name that—espied a thief coming out of a bakery. Under his arm the evildoer carried his swag. Sweeney being a fearless cop, grabbed his man, and relieved him of his plunder, while the proprietor of the bakery stood anon and yelled lustily, "Pinch him!" Sweeney opened the bundle of stolen goods and found—two loaves of bread! Patrolman Sweeney failed to do his "duty." He didn't arrest the "criminal." Calmly he set his toe to the rules and regulations coined for the guidance of policemen and mentally kicked them into the street. Sweeney reached down into his pocket for a dime, sent the baker for the stolen bread, and sent the hollow-cheeked culprit home to his starving family.

A strict disciplinarian will tell you that Sweeney ought to be punished for failing to haul the thief to the police station. Believe him not, Sweeney should have a medal.

Meet Next Year at Williamsport. The sixty-second annual convention of the Improved Order of Red Men came to a close at Shamokin last Wednesday, after selecting Williamsport as the place of meeting next year. The convention decided not to pay an increased per capita tax and demanded that the national council carry out the compact entered into with the Pennsylvania council, which was that this state should pay per capita tax on 20,000 members and never to be increased over this number.

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