

Big Politician Has Scheme to Reduce Congestion in New York Tenement Districts.

Big Tim Sullivan has been looking about a bit in his Boverly kingdom, and as a consequence the brainiest man in Tammany has hammered out a land tax system, which he believes will reduce the congestion in the tenement districts. A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes: "People in my district sleep three and four to the room," said he, "and many of the rooms have never had a ray of sunlight in them. They have to live that way because the rent is so high. The tenement owner who is willing to tear down his old building and put up a new one, with sunlight in every window and a bath in every flat, is afraid to do so, because he knows that his taxes would go sky-highing up. The poor devils who rent his flats would in the end pay for that higher rate of taxation. Every eighth child born in New York city dies because its mother has to go to work or starve. At the same time there are 40,000 acres of good land lying idle within the city limits."

Therefore Sullivan has a plan to cut the taxes on improved real estate, and increase the taxes on vacant property. He figures that owners would have either to build on their land—which would relieve the downtown congestion—or go to farming it, which would indirectly have the same effect. "A watch dog on a farm lives better than many of my constituents," he declares, "and yet, after an experience of a lifetime down there, I have yet to find the equal of the families on the streets near the Boverly for industry and economy and courage. Maybe my land tax plan is Boverly political economy, as has been charged. I like it all the better for that fact. The Boverly has had to put up with Fifth avenue political economy for a good while."

Explosion Follows Volley of Dialects Hurled at Caran, Which Results in His Discharge.

Joseph Caran, laborer, tanned to the color of the faded red undershirt he was wearing, was arrested on a technical charge the other day, writes the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and taken before Magistrate Voorheis. The magistrate scanned the papers placed before him, noted the man's name and observed his make-up. "Tell the court interpreter to come in," said he.

The court interpreter burst into a gurgling Sicilian when he beheld Caran. Caran looked stupefied. The interpreter tried the Neapolitan dialect on him. Caran shook his head. The interpreter tried Basque, half a dozen country dialects of Spanish, and some low French on him. Caran began to look indignant. The interpreter said that it was no good. "Dees-a-man can not understand 'noting w'at Heye can spik. He mus' be man from one dem little islands in da Mediterranean, w'ere dey no speak good Itafano at all-a," said the interpreter.

Caran listened with an air of grievous surprise. "It's too bad," said Magistrate Voorheis. "Take him back to the cells. We'll have to hold him until we find some one who can make him understand."

"F'what the divil," burst out Mr. Caran, explosively. "Did yees t'ink I'm a monkey, to understand f'what this chattering baboon here says to me? If yees can't talk U-nited States in this court, take me to wan where they do. That's shill."

Magistrate Voorheis looked silently at Caran, took in his violently Latin scenery, and compared it with the obviously Hibernian accents that tumbled over each other on Caran's lips. Then Mr. Voorheis slipped himself a giggle. "Discharged," said he.

An Ancient Bet.

Near the ancient country seat of the Carews in Cornwall, England, stands a quaint old church, to the door of which are nailed four horse shoes. These have been in their present position for nearly 500 years. A former member of the Carew family made a wager with a friend that he would ride his horse a mile out to sea in Tor bay and back again. The fact was more difficult than it appears at first sight, for the cross-currents are dangerous, even for boats.

He won the bet, however, and nailed the four horse shoes of his steed to the church door to commemorate the performance.

Original Suffragette.

Mrs. Johanne Meyer, the first Danish woman to speak from a platform in behalf of woman suffrage, attended the Universal Race congress recently held in London as the delegate to the Peace Society of Copenhagen. As soon as the congress closed Mrs. Meyer began an inquiry in behalf of the Danish government to ascertain the effect that social and political work in England had had on women. In 1870 Mrs. Meyer founded the first organization for the betterment of women in Denmark. She is now the editor of a paper she founded in 1888.

All Are Alike.

The late Professor James is no exception to the rule: "Messages" from the spirit world are uniformly lacking in enthusiasm.—Kansas City Star.

IS DEAN OF ALL INDIANS GRIM TRAGEDIES OF OCEAN

Sitting Elk, Mighty Warrior Who Never Killed White Man, Is Oldest Redman.

Oldest of all Indians in the United States, Sitting Elk, former chief of the Ogallala Sioux, is visiting in Denver, the guest of the white man, against whom he always refused to make war.

For almost a century he has been a leader among his people, but, wiser than other chiefs, he early realized that the red man was doomed and at every opportunity he counseled peace with the palefaces. He could well afford to do so, for his people knew he was no coward. "I have never killed a white man," he proudly boasts, "but I have fought many battles, and I have done many brave deeds in my long life of ninety-six years. I was but seventeen when I waylaid and killed my first enemy. That was a very brave deed. Since then I have killed many, many enemies."

Sitting Elk is a total abstainer. He smokes cigarettes, but insists he has none of the other bad habits of the white man. He is childless, the last of his line, but he expects to live for many years more—to be hale and hearty long after he has passed the century mark.

Sitting Elk moves tall and stately among his kinsmen, and puffs his pipe with a complacency untroubled by thoughts of any immediate journey to the happy hunting grounds.

Bright of eye, keen of mind, the old warrior dons paint and feathers for his appearance with the younger members of his tribe in the headlong dashes across the amphitheater at the stock yards, and rides with an abandon which defies the spectator to single him from the reckless redskins who have but one-fourth his years to their credit.

HOUSE WITH NO STAIRS

Pittsburg Man Plans New Residence Embodying Some Very Unique Features.

The new residence which is being built on the Clearview plan at Mount Lebanon, Pittsburg, for A. G. Smith of Pittsburg, has some features which are unique and probably not embodied in any other residence in this section.

The house is without stairways or steps, the slope idea having been substituted. The grade of this slope is about ten per cent. Entering from the veranda to the large reception hall one's attention is directly drawn to the unique method employed of reaching the upper floor. In the living room, which is probably 20x35 feet, a large concrete fireplace and mantel is the principal feature, with a wide bay window. There are no corners to the house, as each of the four ends of the residence are of the bay type.

The only wood used in the construction of the building is to be found in the door sills, windows and floors, the latter of which will be hardwood. The walls of the building are of cement, finished with white cement trimmings. Even the two bathrooms are fitted with cement tubs. In all there are ten rooms. The roof is of concrete, surrounded with a parapet, the porch roofs are of the same type, thus affording second story porches in the front and rear, both of which are fitted up with concrete flower troughs in which blooming flowers are now to be seen even in the unfinished condition of the house. On the front second story porch a fountain is arranged.—Engineering Record.

Durability of Steel.

It has been shown that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate or bar of mild steel lasts for a year in service, it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continued bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "painting" of a boiler end. As one authority puts it, steel has a somewhat "tumultuous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy, and in old age beyond reproach" in regard to corrosion there is a difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.—Harper's Weekly.

Gathering Fruit.

When gathering fruit, peaches or pears, a clever woman invented a simple device that insured the plucking of fruit without danger of bruising it.

The top was taken off a tin tomato can and the can attached to the end of a broomhandle, so that it formed a cuplike arrangement.

The can is put up underneath the fruit and a slight shake given to detach it from the tree, letting it fall into the can, which is lowered and emptied quickly. Put a can on the end of a clothes prop if the fruit hangs high.

"George Sand."

It was from Leonard Jules Sandeau, the celebrated French novelist and dramatist, born at Aubusson a century ago, that another and far greater writer derived her nom de guerre.

When a young student in Paris Sandeau made the acquaintance of Mme. Dudevant, and during a short-lived friendship they collaborated in a novel, "Rose et Blanche," which was published in 1831. Then they parted, but Mme. Dudevant, while relinquishing Sandeau's friendship, took to herself a portion of his name and elected to be known henceforth as George Sand.

Many Vessels Abandoned at Sea That Are Constant Menace to Navigation.

There is a grimness about the brief news dispatch which states that the derelict destroyer Seneca, of the United States revenue cutter service, weighed anchor and steamed out of New York harbor to search for derelicts of the seven-day storm which ended recently. Vessels that have been abandoned at sea, unless deliberately destroyed, continue to be a menace to shipping for a long period following their abandonment. For many years it was customary for sea captains, on coming into port, to report such derelicts as they had observed during a voyage, and the government published charts in which the position of the reported derelicts was shown, in order that sailing masters might be on their guard against collision with them. There was at one time some talk of international co-operation in the task of clearing the sea of these floating ships, but nothing came of it, and the United States government finally took the matter up on its own account, being for a long time the only government which did so, and presumably it occupies that position to this day. The vessels designated as derelict destroyers are specially fitted out with dynamite and other means of destroying and sinking the floating menaces to navigation, and the significance of the departure of the Seneca lies in the fact that the storm of last week is supposed to have caused many wrecks off Hatteras and along the coast of the Carolinas.

HARD TO PAY THE TAXES

French Deputy Runs Afoul of Red Tape When He Tries to Get on Tax Roll.

Jean Javal, who was elected deputy of the Sens division of the Yonne department in France in 1910, bought a house in Sens just after the election. Discovering a few days ago that he had never paid any taxes on the property he looked up the list and found that his name had never been placed there.

As no self-respecting socialist-radical republican deputy would care to avoid such an obligation, and not forgetting the weapon non-payment of taxes would give to his opponents in a future election, M. Javal wrote to the authorities asking to be inscribed on the list.

The letter was returned with the notification that his request could not be stamped unless it was sent in on stamped paper, with a 60 centime (10-cent) stamp.

Violin Was a "Find."

Gaylord Yost, violinist, has a valuable violin which he acquired under interesting circumstances. His story of the "find" as told by himself follows:

"One day in Berlin, as I came out of one of the music stores I was stopped by a couple of gypsies. They had at least a half dozen violins caught up loosely by the necks. Some were stringless, cracked and dirty. They asked me if I wanted to buy a violin cheap and I replied that I was always looking for good violins. Meanwhile I had scanned the violins and I observed one with very artistic lines and workmanship, good varnish, but in bad repair. I asked him how much they wanted for that one and they replied 120 marks. Of course I could not try the violin in the street so I gave them my card and told them to call in the afternoon. As soon as I placed the bow on the strings I realized what it was. I finally got the violin for 75 marks. I guess it was cheap. Would I sell it? Well, hardly."

Real Enemy of Aeroplanes.

One still often reads comments on the effects of musketry on aeroplanes, usually written by those who have probably never seen the effect of bullets fired from a distance. It has been truly said that to hit a "rocketing" aeroplane with a rifle shot is an extremely difficult matter, but to conclude that the aviator is therefore immune when at 1,000 feet up is absurd, says Sir Baden-Powell. It is not the danger from one marksman that has to be taken into account, but volleys from a whole battalion. If 3,000 or 4,000 shots be fired at a machine while it traverses one hundred yards, there is a good chance of its sustaining some danger so long as it is well within range. It is, however, the Maxim gun that seems likely to be the most formidable enemy of the aeroplane. All such guns must in future be mounted in such a way as to enable them to be fired nearly vertically.

How to Use a Life Preserver.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head."

"The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs."

"The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the other side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a county fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."—From the American Boy.

BEING BRISK A GOOD HABIT

Children Should Be Taught Quickness in Running Errands and in Dressing Themselves.

If a child is allowed to acquire a slow, dawdling manner when told to do any particular duty it will be found very difficult to effect a cure, and this means a serious hindrance to success in after years.

Teach them while very young to do everything promptly and to finish what they have commenced. If they are sent on a message make them to clearly understand that they must go direct to the shop and not loiter on the way. Children may be seen at any time carrying a message and lingering to look at everything on the way.

I often wonder at what time the poor mother gets her messages home, when I see a child tottering about instead of walking along briskly. Quickness in dress, also, should be insisted upon. If too young to dress themselves they should be taught to keep still while the mother or sister puts on their clothing.

At a later age forbid any running about the house until fully dressed—and quickly dressed. Some little maidens are rather fond of looking in the glass while dressing and this is a habit which should be at once repressed. It not only encourages vanity but it causes the child to waste much valuable time.

Not the Conservatory.

Young Lady—The Musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it? Janitor—No, mum; the Musical conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street.

Young lady, & iously—I-I sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the Musical conservatory is not here? Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin' here but dentists' offices, mum.—New York Weekly.

PRINCE MIGHT GET SHOT

But Mrs. Pattison Was Willing Her Husband Should Face the Burglar Alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Pattison awakened suddenly. Both thought the noise came from the basement.

"Better go and see what that is," said his wife uneasily. "It may be a burglar!" "Oh, I hardly think it's a burglar," Pattison said as he turned over in bed.

"Yes," his wife returned. "but then it might be. Oughtn't you to go and investigate?" Pattison never had gone in much for burglar chasing, but he wasn't afraid of a burglar. Or if he was he wasn't going to let his wife know it. He arose from his bed and strode bravely forth, stubbing his great toe as he did so.

Then he paused to think what would be the best way to approach the burglar. He thought and thought and by and by a thought came out. He would call little Prince, Mrs. Pattison's pet dog, and have him go on ahead and bark an occasional bark. "Then," thought Pattison, "if there really is a burglar in the basement like as not he'll run before I get there."

Prince up to that time didn't know there was a burglar around. Pattison called the dog softly: "Heah, Prince," he whispered, "heah! heah!"

Mrs. Pattison heard the hoarse whisper for the dog. "Why, George," she exclaimed in alarm, "you're surely not going to take Prince down with you after the burglar!"

"Why, er—ah—the fact is," bluffed Pattison, "I thought if I took the dog along he might help me find the burglar."

"Yes," retorted his wife, "but Prince might get shot!"

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